

The Waverley Novels by
Sir Walter Scott

Redgauntlet
Anne of Geierstein



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CONTENTS

LETTER	PAGE
I. DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD	1
II. ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER	8
III. DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD	17
IV. THE SAME TO THE SAME	24
V. ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER	39
VI. DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD	47
VII. THE SAME TO THE SAME	58
VIII. ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER	75
IX. ALEXANDER FAIRFORD, W.S., TO MR. DARSIE LATIMER	85
X. DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD	88
XI. THE SAME TO THE SAME	99
<i>Wandering Willie's Tale</i>	101
XII. THE SAME TO THE SAME	119
XIII. ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER	133
CHAPTER	
I. NARRATIVE	144
II.	157
III. JOURNAL OF DARSIE LATIMER	166
IV. DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION .	176
V. DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION .	187
VI. LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION	195
VII. LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION	203
VIII. LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION	216

CHAPTER	PAGE
IX. LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION . . .	230
X. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD	237
XI. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED . .	248
XII. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED . .	264
XIII. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED . .	277
XIV. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED . .	289
XV. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED . .	301
XVI. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD, CONTINUED . .	312
XVII. NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER	330
XVIII. NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED . .	342
XIX. NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED . .	358
XX. NARRATIVE OF DARSIE LATIMER, CONTINUED . .	374
XXI. NARRATIVE OF ALAN FAIRFORD	384
XXII. NARRATIVE CONTINUED	394
XXIII. NARRATIVE CONTINUED	411

INTRODUCTION TO REDGAUNTLET

THE Jacobite enthusiasm of the 18th century, particularly during the rebellion of 1745, afforded a theme, perhaps the finest that could be selected for fictitious composition, founded upon real or probable incident. This civil war, and its remarkable events, were remembered by the existing generation without any degree of the bitterness of spirit which seldom fails to attend internal dissension. The Highlanders, who formed the principal strength of Charles Edward's army, were an ancient and high-spirited race, peculiar in their habits of war and of peace, brave to romance, and exhibiting a character turning upon points more adapted to poetry than to the prose of real life. Their prince, young, valiant, patient of fatigue, and despising danger; heading his army on foot in the most toilsome marches, and defeating a regular force in three battles—all these were circumstances fascinating to the imagination, and might well be supposed to seduce young and enthusiastic minds to the cause in which they were found united, although wisdom and reason frowned upon the enterprise.

The adventurous Prince, as is well known, proved to be one of those personages who distinguish themselves during some single and extraordinarily brilliant period of their lives, like the course of a shooting star, at which men wonder, as well on account of the briefness as the brilliancy of its splendour. A long trace of darkness overshadowed the subsequent life of a man who, in his youth, showed himself so capable of great undertakings; and, without the painful task of tracing his course further, we may say the latter pursuits and habits of this unhappy prince are those painfully evincing a broken heart, which seeks refuge from its own thoughts in sordid enjoyments.

Still, however, it was long ere Charles Edward appeared to be—perhaps it was long ere he altogether became—so much

degraded from his original self, as he enjoyed for a time the lustre attending the progress and termination of his enterprise. Those who thought they discerned in his subsequent conduct an insensibility to the distresses of his followers, coupled with that egotistical attention to his own interests which has been often attributed to the Stuart family, and which is the natural effect of the principles of divine right in which they were brought up, were now generally considered as dissatisfied and splenetic persons, who, displeased with the issue of their adventure, and finding themselves involved in the ruins of a falling cause, indulged themselves in undeserved reproaches against their leader. Indeed, such censures were by no means frequent among those of his followers who, if what was alleged had been just, had the best right to complain. Far the greater number of those unfortunate gentlemen suffered with the most dignified patience, and were either too proud to take notice of ill treatment on the part of their prince, or so prudent as to be aware their complaints would meet with little sympathy from the world. It may be added, that the greater part of the banished Jacobites, and those of high rank and consequence, were not much within reach of the influence of the Prince's character and conduct, whether well regulated or otherwise.

In the meantime, that great Jacobite conspiracy, of which the insurrection of 1745-46 was but a small part, precipitated into action on the failure of a far more general scheme, was resumed and again put into motion by the Jacobites of England, whose force had never been broken, as they had prudently avoided bringing it into the field. The surprising effect which had been produced by small means in 1745-46 animated their hopes for more important successes, when the whole Nonjuring interest of Britain, identified as it then was with great part of the landed gentlemen, should come forward to finish what had been gallantly attempted by a few Highland chiefs.

It is probable, indeed, that the Jacobites of the day were incapable of considering that [the very small scale on which the effort was made was in one great measure the cause of its unexpected success. The remarkable speed with which the insurgents marched, the singularly good discipline which they preserved, the union and unanimity which for some time animated their councils, were all in a considerable degree produced by the smallness of their numbers. Notwithstanding the discomfiture of Charles Edward, the Nonjurors of the

period long continued to nurse unlawful schemes, and to drink treasonable toasts, until age stole upon them. Another generation arose, who did not share the sentiments which they cherished ; and at length the sparkles of disaffection, which had long smouldered, but had never been heated enough to burst into actual flame, became entirely extinguished. But in proportion as the political enthusiasm died gradually away among men of ordinary temperament, it influenced those of warm imaginations and weak understandings, and hence wild schemes were formed, as desperate as they were adventurous.

¶ Thus a young Scotchman of rank is said to have stooped so low as to plot the surprisal of St. James's Palace, and the assassination of the royal family. While these ill-digested and desperate conspiracies were agitated among the few Jacobites who still adhered with more obstinacy to their purpose, there is no question but that other plots might have been brought to an open explosion, had it not suited the policy of Sir Robert Walpole rather to prevent or disable the conspirators in their projects than to promulgate the tale of danger, which might thus have been believed to be more widely diffused than was really the case.

In one instance alone this very prudential and humane line of conduct was departed from, and the event seemed to confirm the policy of the general course. Doctor Archibald Cameron, brother of the celebrated Donald Cameron of Lochiel, attainted for the rebellion of 1745, was found by a party of soldiers lurking with a comrade in the wilds of Loch Katrine, five or six years after the battle of Culloden, and was there seized. There were circumstances in his case, so far as was made known to the public, which attracted much compassion, and gave to the judicial proceedings against him an appearance of cold-blooded revenge on the part of government ; and the following argument of a zealous Jacobite in his favour was received as conclusive by Dr. Johnson and other persons who might pretend to impartiality. Dr. Cameron had never borne arms, although engaged in the Rebellion, but used his medical skill for the service, indifferently, of the wounded of both parties. His return to Scotland was ascribed exclusively to family affairs. His behaviour at the bar was decent, firm, and respectful. His wife threw herself, on three different occasions, before George II. and the members of his family, was rudely repulsed from their presence, and at length placed, it was said, in the same prison with her husband, and confined with unmanly severity.

Dr. Cameron was finally executed, with all the severities of the law of treason ; and his death remains in popular estimation a dark blot upon the memory of George II., being almost publicly imputed to a mean and personal hatred of Donald Cameron of Lochiel, the sufferer's heroic brother.

Yet the fact was, that whether the execution of Archibald Cameron was political or otherwise, it might certainly have been justified, had the King's ministers so pleased, upon reasons of a public nature. The unfortunate sufferer had not come to the Highlands solely upon his private affairs, as was the general belief ; but it was not judged prudent by the English ministry to let it be generally known that he came to inquire about a considerable sum of money which had been remitted from France to the friends of the exiled family. He had also a commission to hold intercourse with the well-known M^rPherson of Cluny, chief of the clan Vourich, whom the Chevalier had left behind at his departure from Scotland in 1746, and who remained during ten years of proscription and danger, skulking from place to place in the Highlands, and maintaining an uninterrupted correspondence between Charles and his friends. That Dr. Cameron should have held a commission to assist this chief in raking together the dispersed embers of disaffection is in itself sufficiently natural, and, considering his political principles, in no respect dishonourable to his memory. But neither ought it to be imputed to George II. that he suffered the laws to be enforced against a person taken in the act of breaking them. When he lost his hazardous game, Dr. Cameron only paid the forfeit which he must have calculated upon. The ministers, however, thought it proper to leave Dr. Cameron's new schemes in concealment, lest by divulging them they had indicated the channel of communication which, it is now well known, they possessed to all the plots of Charles Edward. But it was equally ill-advised and ungenerous to sacrifice the character of the King to the policy of the administration. Both points might have been gained by sparing the life of Dr. Cameron after conviction, and limiting his punishment to perpetual exile.

These repeated and successive Jacobite plots rose and burst like bubbles on a fountain ; and one of them, at least, the Chevalier judged of importance enough to induce him to risk himself within the dangerous precincts of the British capital. This appears from Dr. King's *Anecdotes of his Own Times* :—

September 1750. — I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me

into her dressing-room, and presented me to —. [The Chevalier, doubtless.] If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was anything ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived; and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came [pp. 196, 197].

Dr. King was in 1750 a keen Jacobite, as may be inferred from the visit made by him to the Prince under such circumstances, and from his being one of that unfortunate person's chosen correspondents. He, as well as other men of sense and observation, began to despair of making their fortune in the party which they had chosen. It was indeed sufficiently dangerous; for, during the short visit just described, one of Dr. King's servants remarked the stranger's likeness to Prince Charles, whom he recognised from the common busts.

The occasion taken for breaking up the Stuart interest we shall tell in Dr. King's own words:—

When he (Charles Edward) was in Scotland, he had a mistress whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House. Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed: they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore, they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the Prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Mrs. Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term; but her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand; and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, who has a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion, to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing, would be the infallible consequence of his refusal, yet he continued inflexible, and all M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara staid in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper; but finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he passed out, 'What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it, through so many ages?' It is worthy of remark, that

in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Mrs. Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. When M'Namara returned to London and reported the Prince's answer to the gentlemen who had employed him, they were astonished and confounded. However, they soon resolved on the measures which they were to pursue for the future, and determined no longer to serve a man who could not be persuaded to serve himself, and chose rather to endanger the lives of his best and most faithful friends than part with an harlot whom, as he often declared, he neither loved nor esteemed [pp. 204-209].

From this anecdote, the general truth of which is indubitable, the principal fault of Charles Edward's temper is sufficiently obvious. It was a high sense of his own importance, and an obstinate adherence to what he had once determined on—qualities which, if he had succeeded in his bold attempt, gave the nation little room to hope that he would have been found free from the love of prerogative and desire of arbitrary power which characterised his unhappy grandfather. He gave a notable instance how far this was the leading feature of his character when, for no reasonable cause that can be assigned, he placed his own single will in opposition to the necessities of France, which, in order to purchase a peace become necessary to the kingdom, was reduced to gratify Britain by prohibiting the residence of Charles within any part of the French dominions. It was in vain that France endeavoured to lessen the disgrace of this step by making the most flattering offers, in hopes to induce the Prince of himself to anticipate this disagreeable alternative, which, if seriously enforced, as it was likely to be, he had no means whatever of resisting, by leaving the kingdom as of his own free-will. Inspired, however, by the spirit of hereditary obstinacy, Charles preferred a useless resistance to a dignified submission, and by a series of idle bravadoes laid the French court under the necessity of arresting their late ally, and sending him to close confinement in the Bastille, from which he was afterwards sent out of the French dominions, much in the manner in which a convict is transported to the place of his destination.

In addition to these repeated instances of a rash and inflexible temper, Dr. King also adds faults alleged to belong to the Prince's character of a kind less consonant with his noble birth and high pretensions. He is said by this author to have been avaricious, or parsimonious at least, to such a degree of

meanness as to fail, even when he had ample means; in relieving the sufferers who had lost their fortune and sacrificed their all in his ill-fated attempt.¹ We must receive, however, with some degree of jealousy what is said by Dr. King on this subject, recollecting that he had left at least, if he did not desert, the standard of the unfortunate prince, and was not therefore a person who was likely to form the fairest estimate of his virtues and faults. We must also remember that, if the exiled prince gave little, he had but little to give, especially considering how late he nourished the scheme of another expedition to Scotland, for which he was long endeavouring to hoard money.

The case, also, of Charles Edward must be allowed to have been a difficult one. He had to satisfy numerous persons, who, having lost their all in his cause, had, with that all, seen the extinction of hopes which they accounted nearly as good as certainties; some of these were perhaps clamorous in their applications, and certainly ill pleased with their want of success. Other parts of the Chevalier's conduct may have afforded grounds for charging him with coldness to the sufferings of his devoted followers. One of these was a sentiment which has nothing in it that is generous, but it was certainly a principle in which the young prince was trained, and which may be too probably denominated peculiar to his family, educated in all the high notions of passive obedience and non-resistance. If the unhappy prince gave implicit faith to the professions of statesmen holding such notions, which is implied by his whole conduct, it must have led to the natural, though ungracious, inference that the services of a subject could not, to whatever degree of ruin they might bring the individual, create a debt against his sovereign. Such a person could only boast that he had done his duty; nor was he entitled to be a claimant for a greater reward than it was convenient for the prince to bestow, or to hold his sovereign his debtor for losses which he had sustained through his loyalty. To a certain extent the Jacobite principles inevitably led to this cold and egotistical mode of reasoning on the part of the sovereign; nor, with all our natural pity for the situation of royalty in distress, do we feel entitled to affirm that Charles did not use this opiate to his feelings, on viewing the misery of his followers, while he certainly possessed, though in no great degree, the means of affording them more relief than he practised. His own history, after

¹ See Prince Charles Edward's Love of Money. Note 1.

leaving France, is brief and melancholy. For a time he seems to have held the firm belief that Providence, which had borne him through so many hazards, still reserved him for some distant occasion, in which he should be empowered to vindicate the honours of his birth. But opportunity after opportunity slipped by unimproved, and the death of his father gave him the fatal proof that none of the principal powers of Europe were, after that event, likely to interest themselves in his quarrel. They refused to acknowledge him under the title of the King of England, and, on his part, he declined to be then recognised as the Prince of Wales.

Family discord came to add its sting to those of disappointed ambition; and, though a humiliating circumstance, it is generally acknowledged that Charles Edward, the adventurous, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of pristine valour, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died along with him, had, in his latter days, yielded to those humiliating habits of intoxication in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under such circumstances, the unhappy Prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honourable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect.

It is a fact consistent with the Author's knowledge, that persons totally unentitled to, and unfitted for, such a distinction were presented to the unfortunate Prince in moments unfit for presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shook itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered and scarce noted.

Meantime, while the life of Charles Edward was gradually wasting in disappointed solitude, the number of those who had shared his misfortunes and dangers had shrunk into a small handful of veterans, the heroes of a tale which had been told. Most Scottish readers who can count the number of sixty years must recollect many respected acquaintances of their youth who, as the established phrase gently worded it, had been 'out in the Forty-five.' It may be said, that their political principles and plans no longer either gained proselytes or attracted terror: those who held them had ceased to be the subjects either of fear or opposition. Jacobites were looked

upon in society as men who had proved their sincerity by sacrificing their interest to their principles; and in well-regulated companies it was held a piece of ill-breeding to injure their feelings or ridicule the compromises by which they endeavoured to keep themselves abreast of the current of the day. Such, for example, was the evasion of a gentleman of fortune in Perthshire, Mr. Oliphant of Gask, who, in having the newspapers read to him, caused the King and Queen to be designated by the initial letters of 'K' and 'Q,' as if, by naming the full word, he might imply an acquiescence in the usurpation of the family of Hanover. George III., having heard of this gentleman's custom in the above and other particulars, commissioned the member for Perthshire to carry his compliments to the steady Jacobite. 'That is,' said the excellent old king, 'not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles.'

Those who remember such old men will probably agree that the progress of time, which has withdrawn all of them from the field, has removed, at the same time, a peculiar and striking feature of ancient manners. Their love of past times, their tales of bloody battles fought against romantic odds, were all dear to the imagination, and their little idolatry of locks of hair, pictures, rings, ribbons, and other memorials of the time in which they still seemed to live, was an interesting enthusiasm; and although their political principles, had they existed in the relation of fathers, might have rendered them dangerous to the existing dynasty, yet, as we now recollect them, there could not be on the earth supposed to exist persons better qualified to sustain the capacity of innocuous and respectable grandsires.

It was while reflecting on these things that the novel of *Redgauntlet* was undertaken. But various circumstances in the composition induced the Author to alter its purport considerably as it passed through his hands, and to carry the action to that point of time when the Chevalier Charles Edward, though fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, was yet meditating a second attempt, which could scarcely have been more hopeless than his first; although one to which, as we have seen, the unfortunate Prince, at least as late as 1753, still looked with hope and expectation.¹

1st April 1832.

¹ [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii. pp. 213, 214.]
VOL. XVIII—b



REDGAUNTLET

LETTER I

Darsie Latimer to Alan Fairford

DUMFRIES.

CUR me exanimas querelis tuis? In plain English, Why do you deafen me with your croaking? The disconsolate tone in which you bade me farewell at Noble House,¹ and mounted your miserable hack to return to your law drudgery, still sounds in my ears. It seemed to say, 'Happy dog! you can ramble at pleasure over hill and dale, pursue every object of curiosity that presents itself, and relinquish the chase when it loses interest; while I, your senior and your better, must, in this brilliant season, return to my narrow chamber and my musty books.'

Such was the import of the reflections with which you saddened our parting bottle of claret, and thus I must needs interpret the terms of your melancholy adieu.

And why should this be so, Alan? Why the deuce should you not be sitting precisely opposite to me at this moment, in the same comfortable George Inn, thy heels on the fender, and thy juridical brow expanding its plications as a pun rose in your fancy? Above all, why, when I fill this very glass of wine, cannot I push the bottle to you, and say, 'Fairford, you are chased!' Why, I say, should not all this be, except because Alan Fairford has not the same true sense of friendship as Darsie Latimer, and will not regard our purses as common as well as our sentiments?

I am alone in the world; my only guardian writes to me of a large fortune which will be mine when I reach the age of twenty-five complete; my present income is, thou knowest,

¹ The first stage on the road from Edinburgh to Dumfries, *via* Moffat.

more than sufficient for all my wants; and yet thou, traitor as thou art to the cause of friendship, dost deprive me of the pleasure of thy society, and submittest, besides, to self-denial on thine own part, rather than my wanderings should cost me a few guineas more! Is this regard for my purse or for thine own pride? Is it not equally absurd and unreasonable, whichever source it springs from? For myself, I tell thee, I have, and shall have, more than enough for both. This same methodical Samuel Griffiths, of Ironmonger Lane, Guildhall, London, whose letter arrives as duly as quarter-day, has sent me, as I told thee, double allowance for this my twenty-first birthday, and an assurance, in his brief fashion, that it will be again doubled for the succeeding years, until I enter into possession of my own property. Still I am to refrain from visiting England until my twenty-fifth year expires; and it is recommended that I shall forbear all inquiries concerning my family, and so forth, for the present.

Were it not that I recollect my poor mother in her deep widow's weeds, with a countenance that never smiled but when she looked on me, and then in such wan and woful sort as the sun when he glances through an April cloud—were it not, I say, that her mild and matron-like form and countenance forbid such a suspicion, I might think myself the son of some Indian director or rich citizen who had more wealth than grace, and a handful of hypocrisy to boot, and who was breeding up privately, and obscurely enriching, one of whose existence he had some reason to be ashamed. But, as I said before, I think on my mother, and am convinced as much as of the existence of my own soul that no touch of shame could arise from aught in which she was implicated. Meantime, I am wealthy and I am alone, and why does my friend scruple to share my wealth?

Are you not my only friend, and have you not acquired a right to share my wealth? Answer me that, Alan Fairford. When I was brought from the solitude of my mother's dwelling into the tumult of the Gaits' Class at the High School—when I was mocked for my English accent—salted with snow as a Southern pig—rolled in the gutter for a Saxon pock-pudding, who, with stout arguments and stouter blows, stood forth my defender? Why, Alan Fairford. Who beat me soundly when I brought the arrogance of an only son, and of course a spoiled urchin, to the forms of the little republic? Why, Alan. And who taught me to smoke a

cobbler, pin a losen, head a bicker, and hold the bannets?¹ Alan, once more. If I became the pride of the 'yards' and the dread of the hucksters in the High School Wynd, it was under thy patronage; and, but for thee, I had been contented with humbly passing through the Cowgate Port, without climbing over the top of it, and had never seen the Kittle Nine Steps² nearer than from Bareford's Parks. You taught me to keep my fingers off the weak and to clench my fist against the strong, to carry no tales out of school, to stand forth like a true man, obey the stern order of a '*Pande manum*,' and endure my pawmies without wincing, like one that is determined not to be the better for them. In a word, before I knew thee, I knew nothing.

At college it was the same. When I was incorrigibly idle, your example and encouragement roused me to mental exertion, and showed me the way to intellectual enjoyment. You made me an historian, a metaphysician (*invita Minerva*)—nay, by Heaven! you had almost made an advocate of me as well as of yourself. Yes, rather than part with you, Alan, I attended a weary season at the Scotch Law Class, a wearier at the Civil; and with what excellent advantage, my note-book filled with caricatures of the professors and my fellow-students, is it not yet extant to testify?

Thus far have I held on with thee untired;

and, to say truth, purely and solely that I might travel the same road with thee. But it will not do, Alan. By my faith, man, I could as soon think of being one of those ingenious traders who cheat little Master Jackies on the outside of the partition with tops, balls, bats, and battledores as a member of the long-robed fraternity within, who impose on grown country gentlemen with bouncing brocards of law.³ Now, don't you read this to your worthy father, Alan; he loves me well enough, I know, of a Saturday night, but he thinks me but idle company for any other day of the week. And here, I suspect, lies your real objection to taking a ramble with me through the southern counties in this delicious weather. I know the good gentleman has hard thoughts of me for being so unsettled as to leave Edinburgh before the session rises; perhaps, too, he quarrels a little—I will not say, with my want

¹ Break a window, head a skirmish with stones, and hold the bonnet or handkerchief which used to divide High School boys when fighting.

² See Note 2.

³ See Parliament House, Edinburgh. Note 3.

of ancestry, but with my want of connexions. He reckons me a lone thing in this world, Alan, and so in good truth I am; and it seems a reason to him why you should not attach yourself to me, that I can claim no interest in the general herd.

Do not suppose I forget what I owe him for permitting me to shelter for four years under his roof. My obligations to him are not the less, but the greater, if he never heartily loved me. He is angry, too, that I will not, or cannot, be a lawyer, and, with reference to you, considers my disinclination that way as *pessimi exempli*, as he might say.

But he need not be afraid that a lad of your steadiness will be influenced by such a reed shaken by the winds as I am. You will go on doubting with Dirleton, and resolving those doubts with Stewart,¹ until the cramp-speech² has been spoken *more solito* from the corner of the bench, and with covered head—until you have sworn to defend the liberties and privileges of the College of Justice, until the black gown is hung on your shoulders, and you are free as any of the faculty to sue or defend. Then will I step forth, Alan, and in a character which even your father will allow may be more useful to you than had I shared this splendid termination of your legal studies. In a word, if I cannot be a counsel, I am determined to be a *client*—a sort of person without whom a lawsuit would be as dull as a supposed case. Yes, I am determined to give you your first fee. One can easily, I am assured, get into a lawsuit—it is only the getting out which is sometimes found troublesome; and, with your kind father for an agent, and you for my counsel learned in the law, and the worshipful Master Samuel Griffiths to back me, a few sessions shall not tire my patience. In short, I will make my way into court, even if it should cost me the committing a *delict*, or at least a *quasi delict*. You see all is not lost of what Erskine wrote and Wallace taught.

Thus far I have fooled it off well enough; and yet, Alan, all is not at ease within me. I am affected with a sense of loneliness, the more depressing that it seems to me to be a solitude peculiarly my own. In a country where all the world have a circle of consanguinity, extending to sixth cousins at least, I am a solitary individual, having only one kind heart to throb in unison with my own. If I were condemned to labour for my bread, methinks I should less regard this peculiar species of deprivation. The necessary communication of master

¹ See Note 4.

² See Note 5.

and servant would be at least a tie which would attach me to the rest of my kind ; as it is, my very independence seems to enhance the peculiarity of my situation. I am in the world as a stranger in the crowded coffee-house, where he enters, calls for what refreshments he wants, pays his bill, and is forgotten so soon as the waiter's mouth has pronounced his 'Thank ye, sir.'

I know your good father would term this 'sinning my mercies,' and ask how I should feel if, instead of being able to throw down my reckoning, I were obliged to deprecate the resentment of the landlord for consuming that which I could not pay for. I cannot tell how it is ; but, though this very reasonable reflection comes across me, and though I do confess that four hundred a-year in possession, eight hundred in near prospect, and the L—d knows how many hundreds more in the distance, are very pretty and comfortable things, yet I would freely give one-half of them to call your father 'father,' though he should scold me for my idleness every hour of the day, and to call you 'brother,' though a brother whose merits would throw my own so completely into the shade.

The faint, yet not improbable, belief often has come across me that your father knows something more about my birth and natural condition than he is willing to communicate ; it is so unlikely that I should have been left in Edinburgh at six years old, without any other recommendation than the regular payment of my board to old M——¹ of the High School. Before that time, as I have often told you, I have but a recollection of unbounded indulgence on my mother's part, and the most tyrannical exertion of caprice on my own. I remember still how bitterly she sighed, how vainly she strove to soothe me, while, in the full energy of despotism, I roared like ten bull calves for something which it was impossible to procure for me. She is dead, that kind, that ill-rewarded mother ! I remember the long faces, the darkened room, the black hangings, the mysterious impression made upon my mind by the hearse and mourning-coaches, and the difficulty which I had to reconcile all this to the disappearance of my mother. I do not think I had before this event formed any idea of death, or that I had even heard of that final consummation of all that lives. The first acquaintance which I formed with it deprived me of my only relation.

¹ Probably Matheson, the predecessor of Dr. Adam, to whose memory the Author and his contemporaries owe a deep debt of gratitude.—Alexander Matheson was rector of the High School from 1759 to 1768, and was succeeded by Dr. Alexander Adam, who survived till 1809 (*Laing*).

A clergyman of venerable appearance, our only visitor, was my guide and companion in a journey of considerable length; and in the charge of another elderly man, substituted in his place, I know not how or why, I completed my journey to Scotland—and this is all I recollect.

I repeat the little history now, as I have a hundred times done before, merely because I would wring some sense out of it. Turn, then, thy sharp, wire-drawing, lawyer-like ingenuity to the same task—make up my history as though thou wert shaping the blundering allegations of some blue-bonneted, hard-headed client into a condescendence of facts and circumstances, and thou shalt be, not my Apollo — *quid tibi cum lyra?* — but my Lord Stair. Meanwhile, I have written myself out of my melancholy and blue devils, merely by prosing about them; so I will now converse half an hour with Roan Robin in his stall; the rascal knows me already, and snickers whenever I cross the threshold of the stable.

The black which you bestrode yesterday morning promises to be an admirable roadster, and ambled as easily with Sam and the portmanteau as with you and your load of law-learning. Sam promises to be steady, and has hitherto been so. No long trial, you will say. He lays the blame of former inaccuracies on evil company—the people who were at the livery-stable were too seductive, I suppose; he denies he ever did the horse injustice—would rather have wanted his own dinner, he says. In this I believe him, as Roan Robin's ribs and coat show no marks of contradiction. However, as he will meet with no saints in the inns we frequent, and as oats are sometimes as speedily converted into ale as John Barleycorn himself, I shall keep a look-out after Master Sam. Stupid fellow! had he not abused my good-nature, I might have chatted to him to keep my tongue in exercise, whereas now I must keep him at a distance.

Do you remember what Mr. Fairford said to me on this subject—it did not become my father's son to speak in that manner to Sam's father's son? I asked you what your father could possibly know of mine, and you answered, 'As much, you supposed, as he knew of Sam's—it was a proverbial expression.' This did not quite satisfy me, though I am sure I cannot tell why it should not. But I am returning to a fruitless and exhausted subject. Do not be afraid that I shall come back on this well-trodden yet pathless field of conjecture. I know nothing so useless, so utterly feeble and contemptible, as the

groaning forth one's helpless lamentations into the ears of our friends.

I would fain promise you that my letters shall be as entertaining as I am determined they shall be regular and well filled. We have an advantage over the dear friends of old, every pair of them. Neither David and Jonathan, nor Orestes and Pylades, nor Damon and Pythias — although, in the latter case particularly, a letter by post would have been very acceptable — ever corresponded together; for they probably could not write, and certainly had neither posts nor franks to speed their effusions to each other; whereas yours, which you had from the old peer, being handled gently and opened with precaution, may be returned to me again, and serve to make us free of his Majesty's post-office during the whole time of my proposed tour.¹ Mercy upon us, Alan, what letters I shall have to send you, with an account of all that I can collect, of pleasant or rare, in this wild-goose jaunt of mine! All I stipulate is, that you do not communicate them to the *Scots Magazine*; ² for though you used, in a left-handed way, to compliment me on my attainments in the lighter branches of literature, at the expense of my deficiency in the weightier matters of the law, I am not yet audacious enough to enter the portal which the learned Ruddiman so kindly opened for the acolytes of the Muses. *Vale, sis memor mei.* D. L.

P.S. — Direct to the post office here. I shall leave orders to forward your letters wherever I may travel.

¹ See Franking Letters. Note 6.

² See Note 7.

LETTER II

Alan Fairford to Darsie Latimer

NEGATUR, my dear Darsie — you have logic and law enough to understand the word of denial — I deny your conclusion. The premises I admit, namely, that when I mounted on that infernal hack I might utter what seemed a sigh, although I deemed it lost amid the puffs and groans of the broken-winded brute, matchless in the complication of her complaints by any save she, the poor man's mare,¹ renowned in song, that died

A mile aboon Dundee.

But credit me, Darsie, the sigh which escaped me concerned thee more than myself, and regarded neither the superior mettle of your cavalry nor your greater command of the means of travelling. I could certainly have cheerfully ridden on with you for a few days; and assure yourself I would not have hesitated to tax your better-filled purse for our joint expenses. But you know my father considers every moment taken from the law as a step downhill; and I owe much to his anxiety on my account, although its effects are sometimes troublesome. For example.

I found, on my arrival at the shop in Brown's Square, that the old gentleman had returned that very evening, impatient, it seems, of remaining a night out of the guardianship of the domestic Lares. Having this information from James, whose brow wore rather an anxious look on the occasion, I despatched a Highland chairman to the livery stable with my Bucephalus, and slunk, with as little noise as might be, into my own den, where I began to mumble certain half-gnawed and not half-digested doctrines of our municipal code. I was not long seated when my father's visage was thrust, in a peering sort of way, through the half-opened door; and withdrawn, on see-

¹ See 'The Auld Man's Mare's Dead.' Note 8.

ing my occupation, with a half-articulated 'humph!' which seemed to convey a doubt of the seriousness of my application. If it were so, I cannot condemn him; for recollection of thee occupied me so entirely during an hour's reading, that although Stair lay before me, and notwithstanding that I turned over three or four pages, the sense of his lordship's clear and perspicuous style so far escaped me that I had the mortification to find my labour was utterly in vain.

Ere I had brought up my leeway, James appeared with his summons to our frugal supper—radishes, cheese, and a bottle of the old ale—only two plates though—and no chair set for Mr. Darsie by the attentive James Wilkinson. Said James, with his long face, lank hair, and very long pigtail in its leathern strap, was placed, as usual, at the back of my father's chair, upright as a wooden sentinel at the door of a puppet-show. 'You may go down, James,' said my father; and exit Wilkinson. 'What is to come next?' thought I; 'for the weather is not clear on the paternal brow.'

My boots encountered his first glance of displeasure, and he asked me, with a sneer, which way I had been riding. He expected me to answer, 'Nowhere,' and would then have been at me with his usual sarcasm, touching the humour of walking in shoes at twenty shillings a pair. But I answered with composure that I had ridden out to dinner as far as Noble House. He started (you know his way), as if I had said that I had dined at Jericho; and as I did not choose to seem to observe his surprise, but continued munching my radishes in tranquillity, he broke forth in ire.

'To Noble House, sir! and what had you to do at Noble House, sir? Do you remember you are studying law, sir? that your Scots law trials are coming on, sir? that every moment of your time just now is worth hours at another time? and have you leisure to go to Noble House, sir? and to throw your books behind you for so many hours? Had it been a turn in the Meadows, or even a game at golf—but Noble House, sir!'

'I went so far with Darsie Latimer, sir, to see him begin his journey.'

'Darsie Latimer!' he replied in a softened tone. 'Humph! Well, I do not blame you for being kind to Darsie Latimer; but it would have done as much good if you had walked with him as far as the toll-bar, and then made your farewells; it would have saved horse-hire—and your reckoning, too, at dinner.'

'Latimer paid that, sir,' I replied, thinking to soften the matter; but I had much better have left it unspoken.

'The reckoning, sir!' replied my father. 'And did you sponge upon any man for a reckoning? Sir, no man should enter the door of a public-house without paying his lawing.'

'I admit the general rule, sir,' I replied; 'but this was a parting-cup between Darsie and me, and I should conceive it fell under the exception of *doch an dorroch*.'

'You think yourself a wit,' said my father, with as near an approach to a smile as ever he permits to gild the solemnity of his features; 'but I reckon you did not eat your dinner standing, like the Jews at their Passover? and it was decided in a case before the town-bailies of Cupar-Angus, when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jameson's browst of ale, while it stood in the door to cool, that there was no damage to pay, because the crummie drank without sitting down; such being the very circumstance constituting *doch an dorroch*, which is a standing-drink, for which no reckoning is paid. Ha, sir! what says your advocateship — *fieri* — to that? *Exceptio firmat regulam*. But come, fill your glass, Alan; I am not sorry ye have shown this attention to Darsie Latimer, who is a good lad, as times go; and having now lived under my roof since he left the school, why, there is really no great matter in coming under this small obligation to him.'

As I saw my father's scruples were much softened by the consciousness of his superiority in the legal argument, I took care to accept my pardon as a matter of grace rather than of justice; and only replied, 'We should feel ourselves duller of an evening, now that you were absent.' I will give you my father's exact words in reply, Darsie. You know him so well that they will not offend you; and you are also aware that there mingles with the good man's preciseness and formality a fund of shrewd observation and practical good sense.

'It is very true,' he said, 'Darsie was a pleasant companion; but over waggish — over waggish, Alan, and somewhat scatter-brained. By the way, Wilkinson must get our ale bottled in English pints now, for a quart bottle is too much, night after night, for you and me, without his assistance. But Darsie, as I was saying, is an arch lad, and somewhat light in the upper story. I wish him well through the world; but he has little solidity, Alan — little solidity.'

I scorn to desert an absent friend, Darsie, so I said for you a little more than my conscience warranted; but your defection

from your legal studies had driven you far to leeward in my father's good opinion.

'Unstable as water, he shall not excel,' said my father; 'or, as the Septuagint hath it, *Effusa est sicut aqua, non crescat*. He goeth to dancing-houses, and readeth novels — *sat est*.'

I endeavoured to parry these texts by observing that the dancing-houses amounted only to one night at La Pique's ball, the novels (so far as matter of notoriety, Darsie) to an odd volume of *Tom Jones*.

'But he danced from night to morning,' replied my father, 'and he read the idle trash, which the author should have been scourged for, at least twenty times over. It was never out of his hand.'

I then hinted that in all probability your fortune was now so easy as to dispense with your prosecuting the law any farther than you had done; and therefore you might think you had some title to amuse yourself. This was the least palatable argument of all.

'If he cannot amuse himself with the law,' said my father, snappishly, 'it is the worse for him. If he needs not law to teach him to make a fortune, I am sure he needs it to teach him how to keep one; and it would better become him to be learning this than to be scouring the country like a land-louper, going he knows not where, to see he knows not what, and giving treats at Noble House to fools like himself (an angry glance at poor me). Noble House, indeed!' he repeated, with elevated voice and sneering tone, as if there were something offensive to him in the very name, though I will venture to say that any place in which you had been extravagant enough to spend five shillings would have stood as deep in his reprobation.

Mindful of your idea that my father knows more of your real situation than he thinks proper to mention, I thought I would hazard a fishing observation. 'I did not see,' I said, 'how the Scottish law would be useful to a young gentleman whose fortune would seem to be vested in England.' I really thought my father would have beat me.

'D'ye mean to come round me, sir, *per ambages*, as Counsellor Pest says? What is it to you where Darsie Latimer's fortune is vested, or whether he hath any fortune, ay or no? And what ill would the Scottish law do to him, though he had as much of it as either Stair or Bankton, sir? Is not the foundation of our municipal law the ancient code of the Roman

Empire, devised at a time when it was so much renowned for its civil polity, sir, and wisdom? Go to your bed, sir, after your expedition to Noble House, and see that your lamp be burning, and your book before you, ere the sun peeps. *Ars longa, vita brevis* — were it not a sin to call the divine science of the law by the inferior name of art.'

So my lamp did burn, dear Darsie, the next morning, though the owner took the risk of a domiciliary visitation, and lay snug in bed, trusting its glimmer might, without farther inquiry, be received as sufficient evidence of his vigilance. And now, upon this the third morning after your departure, things are but little better; for though the lamp burns in my den, and Voet, *On the Pandects*, hath his wisdom spread open before me, yet, as I only use him as a reading-desk on which to scribble this sheet of nonsense to Darsie Latimer, it is probable the vicinity will be of little furtherance to my studies.

And now, methinks, I hear thee call me an affected hypocritical varlet, who, living under such a system of distrust and restraint as my father chooses to govern by, nevertheless pretends not to envy you your freedom and independence.

Latimer, I will tell you no lies. I wish my father would allow me a little more exercise of my free will, were it but that I might feel the pleasure of doing what would please him of my own accord. A little more spare time, and a little more money to enjoy it, would, besides, neither misbecome my age nor my condition; and it is, I own, provoking to see so many in the same situation winging the air at freedom, while I sit here, caged up like a cobbler's linnet, to chant the same unvaried lesson from sunrise to sunset, not to mention the listening to so many lectures against idleness, as if I enjoyed or was making use of the means of amusement! But then I cannot at heart blame either the motive or the object of this severity.

For the motive — it is and can only be my father's anxious, devoted, and unremitting affection and zeal for my improvement, with a laudable sense of the honour of the profession to which he has trained me. As we have no near relations, the tie betwixt us is of even unusual closeness, though in itself one of the strongest which nature can form. I am, and have all along been, the exclusive object of my father's anxious hopes, and his still more anxious and engrossing fears; so what title have I to complain, although now and then these fears and hopes lead him to take a trouble-

some and incessant charge of all my motions? Besides, I ought to recollect, and, Darsie, I do recollect, that my father, upon various important occasions, has shown that he can be indulgent as well as strict. The leaving his old apartments in the Luckenbooths was to him like divorcing the soul from the body; yet Dr. R——¹ did but hint that the better air of this new district was more favourable to my health, as I was then suffering under the penalties of too rapid a growth, when he exchanged his old and beloved quarters, adjacent to the very Heart of Midlothian,* for one of those new tenements, entire within themselves, which modern taste has so lately introduced.² Instance also the inestimable favour which he conferred on me by receiving you into his house, when you had only the unpleasant alternative of remaining, though a grown-up lad, in the society of mere boys. This was a thing so contrary to all my father's ideas of seclusion, of economy, and of the safety to my morals and industry which he wished to attain, by preserving me from the society of other young people, that, upon my word, I am always rather astonished how I should have had the impudence to make the request than that he should have complied with it.

Then for the object of his solicitude. Do not laugh, or hold up your hands, my good Darsie; but, upon my word, I like the profession to which I am in the course of being educated, and am serious in prosecuting the preliminary studies. The law is my vocation — in an especial, and, I may say, in an hereditary way, my vocation; for although I have not the honour to belong to any of the great families who form in Scotland, as in France, the noblesse of the robe, and, with us at least, carry their heads as high, or rather higher, than the noblesse of the sword — for the former consist more frequently of the 'first-born of Egypt' — yet my grandfather, who, I daresay, was a most excellent person, had the honour to sign a bitter protest against the Union, in the respectable character of town-clerk to the ancient borough of Birlthegroat; and there is some reason — shall I say to hope, or to suspect? — that he may have been a natural son of a first cousin of the then Fairford of that ilk, who had been long numbered among the minor barons. Now my father mounted a step higher on the ladder of legal promotion, being, as you know as well as I do, an eminent and respected Writer to his Majesty's Signet; and I myself am destined to mount a round higher still, and wear the honoured

¹ See Note 9.

² See Brown's Square, Edinburgh. Note 10.

robe which is sometimes supposed, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. I have, therefore, no choice but to climb upwards, since we have mounted thus high, or else to fall down at the imminent risk of my neck. So that I reconcile myself to my destiny; and while you are looking from mountain peaks at distant lakes and friths, I am, *de apicibus juris*, consoling myself with visions of crimson and scarlet gowns — with the appendages of handsome cowls, well lined with salary.

You smile, Darsie, *more tuo*, and seem to say it is little worth while to cozen one's self with such vulgar dreams; yours being, on the contrary, of a high and heroic character, bearing the same resemblance to mine that a bench, covered with purple cloth and plentifully loaded with session papers, does to some Gothic throne, rough with barbaric pearl and gold. But what would you have? *Sua quemque trahit voluptas*. And my visions of preferment, though they may be as unsubstantial at present, are nevertheless more capable of being realised than your aspirations after the Lord knows what. What says my father's proverb? 'Look to a gown of gold, and you will at least get a sleeve of it.' Such is my pursuit; but what dost thou look to? The chance that the mystery, as you call it, which at present overclouds your birth and connexions will clear up into something inexpressibly and inconceivably brilliant; and this without any effort or exertion of your own, but purely by the good-will of Fortune. I know the pride and naughtiness of thy heart, and sincerely do I wish that thou hadst more beatings to thank me for than those which thou dost acknowledge so gratefully. Then had I thumped these Quixotical expectations out of thee; and thou hadst not, as now, conceived thyself to be the hero of some romantic history, and converted, in thy vain imagination, honest Griffiths, citizen and broker, who never bestows more than the needful upon his quarterly epistles, into some wise Alcander or sage Alquife, the mystical and magical protector of thy peerless destiny. But I know not how it was, thy skull got harder, I think, and my knuckles became softer; not to mention that at length thou didst begin to show about thee a spark of something dangerous, which I was bound to respect at least, if I did not fear it.

And while I speak of this, it is not much amiss to advise thee to correct a little this cock-a-hoop courage of thine. I fear much that, like a hot-mettled horse, it will carry the

owner into some scrape, out of which he will find it difficult to extricate himself, especially if the daring spirit which bore thee thither should chance to fail thee at a pinch. Remember, Darsie, thou art not naturally courageous; on the contrary, we have long since agreed that, quiet as I am, I have the advantage in this important particular. My courage consists, I think, in strength of nerves and constitutional indifference to danger; which, though it never pushes me on adventure, secures me in full use of my recollection and tolerably complete self-possession, when danger actually arrives. Now, thine seems more what may be called intellectual courage — highness of spirit and desire of distinction; impulses which render thee alive to the love of fame, and deaf to the apprehension of danger, until it forces itself suddenly upon thee. I own that, whether it is from my having caught my father's apprehensions, or that I have reason to entertain doubts of my own, I often think that this wildfire chase of romantic situation and adventure may lead thee into some mischief; and then what would become of Alan Fairford? They might make whom they pleased Lord Advocate or Solicitor-General, I should never have the heart to strive for it. All my exertions are intended to vindicate myself one day in your eyes; and I think I should not care a farthing for the embroidered silk gown, more than for an old woman's apron, unless I had hopes that thou shouldst be walking the boards to admire, and perhaps to envy, me.

That this may be the case, I prithee — beware! See not a *Dulcinea* in every slipshod girl, who, with blue eyes, fair hair, a tattered plaid, and a willow-wand in her gripe, drives out the village cows to the loaning. Do not think you will meet a gallant *Valentine* in every English rider, or an *Orson* in every Highland drover. View things as they are, and not as they may be magnified through thy teeming fancy. I have seen thee look at an old gravel pit, till thou madest out capes, and bays, and inlets, crags, and precipices, and the whole stupendous scenery of the isle of *Feroe*, in what was to all ordinary eyes a mere horse-pond. Besides, did I not once find thee gazing with respect at a lizard, in the attitude of one who looks upon a crocodile? Now this is, doubtless, so far a harmless exercise of your imagination, for the puddle cannot drown you, nor the *Lilliputian* alligator eat you up. But it is different in society, where you cannot mistake the character of those you converse with, or suffer your fancy to exaggerate their qualities, good

or bad, without exposing yourself not only to ridicule, but to great and serious inconveniences. Keep guard, therefore, on your imagination, my dear Darsie ; and let your old friend assure you, it is the point of your character most pregnant with peril to its good and generous owner. Adieu ! let not the franks of the worthy peer remain unemployed ; above all, *Sis memor mei.*

A. F.

LETTER III

Darsie Latimer to Alan Fairford

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

I HAVE received thine absurd and most conceited epistle. It is well for thee that, Lovelace and Belford like, we came under a convention to pardon every species of liberty which we may take with each other ; since, upon my word, there are some reflections in your last which would otherwise have obliged me to return forthwith to Edinburgh, merely to show you I was not what you took me for.

Why, what a pair of prigs hast thou made of us ! I plunging into scrapes, without having courage to get out of them ; thy sagacious self, afraid to put one foot before the other, lest it should run away from its companion, and so standing still like a post, out of mere faintness and coldness of heart, while all the world were driving full speed past thee. Thou a portrait-painter ! I tell thee, Alan, I have seen a better seated on the fourth round of a ladder, and painting a bare-breeched Highlander, holding a pint-stoup as big as himself, and a booted Lowlander, in a bob-wig, supporting a glass of like dimensions ; the whole being designed to represent the sign of the Salutation.

How hadst thou the heart to represent thine own individual self with all thy motions, like those of a great Dutch doll, depending on the pressure of certain springs, as duty, reflection, and the like, without the impulse of which thou wouldst doubtless have me believe thou wouldst not budge an inch ? But have I not seen Gravity out of his bed at midnight ? and must I, in plain terms, remind thee of certain mad pranks ? Thou hadst ever, with the gravest sentiments in thy mouth, and the most starched reserve in thy manner, a kind of lumbering proclivity towards mischief, although with more inclination to set it a-going than address to carry it through ; and I cannot but chuckle internally when I think of having seen my most

venerable monitor, the future president of some high Scottish court, puffing, blowing, and floundering like a clumsy cart-horse in a bog, where his efforts to extricate himself only plunged him deeper at every awkward struggle, till some one—I myself, for example—took compassion on the moaning monster and dragged him out by mane and tail.

As for me, my portrait is, if possible, even more scandalously caricatured. *I* fail or quail in spirit at the upcome! Where canst thou show me the least symptom of the recreant temper with which thou hast invested me (as I trust), merely to set off the solid and impassible dignity of thine own stupid indifference? If you ever saw me tremble, be assured that my flesh, like that of the old Spanish general, only quaked at the dangers into which my spirit was about to lead it. Seriously, Alan, this imputed poverty of spirit is a shabby charge to bring against your friend. I have examined myself as closely as I can, being, in very truth, a little hurt at your having such hard thoughts of me, and on my life I can see no reason for them. I allow you have, perhaps, some advantage of me in the steadiness and indifference of your temper; but I should despise myself if I were conscious of the deficiency in courage which you seem willing enough to impute to me. However, I suppose this ungracious hint proceeds from sincere anxiety for my safety; and so viewing it, I swallow it as I would do medicine from a friendly doctor, although I believed in my heart he had mistaken my complaint.

This offensive insinuation disposed of, I thank thee, Alan, for the rest of thy epistle. I thought I heard your good father pronouncing the words 'Noble House' with a mixture of contempt and displeasure, as if the very name of the poor little hamlet were odious to him, or, as if you had selected, out of all Scotland, the very place at which you had no call to dine. But if he had had any particular aversion to that blameless village and very sorry inn, is it not his own fault that I did not accept the invitation of the laird of Glengallacher to shoot a buck in what he emphatically calls his 'country'? Truth is, I had a strong desire to have complied with his lairdship's invitation. To shoot a buck! Think how magnificent an idea to one who never shot anything but hedge-sparrows, and that with a horse-pistol, purchased at a broker's stand in the Cowgate! You, who stand upon your courage, may remember that I took the risk of firing the said pistol for the first time, while you stood at twenty yards' distance; and that, when you were persuaded it

would go off without bursting, forgetting all law but that of the biggest and strongest, you possessed yourself of it exclusively for the rest of the holydays. Such a day's sport was no complete introduction to the noble art of deer-stalking, as it is practised in the Highlands ; but I should not have scrupled to accept honest Glengallacher's invitation at the risk of firing a rifle for the first time, had it not been for the outcry which your father made at my proposal, in the full ardour of his zeal for King George, the Hanover succession, and the Presbyterian faith. I wish I had stood out, since I have gained so little upon his good opinion by submission. All his impressions concerning the Highlanders are taken from the recollections of the Forty-five, when he retreated from the West Port with his brother volunteers, each to the fortalice of his own separate dwelling, so soon as they heard the Adventurer was arrived with his clans as near them as Kirkliston. The flight of Falkirk — *parma non bene selecta* — in which I think your sire had his share with the undaunted western regiment, does not seem to have improved his taste for the company of the Highlanders (*quære*, Alan, dost thou derive the courage thou makest such boast of from an hereditary source ?) ; and stories of Rob Roy MacGregor and Sergeant Alan Mohr¹ Cameron¹ have served to paint them in still more sable colours to his imagination.

Now, from all I can understand, these ideas, as applied to the present state of the country, are absolutely chimerical. The Pretender is no more remembered in the Highlands than if the poor gentleman were gathered to his hundred and eight fathers, whose portraits adorn the ancient walls of Holyrood ; the broadswords have passed into other hands ; the targets are used to cover the butter-churns ; and the race has sunk, or is fast sinking, from ruffling bullies into tame cheaters. Indeed, it was partly my conviction that there is little to be seen in the North which, arriving at your father's conclusion, though from different premises, inclined my course in this direction, where perhaps I shall see as little.

One thing, however, I *have* seen ; and it was with pleasure the more indescribable, that I was debarred from treading the land which my eyes were permitted to gaze upon, like those of the dying prophet from the top of Mount Pisgah. I have seen,

¹ Of Rob Roy we have had more than enough. Alan Cameron, commonly called Sergeant Mohr, a freebooter of the same period, was equally remarkable for strength, courage, and generosity.

in a word, the fruitful shores of merry England — merry England ! of which I boast myself a native, and on which I gaze, even while raging floods and unstable quicksands divide us, with the filial affection of a dutiful son.

Thou canst not have forgotten, Alan — for when didst thou ever forget what was interesting to thy friend ? — that the same letter from my friend Griffiths which doubled my income, and placed my motions at my own free disposal, contained a prohibitory clause, by which, reason none assigned, I was interdicted, as I respected my present safety and future fortunes, from visiting England ; every other part of the British dominions, and a tour, if I pleased, on the Continent, being left to my own choice. Where is the tale, Alan, of a covered dish in the midst of a royal banquet, upon which the eyes of every guest were immediately fixed, neglecting all the dainties with which the table was loaded ? This clause of banishment from England — from my native country — from the land of the brave, and the wise, and the free — affects me more than I am rejoiced by the freedom and independence assigned to me in all other respects. Thus, in seeking this extreme boundary of the country which I am forbidden to tread, I resemble the poor tethered horse, which, you may have observed, is always grazing on the very verge of the circle to which it is limited by its halter.

Do not accuse me of romance for obeying this impulse towards the South ; nor suppose that, to gratify the imaginary longing of an idle curiosity, I am in any danger of risking the solid comforts of my present condition. Whoever has hitherto taken charge of my motions has shown me, by convincing proofs, more weighty than the assurances which they have withheld, that my real advantage is their principal object. I should be, therefore, worse than a fool did I object to their authority, even when it seems somewhat capriciously exercised ; for assuredly, at my age, I might — entrusted as I am with the care and management of myself in every other particular — expect that the cause of excluding me from England should be frankly and fairly stated for my own consideration and guidance. However, I will not grumble about the matter. I shall know the whole story one day, I suppose ; and perhaps, as you sometimes surmise, I shall not find there is any mighty matter in it after all.

Yet one cannot help wondering — but, plague on it, if I wonder any longer, my letter will be as full of wonders as one of Katterfelto's advertisements. I have a month's mind, instead

of this damnable iteration of guesses and forebodings, to give thee the history of a little adventure which befell me yesterday ; though I am sure you will, as usual, turn the opposite end of the spy-glass on my poor narrative, and reduce, *more tuo*, to the most petty trivialities the circumstances to which thou accusest me of giving undue consequence. Hang thee, Alan, thou art as unfit a confidant for a youthful gallant with some spice of imagination as the old taciturn secretary of Facardin of Trebizond. Nevertheless, we must each perform our separate destinies. I am doomed to see, act, and tell ; thou, like a Dutchman, inclosed in the same diligence with a Gascon, to hear and shrug thy shoulders.

Of Dumfries, the capital town of this county, I have but little to say, and will not abuse your patience by reminding you that it is built on the gallant river Nith, and that its churchyard, the highest place of the whole town, commands an extensive and fine prospect. Neither will I take the traveller's privilege of inflicting upon you the whole history of Bruce poniarding the Red Comyn in the church of the Dominicans at this place, and becoming a king and patriot, because he had been a church-breaker and a murderer. The present Dumfriezers remember and justify the deed, observing, it was only a Papist church ; in evidence whereof, its walls have been so completely demolished that no vestiges of them remain. They are a sturdy set of true-blue Presbyterians, these burghers of Dumfries ; men after your father's own heart, zealous for the Protestant succession, the rather that many of the great families around are suspected to be of a different way of thinking, and shared, a great many of them, in the insurrection of the Fifteen, and some in the more recent business of the Forty-five. The town itself suffered in the latter era ; for Lord Elcho, with a large party of the rebels, levied a severe contribution upon Dumfries, on account of the citizens having annoyed the rear of the Chevalier during his march into England.

Many of these particulars I learned from Provost C——, who, happening to see me in the market-place, remembered that I was an intimate of your father's, and very kindly asked me to dinner. Pray, tell your father that the effects of his kindness to me follow me everywhere. I became tired, however, of this pretty town in the course of twenty-four hours, and crept along the coast eastwards, amusing myself with looking out for objects of antiquity, and sometimes making, or attempting to make, use of my new angling-rod. By the way, old Cotton's

instructions, by which I hoped to qualify myself for one of the gentle society of anglers, are not worth a farthing for this meridian. I learned this by mere accident, after I had waited four mortal hours. I shall never forget an impudent urchin, a cowherd, about twelve years old, without either brogue or bonnet, barelegged, and with a very indifferent pair of breeches — how the villain grinned in scorn at my landing-net, my plummet, and the gorgeous jury of flies which I had assembled to destroy all the fish in the river. I was induced at last to lend the rod to the sneering scoundrel, to see what he would make of it; and he not only half filled my basket in an hour, but literally taught me to kill two trouts with my own hand. This, and Sam having found the hay and oats, not forgetting the ale, very good at this small inn, first made me take the fancy of resting here for a day or two; and I have got my grinning blackguard of a *piscator* leave to attend on me, by paying sixpence a-day for a herdboy in his stead.

A notably clean Englishwoman keeps this small house, and my bedroom is sweetened with lavender, has a clean sash-window, and the walls are, moreover, adorned with ballads of Fair Rosamond and Cruel Barbara Allan. The woman's accent, though uncouth enough, sounds yet kindly in my ear; for I have never yet forgotten the desolate effect produced on my infant organs when I heard on all sides your slow and broad Northern pronunciation, which was to me the tone of a foreign land. I am sensible I myself have since that time acquired Scotch in perfection, and many a Scotticism withal. Still the sound of the English accentuation comes to my ears as the tones of a friend; and even when heard from the mouth of some wandering beggar, it has seldom failed to charm forth my mite. You Scotch, who are so proud of your own nationality, must make due allowance for that of other folks.

On the next morning, I was about to set forth to the stream where I had commenced angler the night before, but was prevented, by a heavy shower of rain, from stirring abroad the whole forenoon; during all which time I heard my varlet of a guide as loud with his blackguard jokes in the kitchen as a footman in the shilling gallery; so little are modesty and innocence the inseparable companions of rusticity and seclusion.

When after dinner the day cleared, and we at length sallied out to the river-side, I found myself subjected to a new trick on the part of my accomplished preceptor. Apparently he liked fishing himself better than the trouble of instructing an

awkward novice such as I; and in hopes of exhausting my patience, and inducing me to resign the rod, as I had done on the preceding day, my friend contrived to keep me thrashing the water more than an hour with a pointless hook. I detected this trick at last, by observing the rogue grinning with delight when he saw a large trout rise and dash harmless away from the angle. I gave him a sound cuff, Alan; but the next moment was sorry, and, to make amends, yielded possession of the fishing-rod for the rest of the evening, he undertaking to bring me home a dish of trouts for my supper, in atonement for his offences.

Having thus got honourably rid of the trouble of amusing myself in a way I cared not for, I turned my steps towards the sea, or rather the Solway Firth, which here separates the two sister kingdoms, and which lay at about a mile's distance, by a pleasant walk over sandy knolls, covered with short herbage, which you call links, and we English downs.

But the rest of my adventure would weary out my fingers, and must be deferred until to-morrow, when you shall hear from me by way of continuation; and, in the meanwhile, to prevent overhasty conclusions, I must just hint to you, we are but yet on the verge of the adventure which it is my purpose to communicate.

LETTER IV

The Same to the Same

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

I MENTIONED in my last that, having abandoned my fishing-rod as an unprofitable implement, I crossed over the open downs which divided me from the margin of the Solway. When I reached the banks of the great estuary, which are here very bare and exposed, the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. The whole was illuminated by the beams of the low and setting sun, who showed his ruddy front, like a warrior prepared for defence, over a huge battlemented and turreted wall of crimson and black clouds, which appeared like an immense Gothic fortress, into which the lord of day was descending. His setting rays glimmered bright upon the wet surface of the sands and the numberless pools of water by which it was covered, where the inequality of the ground had occasioned their being left by the tide.

The scene was animated by the exertions of a number of horsemen, who were actually employed in hunting salmon. Ay, Alan, lift up your hands and eyes as you will, I can give their mode of fishing no name so appropriate ; for they chased the fish at full gallop, and struck them with their barbed spears, as you see hunters spearing boars in the old tapestry. The salmon, to be sure, take the thing more quietly than the boars ; but they are so swift in their own element, that to pursue and strike them is the task of a good horseman, with a quick eye, a determined hand, and full command both of his horse and weapon. The shouts of the fellows as they galloped up and down in the animating exercise, their loud bursts of laughter when any of their number caught a fall, and still louder acclamations when any of the party made a capital stroke with his lance, gave so much animation to the whole scene, that I caught the

enthusiasm of the sport, and ventured forward a considerable space on the sands. The feats of one horseman, in particular, called forth so repeatedly the clamorous applause of his companions, that the very banks rang again with their shouts. He was a tall man, well mounted on a strong black horse, which he caused to turn and wind like a bird in the air, carried a longer spear than the others, and wore a sort of fur cap or bonnet, with a short feather in it, which gave him on the whole rather a superior appearance to the other fishermen. He seemed to hold some sort of authority among them, and occasionally directed their motions both by voice and hand ; at which times I thought his gestures were striking, and his voice uncommonly sonorous and commanding.

The riders began to make for the shore, and the interest of the scene was almost over, while I lingered on the sands, with my looks turned to the shores of England, still gilded by the sun's last rays, and, as it seemed, scarce distant a mile from me. The anxious thoughts which haunt me began to muster in my bosom, and my feet slowly and insensibly approached the river which divided me from the forbidden precincts, though without any formed intention, when my steps were arrested by the sound of a horse galloping ; and as I turned the rider, the same fisherman whom I had formerly distinguished, called out to me, in an abrupt manner, 'Soho, brother ! you are too late for Bowness to-night — the tide will make presently.'

I turned my head and looked at him without answering ; for, to my thinking, his sudden appearance, or rather, I should say, his unexpected approach, had, amidst the gathering shadows and lingering light, something in it which was wild and ominous.

'Are you deaf ?' he added, 'or are you mad ? or have you a mind for the next world ?'

'I am a stranger,' I answered, 'and had no other purpose than looking on at the fishing ; I am about to return to the side I came from.'

'Best make haste then,' said he. 'He that dreams on the bed of the Solway may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three feet a-breast.'

So saying, he turned his horse and rode off, while I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard ; for the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank.

These recollections grew more agitating, and, instead of walking deliberately, I began a race as fast as I could, feeling, or thinking I felt, each pool of salt water through which I splashed grow deeper and deeper. At length the surface of the sand did seem considerably more intersected with pools and channels full of water — either that the tide was really beginning to influence the bed of the estuary, or, as I must own is equally probable, that I had, in the hurry and confusion of my retreat, involved myself in difficulties which I had avoided in my more deliberate advance. Either way, it was rather an unpromising state of affairs, for the sands at the same time turned softer, and my footsteps, so soon as I had passed, were instantly filled with water. I began to have odd recollections concerning the snugness of your father's parlour, and the secure footing afforded by the pavement of Brown's Square and Scot's Close, when my better genius, the tall fisherman, appeared once more close to my side, he and his sable horse looming gigantic in the now darkening twilight.

'Are you mad?' he said, in the same deep tone which had before thrilled on my ear, 'or are you weary of your life? You will be presently amongst the quicksands.' I professed my ignorance of the way, to which he only replied, 'There is no time for prating; get up behind me.'

He probably expected me to spring from the ground with the activity which these Borderers have, by constant practice, acquired in everything relating to horsemanship; but as I stood irresolute, he extended his hand, and grasping mine, bid me place my foot on the toe of his boot, and thus raised me in a trice to the croupe of his horse. I was scarce securely seated ere he shook the reins of his horse, who instantly sprung forward; but annoyed, doubtless, by the unusual burden, treated us to two or three bounds, accompanied by as many flourishes of his hind heels. The rider sat like a tower, notwithstanding that the unexpected plunging of the animal threw me forward upon him. The horse was soon compelled to submit to the discipline of the spur and bridle, and went off at a steady hand gallop; thus shortening the devious, for it was by no means a direct, path by which the rider, avoiding the loose quicksands, made for the northern bank.

My friend, perhaps I may call him my preserver — for, to a stranger, my situation was fraught with real danger — continued to press on at the same speedy pace, but in perfect silence, and I was under too much anxiety of mind to disturb

him with any questions. At length we arrived at a part of the shore with which I was utterly unacquainted, when I alighted and began to return, in the best fashion I could, my thanks for the important service which he had just rendered me.

The stranger only replied by an impatient 'Pshaw!' and was about to ride off and leave me to my own resources, when I implored him to complete his work of kindness by directing me to Shepherd's Bush, which was, as I informed him, my home for the present.

'To Shepherd's Bush!' he said. 'It is but three miles, but if you know not the land better than the sand, you may break your neck before you get there; for it is no road for a moping boy in a dark night; and, besides, there are the brook and the fens to cross.'

I was a little dismayed at this communication of such difficulties as my habits have not called on me to contend with. Once more the idea of thy father's fireside came across me; and I could have been well contented to have swapped the romance of my situation, together with the glorious independence of control which I possessed at the moment, for the comforts of the chimney-corner, though I were obliged to keep my eyes chained to Erskine's larger *Institutes*.

I asked my new friend whether he could not direct me to any house of public entertainment for the night; and supposing it probable he was himself a poor man, I added, with the conscious dignity of a well-filled pocket-book, that I could make it worth any man's while to oblige me. The fisherman making no answer, I turned away from him with as gallant an appearance of indifference as I could command, and began to take, as I thought, the path which he had pointed out to me.

His deep voice immediately sounded after me to recall me. 'Stay, young man — stay, you have mistaken the road already. I wonder your friends send out such an inconsiderate youth, without some one wiser than himself to take care of him.'

'Perhaps they might not have done so,' said I, 'if I had any friends who cared about the matter.'

'Well, sir,' he said, 'it is not my custom to open my house to strangers, but your pinch is like to be a smart one; for, besides the risk from bad roads, fords, and broken ground, and the night, which looks both black and gloomy, there is bad company on the road sometimes — at least it has a bad name, and some have come to harm; so that I think I must for once

make my rule give way to your necessity, and give you a night's lodging in my cottage.'

Why was it, Alan, that I could not help giving an involuntary shudder at receiving an invitation so seasonable in itself, and so suitable to my naturally inquisitive disposition? I easily suppressed this untimely sensation; and, as I returned thanks, and expressed my hope that I should not disarrange his family, I once more dropped a hint of my desire to make compensation for any trouble I might occasion. The man answered very coldly, 'Your presence will no doubt give me trouble, sir, but it is of a kind which your purse cannot compensate; in a word, although I am content to receive you as my guest, I am no publican to call a reckoning.'

I begged his pardon, and, at his instance, once more seated myself behind him upon the good horse, which went forth steady as before—the moon, whenever she could penetrate the clouds, throwing the huge shadow of the animal, with its double burden, on the wild and bare ground over which we passed.

Thou mayst laugh till thou lettest the letter fall if thou wilt, but it reminded me of the magician Atlantes on his hippogriff, with a knight trussed up behind him, in the manner Ariosto has depicted that matter. Thou art, I know, matter-of-fact enough to affect contempt of that fascinating and delicious poem; but think not that, to conform with thy bad taste, I shall forbear any suitable illustration which now or hereafter may occur to me.

On we went, the sky blackening around us, and the wind beginning to pipe such a wild and melancholy tune as best suited the hollow sounds of the advancing tide, which I could hear at a distance, like the roar of some immense monster defrauded of its prey.

At length, our course was crossed by a deep dell or dingle, such as they call in some parts of Scotland a den, and in others a cleuch, or narrow glen. It seemed, by the broken glances which the moon continued to throw upon it, to be steep, precipitous, and full of trees, which are, generally speaking, rather scarce upon these shores. The descent by which we plunged into this dell was both steep and rugged, with two or three abrupt turnings; but neither danger nor darkness impeded the motion of the black horse, who seemed rather to slide upon his haunches than to gallop down the pass, throwing me again on the shoulders of the athletic rider, who, sustaining no inconvenience by the circumstance, continued to press the horse

forward with his heel, steadily supporting him at the same time by raising his bridle-hand, until we stood in safety at the bottom of the steep—not a little to my consolation, as, friend Alan, thou mayst easily conceive.

A very short advance up the glen, the bottom of which we had attained by this ugly descent, brought us in front of two or three cottages, one of which another blink of moonshine enabled me to rate as rather better than those of the Scottish peasantry in this part of the world; for the sashes seemed glazed, and there were what are called storm-windows in the roof, giving symptoms of the magnificence of a second story. The scene around was very interesting; for the cottages, and the yards or crofts annexed to them, occupied a 'haugh,' or holm, of two acres, which a brook of some consequence (to judge from its roar) had left upon one side of the little glen while finding its course close to the further bank, and which appeared to be covered and darkened with trees, while the level space beneath enjoyed such stormy smiles as the moon had that night to bestow.

I had little time for observation, for my companion's loud whistle, seconded by an equally loud halloo, speedily brought to the door of the principal cottage a man and a woman, together with two large Newfoundland dogs, the deep baying of which I had for some time heard. A yelping terrier or two, which had joined the concert, were silent at the presence of my conductor, and began to whine, jump up, and fawn upon him. The female drew back when she beheld a stranger; the man, who had a lighted lantern, advanced, and, without any observation, received the horse from my host, and led him, doubtless, to stable, while I followed my conductor into the house. When we had passed the hallan, we entered a well-sized apartment, with a clean brick floor, where a fire blazed (much to my contentment) in the ordinary projecting sort of chimney common in Scottish houses. There were stone seats within the chimney; and ordinary utensils, mixed with fishing-spears, nets, and similar implements of sport, were hung around the walls of the place. The female who had first appeared at the door had now retreated into a side apartment. She was presently followed by my guide, after he had silently motioned me to a seat; and their place was supplied by an elderly woman, in a grey stuff gown, with a check apron and 'toy,' obviously a menial, though neater in her dress than is usual in her apparent rank—an advantage which was counter-

balanced by a very forbidding aspect. But the most singular part of her attire, in this very Protestant country, was a rosary, in which the smaller beads were black oak, and those indicating the *paternoster* of silver, with a crucifix of the same metal.

This person made preparations for supper, by spreading a clean though coarse cloth over a large oaken table, placing trenchers and salt upon it, and arranging the fire to receive a gridiron. I observed her motions in silence; for she took no sort of notice of me, and as her looks were singularly forbidding, I felt no disposition to commence conversation.

When this duenna had made all preliminary arrangements, she took from the well-filled pouch of my conductor, which he had hung up by the door, one or two salmon, or grilises, as the smaller sort are termed, and selecting that which seemed best, and in highest season, began to cut it into slices and to prepare a grillade, the savoury smell of which affected me so powerfully that I began sincerely to hope that no delay would intervene between the platter and the lip.

As this thought came across me, the man who had conducted the horse to the stable entered the apartment, and discovered to me a countenance yet more uninviting than that of the old crone who was performing with such dexterity the office of cook to the party. He was perhaps sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square-made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired perhaps by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth, of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait. He was clad like a fisherman, in jacket and trowsers of the blue cloth commonly used by seamen, and had a Dutch case-knife, like that of a Hamburg skipper, stuck into a broad buff belt, which seemed as if it might occasionally sustain weapons of a description still less equivocally calculated for violence.

This man gave me an inquisitive, and, as I thought, a sinister, look upon entering the apartment; but, without any farther

notice of me, took up the office of arranging the table, which the old lady had abandoned for that of cooking the fish, and, with more address than I expected from a person of his coarse appearance, placed two chairs at the head of the table, and two stools below ; accommodating each seat to a cover, beside which he placed an allowance of barley-bread, and a small jug, which he replenished with ale from a large black-jack. Three of these jugs were of ordinary earthenware, but the fourth, which he placed by the right-hand cover at the upper end of the table, was a flagon of silver, and displayed armorial bearings. Beside this flagon he placed a salt-cellar of silver, handsomely wrought, containing salt of exquisite whiteness, with pepper and other spices. A sliced lemon was also presented on a small silver salver. The two large water-dogs, who seemed perfectly to understand the nature of the preparations, seated themselves one on each side of the table, to be ready to receive their portion of the entertainment. I never saw finer animals, or which seemed to be more influenced by a sense of decorum, excepting that they slobbered a little as the rich scent from the chimney was wafted past their noses. The small dogs ensconced themselves beneath the table.

I am aware that I am dwelling upon trivial and ordinary circumstances, and that perhaps I may weary out your patience in doing so. But conceive me alone in this strange place, which seemed, from the universal silence, to be the very temple of Harpocrates ; remember that this is my first excursion from home ; forget not that the manner in which I had been brought hither had the dignity of danger and something the air of an adventure, and that there was a mysterious incongruity in all I had hitherto witnessed ; and you will not, I think, be surprised that these circumstances, though trifling, should force themselves on my notice at the time, and dwell in my memory afterwards.

That a fisher, who pursued the sport perhaps for his amusement as well as profit, should be well mounted and better lodged than the lower class of peasantry had in it nothing surprising ; but there was something about all that I saw which seemed to intimate that I was rather in the abode of a decayed gentleman, who clung to a few of the forms and observances of former rank, than in that of a common peasant, raised above his fellows by comparative opulence.

Besides the articles of plate which I have already noticed, the old man now lighted and placed on the table a silver lamp,

or 'cruisie,' as the Scottish term it, filled with very pure oil, which in burning diffused an aromatic fragrance, and gave me a more perfect view of the cottage walls, which I had hitherto only seen dimly by the light of the fire. The bink, with its usual arrangement of pewter and earthenware, which was most strictly and critically clean, glanced back the flame of the lamp merrily from one side of the apartment. In a recess, formed by the small bow of a latticed window, was a large writing-desk of walnut-tree wood, curiously carved, above which arose shelves of the same, which supported a few books and papers. The opposite side of the recess contained (as far as I could discern, for it lay in shadow, and I could at any rate have seen it but imperfectly from the place where I was seated) one or two guns, together with swords, pistols, and other arms — a collection which, in a poor cottage, and in a country so peaceful, appeared singular at least, if not even somewhat suspicious.

All these observations, you may suppose, were made much sooner than I have recorded, or you (if you have not skipped) have been able to read them. They were already finished, and I was considering how I should open some communication with the mute inhabitants of the mansion, when my conductor re-entered from the side door by which he had made his exit.

He had now thrown off his rough riding-cap and his coarse jockey-coat, and stood before me in a grey jerkin trimmed with black, which sat close to, and set off, his large and sinewy frame, and a pair of trowsers of a lighter colour, cut as close to the body as they are used by Highlandmen. His whole dress was of finer cloth than that of the old man; and his linen, so minute was my observation, clean and unsullied. His shirt was without ruffles, and tied at the collar with a black riband, which showed his strong and muscular neck rising from it, like that of an ancient Hercules. His head was small, with a large forehead and well-formed ears. He wore neither peruke nor hair-powder; and his chestnut locks, curling close to his head, like those of an antique statue, showed not the least touch of time, though the owner must have been at least fifty. His features were high and prominent in such a degree that one knew not whether to term them harsh or handsome. In either case, the sparkling grey eye, aquiline nose, and well-formed mouth combined to render his physiognomy noble and expressive. An air of sadness, or severity, or of both, seemed to indicate a melancholy, and, at the same time, a haughty, temper. I could not help running mentally over the ancient heroes to whom I might

assimilate the noble form and countenance before me. He was too young, and evinced too little resignation to his fate, to resemble Belisarius. Coriolanus standing by the hearth of Tullus Aufidius came nearer the mark; yet the gloomy and haughty look of the stranger had, perhaps, still more of Marius seated among the ruins of Carthage.

While I was lost in these imaginations, my host stood by the fire, gazing on me with the same attention which I paid to him, until, embarrassed by his look, I was about to break silence at all hazards. But the supper, now placed upon the table, reminded me, by its appearance, of those wants which I had almost forgotten while I was gazing on the fine form of my conductor. He spoke at length, and I almost started at the deep rich tone of his voice, though what he said was but to invite me to sit down to the table. He himself assumed the seat of honour, beside which the silver flagon was placed, and beckoned to me to sit beside him.

Thou knowest thy father's strict and excellent domestic discipline has trained me to hear the invocation of a blessing before we break the daily bread, for which we are taught to pray; I paused a moment, and without designing to do so, I suppose my manner made him sensible of what I expected. The two domestics, or inferiors, as I should have before observed, were already seated at the bottom of the table, when my host shot a glance of a very peculiar expression towards the old man, observing, with something approaching to a sneer, 'Cristal Nixon, say grace; the gentleman expects one.'

'The foul fiend shall be clerk and say "amen," when I turn chaplain,' growled out the party addressed, in tones which might have become the condition of a dying bear. 'If the gentleman is a Whig, he may please himself with his own mummary. My faith is neither in word nor writ, but in barley bread and brown ale.'

'Mabel Moffat,' said my guide, looking at the old woman, and raising his sonorous voice, probably because she was hard of hearing, 'canst thou ask a blessing upon our victuals?'

The old woman shook her head, kissed the cross which hung from her rosary, and was silent.

'Mabel will say grace for no heretic,' said the master of the house, with the same latent sneer on his brow and in his accent.

At the same moment, the side-door already mentioned opened, and the young woman (so she proved) whom I had

first seen at the door of the cottage advanced a little way into the room, then stopped bashfully, as if she had observed that I was looking at her, and asked the master of the house 'if he had called.'

'Not louder than to make old Mabel hear me,' he replied. 'And yet,' he added, as she turned to retire, 'it is a shame a stranger should see a house where not one of the family can or will say a grace; do thou be our chaplain.'

The girl, who was really pretty, came forward with timid modesty, and, apparently unconscious that she was doing anything uncommon, pronounced the benediction in a silver-toned voice, and with affecting simplicity, her cheek colouring just so much as to show that, on a less solemn occasion, she would have felt more embarrassed.

Now, if thou expectest a fine description of this young woman, Alan Fairford, in order to entitle thee to taunt me with having found a Dulcinea in the inhabitant of a fisherman's cottage on the Solway Firth, thou shalt be disappointed; for, having said she seemed very pretty, and that she was a sweet and gentle-speaking creature, I have said all concerning her that I can tell thee. She vanished when the benediction was spoken.

My host, with a muttered remark on the cold of our ride, and the keen air of the Solway sands, to which he did not seem to wish an answer, loaded my plate from Mabel's grillade, which, with a large wooden bowl of potatoes, formed our whole meal. A sprinkling from the lemon gave a much higher zest than the usual condiment of vinegar; and I promise you that whatever I might hitherto have felt, either of curiosity or suspicion, did not prevent me from making a most excellent supper, during which little passed betwixt me and my entertainer, unless that he did the usual honours of the table with courtesy, indeed, but without even the affectation of hearty hospitality which those in his (apparent) condition generally affect on such occasions, even when they do not actually feel it. On the contrary, his manner seemed that of a polished landlord towards an unexpected and unwelcome guest, whom, for the sake of his own credit, he receives with civility, but without either good-will or cheerfulness.

If you ask how I learned all this, I cannot tell you; nor, were I to write down at length the insignificant intercourse which took place between us, would it perhaps serve to justify these observations. It is sufficient to say that, in helping his

dogs, which he did from time to time with great liberality, he seemed to discharge a duty much more pleasing to himself than when he paid the same attention to his guest. Upon the whole, the result on my mind was as I tell it you.

When supper was over, a small case-bottle of brandy, in a curious frame of silver filigree, circulated to the guests. I had already taken a small glass of the liquor, and, when it had passed to Mabel and to Cristal, and was again returned to the upper end of the table, I could not help taking the bottle in my hand, to look more at the armorial bearings, which were chased with considerable taste on the silver framework. Encountering the eye of my entertainer, I instantly saw that my curiosity was highly distasteful; he frowned, bit his lip, and showed such uncontrollable signs of impatience that, setting the bottle immediately down, I attempted some apology. To this he did not deign either to reply or even to listen; and Cristal, at a signal from his master, removed the object of my curiosity, as well as the cup, upon which the same arms were engraved.

There ensued an awkward pause, which I endeavoured to break by observing, that 'I feared my intrusion upon his hospitality had put his family to some inconvenience.'

'I hope you see no appearance of it, sir,' he replied, with cold civility. 'What inconvenience a family so retired as ours may suffer from receiving an unexpected guest is like to be trifling, in comparison of what the visitor himself sustains from want of his accustomed comforts. So far, therefore, as our connexion stands, our accounts stand clear.'

Notwithstanding this discouraging reply, I blundered on, as is usual in such cases, wishing to appear civil, and being, perhaps, in reality the very reverse. 'I was afraid,' I said, 'that my presence had banished one of the family (looking at the side-door) from his table.'

'If,' he coldly replied, 'I meant the young woman whom I had seen in the apartment, he bid me observe that there was room enough at the table for her to have seated herself, and meat enough, such as it was, for her supper. I might, therefore, be assured, if she had chosen it, she would have supped with us.'

There was no dwelling on this or any other topic longer; for my entertainer, taking up the lamp, observed, that 'My wet clothes might reconcile me for the night to their custom of keeping early hours; that he was under the necessity of going abroad by peep of day to-morrow morning, and would call me

up at the same time, to point out the way by which I was to return to the Shepherd's Bush.'

This left no opening for farther explanation ; nor was there room for it on the usual terms of civility ; for, as he neither asked my name nor expressed the least interest concerning my condition, I — the obliged person — had no pretence to trouble him with such inquiries on my part.

He took up the lamp, and led me through the side-door into a very small room, where a bed had been hastily arranged for my accommodation, and, putting down the lamp, directed me to leave my wet clothes on the outside of the door, that they might be exposed to the fire during the night. He then left me, having muttered something which was meant to pass for 'Good-night.'

I obeyed his directions with respect to my clothes, the rather that, in despite of the spirits which I had drank, I felt my teeth begin to chatter, and received various hints from an aguish feeling that a town-bred youth, like myself, could not at once rush into all the hardihood of country sports with impunity. But my bed, though coarse and hard, was dry and clean ; and I soon was so little occupied with my heats and tremors as to listen with interest to a heavy foot, which seemed to be that of my landlord, traversing the boards (there was no ceiling, as you may believe) which roofed my apartment. Light, glancing through these rude planks, became visible as soon as my lamp was extinguished ; and as the noise of the slow, solemn, and regular step continued, and I could distinguish that the person turned and returned as he reached the end of the apartment, it seemed clear to me that the walker was engaged in no domestic occupation, but merely pacing to and fro for his own pleasure. 'An odd amusement this,' I thought, 'for one who had been engaged at least a part of the preceding day in violent exercise, and who talked of rising by the peep of dawn on the ensuing morning.'

Meantime I heard the storm, which had been brewing during the evening, begin to descend with a vengeance ; sounds as of distant thunder (the noise of the more distant waves, doubtless, on the shore mingled with the roaring of the neighbouring torrent, and with the crashing, groaning, and even screaming of the trees in the glen, whose boughs were tormented by the gale. Within the house, windows clattered and doors clapped, and the walls, though sufficiently substantial for a building of the kind, seemed to me to totter in the tempest.

But still the heavy steps perambulating the apartment over my head were distinctly heard amid the roar and fury of the elements. I thought more than once I even heard a groan; but I frankly own that, placed in this unusual situation, my fancy may have misled me. I was tempted several times to call aloud, and ask whether the turmoil around us did not threaten danger to the building which we inhabited; but when I thought of the secluded and unsocial master of the dwelling, who seemed to avoid human society, and to remain unperturbed amid the elemental war, it seemed that to speak to him at that moment would have been to address the spirit of the tempest himself, since no other being, I thought, could have remained calm and tranquil while winds and waters were thus raging around.

In process of time, fatigue prevailed over anxiety and curiosity. The storm abated, or my senses became deadened to its terrors, and I fell asleep ere yet the mysterious paces of my host had ceased to shake the flooring over my head.

It might have been expected that the novelty of my situation, although it did not prevent my slumbers, would have at least diminished their profoundness and shortened their duration. It proved otherwise, however; for I never slept more soundly in my life, and only awoke when, at morning dawn, my landlord shook me by the shoulder, and dispelled some dream, of which, fortunately for you, I have no recollection, otherwise you would have been favoured with it, in hopes you might have proved a second Daniel upon the occasion.

'You sleep sound,' said his full deep voice; 'ere five years have rolled over your head, your slumbers will be lighter — unless ere then you are wrapped in the sleep which is never broken.'

'How!' said I, starting up in the bed; 'do you know anything of me — of my prospects — of my views in life?'

'Nothing,' he answered, with a grim smile; 'but it is evident you are entering upon the world young, inexperienced, and full of hopes, and I do but prophesy to you what I would to any one in your condition. But come; there lie your clothes; a brown crust and a draught of milk wait you, if you choose to break your fast; but you must make haste.'

'I must first,' I said, 'take the freedom to spend a few minutes alone, before beginning the ordinary works of the day.'

'Oh! humph! I cry your devotions pardon,' he replied, and left the apartment.

Alan, there is something terrible about this man.

I joined him, as I had promised, in the kitchen where we had supped over night, where I found the articles which he had offered me for breakfast, without butter or any other addition.

He walked up and down while I partook of the bread and milk; and the slow, measured, weighty step seemed identified with those which I had heard last night. His pace, from its funereal slowness, seemed to keep time with some current of internal passion, dark, slow, and unchanged. 'We run and leap by the side of a lively and bubbling brook,' thought I, internally, 'as if we would run a race with it; but beside waters deep, slow, and lonely our pace is sullen and silent as their course. What thoughts may be now corresponding with that furrowed brow and bearing time with that heavy step!'

'If you have finished,' said he, looking up to me with a glance of impatience, as he observed that I ate no longer, but remained with my eyes fixed upon him, 'I wait to show you the way.'

We went out together, no individual of the family having been visible excepting my landlord. I was disappointed of the opportunity which I watched for of giving some gratuity to the domestics, as they seemed to be. As for offering any recompense to the master of the household, it seemed to me impossible to have attempted it.

What would I have given for a share of thy composure, who wouldst have thrust half-a-crown into a man's hand whose necessities seemed to crave it, conscious that you did right in making the proffer, and not caring sixpence whether you hurt the feelings of him whom you meant to serve! I saw thee once give a penny to a man with a long beard, who, from the dignity of his exterior, might have represented Solon. I had not thy courage, and therefore I made no tender to my mysterious host, although, notwithstanding his display of silver utensils, all around the house bespoke narrow circumstances, if not actual poverty.

We left the place together. But I hear thee murmur thy very new and appropriate ejaculation, *Ohe jam satis!* The rest for another time. Perhaps I may delay farther communication till I learn how my favours are valued.

LETTER V

Alan Fairford to Darsie Latimer

I HAVE thy two last epistles, my dear Darsie, and, expecting the third, have been in no hurry to answer them. Do not think my silence ought to be ascribed to my failing to take interest in them, for, truly, they excel (though the task was difficult) thy usual excellings. Since the moon-calf who earliest discovered the Pandemonium of Milton in an expiring wood-fire, since the first ingenious urchin who blew bubbles out of soap and water, thou, my best of friends, hast the highest knack at making histories out of nothing. Wert thou to plant the bean in the nursery tale, thou wouldst make out, so soon as it began to germinate, that the castle of the giant was about to elevate its battlements on the top of it. All that happens to thee gets a touch of the wonderful and the sublime from thy own rich imagination. Didst ever see what artists call a Claude Lorraine glass, which spreads its own particular hue over the whole landscape which you see through it? Thou beholdest ordinary events just through such a medium.

I have looked carefully at the facts of thy last long letter, and they are just such as might have befallen any little truant of the High School who had got down to Leith sands, gone beyond the 'prawn dub,' wet his hose and shoon, and, finally, had been carried home, in compassion, by some high-kilted fishwife, cursing all the while the trouble which the brat occasioned her.

I admire the figure which thou must have made, clinging for dear life behind the old fellow's back, thy jaws chattering with fear, thy muscles cramped with anxiety. Thy execrable supper of broiled salmon, which was enough to ensure the nightmare's regular visits for a twelvemonth, may be termed a real affliction; but as for the storm of Thursday last (such, I observe, was the date), it roared, whistled, howled, and bellowed as fearfully amongst the old chimney-heads in the Candlemaker

Row as it could on the Solway shore, for the very wind of it — *teste me per totam noctem vigilante*. And then in the morning again, when — Lord help you! — in your sentimental delicacy you bid the poor man adieu without even tendering him half-a-crown for supper and lodging!

You laugh at me for giving a penny (to be accurate, though, thou shouldst have said sixpence) to an old fellow whom thou, in thy high flight, wouldst have sent home supperless because he was like Solon or Belisarius. But you forget that the affront descended like a benediction into the pouch of the old gaberlunzie, who overflowed in blessings upon the generous donor. Long ere he would have thanked thee, Darsie, for thy barren veneration of his beard and his bearing. Then you laugh at my good father's retreat from Falkirk, just as if it were not time for a man to trudge when three or four mountain knaves, with naked claymores, and heels as light as their fingers, were scampering after him crying 'furinish.' You remember what he said himself when the laird of Bucklivat told him that 'furinish' signified 'stay a while.' 'What the devil,' he said, surprised out of his Presbyterian correctness by the unreasonableness of such a request under the circumstances, 'would the scoundrels have had me stop to have my head cut off?'

Imagine such a train at your own heels, Darsie, and ask yourself whether you would not exert your legs as fast as you did in flying from the Solway tide. And yet you impeach my father's courage! I tell you he has courage enough to do what is right and to spurn what is wrong — courage enough to defend a righteous cause with hand and purse, and to take the part of the poor man against his oppressor, without fear of the consequences to himself. This is civil courage, Darsie; and it is of little consequence to most men in this age and country whether they ever possess military courage or no.

Do not think I am angry with you, though I thus attempt to rectify your opinions on my father's account. I am well aware that, upon the whole, he is scarce regarded with more respect by me than by thee. And while I am in a serious humour, which it is difficult to preserve with one who is perpetually tempting me to laugh at him, pray, dearest Darsie, let not thy ardour for adventure carry thee into more such scrapes as that of the Solway sands. The rest of the story is a mere imagination; but that stormy evening might have proved, as the clown says to Lear, a 'naughty night to swim in.'

As for the rest, if you can work mysterious and romantic heroes out of old crossgrained fishermen, why, I for one will reap some amusement by the metamorphosis. Yet hold! even there, there is some need of caution. This same female chaplain — thou sayest so little of her, and so much of every one else, that it excites some doubt in my mind. 'Very pretty' she is, it seems, and that is all thy discretion informs me of. There are cases in which silence implies other things than consent. Wert thou ashamed or afraid, Darsie, to trust thyself with the praises of the very pretty grace-sayer? As I live, thou blushest! Why, do I not know thee an inveterate squire of dames? and have I not been in thy confidence? An elegant elbow, displayed when the rest of the figure was muffled in a cardinal, or a neat, well-turned ankle and instep, seen by chance as its owner tripped up the Old Assembly Close,¹ turned thy brain for eight days. Thou wert once caught, if I remember rightly, with a single glance of a single matchless eye, which, when the fair owner withdrew her veil, proved to be single in the literal sense of the word. And, besides, were you not another time enamoured of a voice — a mere voice, that mingled in the psalmody at the Old Greyfriars' church — until you discovered the proprietor of that dulcet organ to be Miss Dolly MacIzzard, who is both 'back and breast,' as our saying goes?

All these things considered, and contrasted with thy artful silence on the subject of this grace-saying Nereid of thine, I must beg thee to be more explicit upon that subject in thy next, unless thou wouldst have me form the conclusion that thou thinkest more of her than thou carest to talk of.

You will not expect much news from this quarter, as you know the monotony of my life, and are aware it must at present be devoted to uninterrupted study. You have said a thousand times that I am only qualified to make my way by dint of plodding, and therefore plod I must.

My father seems to be more impatient of your absence than he was after your first departure. He is sensible, I believe, that our solitary meals want the light which your gay humour was wont to throw over them, and feels melancholy, as men do when the light of the sun is no longer upon the landscape. If it is thus with him, thou mayst imagine it is much more so with me, and canst conceive how heartily I wish that thy frolic were ended, and thou once more our inmate.

¹ Of old this almost deserted alley formed the most common access betwixt the High Street and the southern suburbs.

I resume my pen, after a few hours' interval, to say that an incident has occurred, on which you will yourself be building a hundred castles in the air, and which even I, jealous as I am of such baseless fabrics, cannot but own affords ground for singular conjecture.

My father has of late taken me frequently along with him when he attends the courts, in his anxiety to see me properly initiated into the practical forms of business. I own I feel something on his account and my own from this over-anxiety, which, I daresay, renders us both ridiculous. But what signifies my repugnance? My father drags me up to his counsel learned in the law. 'Are you quite ready to come on to-day, Mr. Crossbite? This is my son, designed for the bar; I take the liberty to bring him with me to-day to the consultation, merely that he may see how these things are managed.'

Mr. Crossbite smiles and bows, as a lawyer smiles on the solicitor who employs him, and, I daresay, thrusts his tongue into his cheek and whispers into the first great wig that passes him, 'What the d—l does old Fairford mean by letting loose his whelp on me?'

As I stood beside them, too much vexed at the childish part I was made to play to derive much information from the valuable arguments of Mr. Crossbite, I observed a rather elderly man, who stood with his eyes firmly bent on my father, as if he only waited an end of the business in which he was engaged to address him. There was something, I thought, in the gentleman's appearance which commanded attention. Yet his dress was not in the present taste, and though it had once been magnificent, was now antiquated and unfashionable. His coat was of branched velvet, with a satin lining, a waistcoat of violet-coloured silk, much embroidered; his breeches the same stuff as the coat. He wore square-toed shoes, with foretops, as they are called; and his silk stockings were rolled up over his knee, as you may have seen in pictures, and here and there on some of those originals who seem to pique themselves on dressing after the mode of Methuselah. A *chapeau bras* and sword necessarily completed his equipment, which, though out of date, showed that it belonged to a man of distinction.

The instant Mr. Crossbite had ended what he had to say, this gentleman walked up to my father, with, 'Your servant, Mr. Fairford; it is long since you and I met.'

My father, whose politeness, you know, is exact and formal, bowed, and hemmed, and was confused, and at length professed

that the distance since they had met was so great that, though he remembered the face perfectly, the name, he was sorry to say, had — really — somehow — escaped his memory.

‘Have you forgot Herries of Birrenswork?’ said the gentleman, and my father bowed even more profoundly than before; though I think his reception of his old friend seemed to lose some of the respectful civility which he bestowed on him while his name was yet unknown. It now seemed to be something like the lip-courtesy which the heart would have denied had ceremony permitted.

My father, however, again bowed low, and hoped he saw him well.

‘So well, my good Mr. Fairford, that I come hither determined to renew my acquaintance with one or two old friends, and with you in the first place. I halt at my old resting-place; you must dine with me to-day at Paterson’s, at the head of the Horse Wynd; it is near your new fashionable dwelling, and I have business with you.’

My father excused himself respectfully, and not without embarrassment — ‘He was particularly engaged at home.’

‘Then I will dine with you, man,’ said Mr. Herries of Birrenswork; ‘the few minutes you can spare me after dinner will suffice for my business; and I will not prevent you a moment from minding your own — I am no bottle-man.’

You have often remarked that my father, though a scrupulous observer of the rites of hospitality, seems to exercise them rather as a duty than as a pleasure; indeed, but for a conscientious wish to feed the hungry and receive the stranger, his doors would open to guests much seldomer than is the case. I never saw so strong an example of this peculiarity (which I should otherwise have said is caricatured in your description) as in his mode of homologating the self-given invitation of Mr. Herries. The embarrassed brow, and the attempt at a smile which accompanied his ‘We will expect the honour of seeing you in Brown Square at three o’clock,’ could not deceive any one, and did not impose upon the old laird. It was with a look of scorn that he replied, ‘I will relieve you then till that hour, Mr. Fairford’; and his whole manner seemed to say, ‘It is my pleasure to dine with you, and I care not whether I am welcome or no.’

When he turned away, I asked my father who he was.

‘An unfortunate gentleman,’ was the reply.

‘He looks pretty well on his misfortunes,’ replied I. ‘I

should not have suspected that so gay an outside was lacking a dinner.'

'Who told you that he does?' replied my father. 'He is *omni suspicione major*, so far as worldly circumstances are concerned. It is to be hoped he makes a good use of them, though, if he does, it will be for the first time in his life.'

'He has then been an irregular liver?' insinuated I.

My father replied by that famous brocard with which he silences all unacceptable queries, turning in the slightest degree upon the failings of our neighbours—'If we mend our own faults, Alan, we shall all of us have enough to do, without sitting in judgment upon other folks.'

Here I was again at fault; but rallying once more, I observed, he had the air of a man of high rank and family.

'He is well entitled,' said my father, 'representing Herries of Birrenswork—a branch of that great and once powerful family of Herries, the elder branch whereof merged in the house of Nithsdale at the death of Lord Robin the Philosopher, Anno Domini sixteen hundred and sixty-seven.'

'Has he still,' said I, 'his patrimonial estate of Birrenswork?'

'No,' replied my father; 'so far back as his father's time, it was a mere designation, the property being forfeited by Herbert Herries's following his kinsman the Earl of Derwentwater to the Preston affair in 1715. But they keep up the designation, thinking, doubtless, that their claims may be revived in more favourable times for Jacobites and for Popery; and folks who in no way partake of their fantastic capriccios do yet allow it to pass unchallenged, *ex comitate*, if not *ex misericordia*. But were he the Pope and the Pretender both, we must get some dinner ready for him, since he has thought fit to offer himself. So hasten home, my lad, and tell Hannah, Cook Epps, and James Wilkinson to do their best; and do thou look out a pint or two of Maxwell's best. It is in the fifth bin; there are the keys of the wine-cellar. Do not leave them in the lock. You know poor James's failing, though he is an honest creature under all other temptations; and I have but two bottles of the old brandy left, we must keep it for medicine, Alan.'

Away went I—made my preparations; the hour of dinner came, and so did Mr. Herries of Birrenswork.

If I had thy power of imagination and description, Darsie, I could make out a fine, dark, mysterious, Rembrandt-looking portrait of this same stranger, which should be as far superior

to thy fisherman as a shirt of chain-mail is to a herring-net. I can assure you there is some matter for description about him; but knowing my own imperfections, I can only say, I thought him eminently disagreeable and ill-bred. No, 'ill-bred' is not the proper word; on the contrary, he appeared to know the rules of good-breeding perfectly, and only to think that the rank of the company did not require that he should attend to them — a view of the matter infinitely more offensive than if his behaviour had been that of uneducated and proper rudeness. While my father said grace, the laird did all but whistle aloud; and when I, at my father's desire, returned thanks, he used his toothpick, as if he had waited that moment for its exercise.

So much for kirk; with king matters went even worse. My father, thou knowest, is particularly full of deference to his guests; and in the present case he seemed more than usually desirous to escape every cause of dispute. He so far compromised his loyalty as to announce merely 'The King' as his first toast after dinner, instead of the emphatic 'King George' which is his usual formula. Our guest made a motion with his glass, so as to pass it over the water-decanter which stood beside him, and added, 'Over the water.'

My father coloured, but would not seem to hear this. Much more there was of careless and disrespectful in the stranger's manner and tone of conversation; so that, though I know my father's prejudices in favour of rank and birth, and though I am aware his otherwise masculine understanding has never entirely shaken off the slavish awe of the great which in his earlier days they had so many modes of commanding, still I could hardly excuse him for enduring so much insolence — such it seemed to be — as this self-invited guest was disposed to offer to him at his own table.

One can endure a traveller in the same carriage, if he treads upon your toes by accident, or even through negligence; but it is very different when, knowing that they are rather of a tender description, he continues to pound away at them with his hoofs. In my poor opinion — and I am a man of peace — you can, in that case, hardly avoid a declaration of war.

I believe my father read my thoughts in my eye; for, pulling out his watch, he said, 'Half-past four, Alan — you should be in your own room by this time; Birrenswark will excuse you.'

Our visitor nodded carelessly, and I had no longer any

pretence to remain. But as I left the room I heard this magnate of Nithsdale distinctly mention the name of 'Latimer.' I lingered; but at length a direct hint from my father obliged me to withdraw; and when, an hour afterwards, I was summoned to partake of a cup of tea, our guest had departed. He had business that evening in the High Street, and could not spare time even to drink tea. I could not help saying, I considered his departure as a relief from incivility. 'What business has he to upbraid us,' I said, 'with the change of our dwelling from a more inconvenient to a better quarter of the town? What was it to him if we chose to imitate some of the conveniences or luxuries of an English dwelling-house, instead of living piled up above each other in flats? Have his patrician birth and aristocratic fortunes given him any right to censure those who dispose of the fruits of their own industry according to their own pleasure?'

My father took a long pinch of snuff, and replied, 'Very well, Alan — very well indeed. I wish Mr. Crossbite or Counsellor Pest had heard you; they must have acknowledged that you have a talent for forensic elocution; and it may not be amiss to try a little declamation at home now and then, to gather audacity and keep yourself in breath. But touching the subject of this paraffle of words, it's not worth a pinch of tobacco. D'ye think that I care for Mr. Herries of Birrenswork more than any other gentleman who comes here about business, although I do not care to go tilting at his throat, because he speaks like a grey goose as he is? But to say no more about him, I want to have Darsie Latimer's present direction; for it is possible I may have to write the lad a line with my own hand — and yet I do not well know — but give me the direction at all events.'

I did so, and if you have heard from my father accordingly, you know more, probably, about the subject of this letter than I who write it. But if you have not, then shall I have discharged a friend's duty, in letting you know that there certainly is something afloat between this disagreeable laird and my father in which you are considerably interested.

Adieu! and although I have given thee a subject for waking dreams, beware of building a castle too heavy for the foundation, which, in the present instance, is barely the word 'Latimer' occurring in a conversation betwixt a gentleman of Dumfriesshire and a W.S. of Edinburgh. *Cætera prorsus ignoro.*

LETTER VI

Darsie Latimer to Alan Fairford

(In continuation of Letters III. and IV.)

I TOLD thee I walked out into the open air with my grave and stern landlord. I could now see more perfectly than on the preceding night the secluded glen, in which stood the two or three cottages which appeared to be the abode of him and his family.

It was so narrow, in proportion to its depth, that no ray of the morning sun was likely to reach it till it should rise high in the horizon. Looking up the dell, you saw a brawling brook issuing in foamy haste from a covert of underwood, like a race-horse impatient to arrive at the goal; and, if you gazed yet more earnestly, you might observe part of a high waterfall glimmering through the foliage, and giving occasion, doubtless, to the precipitate speed of the brook. Lower down, the stream became more placid, and opened into a quiet piece of water, which afforded a rude haven to two or three fishermen's boats, then lying high and dry on the sand, the tide being out. Two or three miserable huts could be seen beside this little haven, inhabited probably by the owners of the boats, but inferior in every respect to the establishment of mine host, though that was miserable enough.

I had but a minute or two to make these observations, yet during that space my companion showed symptoms of impatience, and more than once shouted, 'Cristal—Cristal Nixon,' until the old man of the preceding evening appeared at the door of one of the neighbouring cottages or outhouses, leading the strong black horse which I before commemorated, ready bridled and saddled. My conductor made Cristal a sign with his finger, and, turning from the cottage door, led the way up the steep path or ravine which connected the sequestered dell with the open country.

Had I been perfectly aware of the character of the road down which I had been hurried with so much impetuosity on the preceding evening, I greatly question if I should have ventured the descent ; for it deserved no better name than the channel of a torrent, now in a good measure filled with water, that dashed in foam and fury into the dell, being swelled with the rains of the preceding night. I ascended this ugly path with some difficulty, although on foot, and felt dizzy when I observed, from such traces as the rains had not obliterated, that the horse seemed almost to have slid down it upon his haunches the evening before.

My host threw himself on his horse's back without placing a foot in the stirrup, passed me in the perilous ascent, against which he pressed his steed as if the animal had had the footing of a wildcat. The water and mud splashed from his heels in his reckless course, and a few bounds placed him on the top of the bank, where I presently joined him, and found the horse and rider standing still as a statue ; the former panting and expanding his broad nostrils to the morning wind, the latter motionless, with his eye fixed on the first beams of the rising sun, which already began to peer above the eastern horizon, and gild the distant mountains of Cumberland and Liddesdale.

He seemed in a reverie, from which he started at my approach, and putting his horse in motion, led the way at a leisurely pace, through a broken and sandy road, which traversed a waste, level, and uncultivated tract of downs, intermixed with morass, much like that in the neighbourhood of my quarters at Shepherd's Bush. Indeed, the whole open ground of this district, where it approaches the sea, has, except in a few favoured spots, the same uniform and dreary character.

Advancing about a hundred yards from the brink of the glen, we gained a still more extensive command of this desolate prospect, which seemed even more dreary, as contrasted with the opposite shores of Cumberland, crossed and intersected by ten thousand lines of trees growing in hedgerows, shaded with groves and woods of considerable extent, and animated by hamlets and villas, from which thin clouds of smoke already gave sign of human life and human industry.

My conductor had extended his arm, and was pointing the road to Shepherd's Bush, when the step of a horse was heard approaching us. He looked sharply around, and having observed who was approaching, proceeded in his instructions to me, planting himself at the same time in the very middle of

the path, which, at the place where we halted, had a slough on the one side and a sandbank on the other.

I observed that the rider who approached us slackened his horse's pace from a slow trot to a walk, as if desirous to suffer us to proceed, or at least to avoid passing us at a spot where the difficulty of doing so must have brought us very close to each other. You know my old failing, Alan, and that I am always willing to attend to anything in preference to the individual who has for the time possession of the conversation.

Agreeably to this amiable propensity, I was internally speculating concerning the cause of the rider keeping aloof from us, when my companion, elevating his deep voice so suddenly and so sternly as at once to recall my wandering thoughts, exclaimed, 'In the name of the devil, young man, do you think that others have no better use for their time than you have, that you oblige me to repeat the same thing to you three times over? Do you see, I say, yonder thing at a mile's distance, that looks like a finger-post, or rather like a gallows? I would it had a dreaming fool hanging upon it, as an example to all meditative moon-calves! Yon gibbet-looking pole will guide you to the bridge, where you must pass the large brook; then proceed straight forwards, till several roads divide at a cairn. Plague on thee, thou art wandering again!'

It is indeed quite true that at this moment the horseman approached us, and my attention was again called to him as I made way to let him pass. His whole exterior at once showed that he belonged to the Society of Friends, or, as the world and the world's law call them, Quakers. A strong and useful iron-grey galloway showed, by its sleek and good condition, that the merciful man was merciful to his beast. His accoutrements were in the usual unostentatious, but clean and serviceable, order which characterises these sectaries. His long surtout of dark-grey superfine cloth descended down to the middle of his leg, and was buttoned up to his chin to defend him against the morning air. As usual, his ample beaver hung down without button or loop, and shaded a comely and placid countenance, the gravity of which appeared to contain some seasoning of humour, and had nothing in common with the pinched Puritanical air affected by devotees in general. The brow was open and free from wrinkles, whether of age or hypocrisy. The eye was clear, calm, and considerate, yet appeared to be disturbed by apprehension, not to say fear, as, pronouncing the usual salutation of 'I wish thee a good morrow, friend,' he indicated,

by turning his palfrey close to one side of the path, a wish to glide past us with as little trouble as possible, just as a traveller would choose to pass a mastiff of whose peaceable intentions he is by no means confident.

But my friend, not meaning, perhaps, that he should get off so easily, put his horse quite across the path, so that, without plunging into the slough or scrambling up the bank, the Quaker could not have passed him. Neither of these was an experiment without hazard greater than the passenger seemed willing to incur. He halted, therefore, as if waiting till my companion should make way for him; and, as they sat fronting each other, I could not help thinking that they might have formed no bad emblem of Peace and War; for although my conductor was unarmed, yet the whole of his manner, his stern look, and his upright seat on horseback were entirely those of a soldier in undress. He accosted the Quaker in these words — ‘So ho! friend Joshua, thou art early to the road this morning. Has the Spirit moved thee and thy righteous brethren to act with some honesty, and pull down yonder tide-nets that keep the fish from coming up the river?’

‘Surely, friend, not so,’ answered Joshua, firmly, but good-humouredly at the same time; ‘thou canst not expect that our own hands should pull down what our own purses established. Thou killest the fish with spear, line, and coble-net; and we with snares and with nets, which work by the ebb and the flow of the tide. Each doth what seems best in his eyes to secure a share of the blessing which Providence hath bestowed on the river, and that within his own bounds. I prithee seek no quarrel against us, for thou shalt have no wrong at our hand.’

‘Be assured I will take none at the hand of any man, whether his hat be cocked or broad-brimmed,’ answered the fisherman. ‘I tell you in fair terms, Joshua Geddes, that you and your partners are using unlawful craft to destroy the fish in the Solway by stake-nets and wears; and that we, who fish fairly, and like men, as our fathers did, have daily and yearly less sport and less profit. Do not think gravity or hypocrisy can carry it off as you have done. The world knows you, and we know you. You will destroy the salmon which make the livelihood of fifty poor families, and then wipe your mouth and go to make a speech at meeting. But do not hope it will last thus. I give you fair warning, we will be upon you one morning soon, when we will not leave a stake standing in the pools

of the Solway ; and down the tide they shall every one go, and well if we do not send a lessee along with them.'

'Friend,' replied Joshua, with a constrained smile, 'but that I know thou dost not mean as thou say'st, I would tell thee we are under the protection of this country's laws ; nor do we the less trust to obtain their protection, that our principles permit us not, by any act of violent resistance, to protect ourselves.'

'All villainous cant and cowardice,' exclaimed the fisherman, 'and assumed merely as a cloak to your hypocritical avarice.'

'Nay, say not cowardice, my friend,' answered the Quaker, 'since thou knowest there may be as much courage in enduring as in acting ; and I will be judged by this youth, or by any one else, whether there is not more cowardice—even in the opinion of that world whose thoughts are the breath in thy nostrils—in the armed oppressor who doth injury than in the defenceless and patient sufferer who endureth it with constancy.'

'I will change no more words with you on the subject,' said the fisherman, who, as if something moved at the last argument which Mr. Geddes had used, now made room for him to pass forward on his journey. 'Do not forget, however,' he added, 'that you have had fair warning, nor suppose that we will accept of fair words in apology for foul play. These nets of yours are unlawful, they spoil our fishings, and we will have them down at all risks and hazards. I am a man of my word, friend Joshua.'

'I trust thou art,' said the Quaker ; 'but thou art the rather bound to be cautious in rashly affirming what thou wilt never execute. For I tell thee, friend, that though there is as great a difference between thee and one of our people as there is between a lion and a sheep, yet I know and believe thou hast so much of the lion in thee that thou wouldst scarce employ thy strength and thy rage upon that which professeth no means of resistance. Report says so much good of thee, at least, if it says little more.'

'Time will try,' answered the fisherman ; 'and hark thee, Joshua, before we part I will put thee in the way of doing one good deed, which, credit me, is better than twenty moral speeches. Here is a stranger youth, whom Heaven has so scantily gifted with brains that he will bewilder himself in the sands, as he did last night, unless thou wilt kindly show him the way to Shepherd's Bush ; for I have been in vain endeavouring to make him comprehend the road thither. Hast thou so

much charity under thy simplicity, Quaker, as to do this good turn ?'

'Nay, it is thou, friend,' answered Joshua, 'that dost lack charity, to suppose any one unwilling to do so simple a kindness.'

'Thou art right ; I should have remembered it can cost thee nothing. Young gentleman, this pious pattern of primitive simplicity will teach thee the right way to the Shepherd's Bush — ay, and will himself shear thee like a sheep, if you come to buying and selling with him.'

He then abruptly asked me how long I intended to remain at Shepherd's Bush.

I replied I was at present uncertain — as long, probably, as I could amuse myself in the neighbourhood.

'You are fond of sport ?' he added, in the same tone of brief inquiry.

I answered in the affirmative, but added, I was totally inexperienced.

'Perhaps, if you reside here for some days,' he said, 'we may meet again, and I may have the chance of giving you a lesson.'

Ere I could express either thanks or assent, he turned short round with a wave of his hand, by way of adieu, and rode back to the verge of the dell from which we had emerged together ; and as he remained standing upon the banks I could long hear his voice while he shouted down to those within its recesses.

Meanwhile the Quaker and I proceeded on our journey for some time in silence ; he restraining his sober-minded steed to a pace which might have suited a much less active walker than myself, and looking on me from time to time with an expression of curiosity, mingled with benignity. For my part, I cared not to speak first. It happened I had never before been in company with one of this particular sect, and, afraid that in addressing him I might unwittingly infringe upon some of their prejudices or peculiarities, I patiently remained silent. At length he asked me whether I had been long in the service of the Laird, as men called him.

I repeated the words 'in his service' with such an accent of surprise as induced him to say, 'Nay, but, friend, I mean no offence ; perhaps I should have said in his society — an innate, I mean, in his house ?'

'I am totally unknown to the person from whom we have just parted,' said I, 'and our connexion is only temporary. He

had the charity to give me his guidance from the sands, and a night's harbourage from the tempest. So our acquaintance began, and there it is likely to end; for you may observe that our friend is by no means apt to encourage familiarity.'

'So little so,' answered my companion, 'that thy case is, I think, the first in which I ever heard of his receiving any one into his house; that is, if thou hast really spent the night there.'

'Why should you doubt it?' replied I; 'there is no motive I can have to deceive you, nor is the object worth it.'

'Be not angry with me,' said the Quaker; 'but thou knowest that thine own people do not, as we humbly endeavour to do, confine themselves within the simplicity of truth, but employ the language of falsehood, not only for profit, but for compliment, and sometimes for mere diversion. I have heard various stories of my neighbour, of most of which I only believe a small part, and even then they are difficult to reconcile with each other. But this being the first time I ever heard of his receiving a stranger within his dwelling made me express some doubts. I pray thee let them not offend thee.'

'He does not,' said I, 'appear to possess in much abundance the means of exercising hospitality, and so may be excused from offering it in ordinary cases.'

'That is to say, friend,' replied Joshua, 'thou hast supped ill, and perhaps breakfasted worse. Now my small tenement, called Mount Sharon, is nearer to us by two miles than thine inn; and although going thither may prolong thy walk, as taking thee off the straighter road to Shepherd's Bush, yet methinks exercise will suit thy youthful limbs, as well as a good plain meal thy youthful appetite. What say'st thou, my young acquaintance?'

'If it puts you not to inconvenience,' I replied; 'for the invitation was cordially given, and my bread and milk had been hastily swallowed, and in small quantity.'

'Nay,' said Joshua, 'use not the language of compliment with those who renounce it. Had this poor courtesy been very inconvenient, perhaps I had not offered it.'

'I accept the invitation then,' said I, 'in the same good spirit in which you give it.'

The Quaker smiled, reached me his hand; I shook it, and we travelled on in great cordiality with each other. The fact is, I was much entertained by contrasting in my own mind the open manner of the kind-hearted Joshua Geddes with the

abrupt, dark, and lofty demeanour of my entertainer on the preceding evening. Both were blunt and unceremonious; but the plainness of the Quaker had the character of devotional simplicity, and was mingled with the more real kindness, as if honest Joshua was desirous of atoning by his sincerity for the lack of external courtesy. On the contrary, the manners of the fisherman were those of one to whom the rules of good behaviour might be familiar, but who, either from pride or misanthropy, scorned to observe them. Still I thought of him with interest and curiosity, notwithstanding so much about him that was repulsive; and I promised myself, in the course of my conversation with the Quaker, to learn all that he knew on the subject. He turned the conversation, however, into a different channel, and inquired into my own condition of life, and views in visiting this remote frontier.

I only thought it necessary to mention my name, and add, that I had been educated to the law, but finding myself possessed of some independence, I had of late permitted myself some relaxation, and was residing at Shepherd's Bush to enjoy the pleasure of angling.

'I do thee no harm, young man,' said my new friend, 'in wishing thee a better employment for thy grave hours, and a more humane amusement, if amusement thou must have, for those of a lighter character.'

'You are severe, sir,' I replied. 'I heard you but a moment since refer yourself to the protection of the laws of the country; if there be laws, there must be lawyers to explain and judges to administer them.'

Joshua smiled, and pointed to the sheep which were grazing on the downs over which we were travelling. 'Were a wolf,' he said, 'to come even now upon yonder flocks, they would crowd for protection, doubtless, around the shepherd and his dogs; yet they are bitten and harassed daily by the one, shorn, and finally killed and eaten, by the other. But I say not this to shock you; for, though laws and lawyers are evils, yet they are necessary evils in this probationary state of society, till man shall learn to render unto his fellows that which is their due, according to the light of his own conscience, and through no other compulsion. Meanwhile, I have known many righteous men who have followed thy intended profession in honesty and uprightness of walk. The greater their merit who walk erect in a path which so many find slippery.'

'And angling,' said I, 'you object to that also as an amuse-

ment — you who, if I understood rightly what passed between you and my late landlord, are yourself a proprietor of fisheries ?

‘Not a proprietor,’ he replied, ‘I am only, in copartnery with others, a tacksman or lessee of some valuable salmon-fisheries a little down the coast. But mistake me not. The evil of angling, with which I class all sports, as they are called, which have the sufferings of animals for their end and object, does not consist in the mere catching and killing those animals with which the bounty of Providence hath stocked the earth for the good of man, but in making their protracted agony a principle of delight and enjoyment. I do indeed cause these fisheries to be conducted for the necessary taking, killing, and selling the fish ; and, in the same way, were I a farmer, I should send my lambs to market. But I should as soon think of contriving myself a sport and amusement out of the trade of the butcher as out of that of the fisher.’

We argued this point no farther; for, though I thought his arguments a little too high-strained, yet, as my mind acquitted me of having taken delight in aught but the theory of field-sports, I did not think myself called upon stubbornly to advocate a practice which had afforded me so little pleasure.

We had by this time arrived at the remains of an old finger-post, which my host had formerly pointed out as a landmark. Here a ruinous wooden bridge, supported by long posts resembling crutches, served me to get across the water, while my new friend sought a ford a good way higher up, for the stream was considerably swelled.

As I paused for his rejoining me, I observed an angler at a little distance pouching trout after trout, as fast almost as he could cast his line ; and I own, in spite of Joshua’s lecture on humanity, I could not but envy his adroitness and success — so natural is the love of sport to our minds, or so easily are we taught to assimilate success in field-sports with ideas of pleasure, and with the praise due to address and agility. I soon recognised in the successful angler little Benjie, who had been my guide and tutor in that gentle art, as you have learned from my former letters. I called — I whistled. The rascal recognised me, and, starting like a guilty thing, seemed hesitating whether to approach or to run away ; and when he determined on the former, it was to assail me with a loud, clamorous, and exaggerated report of the anxiety of all at the Shepherd’s Bush for my personal safety — how my landlady had wept, how Sam and the hostler had not the heart to go to bed, but sat up all night

drinking, and how he himself had been up long before day-break to go in quest of me.

'And you were switching the water, I suppose,' said I, 'to discover my dead body?'

This observation produced a long 'Na—a—a' of acknowledged detection; but, with his natural impudence, and confidence in my good-nature, he immediately added, 'That he thought I would like a fresh trout or twa for breakfast, and the water being in such rare trim for the saumon raun,¹ he couldna help taking a cast.'

While we were engaged in this discussion, the honest Quaker returned to the farther end of the wooden bridge to tell me he could not venture to cross the brook in its present state, but would be under the necessity to ride round by the stone bridge, which was a mile and a half higher up than his own house. He was about to give me directions how to proceed without him, and inquire for his sister, when I suggested to him that, if he pleased to trust his horse to little Benjie, the boy might carry him round by the bridge, while we walked the shorter and more pleasant road.

Joshua shook his head, for he was well acquainted with Benjie, who, he said, was the naughtiest varlet in the whole neighbourhood. Nevertheless, rather than part company, he agreed to put the pony under his charge for a short season, with many injunctions that he should not attempt to mount, but lead the pony, even Solomon, by the bridle, under the assurances of sixpence in case of proper demeanour, and penalty that, if he transgressed the orders given him, 'verily he should be scourged.'

Promises cost Benjie nothing, and he showered them out wholesale; till the Quaker at length yielded up the bridle to him, repeating his charges, and enforcing them by holding up his forefinger. On my part, I called to Benjie to leave the fish he had taken at Mount Sharon, making, at the same time, an apologetic countenance to my new friend, not being quite aware whether the compliment would be agreeable to such a condemner of field-sports.

He understood me at once, and reminded me of the practical distinction betwixt catching the animals as an object of cruel and wanton sport and eating them as lawful and gratifying articles of food after they were killed. On the latter point he

¹ The bait made of salmon-row salted and preserved. In a swollen river, and about the month of October, it is a most deadly bait.

had no scruples ; but, on the contrary, assured me that this brook contained the real red trout, so highly esteemed by all connoisseurs, and that, when eaten within an hour of their being caught, they had a peculiar firmness of substance and delicacy of flavour which rendered them an agreeable addition to a morning meal, especially when earned, like ours, by early rising and an hour or two's wholesome exercise.

But, to thy alarm be it spoken, Alan, we did not come so far as the frying of our fish without farther adventure. So it is only to spare thy patience, and mine own eyes, that I pull up for the present, and send thee the rest of my story in a subsequent letter.

LETTER VII

The Same to the Same

(In continuation)

LITTLE BENJIE, with the pony, having been sent off on the left side of the brook, the Quaker and I sauntered on, like the cavalry and infantry of the same army occupying the opposite banks of a river, and observing the same line of march. But, while my worthy companion was assuring me of a pleasant greensward walk to his mansion, little Benjie, who had been charged to keep in sight, chose to deviate from the path assigned him, and, turning to the right, led his charge, Solomon, out of our vision.

‘The villain means to mount him!’ cried Joshua, with more vivacity than was consistent with his profession of passive endurance.

I endeavoured to appease his apprehensions, as he pushed on, wiping his brow with vexation, assuring him that, if the boy did mount, he would, for his own sake, ride gently.

‘You do not know him,’ said Joshua, rejecting all consolation; ‘*he* do anything gently! no, he will gallop Solomon — he will misuse the sober patience of the poor animal who has borne me so long! Yes, I was given over to my own devices when I ever let him touch the bridle, for such a little miscreant there never was before him in this country!’

He then proceeded to expatiate on every sort of rustic enormity of which he accused Benjie. He had been suspected of snaring partridges; was detected by Joshua himself in liming singing-birds; stood fully charged with having worried several cats, by aid of a lurcher which attended him, and which was as lean, and ragged, and mischievous as his master. Finally, Benjie stood accused of having stolen a duck, to hunt it with the said lurcher, which was as dexterous on water as on land. I chimed in with my friend, in order to avoid giving

him farther irritation, and declared, I should be disposed, from my own experience, to give up Benjie as one of Satan's imps. Joshua Geddes began to censure the phrase as too much exaggerated, and otherwise unbecoming the mouth of a reflecting person; and, just as I was apologising for it, as being a term of common parlance, we heard certain sounds on the opposite side of the brook, which seemed to indicate that Solomon and Benjie were at issue together. The sand-hills behind which Benjie seemed to take his course had concealed from us, as doubtless he meant they should, his ascent into the forbidden saddle, and, putting Solomon to his mettle, which he was seldom called upon to exert, they had cantered away together in great amity, till they came near to the ford from which the palfrey's legitimate owner had already turned back.

Here a contest of opinions took place between the horse and his rider. The latter, according to his instructions, attempted to direct Solomon towards the distant bridge of stone; but Solomon opined that the ford was the shortest way to his own stable. The point was sharply contested, and we heard Benjie gee-hupping, tchek-tcheking, and, above all, flogging in great style; while Solomon, who, docile in his general habits, was now stirred beyond his patience, made a great trampling and recalcitration; and it was their joint noise which we heard, without being able to see, though Joshua might too well guess, the cause of it.

Alarmed at these indications, the Quaker began to shout out, 'Benjie, thou varlet!—Solomon, thou fool!' when the couple presented themselves in full drive, Solomon having now decidedly obtained the better of the conflict, and bringing his unwilling rider in high career down to the ford. Never was there anger changed so fast into humane fear as that of my good companion. 'The varlet will be drowned!' he exclaimed—'a widow's son!—her only son!—and drowned! Let me go——' And he struggled with me stoutly as I hung upon him, to prevent him from plunging into the ford.

I had no fear whatever for Benjie; for the blackguard vermin, though he could not manage the refractory horse, stuck on his seat like a monkey. Solomon and Benjie scrambled through the ford with little inconvenience, and resumed their gallop on the other side.

It was impossible to guess whether on this last occasion Benjie was running off with Solomon or Solomon with Benjie;

but, judging from character and motives, I rather suspected the former. I could not help laughing as the rascal passed me, grinning betwixt terror and delight, perched on the very pommel of the saddle, and holding with extended arms by bridle and mane; while Solomon, the bit secured between his teeth, and his head bored down betwixt his fore-legs, passed his master in this unwonted guise as hard as he could pelt.

'The mischievous bastard!' exclaimed the Quaker, terrified out of his usual moderation of speech — 'the doomed gallows-bird! he will break Solomon's wind to a certainty.'

I prayed him to be comforted; assured him a brushing gallop would do his favourite no harm; and reminded him of the censure he had bestowed on me a minute before, for applying a harsh epithet to the boy.

But Joshua was not without his answer. 'Friend youth,' he said, 'thou didst speak of the lad's soul, which thou didst affirm belonged to the enemy, and of that thou couldst say nothing of thine own knowledge; on the contrary, I did but speak of his outward man, which will assuredly be suspended by a cord, if he mendeth not his manners. Men say that, young as he is, he is one of the Laird's gang.'

'Of the Laird's gang!' said I, repeating the words in surprise. 'Do you mean the person with whom I slept last night? I heard you call him the Laird. Is he at the head of a gang?'

'Nay, I meant not precisely a gang,' said the Quaker, who appeared in his haste to have spoken more than he intended — 'a company, or party, I should have said; but thus it is, friend Latimer, with the wisest men, when they permit themselves to be perturbed with passion, and speak as in a fever, or as with the tongue of the foolish and the forward. And although thou hast been hasty to mark my infirmity, yet I grieve not that thou hast been a witness to it, seeing that the stumbles of the wise may be no less a caution to youth and inexperience than is the fall of the foolish.'

This was a sort of acknowledgment of what I had already begun to suspect — that my new friend's real goodness of disposition, joined to the acquired quietism of his religious sect, had been unable entirely to check the effervescence of a temper naturally warm and hasty.

Upon the present occasion, as if sensible he had displayed a greater degree of emotion than became his character, Joshua avoided farther allusion to Benjie and Solomon, and proceeded

to solicit my attention to the natural objects around us, which increased in beauty and interest as, still conducted by the meanders of the brook, we left the common behind us, and entered a more cultivated and inclosed country, where arable and pasture ground was agreeably varied with groves and hedges. Descending now almost close to the stream, our course lay through a little gate, into a pathway, kept with great neatness, the sides of which were decorated with trees and flowering shrubs of the hardier species; until, ascending by a gentle slope, we issued from the grove, and stood almost at once in front of a low but very neat building, of an irregular form; and my guide, shaking me cordially by the hand, made me welcome to Mount Sharon.

The wood through which we had approached this little mansion was thrown around it both on the north and north-west, but, breaking off into different directions, was intersected by a few fields, well watered and sheltered. The house fronted to the south-east, and from thence the pleasure-ground, or, I should rather say, the gardens, sloped down to the water. I afterwards understood that the father of the present proprietor had a considerable taste for horticulture, which had been inherited by his son, and had formed these gardens, which, with their shaven turf, pleached alleys, wildernesses, and exotic trees and shrubs, greatly excelled anything of the kind which had been attempted in the neighbourhood.

If there was a little vanity in the complacent smile with which Joshua Geddes saw me gaze with delight on a scene so different from the naked waste we had that day traversed in company, it might surely be permitted to one who, cultivating and improving the beauties of nature, had found therein, as he said, bodily health and a pleasing relaxation for the mind. At the bottom of the extended gardens the brook wheeled round in a wide semicircle, and was itself their boundary. The opposite side was no part of Joshua's domain, but the brook was there skirted by a precipitous rock of limestone, which seemed a barrier of nature's own erecting around his little Eden of beauty, comfort, and peace.

'But I must not let thee forget,' said the kind Quaker, 'amidst thy admiration of these beauties of our little inheritance, that thy breakfast has been a light one.'

So saying, Joshua conducted me to a small sashed door, opening under a porch amply mantled by honeysuckle and clematis, into a parlour of moderate size; the furniture of

which, in plainness and excessive cleanliness, bore the characteristic marks of the sect to which the owner belonged.

Thy father's Hannah is generally allowed to be an exception to all Scottish housekeepers, and stands unparalleled for cleanliness among the women of Auld Reekie ; but the cleanliness of Hannah is sluttishness compared to the scrupulous purifications of these people, who seem to carry into the minor decencies of life that conscientious rigour which they affect in their morals.

The parlour would have been gloomy, for the windows were small and the ceiling low ; but the present proprietor had rendered it more cheerful by opening one end into a small conservatory, roofed with glass, and divided from the parlour by a partition of the same. I have never before seen this very pleasing manner of uniting the comforts of an apartment with the beauties of a garden, and I wonder it is not more practised by the great. Something of the kind is hinted at in a paper of the *Spectator*.

As I walked towards the conservatory to view it more closely, the parlour chimney engaged my attention. It was a pile of massive stone, entirely out of proportion to the size of the apartment. On the front had once been an armorial scutcheon ; for the hammer, or chisel, which had been employed to deface the shield and crest had left uninjured the scroll beneath, which bore the pious motto, 'Trust in God.' Black-letter, you know, was my early passion, and the tombstones in the Greyfriars' churchyard early yielded up to my knowledge as a decipherer what little they could tell of the forgotten dead.

Joshua Geddes paused when he saw my eye fixed on this relic of antiquity. 'Thou canst read it?' he said.

I repeated the motto, and added, there seemed vestiges of a date.

'It should be 1537,' said he ; 'for so long ago, at the least computation, did my ancestors, in the blinded times of Papistry, possess these lands, and in that year did they build their house.'

'It is an ancient descent,' said I, looking with respect upon the monument. 'I am sorry the arms have been defaced.'

It was perhaps impossible for my friend, Quaker as he was, to seem altogether void of respect for the pedigree which he began to recount to me, disclaiming all the while the vanity usually connected with the subject ; in short, with the air of

mingled melancholy, regret, and conscious dignity with which Jack Fawkes used to tell us, at college, of his ancestor's unfortunate connexion with the Gunpowder Plot.

'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher,' thus harangued Joshua Geddes of Mount Sharon, 'if we ourselves are nothing in the sight of Heaven, how much less than nothing must be our derivation from rotten bones and mouldering dust, whose immortal spirits have long since gone to their private account! Yes, friend Latimer, my ancestors were renowned among the ravenous and bloodthirsty men who then dwelt in this vexed country; and so much were they famed for successful freebooting, robbery, and bloodshed, that they are said to have been called Geddes, as likening them to the fish called a jack, pike, or luce, and in our country tongue, a "ged." A goodly distinction truly for Christian men! Yet did they paint this shark of the fresh waters upon their shields, and these profane priests of a wicked idolatry, the empty boasters called heralds, who make engraven images of fishes, fowls, and four-footed beasts, that men may fall down and worship them, assigned the ged for the device and escutcheon of my fathers, and hewed it over their chimneys, and placed it above their tombs; and the men were elated in mind, and became yet more ged-like, slaying, leading into captivity, and dividing the spoil, until the place where they dwelt obtained the name of Sharing Knowe, from the booty which was there divided amongst them and their accomplices. But a better judgment was given to my father's father, Philip Geddes, who, after trying to light his candle at some of the vain wildfires then held aloft at different meetings and steeple-houses, at length obtained a spark from the lamp of the blessed George Fox, who came into Scotland spreading light among darkness, as he himself hath written, as plentifully as fly the sparkles from the hoof of the horse which gallops swiftly along the stony road.' Here the good Quaker interrupted himself with, 'And that is very true, I must go speedily to see after the condition of Solomon.'

A Quaker servant here entered the room with a tray, and inclining his head towards his master, but not after the manner of one who bows, said composedly, 'Thou art welcome home, friend Joshua, we expected thee not so early; but what hath befallen Solomon thy horse?'

'What hath befallen him, indeed!' said my friend; 'hath he not been returned hither by the child whom they call Benjie?'

'He hath,' said his domestic, 'but it was after a strange fashion; for he came hither at a swift and furious pace, and flung the child Benjie from his back, upon the heap of dung which is in the stable-yard.'

'I am glad of it,' said Joshua, hastily — 'glad of it, with all my heart and spirit! But stay, he is the child of the widow — hath the boy any hurt?'

'Not so,' answered the servant, 'for he rose and fled swiftly.' Joshua muttered something about a scourge, and then inquired after Solomon's present condition.

'He seetheth like a steaming cauldron,' answered the servant; 'and Bauldie, the lad, walketh him about the yard with a halter, lest he take cold.'

Mr. Geddes hastened to the stable-yard to view personally the condition of his favourite, and I followed, to offer my counsel as a jockey — don't laugh, Alan; sure I have jockeyship enough to assist a Quaker — in this unpleasing predicament.

The lad who was leading the horse seemed to be no Quaker, though his intercourse with the family had given him a touch of their prim sobriety of look and manner. He assured Joshua that his horse had received no injury, and I even hinted that the exercise would be of service to him. Solomon himself neighed towards his master, and rubbed his head against the good Quaker's shoulder, as if to assure him of his being quite well; so that Joshua returned in comfort to his parlour, where breakfast was now about to be displayed.

I have since learned that the affection of Joshua for his pony is considered as inordinate by some of his own sect; and that he has been much blamed for permitting it to be called by the name of Solomon, or any other name whatever; but he has gained so much respect and influence among them that they overlook these foibles.

I learned from him (whilst the old servant, Jehoiachim, entering and re-entering, seemed to make no end of the materials which he brought in for breakfast) that his grandfather Philip, the convert of George Fox, had suffered much from the persecution to which these harmless devotees were subjected on all sides during that intolerant period, and much of their family estate had been dilapidated. But better days dawned on Joshua's father, who, connecting himself by marriage with a wealthy family of Quakers in Lancashire, engaged successfully in various branches of commerce, and redeemed the remnants of the property, changing its name in sense, without much

alteration of sound, from the Border appellation of Sharing Knowe to the evangelical appellation of Mount Sharon.

This Philip Geddes, as I before hinted, had imbibed the taste for horticulture and the pursuits of the florist which are not uncommon among the peaceful sect he belonged to. He had destroyed the remnants of the old peel-house, substituting the modern mansion in its place; and while he reserved the hearth of his ancestors, in memory of their hospitality, as also the pious motto which they had chanced to assume, he failed not to obliterate the worldly and military emblems displayed upon the shield and helmet, together with all their blazonry.

In a few minutes after Mr. Geddes had concluded the account of himself and his family, his sister Rachel, the only surviving member of it, entered the room. Her appearance is remarkably pleasing, and although her age is certainly thirty at least, she still retains the shape and motion of an earlier period. The absence of everything like fashion or ornament was, as usual, atoned for by the most perfect neatness and cleanliness of her dress; and her simple close cap was particularly suited to eyes which had the softness and simplicity of the dove's. Her features were also extremely agreeable, but had suffered a little through the ravages of that professed enemy to beauty, the small-pox—a disadvantage which was in part counterbalanced by a well-formed mouth, teeth like pearls, and a pleasing sobriety of smile, that seemed to wish good here and hereafter to every one she spoke to. You cannot make any of your vile inferences here, Alan, for I have given a full-length picture of Rachel Geddes; so that you cannot say in this case, as in the letter I have just received, that she was passed over as a subject on which I feared to dilate. More of this anon.

Well, we settled to our breakfast after a blessing, or rather an extempore prayer, which Joshua made upon the occasion, and which the Spirit moved him to prolong rather more than I felt altogether agreeable. Then, Alan, there was such a despatching of the good things of the morning as you have not witnessed since you have seen Darsie Latimer at breakfast. Tea and chocolate, eggs, ham, and pastry, not forgetting the broiled fish, disappeared with a celerity which seemed to astonish the good-humoured Quakers, who kept loading my plate with supplies, as if desirous of seeing whether they could by any possibility tire me out. One hint, however, I received which put me in mind where I was. Miss Geddes had offered me some sweet-cake, which, at the moment, I declined; but presently

afterwards, seeing it within my reach, I naturally enough helped myself to a slice, and had just deposited it beside my plate, when Joshua, mine host, not with the authoritative air of Sancho's doctor, Tirtea Fuera, but in a very calm and quiet manner, lifted it away and replaced it on the dish, observing only, 'Thou didst refuse it before, friend Latimer.'

These good folks, Alan, make no allowance for what your father calls the Aberdeen man's privilege of 'taking his word again,' or what the wise call second thoughts.

Bating this slight hint that I was among a precise generation, there was nothing in my reception that was peculiar—unless, indeed, I were to notice the solicitous and uniform kindness with which all the attentions of my new friends were seasoned, as if they were anxious to assure me that the neglect of worldly compliments interdicted by their sect only served to render their hospitality more sincere. At length my hunger was satisfied, and the worthy Quaker, who, with looks of great good-nature, had watched my progress, thus addressed his sister :

'This young man, Rachel, hath last night sojourned in the tents of our neighbour, whom men call the Laird. I am sorry I had not met him the evening before, for our neighbour's hospitality is too unfrequently exercised to be well prepared with the means of welcome.'

'Nay, but, Joshua,' said Rachel, 'if our neighbour hath done a kindness, thou shouldst not grudge him the opportunity; and if our young friend hath fared ill for a night, he will the better relish what Providence may send him of better provisions.'

'And that he may do so at leisure,' said Joshua, 'we will pray him, Rachel, to tarry a day or twain with us; he is young, and is but now entering upon the world, and our habitation may, if he will, be like a resting-place, from which he may look abroad upon the pilgrimage which he must make and the path which he has to travel. What sayest thou, friend Latimer? We constrain not our friends to our ways, and thou art, I think, too wise to quarrel with us for following our own fashions; and if we should even give thee a word of advice, thou wilt not, I think, be angry, so that it is spoken in season.'

You know, Alan, how easily I am determined by anything resembling cordiality; and so, though a little afraid of the formality of my host and hostess, I accepted their invitation, provided I could get some messenger to send to Shepherd's Bush for my servant and portmanteau.

‘Why, truly, friend,’ said Joshua, ‘thine outward frame would be improved by cleaner garments; but I will do thine errand myself to the Widow Gregson’s house of reception, and send thy lad hither with thy clothes. Meanwhile, Rachel will show thee these little gardens, and then will put thee in some way of spending thy time usefully, till our meal calls us together at the second hour afternoon. I bid thee farewell for the present, having some space to walk, seeing I must leave the animal Solomon to his refreshing rest.’

With these words, Mr. Joshua Geddes withdrew. Some ladies we have known would have felt, or at least affected, reserve or embarrassment at being left to do the honours of the grounds to — (it will be out, Alan) — a smart young fellow, an entire stranger. She went out for a few minutes, and returned in her plain cloak and bonnet, with her beaver gloves, prepared to act as my guide, with as much simplicity as if she had been to wait upon thy father. So forth I sallied with my fair Quaker.

If the house at Mount Sharon be merely a plain and convenient dwelling, of moderate size, and small pretensions, the gardens and offices, though not extensive, might rival an earl’s in point of care and expense. Rachel carried me first to her own favourite resort, a poultry-yard, stocked with a variety of domestic fowls, of the more rare as well as the more ordinary kinds, furnished with every accommodation which may suit their various habits. A rivulet, which spread into a pond for the convenience of the aquatic birds, trickled over gravel as it passed through the yards dedicated to the land poultry, which were thus amply supplied with the means they use for digestion.

All these creatures seemed to recognise the presence of their mistress, and some especial favourites hastened to her feet, and continued to follow her as far as their limits permitted. She pointed out their peculiarities and qualities, with the discrimination of one who had made natural history her study; and I own I never looked on barn-door fowls with so much interest before — at least until they were boiled or roasted. I could not help asking the trying question, how she could order the execution of any of the creatures of which she seemed so careful.

‘It was painful,’ she said, ‘but it was according to the law of their being. They must die; but they knew not when death was approaching; and in making them comfortable

while they lived, we contributed to their happiness as much as the conditions of their existence permitted to us.'

I am not quite of her mind, Alan. I do not believe either pigs or poultry would admit that the chief end of their being was to be killed and eaten. However, I did not press the argument, from which my Quaker seemed rather desirous to escape; for, conducting me to the greenhouse, which was extensive, and filled with the choicest plants, she pointed out an aviary which occupied the farther end, where, she said, she employed herself with attending the inhabitants, without being disturbed with any painful recollections concerning their future destination.

I will not trouble you with any account of the various hot-houses and gardens and their contents. No small sum of money must have been expended in erecting and maintaining them in the exquisite degree of good order which they exhibited. The family, I understood, were connected with that of the celebrated Millar, and had imbibed his taste for flowers and for horticulture. But instead of murdering botanical names, I will rather conduct you to the policy, or pleasure-garden, which the taste of Joshua or his father had extended on the banks betwixt the house and river. This also, in contradistinction to the prevailing simplicity, was ornamented in an unusual degree. There were various compartments, the connexion of which was well managed, and although the whole ground did not exceed five or six acres, it was so much varied as to seem four times larger. The space contained close alleys and open walks, a very pretty artificial waterfall, a fountain also, consisting of a considerable *jet d'eau*, whose streams glittered in the sunbeams and exhibited a continual rainbow. There was a 'cabinet of verdure,' as the French call it, to cool the summer heat, and there was a terrace sheltered from the north-east by a noble holly hedge, with all its glittering spears, where you might have the full advantage of the sun in the clear frosty days of winter.

I know that you, Alan, will condemn all this as bad and antiquated; for, ever since Dodsley has described the Leasowes, and talked of Brown's imitations of nature, and Horace Walpole's late *Essay on Gardening*, you are all for simple nature — condemn walking up and downstairs in the open air, and declare for wood and wilderness. But *ne quid nimis*. I would not deface a scene of natural grandeur or beauty by the introduction of crowded artificial decorations; yet such may, I think, be very interesting where the situation, in its natural state, otherwise has no particular charms. So that when I

have a country-house—who can say how soon?—you may look for grottoes, and cascades, and fountains; nay, if you vex me by contradiction, perhaps I may go the length of a temple. So provoke me not, for you see of what enormities I am capable.

At any rate, Alan, had you condemned as artificial the rest of friend Geddes's grounds, there is a willow walk by the very verge of the stream so sad, so solemn, and so silent that it must have commanded your admiration. The brook, restrained at the ultimate boundary of the grounds by a natural dam-dike or ledge of rocks, seemed, even in its present swoln state, scarcely to glide along; and the pale willow trees, dropping their long branches into the stream, gathered around them little coronals of the foam that floated down from the more rapid stream above. The high rock which formed the opposite bank of the brook was seen dimly through the branches, and its pale and splintered front, garlanded with long streamers of briars and other creeping plants, seemed a barrier between the quiet path which we trod and the toiling and bustling world beyond. The path itself, following the sweep of the stream, made a very gentle curve; enough, however, served by its inflection completely to hide the end of the walk until you arrived at it. A deep and sullen sound, which increased as you proceeded, prepared you for this termination, which was indeed only a plain root-seat, from which you looked on a fall of about six or seven feet, where the brook flung itself over the ledge of natural rock I have already mentioned, which there crossed its course.

The quiet and twilight seclusion of this walk rendered it a fit scene for confidential communing; and having nothing more interesting to say to my fair Quaker, I took the liberty of questioning her about the Laird; for you are, or ought to be, aware that, next to discussing the affairs of the heart, the fair sex are most interested in those of their neighbours.

I did not conceal either my curiosity or the check which it had received from Joshua, and I saw that my companion answered with embarrassment. 'I must not speak otherwise than truly,' she said; 'and therefore I tell thee that my brother dislikes, and that I fear, the man of whom thou hast asked me. Perhaps we are both wrong; but he is a man of violence, and hath great influence over many, who, following the trade of sailors and fishermen, become as rude as the elements with which they contend. He hath no certain name among them, which is not unusual, their rude fashion being to distinguish

each other by nicknames ; and they have called him the Laird of the Lakes — not remembering there should be no one called Lord, save one only — in idle derision, the pools of salt water left by the tide among the sands being called the Lakes of Solway.'

'Has he no other revenue than he derives from these sands?' I asked.

'That I cannot answer,' replied Rachel : 'men say that he wants not money though he lives like an ordinary fisherman; and that he imparts freely of his means to the poor around him. They intimate that he is a man of consequence, once deeply engaged in the unhappy affair of the rebellion, and even still too much in danger from the government to assume his own name. He is often absent from his cottage at Broken-burn Cliffs for weeks and months.'

'I should have thought,' said I, 'that the government would scarce, at this time of day, be likely to proceed against any one even of the most obnoxious rebels. Many years have passed away ——'

'It is true,' she replied ; 'yet such persons may understand that their being connived at depends on their living in obscurity. But indeed there can nothing certain be known among these rude people. The truth is not in them : most of them participate in the unlawful trade betwixt these parts and the neighbouring shore of England, and they are familiar with every species of falsehood and deceit.'

'It is a pity,' I remarked, 'that your brother should have neighbours of such a description, especially as I understand he is at some variance with them.'

'Where, when, and about what matter?' answered Miss Geddes, with an eager and timorous anxiety which made me regret having touched on the subject.

I told her, in a way as little alarming as I could devise, the purport of what had passed betwixt this Laird of the Lakes and her brother at their morning's interview.

'You affright me much,' answered she ; 'it is this very circumstance which has scared me in the watches of the night. When my brother Joshua withdrew from an active share in the commercial concerns of my father, being satisfied with the portion of worldly substance which he already possessed, there were one or two undertakings in which he retained an interest, either because his withdrawing might have been prejudicial to friends or because he wished to retain some mode of occupying

his time. Amongst the more important of these is a fishing-station on the coast, where, by certain improved modes of erecting snares, opening at the advance of the tide and shutting at the reflux, many more fish are taken than can be destroyed by those who, like the men of Brokenburn, use only the boat-net and spear, or fishing-rod. They complain of these tide nets, as men call them, as an innovation, and pretend to a right to remove and destroy them by the strong hand. I fear me, this man of violence, whom they call the Laird, will execute these his threats, which cannot be without both loss and danger to my brother.'

'Mr. Geddes,' said I, 'ought to apply to the civil magistrate; there are soldiers at Dumfries who would be detached for his protection.'

'Thou speakest, friend Latimer,' answered the lady, 'as one who is still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. God forbid that we should endeavour to preserve nets of flax and stakes of wood, or the Mammon of gain which they procure for us, by the hands of men of war, and at the risk of spilling human blood!'

'I respect your scruples,' I replied; 'but since such is your way of thinking, your brother ought to avert the danger by compromise or submission.'

'Perhaps it would be best,' answered Rachel; 'but what can *I* say? Even in the best-trained temper there may remain some leaven of the old Adam; and I know not whether it is this or a better spirit that maketh my brother Joshua determine that, though he will not resist force by force, neither will he yield up his right to mere threats, or encourage wrong to others by yielding to menaces. His partners, he says, confide in his steadiness, and that he must not disappoint them by yielding up their right for the fear of the threats of man, whose breath is in his nostrils.'

This observation convinced me that the spirit of the old sharers of the spoil was not utterly departed even from the bosom of the peaceful Quaker; and I could not help confessing internally that Joshua had the right, when he averred that there was as much courage in sufferance as in exertion.

As we approached the further end of the willow walk, the sullen and continuous sound of the dashing waters became still more and more audible, and at length rendered it difficult for us to communicate with each other. The conversation dropped, but apparently my companion continued to dwell upon the

apprehensions which it had excited. At the bottom of the walk we obtained a view of the cascade, where the swollen brook flung itself in foam and tumult over the natural barrier of rock, which seemed in vain to attempt to bar its course. I gazed with delight, and, turning to express my sentiments to my companion, I observed that she had folded her hands in an attitude of sorrowful resignation, which showed her thoughts were far from the scene which lay before her. When she saw that her abstraction was observed, she resumed her former placidity of manner; and having given me sufficient time to admire this termination of our sober and secluded walk, proposed that we should return to the house through her brother's farm. 'Even we Quakers, as we are called, have our little pride,' she said; 'and my brother Joshua would not forgive me were I not to show thee the fields which he taketh delight to cultivate after the newest and best fashion; for which, I promise thee, he hath received much praise from good judges, as well as some ridicule from those who think it folly to improve on the customs of our ancestors.'

As she spoke, she opened a low door, leading through a moss and ivy-covered wall, the boundary of the pleasure-ground, into the open fields; through which we moved by a convenient path, leading, with good taste and simplicity, by stile and hedge-row, through pasturage, and arable, and woodland; so that, in all ordinary weather, the good man might, without even soiling his shoes, perform his perambulation round the farm. There were seats also, on which to rest; and though not adorned with inscriptions, nor quite so frequent in occurrence as those mentioned in the account of the Leasowes, their situation was always chosen with respect to some distant prospect to be commanded, or some home-view to be enjoyed.

But what struck me most in Joshua's domain was the quantity and the tameness of the game. The hen partridge scarce abandoned the roost at the foot of the hedge where she had assembled her covey, though the path went close beside her; and the hare, remaining on her form, gazed at us as we passed, with her full dark eye, or, rising lazily and hopping to a little distance, stood erect to look at us with more curiosity than apprehension. I observed to Miss Geddes the extreme tameness of these timid and shy animals, and she informed me that their confidence arose from protection in the summer and relief during the winter.

'They are pets,' she said, 'of my brother, who considers them as the better entitled to this kindness that they are a race persecuted by the world in general. He denieth himself,' she said, 'even the company of a dog, that these creatures may here at least enjoy undisturbed security. Yet this harmless or humane propensity, or humour, hath given offence,' she added, 'to our dangerous neighbour.'

She explained this, by telling me that my host of the preceding night was remarkable for his attachment to field-sports, which he pursued without much regard to the wishes of the individuals over whose property he followed them. The undefined mixture of respect and fear with which he was generally regarded induced most of the neighbouring landholders to connive at what they would perhaps in another have punished as a trespass; but Joshua Geddes would not permit the intrusion of any one upon his premises, and as he had before offended several country neighbours, who, because he would neither shoot himself nor permit others to do so, compared him to the dog in the manger, so he now aggravated the displeasure which the Laird of the Lakes had already conceived against him, by positively debarring him from pursuing his sport over his grounds. 'So that,' said Rachel Geddes, 'I sometimes wish our lot had been cast elsewhere than in these pleasant borders, where, if we had less of beauty around us, we might have had a neighbourhood of peace and good-will.'

We at length returned to the house, where Miss Geddes showed me a small study, containing a little collection of books, in two separate presses.

'These,' said she, pointing to the smaller press, 'will, if thou bestowest thy leisure upon them, do thee good; and these,' pointing to the other and larger cabinet, 'can, I believe, do thee little harm.' Some of our people do indeed hold that every writer who is not with us is against us; but brother Joshua is mitigated in his opinions, and correspondeth with our friend John Scot of Amwell, who hath himself constructed verses well approved of even in the world. I wish thee many good thoughts till our family meet at the hour of dinner.'

Left alone, I tried both collections; the first consisted entirely of religious and controversial tracts, and the latter formed a small selection of history, and of moral writers, both in prose and verse.

Neither collection promising much amusement, thou hast, in these close pages, the fruits of my tediousness; and truly, I

think, writing history (one's self being the subject) is as amusing as reading that of foreign countries at any time.

Sam, still more drunk than sober, arrived in due time with my portmanteau, and enabled me to put my dress into order better befitting this temple of cleanliness and decorum, where (to conclude) I believe, I shall be a sojourner for more days than one.¹

P.S. — I have noted your adventure, as you home-bred youths may perhaps term it, concerning the visit of your doughty laird. We travellers hold such an incident of no great consequence, though it may serve to embellish the uniform life of Brown's Square. But art thou not ashamed to attempt to interest one who is seeing the world at large, and studying human nature on a large scale, by so bald a narrative? Why, what does it amount to, after all, but that a Tory laird dined with a Whig lawyer? no very uncommon matter, especially as you state Mr. Herries to have lost the estate, though retaining the designation. The laird behaves with haughtiness and impertinence — nothing out of character in that; is *not* kicked downstairs, as he ought to have been, were Alan Fairford half the man that he would wish his friends to think him. Ay, but then, as the young lawyer, instead of showing his friend the door, chose to make use of it himself, he overheard the laird afore-said ask the old lawyer concerning Darsie Latimer — no doubt earnestly inquiring after the handsome, accomplished inmate of his family, who has so lately made Themis his bow, and declined the honour of following her farther. You laugh at me for my air-drawn castles; but confess, have they not surer footing, in general, than two words spoken by such a man as Herries? And yet — and yet, I would rally the matter off, Alan, but in dark nights even the glow-worm becomes an object of lustre, and to one plunged in my uncertainty and ignorance the slightest gleam that promises intelligence is interesting. My life is like the subterranean river in the Peak of Derby, visible only where it crosses the celebrated cavern. I am here, and this much I know; but where I have sprung from, or whither my course of life is like to tend, who shall tell me? Your father, too, seemed interested and alarmed, and talked of writing. Would to Heaven he may! I send daily to the post-town for letters.

¹ See Author's Residence with Quakers. Note 11.

LETTER VIII

Alan Fairford to Darsie Latimer

THOU mayst clap thy wings and crow as thou pleasest. You go in search of adventures, but adventures come to me unsought for ; and oh ! in what a pleasing shape came mine, since it arrived in the form of a client, and a fair client to boot ! What think you of that, Darsie, you who are such a sworn squire of dames ? Will this not match my adventures with thine, that hunt salmon on horseback, and will it not, besides, eclipse the history of a whole tribe of broadbrims ? But I must proceed methodically.

When I returned to-day from the college, I was surprised to see a broad grin distending the adust countenance of the faithful James Wilkinson, which, as the circumstance seldom happens above once a-year, was matter of some surprise. Moreover, he had a knowing glance with his eye, which I should have as soon expected from a dumb-waiter—an article of furniture to which James, in his usual state, may be happily assimilated. ‘What the devil is the matter, James ?’

‘The devil may be in the matter, for aught I ken,’ said James, with another provoking grin ; ‘for here has been a woman calling for you, Maister Alan.’

‘A woman calling for me !’ said I in surprise ; for you know well that, excepting old Aunt Peggy, who comes to dinner of a Sunday, and the still older Lady Bedrooket, who calls ten times a-year for the quarterly payment of her jointure of four hundred merks, a female scarce approaches our threshold, as my father visits all his female clients at their own lodgings. James protested, however, that there had been a lady calling, and for me. ‘As bonny a lass as I have seen,’ added James, ‘since I was in the Fusileers, and kept company with Peg Baxter.’ Thou knowest all James’s gay recollections go back to the period of his military service, the years he has spent in ours having probably been dull enough.

'Did the lady leave no name nor place of address?'

'No,' replied James; 'but she asked when you wad be at hame, and I appointed her for twelve o'clock, when the house wad be quiet, and your father at the bank.'

'For shame, James! how can you think my father's being at home or abroad could be of consequence? The lady is of course a decent person?'

'I'se uphaud her that, sir; she is nane of your—whew (here James supplied a blank with a low whistle); but I didna ken—my maister makes an unco wark if a woman comes here.'

I passed into my own room, not ill-pleased that my father was absent, notwithstanding I had thought it proper to rebuke James for having so contrived it. I disarranged my books, to give them the appearance of a graceful confusion on the table, and laying my foils (useless since your departure) across the mantelpiece, that the lady might see I was *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, I endeavoured to dispose my dress so as to resemble an elegant morning dishabille, gave my hair the general shade of powder which marks the gentleman, laid my watch and seals on the table, to hint that I understood the value of time; and when I had made all these arrangements, of which I am a little ashamed when I think of them, I had nothing better to do than to watch the dial-plate till the index pointed to noon. Five minutes elapsed, which I allowed for variation of clocks; five minutes more rendered me anxious and doubtful; and five minutes more would have made me impatient.

Laugh as thou wilt, but remember, Darsie, I was a lawyer expecting his first client; a young man, how strictly bred up I need not remind you, expecting a private interview with a young and beautiful woman. But ere the third term of five minutes had elapsed, the door-bell was heard to tinkle low and modestly, as if touched by some timid hand.

James Wilkinson, swift in nothing, is, as thou knowest, peculiarly slow in answering the door-bell; and I reckoned on five minutes good ere his solemn step should have ascended the stair. Time enough, thought I, for a peep through the blinds, and was hastening to the window accordingly. But I reckoned without my host, for James, who had his own curiosity as well as I, was lying *perdu* in the lobby, ready to open at the first tinkle; and there was, 'This way, ma'am. Yes, ma'am. The lady, Mr. Alan,' before I could get to the chair in which I proposed to be discovered, seated in all legal dignity. The

consciousness of being half caught in the act of peeping, joined to that native air of awkward bashfulness of which I am told the law will soon free me, kept me standing on the floor in some confusion ; while the lady, disconcerted on her part, remained on the threshold of the room. James Wilkinson, who had his senses most about him, and was perhaps willing to prolong his stay in the apartment, busied himself in setting a chair for the lady, and recalled me to my good breeding by the hint. I invited her to take possession of it, and bid James withdraw.

My visitor was undeniably a lady, and probably considerably above the ordinary rank ; very modest, too, judging from the mixture of grace and timidity with which she moved, and at my entreaty sat down. Her dress was, I should suppose, both handsome and fashionable ; but it was much concealed by a walking-cloak of green silk, fancifully embroidered ; in which, though heavy for the season, her person was enveloped, and which, moreover, was furnished with a hood.

The devil take that hood, Darsie ! for I was just able to distinguish that, pulled as it was over the face, it concealed from me, as I was convinced, one of the prettiest countenances I have seen, and which, from a sense of embarrassment, seemed to be crimsoned with a deep blush. I could see her complexion was beautiful, her chin finely turned, her lips coral, and her teeth rivals to ivory. But further the deponent sayeth not ; for a clasp of gold, ornamented with a sapphire, closed the envious mantle under the incognita's throat, and the cursed hood concealed entirely the upper part of the face.

I ought to have spoke first, that is certain ; but ere I could get my phrases well arranged, the young lady, rendered desperate, I suppose, by my hesitation, opened the conversation herself.

‘I fear I am an intruder, sir ; I expected to meet an elderly gentleman.’

This brought me to myself. ‘My father, madam, perhaps ? But you inquired for Alan Fairford ; my father's name is Alexander.’

‘It is Mr. Alan Fairford, undoubtedly, with whom I wished to speak,’ she said, with greater confusion ; ‘but I was told that he was advanced in life.’

‘Some mistake, madam, I presume, betwixt my father and myself ; our Christian names have the same initials, though the terminations are different. I — I — I would esteem it a most

fortunate mistake if I could have the honour of supplying my father's place in anything that could be of service to you.'

'You are very obliging, sir.' A pause, during which she seemed undetermined whether to rise or sit still.

'I am just about to be called to the bar, madam,' said I, in hopes to remove her scruples to open her case to me; 'and if my advice or opinion could be of the slightest use, although I cannot presume to say that they are much to be depended upon, yet——'

The lady arose. 'I am truly sensible of your kindness, sir; and I have no doubt of your talents. I will be very plain with you—it is you whom I came to visit; although, now that we have met, I find it will be much better that I should commit my communication to writing.'

'I hope, madam, you will not be so cruel—so tantalising, I would say. Consider, you are my first client, your business my first consultation; do not do me the displeasure of withdrawing your confidence because I am a few years younger than you seem to have expected. My attention shall make amends for my want of experience.'

'I have no doubt of either,' said the lady, in a grave tone, calculated to restrain the air of gallantry with which I had endeavoured to address her. 'But when you have received my letter, you will find good reasons assigned why a written communication will best suit my purpose. I wish you, sir, a good morning.' And she left the apartment, her poor baffled counsel scraping, and bowing, and apologising for anything that might have been disagreeable to her, although the front of my offence seems to be my having been discovered to be younger than my father.¹

The door was opened, out she went, walked along the pavement, turned down the close, and put the sun, I believe, into her pocket when she disappeared, so suddenly did dulness and darkness sink down on the square, when she was no longer visible. I stood for a moment as if I had been senseless, not recollecting what a fund of entertainment I must have supplied to our watchful friends on the other side of the green. Then it darted on my mind that I might dog her, and ascertain at least who or what she was. Off I set, ran down the close, where she was no longer to be seen, and demanded of one of the dyer's lads whether he had seen a lady go down the close, or had observed which way she turned.

¹ See Green Mantle. Note 12.

‘A leddy!’ said the dyer, staring at me with his rainbow countenance. ‘Mr. Alan, what takes you out, rinning like daft, without your hat?’

‘The devil take my hat!’ answered I, running back, however, in quest of it, snatched it up, and again sallied forth. But as I reached the head of the close once more, I had sense enough to recollect that all pursuit would be now in vain. Besides, I saw my friend, the journeyman dyer, in close confabulation, with a pea-green personage of his own profession, and was conscious, like Scrub, that they talked of me, because they laughed consumedly. I had no mind, by a second sudden appearance, to confirm the report that Advocate Fairford was ‘gaen daft,’ which had probably spread from Campbell’s Close foot to the Mealmarket Stairs, and so slunk back within my own hole again.

My first employment was to remove all traces of that elegant and fanciful disposition of my effects from which I had hoped for so much credit; for I was now ashamed and angry at having thought an instant upon the mode of receiving a visit which had commenced so agreeably, but terminated in a manner so unsatisfactory. I put my folios in their places, threw the foils into the dressing-closet, tormenting myself all the while with the fruitless doubt whether I had missed an opportunity or escaped a stratagem, or whether the young person had been really startled, as she seemed to intimate, by the extreme youth of her intended legal adviser. The mirror was not unnaturally called in to aid; and that cabinet counsellor pronounced me rather short, thick-set, with a cast of features fitter, I trust, for the bar than the ball; not handsome enough for blushing virgins to pine for my sake, or even to invent sham cases to bring them to my chambers, yet not ugly enough, either, to scare those away who came on real business; dark, to be sure, but *nigri sunt hyacinthi*; there are pretty things to be said in favour of that complexion.

At length — as common sense will get the better in all cases when a man will but give it fair play — I began to stand convicted in my own mind as an ass before the interview, for having expected too much; an ass during the interview, for having failed to extract the lady’s real purpose; and an especial ass now that it was over, for thinking so much about it. But I can think of nothing else, and therefore I am determined to think of this to some good purpose.

You remember Murtough O’Hara’s defence of the Catholic

doctrine of confession; because, 'by his soul, his sins were always a great burden to his mind till he had told them to the priest; and once confessed, he never thought more about them.' I have tried his receipt, therefore; and having poured my secret mortification into thy trusty ear, I will think no more about this maid of the mist,

Who, with no face, as 't were, outfaced me.

— Four o'clock.

Plague on her green mantle, she can be nothing better than a fairy: she keeps possession of my head yet! All during dinner-time I was terribly absent; but, luckily, my father gave the whole credit of my reverie to the abstract nature of the doctrine, *Vinco vincentem, ergo vinco te*; upon which brocard of law the professor this morning lectured. So I got an early dismissal to my own crib, and here am I studying, in one sense, *vincere vincentem*, to get the better of the silly passion of curiosity — I think — I think it amounts to nothing else — which has taken such possession of my imagination, and is perpetually worrying me with the question — Will she write or no? She will not — she will not! So says Reason, and adds, Why should she take the trouble to enter into correspondence with one who, instead of a bold, alert, prompt gallant, proved a chicken-hearted boy, and left her the whole awkwardness of explanation, which he should have met half-way? But then, says Fancy, she *will* write, for she was not a bit that sort of person whom you, Mr. Reason, in your wisdom, take her to be. She was disconcerted enough, without my adding to her distress by any impudent conduct on my part. And she will write, for —

By Heaven, she HAS written, Darsie, and with a vengeance! Here is her letter, thrown into the kitchen by a cadie, too faithful to be bribed, either by money or whisky, to say more than that he received it, with sixpence, from an ordinary-looking woman, as he was plying on his station near the Cross.

'FOR ALAN FAIRFORD, ESQUIRE, BARRISTER.

'SIR — Excuse my mistake of to-day. I had accidentally learned that Mr. Darsie Latimer had an intimate friend and associate in a Mr. A. Fairford. When I inquired for such a

person, he was pointed out to me at the Cross, as I think the exchange of your city is called, in the character of a respectable elderly man — your father, as I now understand. On inquiry at Brown's Square, where I understood he resided, I used the full name of Alan, which naturally occasioned you the trouble of this day's visit. Upon further inquiry, I am led to believe that you are likely to be the person most active in the matter to which I am now about to direct your attention; and I regret much that circumstances, arising out of my own particular situation, prevent my communicating to you personally what I now apprise you of in this manner.

Your friend, Mr. Darsie Latimer, is in a situation of considerable danger. You are doubtless aware that he has been cautioned not to trust himself in England. Now, if he has not absolutely transgressed this friendly injunction, he has at least approached as nearly to the menaced danger as he could do, consistently with the letter of the prohibition. He has chosen his abode in a neighbourhood very perilous to him; and it is only by a speedy return to Edinburgh, or at least by a removal to some more remote part of Scotland, that he can escape the machinations of those whose enmity he has to fear. I must speak in mystery, but my words are not the less certain; and, I believe, you know enough of your friend's fortunes to be aware that I could not write this much without being even more intimate with them than you are.

'If he cannot, or will not, take the advice here given, it is my opinion that you should join him, if possible, without delay, and urge, by your personal presence and entreaty, the arguments which may prove ineffectual in writing. One word more, and I implore of your candour to take it as it is meant. No one supposes that Mr. Fairford's zeal in his friend's service needs to be quickened by mercenary motives. But report says that Mr. Alan Fairford, not having yet entered on his professional career, may, in such a case as this, want the means, though he cannot want the inclination, to act with promptitude. The inclosed note Mr. Alan Fairford must be pleased to consider as his first professional emolument; and she who sends it hopes it will be the omen of unbounded success, though the fee comes from a hand so unknown as that of

'GREEN MANTLE.'

A bank-note of £20 was the inclosure, and the whole incident left me speechless with astonishment. I am not able to

read over the beginning of my own letter, which forms the introduction to this extraordinary communication. I only know that, though mixed with a quantity of foolery (God knows, very much different from my present feelings), it gives an account sufficiently accurate of the mysterious person from whom this letter comes, and that I have neither time nor patience to separate the absurd commentary from the text, which it is so necessary you should know.

Combine this warning, so strangely conveyed, with the caution impressed on you by your London correspondent, Griffiths, against your visiting England; with the character of your Laird of the Solway Lakes; with the lawless habits of the people on that frontier country, where warrants are not easily executed, owing to the jealousy entertained by either country of the legal interference of the other; remember, that even Sir John Fielding said to my father that he could never trace a rogue beyond the Briggend of Dumfries; think that the distinctions of Whig and Tory, Papist and Protestant, still keep that country in a loose and comparatively lawless state — think of all this, my dearest Darsie, and remember that, while at this Mount Sharon of yours, you are residing with a family actually menaced with forcible interference, and who, while their obstinacy provokes violence, are by principle bound to abstain from resistance.

Nay, let me tell you, professionally, that the legality of the mode of fishing practised by your friend Joshua is greatly doubted by our best lawyers; and that, if the stake-nets be considered as actually an unlawful obstruction raised in the channel of the estuary, an assembly of persons who shall proceed, *via facti*, to pull down and destroy them would not, in the eye of the law, be esteemed guilty of a riot. So, by remaining where you are, you are likely to be engaged in a quarrel with which you have nothing to do, and thus to enable your enemies, whoever these may be, to execute, amid the confusion of a general hubbub, whatever designs they may have against your personal safety. Black-fishers, poachers, and smugglers are a sort of gentry that will not be much checked, either by your Quaker's texts or by your chivalry. If you are Don Quixote enough to lay lance in rest in defence of those of the stake-net and of the sad-coloured garment, I pronounce you but a lost knight; for, as I said before, I doubt if these potent redressers of wrongs, the justices and constables, will hold themselves warranted to interfere. In a word, return,

my dear Amadis; the adventure of the Solway nets is not reserved for your worship. Come back, and I will be your faithful Sancho Panza upon a more hopeful quest. We will beat about together in search of this Úrganda, the Unknown She of the Green Mantle, who can read this, the riddle of thy fate, better than wise Eppie of Buckhaven,¹ or Cassandra herself.

I would fain trifle, Dársie; for, in debating with you, jests will sometimes go farther than arguments; but I am sick at heart, and cannot keep the ball up. If you have a moment's regard for the friendship we have so often vowed to each other, let my wishes for once prevail over your own venturous and romantic temper. I am quite serious in thinking that the information communicated to my father by this Mr. Herries and the admonitory letter of the young lady bear upon each other; and that, were you here, you might learn something from one or other, or from both, that might throw light on your birth and parentage. You will not, surely, prefer an idle whim to the prospect which is thus held out to you?

I would, agreeably to the hint I have received in the young lady's letter (for I am confident that such is her condition), have ere now been with you to urge these things, instead of pouring them out upon paper. But you know that the day for my trial is appointed; I have already gone through the form of being introduced to the examiners, and have gotten my titles assigned me. All this should not keep me at home, but my father would view any irregularity upon this occasion as a mortal blow to the hopes which he has cherished most fondly during his life, viz. my being called to the bar with some credit. For my own part, I know there is no great difficulty in passing these formal examinations, else how have some of our acquaintance got through them? But to my father these formalities compose an august and serious solemnity, to which he has long looked forward, and my absenting myself at this moment would wellnigh drive him distracted. Yet I shall go altogether distracted myself if I have not an instant assurance from you that you are hastening hither. Meanwhile, I have desired Hannah to get your little crib into the best order possible. I cannot learn that my father has yet written to you; nor has he spoken more of his communication with Birrenswark; but when I let him have some inkling of the dangers you are at present

¹ Well known in the chap-book called the *History of Buckhaven*.

incurring, I know my request that you will return immediately will have his cordial support.

Another reason yet—I must give a dinner, as usual, upon my admission, to our friends; and my father, laying aside all his usual considerations of economy, has desired it may be in the best style possible. Come hither then, dear Darsie! or, I protest to you, I shall send examination, admission-dinner, and guests to the devil, and come in person to fetch you with a vengeance. Thine, in much anxiety,

A. F.

LETTER IX

Alexander Fairford, W.S., to Mr. Darsie Latimer

DEAR MR. DARSIE—

HAVING been your *factor loco tutoris*, or rather, I ought to say, in correctness, since I acted without warrant from the court, your *negotiorum gestor*, that connexion occasions my present writing. And although, having rendered an account of my intromissions, which have been regularly approved of, not only by yourself (whom I could not prevail upon to look at more than the docket and sum total), but also by the worthy Mr. Samuel Griffiths of London, being the hand through whom the remittances were made, I may, in some sense, be considered as to you *functus officio*, yet, to speak facetiously, I trust you will not hold me accountable as a vicious intromitter should I still consider myself as occasionally interested in your welfare. My motives for writing at this time are twofold.

I have met with a Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, a gentleman of very ancient descent, but who hath in time past been in difficulties, nor do I know if his affairs are yet well redd. Birrenswork says that he believes he was very familiar with your father, whom he states to have been called Ralph Latimer of Langcote Hall, in Westmoreland; and he mentioned family affairs which it may be of the highest importance to you to be acquainted with; but as he seemed to decline communicating them to me, I could not civilly urge him thereanent. This much I know, that Mr. Herries had his own share in the late desperate and unhappy matter of 1745, and was in trouble about it, although that is probably now over. Moreover, although he did not profess the Popish religion openly, he had an eye that way. And both of these are reasons why I have hesitated to recommend him to a youth who maybe hath not altogether so well founded his opinions concerning kirk and state that they might not be changed by some sudden wind of

doctrine. For I have observed ye, Master Darsie, to be rather tinctured with the old leaven of prelacy — this under your leave; and although God forbid that you should be in any manner disaffected to the Protestant Hanoverian line, yet ye have ever loved to hear the blawing, blessing stories which the Hieland gentlemen tell of those troublous times, which, if it were their will, they had better pretermitt, as tending rather to shame than to honour. It is come to me also by a side-wind, as I may say, that you have been neighbouring more than was needful among some of the pestilent sect of Quakers — a people who own neither priest, nor king, nor civil magistrate, nor the fabric of our law, and will not depone either in *civilibus* or *criminalibus*, be the loss to the lieges what it may. Anent which heresies, it were good ye read *The Snake in the Grass*, or *The Foot out of the Snare*, being both well-approved tracts touching these doctrines.

Now, Mr. Darsie, ye are to judge for yourself whether ye can safely to your soul's weal remain longer among these Papists and Quakers — these defections on the right hand and fallings away on the left; and truly if you can confidently resist these evil examples of doctrine, I think ye may as well tarry in the bounds where ye are, until you see Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, who does assuredly know more of your matters than I thought had been communicated to any man in Scotland. I would fain have precognosced him myself on these affairs, but found him unwilling to speak out, as I have partly intimated before.

To call a new cause — I have the pleasure to tell you, that Alan has passed his private Scots Law examinations with good approbation — a great relief to my mind, especially as worthy Mr. Pest told me in my ear there was no fear of the 'callant,' as he familiarly called him, which gives me great heart. His public trials, which are nothing in comparison save a mere form, are to take place, by order of the Honourable Dean of Faculty, on Wednesday first; and on Friday he puts on the gown, and gives a bit chack of dinner to his friends and acquaintances, as is, you know, the custom. Your company will be wished for there, Master Darsie, by more than him, which I regret to think is impossible to have, as well by your engagements as that our cousin, Peter Fairford, comes from the west on purpose, and we have no place to offer him but your chamber in the wall. And, to be plain with you, after my use and wont, Master Darsie, it may be as well that Alan and you do not

meet till he is hefted as it were to his new calling. You are a pleasant gentleman, and full of daffing, which may well become you, as you have enough (as I understand) to uphold your merry humour. If you regard the matter wisely, you would perchance consider that a man of substance should have a dounce and staid demeanour; yet you are so far from growing grave and considerate with the increase of your annual income, that the richer you become, the merrier I think you grow. But this must be at your own pleasure, so far as you are concerned. Alan, however (overpassing my small savings), has the world to win; and louping and laughing, as you and he were wont to do, would soon make the powder flee out of his wig and the pence out of his pocket. Nevertheless, I trust you will meet when you return from your rambles; for there is a time, as the wise man sayeth, for gathering and a time for casting away; it is always the part of a man of sense to take the gathering time first. I remain, dear sir, your well-wishing friend, and obedient to command,

ALEXANDER FAIRFORD.

P.S. — Alan's thesis¹ is upon the title *De periculo et comodo rei venditæ*, and is a very pretty piece of Latinity. Ross House, in our neighbourhood, is nearly finished, and is thought to excel Duff House in ornature.

¹ See Note 13.

LETTER X

Darsie Latimer to Alan Fairford

THE plot thickens, Alan. I have your letter, and also one from your father. The last makes it impossible for me to comply with the kind request which the former urges. No, I cannot be with you, Alan; and that for the best of all reasons — I cannot and ought not to counteract your father's anxious wishes. I do not take it unkind of him that he desires my absence. It is natural that he should wish for his son, what his son so well deserves, the advantage of a wiser and steadier companion than I seem to him. And yet I am sure I have often laboured hard enough to acquire that decency of demeanour which can no more be suspected of breaking bounds than an owl of catching a butterfly.

But it was in vain that I have knitted my brows till I had the headache, in order to acquire the reputation of a grave, solid, and well-judging youth. Your father always has discovered, or thought that he discovered, a hare-brained eccentricity lying folded among the wrinkles of my forehead, which rendered me a perilous associate for the future counsellor and ultimate judge. Well, Corporal Nym's philosophy must be my comfort, 'Things must be as they may.' I cannot come to your father's house, where he wishes not to see me; and as to your coming hither — by all that is dear to me, I vow that, if you are guilty of such a piece of reckless folly — not to say undutiful cruelty, considering your father's thoughts and wishes — I will never speak to you again as long as I live! I am perfectly serious. And besides, your father, while he in a manner prohibits me from returning to Edinburgh, gives me the strongest reasons for continuing a little while longer in this country, by holding out the hope that I may receive from your old friend, Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, some particulars concerning my origin, with which that ancient recusant seems to be acquainted.

That gentleman mentioned the name of a family in Westmoreland, with which he supposes me connected. My inquiries here after such a family have been ineffectual, for the Borderers, on either side, know little of each other. But I shall doubtless find some English person of whom to make inquiries, since the confounded fetterlock clapped on my movements by old Griffiths prevents me repairing to England in person. At least, the prospect of obtaining some information is greater here than elsewhere; it will be an apology for my making a longer stay in this neighbourhood, a line of conduct which seems to have your father's sanction, whose opinion must be sounder than that of your wandering damoiselle.

If the road were paved with dangers which leads to such a discovery, I cannot for a moment hesitate to tread it. But in fact there is no peril in the case. If the tritons of the Solway shall proceed to pull down honest Joshua's tide-nets, I am neither Quixote enough in disposition nor Goliath enough in person to attempt their protection. I have no idea of attempting to prop a falling house, by putting my shoulders against it. And indeed Joshua gave me a hint that the company which he belongs to, injured in the way threatened (some of them being men who thought after the fashion of the world), would pursue the rioters at law, and recover damages, in which probably his own ideas of non-resistance will not prevent his participating. Therefore the whole affair will take its course as law will, as I only mean to interfere when it may be necessary to direct the course of the plaintiffs to thy chambers; and I request they may find thee intimate with all the Scottish statutes concerning salmon-fisheries, from the *Lex Aquarum* downward.

As for the Lady of the Mantle, I will lay a wager that the sun so bedazzled thine eyes on that memorable morning that everything thou didst look upon seemed green; and notwithstanding James Wilkinson's experience in the Fusileers, as well as his negative whistle, I will venture to hold a crown that she is but a what-shall-call-'um after all. Let not even the gold persuade you to the contrary. She may make a shift to cause you to disgorge that, and (immense spoil!) a session's fees to boot, if you look not all the sharper about you. Or if it should be otherwise, and if indeed there lurk some mystery under this visitation, credit me, it is one which thou canst not penetrate, nor can I as yet even attempt to explain it; since, if I prove mistaken, and mistaken I may easily be, I would be fain to creep into Phalaris's bull, were it standing before me ready

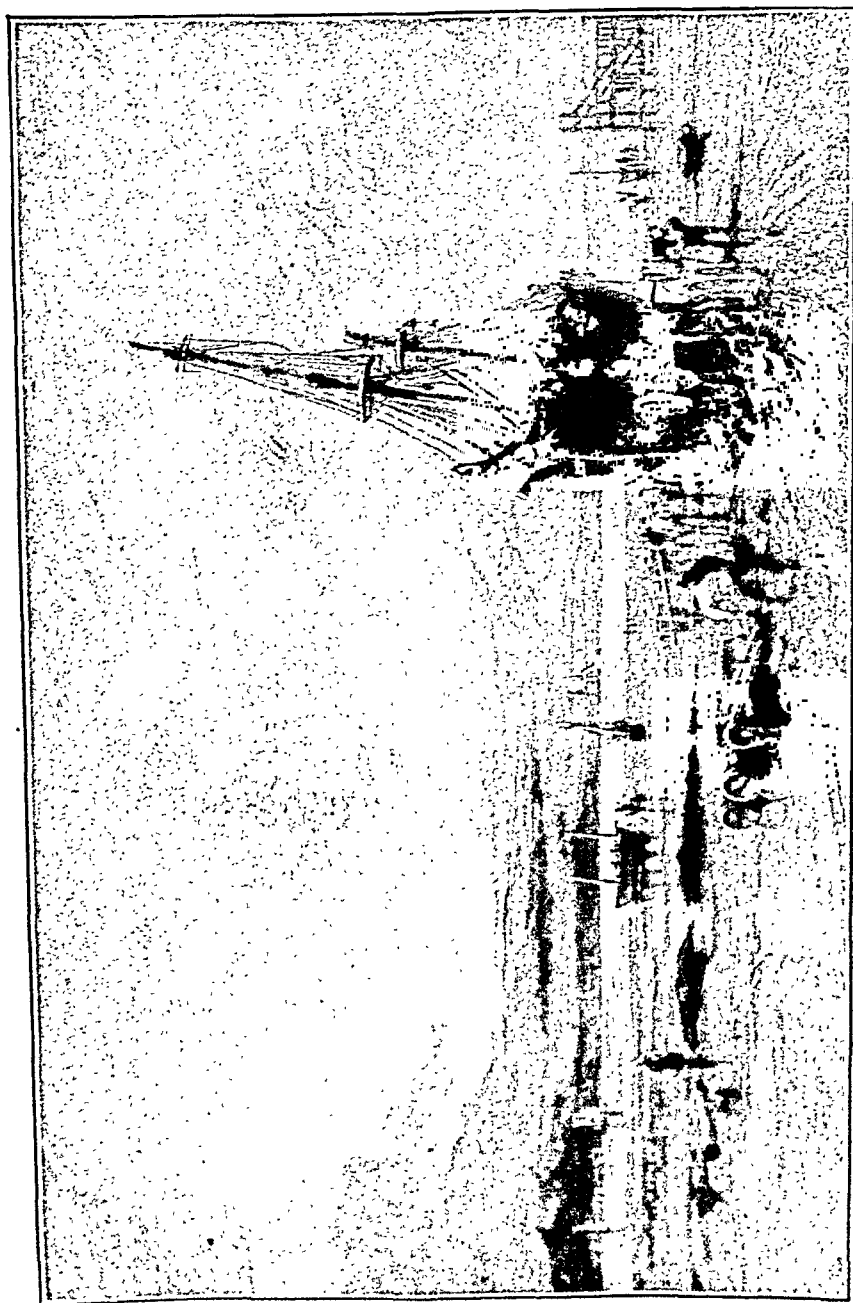
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SOLWAY FIRTH.

From a painting by Stanfield.

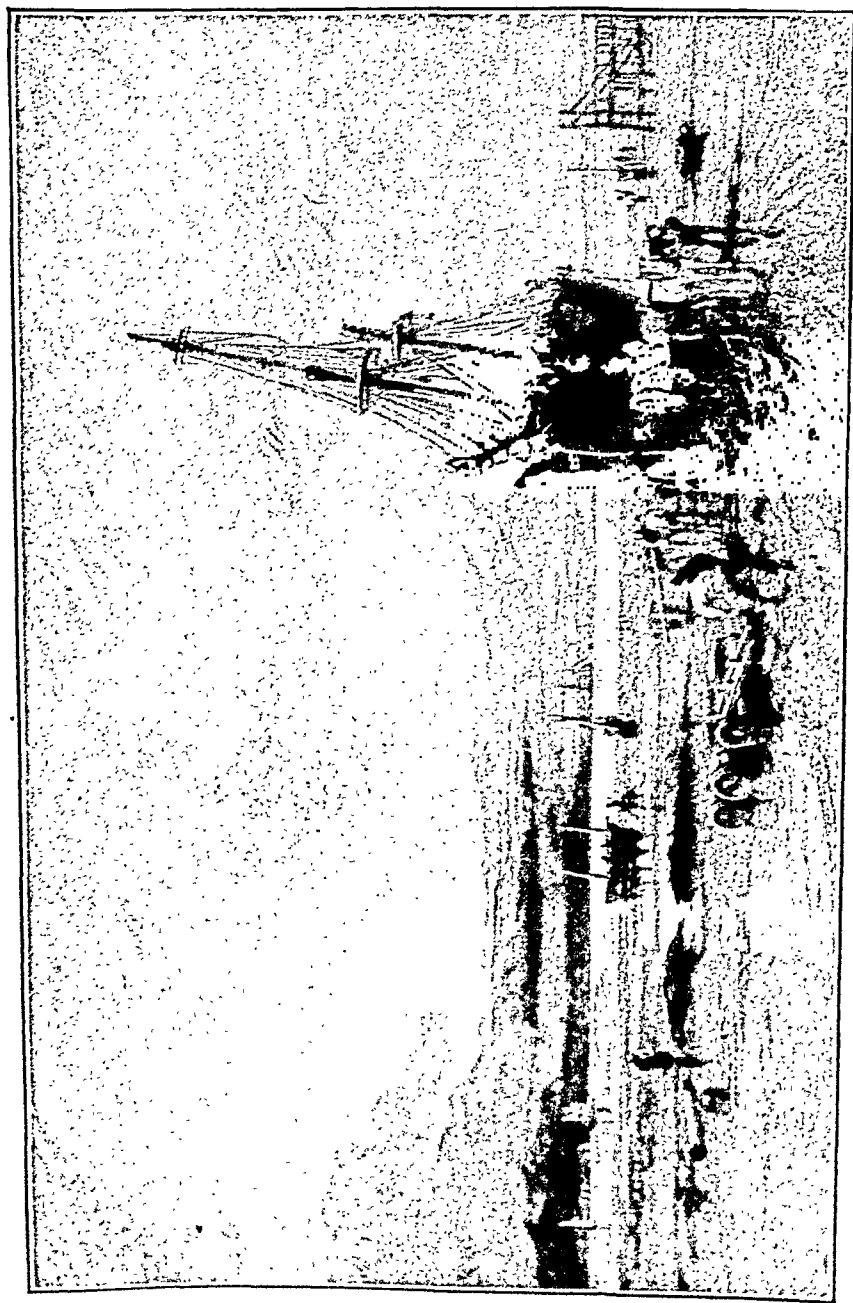
heated, rather than be roasted with thy raillery. Do not tax me with want of confidence ; for the instant I can throw any light on the matter thou shalt have it ; but while I am only blundering about in the dark, I do not choose to call wise folks to see me, perchance, break my nose against a post. So if you marvel at this,

E'en marvel on till time makes all things plain.

In the meantime, kind Alan, let me proceed in my diurnal.

On the third or fourth day after my arrival at Mount Sharon, Time, that bald sexton to whom I have just referred you, did certainly limp more heavily along with me than he had done at first. The quaint morality of Joshua and Huguenot simplicity of his sister began to lose much of their raciness with their novelty, and my mode of life, by dint of being very quiet, began to feel abominably dull. It was, as thou say'st, as if the Quakers had put the sun in their pockets : all around was soft and mild, and even pleasant ; but there was, in the whole routine, a uniformity, a want of interest, a helpless and hopeless languor, which rendered life insipid. No doubt, my worthy host and hostess felt none of this void, this want of excitement, which was becoming oppressive to their guest. They had their little round of occupations, charities, and pleasures ; Rachel had her poultry-yard and conservatory, and Joshua his garden. Besides this, they enjoyed, doubtless, their devotional meditations ; and, on the whole, time glided softly and imperceptibly on with them, though to me, who long for stream and cataract, it seemed absolutely to stand still. I meditated returning to Shepherd's Bush, and began to think, with some hankering, after little Benjie and the rod. The imp has ventured hither, and hovers about to catch a peep of me now and then ; I suppose the little sharper is angling for a few more six-pences. But this would have been, in Joshua's eyes, a return of the washed sow to wallowing in the mire, and I resolved, while I remained his guest, to spare him so violent a shock to his prejudices. The next point was, to shorten the time of my proposed stay ; but, alas ! that I felt to be equally impossible. I had named a week ; and however rashly my promise had been pledged, it must be held sacred, even according to the letter, from which the Friends permit no deviation.

All these considerations wrought me up to a kind of impatience yesterday evening ; so that I snatched up my hat,



SOLWAY FIRTH.
From a painting by Stanfield.



and prepared for a sally beyond the cultivated farm and ornamented grounds of Mount Sharon, just as if I were desirous to escape from the realms of art into those of free and unconstrained nature.

I was scarcely more delighted when I first entered this peaceful demesne than I now was — such is the instability and inconsistency of human nature! — when I escaped from it to the open downs, which had formerly seemed so waste and dreary. The air I breathed felt purer and more bracing. The clouds, riding high upon a summer breeze, drove, in gay succession, over my head, now obscuring the sun, now letting its rays stream in transient flashes upon various parts of the landscape, and especially upon the broad mirror of the distant Firth of Solway.

I advanced on the scene with the light step of a liberated captive; and, like John Bunyan's Pilgrim, could have found in my heart to sing as I went on my way. It seemed as if my gaiety had accumulated while suppressed, and that I was, in my present joyous mood, entitled to expend the savings of the previous week. But just as I was about to uplift a merry stave, I heard, to my joyful surprise, the voices of three or more choristers, singing, with considerable success, the lively old catch:

'For all our men were very, very merry,
And all our men were drinking:
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belong'd to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;
As they went to the ferry, they were very, very merry,
And all our men were drinking.'¹

As the chorus ended, there followed a loud and hearty laugh by way of cheers. Attracted by sounds which were so congenial to my present feelings, I made towards the spot from which they came, cautiously however, for the downs, as had been repeatedly hinted to me, had no good name; and the attraction of the music, without rivalling that of the sirens in melody, might have been followed by similarly inconvenient consequences to an incautious amateur.

I crept on, therefore, trusting that the sinuosities of the ground, broken as it was into knolls and sand-pits, would permit me to obtain a sight of the musicians before I should be observed by them. As I advanced, the old ditty was again raised. The voices seemed those of a man and two boys; they

¹ See 'All our men were very, very merry.' Note 14.

were rough, but kept good time, and were managed with too much skill to belong to the ordinary country people.

‘Jack look’d at the sun, and cried, “Fire, fire, fire”;
 Jem stabled his keffel in Birkendale mire;
 Tom startled a calf, and halloo’d for a stag;
 Will mounted a gate-post instead of his nag;
 For all our men were very, very merry,
 And all our men were drinking;
 There were two men of mine,
 Three men of thine,
 And three that belong’d to old Sir Thom o’ Lyne;
 As they went to the ferry they were very, very merry,
 For all our men were drinking.’

The voices, as they mixed in their several parts, and ran through them, untwisting and again entwining all the links of the merry old catch, seemed to have a little touch of the bacchanalian spirit which they celebrated, and showed plainly that the musicians were engaged in the same joyous revel as the ‘menye’ of old Sir Thom o’ Lyne. At length I came within sight of them, three in number, where they sat cosily niched into what you might call a ‘bunker’ — a little sand-pit, dry and snug, and surrounded by its banks and a screen of whins in full bloom.

The only one of the trio whom I recognised as a personal acquaintance was the notorious little Benjie, who, having just finished his stave, was cramming a huge luncheon of pie-crust into his mouth with one hand, while in the other he held a foaming tankard, his eyes dancing with all the glee of a forbidden revel; and his features, which have at all times a mischievous archness of expression, confessing the full sweetness of stolen waters and bread eaten in secret.

There was no mistaking the profession of the male and female, who were partners with Benjie in these merry doings. The man’s long loose-bodied greatcoat (wrap-rascal as the vulgar term it), the fiddle-case, with its straps, which lay beside him, and a small knapsack which might contain his few necessities; a clear grey eye; features which, in contending with many a storm, had not lost a wild and careless expression of glee, animated at present, when he was exercising for his own pleasure the arts which he usually practised for bread — all announced one of those peripatetic followers of Orpheus whom the vulgar call a strolling fiddler. Gazing more attentively, I easily discovered that, though the poor musician’s eyes were open, their sense was shut, and that the ecstasy with which he

turned them up to Heaven only derived its apparent expression from his own internal emotions, but received no assistance from the visible objects around. Beside him sat his female companion, in a man's hat, a blue coat, which seemed also to have been an article of male apparel, and a red petticoat. She was cleaner, in person and in clothes, than such itinerants generally are; and, having been in her day a strapping *bona roba*, she did not even yet neglect some attention to her appearance: wore a large amber necklace and silver ear-rings, and had her plaid fastened across her breast with a brooch of the same metal.

The man also looked clean, notwithstanding the meanness of his attire, and had a decent silk handkerchief well knotted about his throat, under which peeped a clean owrelay. His beard, also, instead of displaying a grizzly stubble, unmowed for several days, flowed in thick and comely abundance over the breast, to the length of six inches, and mingled with his hair, which was but beginning to exhibit a touch of age. To sum up his appearance, the loose garment which I have described was secured around him by a large old-fashioned belt, with brass studs, in which hung a dirk, with a knife and fork, its usual accompaniments. Altogether, there was something more wild and adventurous-looking about the man than I could have expected to see in an ordinary modern crowder; and the bow which he now and then drew across the violin, to direct his little choir, was decidedly that of no ordinary performer.

You must understand, that many of these observations were the fruits of after remark; for I had scarce approached so near as to get a distinct view of the party, when my friend Benjie's lurching attendant, which he calls by the appropriate name of Hemp, began to cock his tail and ears, and, sensible of my presence, flew, barking like a fury, to the place where I had meant to lie concealed till I heard another song. I was obliged, however, to jump on my feet, and intimidate Hemp, who would otherwise have bit me, by two sound kicks on the ribs, which sent him howling back to his master.

Little Benjie seemed somewhat dismayed at my appearance; but, calculating on my placability, and remembering, perhaps, that the ill-used Solomon was no palfrey of mine, he speedily affected great glee, and almost in one breath assured the itinerants that I was 'a grand gentleman, and had plenty of money, and was very kind to poor folk'; and informed me that this was 'Willie Steenson — Wandering Willie — the best fiddler that ever kittled thairm with horse-hair.'

The woman rose and courtesied ; and Wandering Willie sanctioned his own praises with a nod, and the ejaculation, 'All is true that the little boy says.'

I asked him if he was of this country.

'*This country!*' replied the blind man. 'I am of every country in broad Scotland, and a wee bit of England to the boot. But yet I am, in some sense, of this country ; for I was born within hearing of the roar of Solway. Will I give your honour a touch of the auld bread-winner?'

He preluded as he spoke, in a manner which really excited my curiosity ; and then taking the old tune of 'Galashiels' for his theme, he graced it with a number of wild, complicated, and beautiful variations ; during which it was wonderful to observe how his sightless face was lighted up under the conscious pride and heartfelt delight in the exercise of his own very considerable powers.

'What think you of that, now, for threescore and twa?'

I expressed my surprise and pleasure.

'A rant, man — an auld rant,' said Willie : 'naething like the music ye hae in your ball-houses and your playhouses in Edinbro' ; but it's weel aneugh anes in a way at a dike-side. Here's another ; it's no a Scots tune, but it passes for ane. Oswald made it himsell, I reckon ; he has cheated mony ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie.'

He then played your favourite air of 'Roslin Castle,' with a number of beautiful variations, some of which I am certain were almost extempore.

'You have another fiddle there, my friend,' said I. 'Have you a comrade?' But Willie's ears were deaf, or his attention was still busied with the tune.

The female replied in his stead, 'O ay, sir, troth we have a partner — a gangrel body like oursells. No but my hinnie might have been better if he had liked ; for mony a bein nook in mony a braw house has been offered to my hinnie Willie, if he wad but just bide still and play to the gentles.'

'Whisht, woman — whisht!' said the blind man, angrily, shaking his locks ; 'dinna deave the gentleman wi' your havers. Stay in a house and play to the gentles! — strike up when my leddy pleases, and lay down the bow when my lord bids! Na — na, that's nae life for Willie. Look out, Maggie — peer out, woman, and see if ye can see Robin coming. Deil be in him! he has got to the lea-side of some smuggler's punch-bowl, and he wunna budge the night, I doubt.'

'That is your consort's instrument,' said I. 'Will you give me leave to try my skill?' I slipped at the same time a shilling into the woman's hand.

'I dinna ken whether I dare trust Robin's fiddle to ye,' said Willie, bluntly. His wife gave him a twitch. 'Hout awa', Maggie,' he said, in contempt of the hint, 'though the gentleman may hae gien ye siller, he may have nae bow-hand for a' that, and I'll no trust Robin's fiddle wi' an ignoramus. But that's no sae muckle amiss,' he added, as I began to touch the instrument; 'I am thinking ye have some skill o' the craft.'

To confirm him in this favourable opinion, I began to execute such a complicated flourish as I thought must have turned Crowdero into a pillar of stone with envy and wonder. I scaled the top of the finger-board, to dive at once to the bottom, skipped with flying fingers, like Timotheus, from shift to shift, struck arpeggios and harmonic tones; but without exciting any of the astonishment which I had expected.

Willie indeed listened to me with considerable attention; but I was no sooner finished than he immediately mimicked on his own instrument the fantastic complication of tones which I had produced, and made so whimsical a parody of my performance that, although somewhat angry, I could not help laughing heartily, in which I was joined by Benjie, whose reverence for me held him under no restraint; while the poor dame, fearful, doubtless, of my taking offence at this familiarity, seemed divided betwixt her conjugal reverence for her Willie and her desire to give him a hint for his guidance.

At length the old man stopped of his own accord, and, as if he had sufficiently rebuked me by his mimicry, he said, 'But for a' that, ye will play very weel wi' a little practice and some gude teaching. But ye maun learn to put the heart into it, man — to put the heart into it.'

I played an air in simpler taste, and received more decided approbation.

'That's something like it, man. Od, ye are a clever birkie!'

The woman touched his coat again. 'The gentleman is a gentleman, Willie; ye maunna speak that gate to him, hinnie.'

'The deevil I maunna!' said Willie; 'and what for maunna I? If he was ten gentles, he canna draw a bow like me, can he?'

'Indeed I cannot, my honest friend,' said I; 'and if you will go with me to a house hard by, I would be glad to have a night with you.'

Here I looked round, and observed Benjie smothering a

laugh, which I was sure had mischief in it. I seized him suddenly by the ear, and made him confess that he was laughing at the thoughts of the reception which a fiddler was likely to get from the Quakers at Mount Sharon. I chucked him from me, not sorry that his mirth had reminded me in time of what I had for the moment forgotten; and invited the itinerant to go with me to Shepherd's Bush, from which I proposed to send word to Mr. Geddes that I should not return home that evening. But the minstrel declined this invitation also. He was engaged for the night, he said, to a dance in the neighbourhood, and vented a round execration on the laziness or drunkenness of his comrade, who had not appeared at the place of rendezvous.

'I will go with you instead of him,' said I, in a sudden whim; 'and I will give you a crown to introduce me as your comrade.'

'*You gang instead of Rob the Rambler!* My certie, freend, ye are no blate!' answered Wandering Willie, in a tone which announced death to my frolic.

But Maggie, whom the offer of the crown had not escaped, began to open on that scent with a maundering sort of lecture. 'O Willie! hinnie Willie, whan will ye learn to be wise? There's a crown to be win for naething but saying ae man's name instead of anither. And, wae's me! I hae just a shilling of this gentleman's gieing and a boddle of my ain; and ye wunna bend your will sae muckle as to take up the siller that's flung at your feet! Ye will die the death of a cadger's powney in a wreath of drift! and what can I do better than lie down and die wi' you? for ye winna let me win siller to keep either you or mysell leevin.'

'Haud your nonsense tongue, woman,' said Willie, but less absolutely than before. 'Is he a real gentleman, or ane of the player-men?'

'I'se uphaud him a real gentleman,' said the woman.

'I'se uphaud ye ken little of the matter,' said Willie; 'let us see haud of your hand, neebor, gin ye like.'

I gave him my hand. He said to himself, 'Ay — ay, here are fingers that have seen canny service.' Then running his hand over my hair, my face, and my dress, he went on with his soliloquy — 'Ay — ay, muisted hair, braid-claith o' the best, and se'enteen hundred linen on his back, at the least o' it. And how do you think, my braw birkie, that ye are to pass for a tramping fiddler?'

'My dress is plain,' said I — indeed, I had chosen my most ordinary suit, out of compliment to my Quaker friends — 'and I can easily pass for a young farmer out upon a frolic. Come, I will double the crown I promised you.'

'Damn your crowns!' said the disinterested man of music. 'I would like to have a round wi' you, that's certain; but a farmer, and with a hand that never held pleugh-stilt or pettle, that will never do. Ye may pass for a trades-lad from Dumfries, or a student upon the ramble, or the like o' that. But hark ye, lad; if ye expect to be ranting amang the queans o' lasses where ye are gaun, ye will come by the waur, I can tell ye; for the fishers are wild chaps, and will bide nae taunts.'

I promised to be civil and cautious; and, to smoothe the good woman, I slipped the promised piece into her hand. The acute organs of the blind man detected this little manoeuvre.

'Are ye at it again wi' the siller, ye jaund? I'll be sworn ye wad rather hear ae twalpenny clink against another than have a spring from Rory Dall,¹ if he was coming alive again anes errand. Gang down the gate to Luckie Gregson's and get the things ye want, and bide there till ele'en hours in the morn; and if ye see Robin, send him on to me.'

'Am I no gaun to the ploy, then?' said Maggie, in a disappointed tone.

'And what for should ye?' said her lord and master; 'to dance a' night, I'se warrant, and no to be fit to walk your tae's-length the morn, and we have ten Scots miles afore us? Na, na. Stable the steed, and pit your wife to bed, when there's night wark to do.'

'Aweel — aweel, Willie hinnie, ye ken best; but O, take an unco care o' yoursell, and mind ye hae nae the blessing o' sight.'

'Your tongue gars me whiles tire of the blessing of hearing, woman,' replied Willie, in answer to this tender exhortation.

But I now put in for my interest. 'Halloo, good folks, remember that I am to send the boy to Mount Sharon, and if you go to the Shepherd's Bush, honest woman, how the deuce am I to guide the blind man where he is going? I know little or nothing of the country.'

'An ye ken mickle less of my binnie, sir,' replied Maggie, 'that think he needs ony guiding: he's the best guide himsell that ye'll find between Criffell and Carlisle. Horse-road and footpath, parish-road and kirk-road, high-road and cross-road, he kens ilka foot of ground in Nithsdale.'

¹ Blind Rorie, a famous performer, according to tradition.

'Ay, ye might have said in braid Scotland, gudewife,' added the fiddler. 'But gang your ways, Maggie, that's the first wise word ye hae spoke the day. I wish it was dark night, and rain, and wind, for the gentleman's sake, that I might show him there is whiles when ane had better want een than have them; for I am as true a guide by darkness as by daylight.'¹

Internally as well pleased that my companion was not put to give me this last proof of his skill, I wrote a note with a pencil, desiring Samuel to bring my horses at midnight, when I thought my frolic would be wellnigh over, to the place to which the bearer should direct him, and I sent little Benjie with an apology to the worthy Quakers.

As we parted in different directions, the good woman said, 'Oh, sir, if ye wad but ask Willie to tell ye ane of his tales to shorten the gate! He can speak like ony minister frae the pu'pit, and he might have been a minister himsell, but ——'

'Haud your tongue, ye fule!' said Willie. 'But stay, Meg — gie me a kiss; we maunna part in anger, neither.' And thus our society separated.

¹ See Faculties of the Blind. Note 15.

LETTER XI

The Same to the Same

YOU are now to conceive us proceeding in our different directions across the bare downs. Yonder flies little Benjie to the northward, with Hemp scampering at his heels, both running as if for dear life so long as the rogue is within sight of his employer, and certain to take the walk very easy so soon as he is out of ken. Stepping westward, you see Maggie's tall form and high-crowned hat, relieved by the fluttering of her plaid upon the left shoulder, darkening as the distance diminishes her size, and as the level sunbeams begin to sink upon the sea. She is taking her quiet journey to the Shepherd's Bush.

Then, stoutly striding over the lea, you have a full view of Darsie Latimer, with his new acquaintance, Wandering Willie, who, bating that he touched the ground now and then with his staff, not in a doubtful groping manner, but with the confident air of an experienced pilot, heaving the lead when he has the soundings by heart, walks as firmly and boldly as if he possessed the eyes of Argus. There they go, each with his violin slung at his back, but one of them at least totally ignorant whither their course is directed.

And wherefore did you enter so keenly into such a mad frolic? says my wise counsellor. Why, I think, upon the whole, that as a sense of loneliness, and a longing for that kindness which is interchanged in society, led me to take up my temporary residence at Mount Sharon, the monotony of my life there, the quiet simplicity of the conversation of the Geddases, and the uniformity of their amusements and employments, wearied out my impatient temper, and prepared me for the first escapade which chance might throw in my way.

What would I have given that I could have procured that solemn grave visage of thine, to dignify this joke, as it has

done full many a one of thine own! Thou hast so happy a knack of doing the most foolish things in the wisest manner, that thou mightst pass thy extravagancies for rational actions, even in the eyes of prudence herself.

From the direction which my guide observed, I began to suspect that the dell at Brokenburn was our probable destination; and it became important to me to consider whether I could, with propriety, or even perfect safety, intrude myself again upon the hospitality of my former host. I therefore asked Willie whether we were bound for the Laird's, as folk called him.

'Do ye ken the Laird?' said Willie, interrupting a sonata of Corelli, of which he had whistled several bars with great precision.

'I know the Laird a little,' said I; 'and therefore I was doubting whether I ought to go to his town in disguise.'

'And I should doubt, not a little only, but a great deal, before I took ye there, my chap,' said Wandering Willie; 'for I am thinking it wad be worth little less than broken banes baith to you and me. Na — na, chap, we are no ganging to the Laird's, but to a blythe birling at the Brokenburn-foot, where there will be mony a braw lad and lass; and maybe there may be some of the Laird's folk, for he never comes to sic splores himsell. He is all for fowling-piece and salmon spear, now that pike and musket are out of the question.'

'He has been a soldier, then?' said I.

'I'se warrant him a soger,' answered Willie; 'but take my advice, and speer as little about him as he does about you. Best to let sleeping dogs lie. Better say naething about the Laird, my man, and tell me instead, what sort of a chap ye are, that are sae ready to cleik in with an auld gaberlunzie fiddler? Maggie says ye're gentle, but a shilling maks a' the difference that Maggie kens between a gentle and a semple, and your crowns wad mak ye a prince of the blood in her een. But I am ane that kens full weel that ye may wear good claithe, and have a saft hand, and yet that may come of idleness as weel as gentrice.'

I told him my name, with the same addition I had formerly given to Mr. Joshua Geddes — that I was a law student, tired of my studies, and rambling about for exercise and amusement.

'And are ye in the wont of drawing up wi' a' the gangrel bodies that ye meet on the highroad, or find cowering in a sand-bunker upon the links?' demanded Willie.

'Oh no; only with honest folks like 'yourself, Willie,' was my reply.

'Honest folks like me! How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himsell for what ye ken, for he has power to come disguised like an angel of light; and besides, he is a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to Corelli, ye ken.'

There was something odd in this speech and the tone in which it was said. It seemed as if my companion was not always in his constant mind, or that he was willing to try if he could frighten me. I laughed at the extravagance of his language, however, and asked him in reply if he was fool enough to believe that the foul fiend would play so silly a masquerade.

'Ye ken little about it — little about it,' said the old man, shaking his head and beard, and knitting his brows. 'I could tell ye something about that.'

What his wife mentioned of his being a tale-teller as well as a musician now occurred to me; and as you know I like tales of superstition, I begged to have a specimen of his talent as we went along.

'It is very true,' said the blind man, 'that when I am tired of scraping thairm or singing ballants, I whiles make a tale serve the turn among the country bodies; and I have some fearsome anes, that make the auld carlines shake on the settle, and the bits o' bairns skirl on their minnies out frae their beds. But this that I am gaun to tell you was a thing that befell in our ain house in my father's time — that is, my father was then a hafflins callant; and I tell it to you, that it may be a lesson to you, that are but a young, thoughtless chap, wha ye draw up wi' on a lonely road; for muckle was the dool and care that came o'f to my gudesire.'

He commenced his tale accordingly, in a distinct narrative tone of voice, which he raised and depressed with considerable skill — at times sinking almost into a whisper, and turning his clear but sightless eyeballs upon my face, as if it had been possible for him to witness the impression which his narrative made upon my features. I will not spare you a syllable of it, although it be of the longest; so I make a dash — and begin.

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE

Ye maun have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that ilk, who lived in these parts before the dear years. The country

will lang mind him; and our fathers used to draw breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi' the Hielandmen in Montrose's time; and again he was in the hills wi' Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa; and sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic favour as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at Lonon court, wi' the King's ain sword; and being a red-hot prelatist, he came down here, rampaung like a lion, with commissions of lieutenantancy (and of lunacy, for what I ken), to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country. Wild wark they made of it; for the Whigs were as dour as the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand; and his name is kenn'd as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle, nor mountain, nor cave could hide the puir Hill-folk when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roebuck. It was just, 'Will ye tak the test?' If not, 'Make ready — present — fire!' and there lay the recusant.

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan; that he was proof against steel, and that bullets happed aff his buff-coat like hailstones from a hearth; that he had a mear that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra Gauns — and muckle to the same purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, 'Deil scowp wi' Redgauntlet!' He wasna a bad maister to his ain folk though, and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs ca'd those killing times, they wad hae drunken themsells blind to his health at ony time.

Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's grund; they ca' the place Primrose Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer and fresher there than onywhere else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the broken door-cheek three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in; but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes; he was famous

at 'Hoopers and Girders,' a' Cumberland couldna touch him at 'Jockie Lattin,' and he had the finest finger for the back-lilt between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort that they made Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of needcessity, that he might belang to some side or other. He had nae ill-will to the Whig bodies, and liked little to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting and hosting, watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some, that he couldna avoid.

Now Steenie was a kind of favourite with his master, and kenn'd a' the folks about the castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld Dougal MacCallum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger.

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegither sae great as they feared, and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unco crawling what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower mony great folks dipped in the same doings to mak a spick and span new warld. So Parliament passed it a' ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as loud, and his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the Nonconformists, that used to come to stock his larder and cellar; for it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they behoved to be prompt to the rent-day, or else the laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awsome body that naebody cared to anger him; for the oaths he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.¹

Weel, my gudesire was nae manager — no that he was a very great misguider — but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair word and piping; but when Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grund-officer to come wi' the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behoved to flit. Sair

¹ See William III. and the Covenanters. Note 16.

wark he had to get the siller ; but he was weel-freended, and at last he got the haill scraped thegither — a thousand merks ; the maist of it was from a neighbour they ca'd Laurie Lapraik — a sly tod. Laurie had walth o' gear — could hunt wi' the hound and rin wi' the hare — and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor in this Revolution warld ; but he liked an orra sough of this warld, and a tune on the pipes weel aneugh at a bye-time ; and abune a', he thought he had gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire ower the stocking at Primrose Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle, wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the laird's danger. Weel, the first thing he learned at the castle was that Sir Robert had fretted himsell into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegither for sake of the money, Dougal thought ; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the laird his leesome lane, excepting that he had beside him a great ill-favoured jackanape, that was a special pet of his — a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played ; ill to please it was, and easily angered — ran about the haill castle, chattering and yowling, and pinching and biting folk, especially before ill weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert ca'd it Major Weir, after the warlock that was burnt ;¹ and few folk liked either the name or the conditions of the creature — they thought there was something in it by ordinar — and my gudesire was not just easy in his mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the major, a thing that hadna chanced to him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle ; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a red laced coat, and the laird's wig on his head ; and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jackanape girned too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs — an ill-faured, fearsome couple they were. The laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within reach ; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able

¹ A celebrated wizard, executed [1670] at Edinburgh for sorcery and other crimes.

to loup on horseback, and away after ony of the Hill-folk he could get speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I judge it was just his auld custom — he wasna gien to fear onything. The rental-book, wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of sculduddry sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore evidence against the goodman of Primrose Knowe, as behind the hand with his mails and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows that men saw the visible mark of a horse-shoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there.

'Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom whistle?' said Sir Robert. 'Zounds! if you are ——'

My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi' a dash, like a man that does something clever. The laird drew it to him hastily. 'Is it all here, Steenie, man?'

'Your honour will find it right,' said my gudesire.

'Here, Dougal,' said the laird, 'gie Steenie a tass of brandy downstairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt.'

But they werena weel out of the room when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garr'd the castle rock. Back ran Dougal — in flew the livery-men — yell on yell gied the laird, ilk ane mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hirdie-girdie — naebody to say 'come in' or 'gae out.' Terribly the laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and 'Hell, hell, hell, and its flames,' was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething cauldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy; and, sure aneugh, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jackanape they ca'd Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master. My gudesire's head was like to turn: he forgot baith siller and receipt, and downstairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the castle that the laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was that Dougal had seen the money-bag,

and heard the laird speak of writing the receipt. The young laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel. Sir John had been bred an advocate, and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union, having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations; if his father could have come out of his grave he would have brained him for it on his awn hearthstane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough knight than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon.

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor graned, but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk was in a little round just opposite the chamber of dais, whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in state, as they ca'd it, weel-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae langer: he came down with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to himsell and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsell, he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had sounded from the state chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said that, being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower (for naebody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse), he had never daured to answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, 'though death breaks service,' said MacCallum, 'it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon.'

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles sat ower a stoup of brandy, and Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk, would have read a chapter of the Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave, sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up gat the twa auld serving-

men and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw enough at the first glance; for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend in his ain shape, sitting on the laird's coffin! Ower he couped as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself he cried on his neighbour, and getting nae answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye; but mony a time was it heard at the top of the house on the bartizan, and among the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlers have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over without mair bogle-work.

But when a' was ower, and the laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the castle, to tell his story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broadsword that had a hundredweight of steel about it, what with blade, chape, and basket-hilt. I have heard their communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysel, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact, Alan, my companion mimicked, with a good deal of humour, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid would spring up and bite him.)

'I wuss re joy, sir, of the head seat, and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon — his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, unless it were mulls when he had the gout.'

'Ay, Steenie,' quoth the laird, sighing deeply, and putting his napkin to his een, 'his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time to set his house in order: weel prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter, but left us behind a tangled hesp to wind, Steenie. Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in.'

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing

they call Doomsday Book — I am clear it has been a rental of back-ganging tenants.

'Stephen,' said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice — 'Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand, due at last term.'

Stephen. 'Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your father.'

Sir John. 'Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen, and can produce it?'

Stephen. 'Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honour; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his honour Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him.'

'That was unlucky,' said Sir John, after a pause. 'But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but a *talis qualis* evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man.'

Stephen. 'Troth, Sir John, there was naeboddy in the room but Dougal MacCallum, the butler. But, as your honour kens, he has e'en followed his auld master.'

'Very unlucky again, Stephen,' said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. 'The man to whom ye paid the money is dead; and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too; and the siller, which should have been to the fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?'

Stephen. 'I dinna ken, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins — for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses — and I am sure that ilka man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money.'

Sir John. 'I have little doubt ye *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* to my father that I want to have some proof of.'

Stephen. 'The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was canna have ta'en it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it.'

Sir John. 'We will examine the servants, Stephen; that is but reasonable.'

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned

to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Aequan had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, 'Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play; and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit.'

'The Lord forgie your opinion,' said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end — 'I am an honest man.'

'So am I, Stephen,' said his honour; 'and so are all the folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove.' He paused, and then added, mair sternly, 'If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly respecting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding. Where do you suppose this money to be? I insist upon knowing.'

My gudesire saw everything look sae muckle against him that he grew nearly desperate; however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room, and made no answer.

'Speak out, sirrah,' said the laird, assuming a look of his father's — a very particular ane, which he had when he was angry: it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that selfsame fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow — 'speak out, sir! I *will* know your thoughts. Do you suppose that I have this money?'

'Far be it frae me to say so,' said Stephen.

'Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?'

'I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent,' said my gudesire; 'and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof.'

'Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth in your story,' said Sir John; 'I ask where you think it is, and demand a correct answer?'

'In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it,' said my gudesire, driven to extremity — 'in hell! with your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle.'

Down the stairs he ran, for the parlour was nae place for

him after such a word, and he heard the laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the bailie and the baron-officer.

Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor, him they ca'd Laurie Lapraik, to try if he could make onything out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the warst word in his wame — thief, beggar, and dyvour were the safest terms; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was by this time far beyond the bounds of patience, and while he and Laurie were at deil speed the liars, he was wanchancie aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that garr'd folks' flesh grue that heard them; he wasna just himsell, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a' fou of black firs, as they say. I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell. At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common a little lonely change-house, that was keepit then by a hostler-wife — they suld hae ca'd her Tibbie Faw — and there purir Steenie cried for a mutchkin of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the hail day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite o' meat, but he couldna think o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa draughts, and named a toast at each — the first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would but get him back the pock of siller, or tell him what came o't, for he saw the hail world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take its ain road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring, and flee, and stend, that my gudesire could hardly keep the saddle; upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up beside him, said, 'That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will you sell him?' So saying, he touched the horse's neck with

his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a stumbling trot. 'But his spunk's soon out of him, I think,' continued the stranger, 'and that is like mony a man's courage, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the proof.'

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse, with 'Gude e'en to you, freend.'

But it's like the stranger was ane that doesna lightly yield his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him at the selfsame pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson, grew half angry, and, to say the truth, half feared.

'What is it that ye want with me, freend?' he said. 'If ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, wanting company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell.'

'If you will tell me your grief,' said the stranger, 'I am one that, though I have been sair misca'd in the world, am the only hand for helping my freends.'

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

'It's a hard pinch,' said the stranger; 'but I think I can help you.'

'If you could lend the money, sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth,' said my gudesire.

'But there may be some under the earth,' said the stranger. 'Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you that your auld laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt.'

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he thought his companion might be some humoursome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress; and he said he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.

The stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle. They rode into the outer courtyard, through the muckle faulding yetts, and aneath the auld portecullis; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as

much dancing and deray within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace and Yule, and such high seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

'God!' said my gudesire, 'if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!'

He knocked at the ha' door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum, just after his wont, too, came to open the door, and said, 'Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you.'

My gudesire was like a man in a dream; he looked for the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say, 'Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead.'

'Never fash yoursell wi' me,' said Dougal, 'but look to yoursell; and see ye tak naething frae onybody here, neither meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain.'

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances that were weel kenn'd to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and sculduddry, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blythest.

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table! My gudesire kenn'd mony that had long before gane to their place, for often had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalryell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron's blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's limbs till the blude sprung; and Dumbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left-hand always on his right spule-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made.¹ He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest hallooed, and sung, and laughed, that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time;

¹ See Persecutors of the Covenanters. Note 17.

and their laughter passed into such wild sounds as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the bishop's summoner, that they called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and mony a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper to come to the board-head where he was sitting, his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth — the very cushion for the jackanape was close to him, but the creature itsell was not there; it wasna its hour, it's likely; for he heard them say as he came forward, 'Is not the major come yet?' And another answered, 'The jackanape will be here betimes the morn.' And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his likeness, said, 'Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?'

With much ado my father gat breath to say that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

'Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie,' said the appearance of Sir Robert. 'Play us up, "Weel hoddled, Luckie."'

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings, and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

'MacCallum, ye limb of Beelzebub,' said the fearfu' Sir Robert, 'bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!'

MacCallum brought a pair of pipes might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge

as he offered them ; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat ; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag.

‘Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie,’ said the figure ; ‘for we do little else here ; and it’s ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting.’

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the king’s messenger in hand, while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle,¹ and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy, but simply for his ain — to ken what was come o’ the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it ; and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience’ sake (he had no power to say the holy name), and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain.

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. ‘There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur ; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat’s Cradle.’

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire when Sir Robert roared aloud, ‘Stop though, thou sack-doudling son of a whore ! I am not done with thee. HERE we do nothing for nothing ; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection.’

My father’s tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, ‘I refer mysell to God’s pleasure, and not to yours.’

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark around him, and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there, he could not tell ; but when he came to himsell, he was lying in the auld kirkyard of Redgauntlet parochine, just at the door of the family aisle, and the scutcheon of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestone around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister’s twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole

¹ The reader is referred for particulars to Pitscottie’s *History of Scotland*.

was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly written and signed by the auld laird ; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado he got speech of the laird.

'Well, you dyvour bankrupt,' was the first word, 'have you brought me my rent?'

'No,' answered my gudesire, 'I have not ; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it.'

'How, sirrah ? Sir Robert's receipt ! You told me he had not given you one.'

'Will your honour please to see if that bit line is right?'

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention, and at last at the date, which my gudesire had not observed — "'From my appointed place," he read, "this twenty-fifth of November." What ! That is yesterday ! Villain, thou must have gone to Hell for this !'

'I got it from your honour's father ; whether he be in Heaven or Hell, I know not,' said Steenie.

'I will delate you for a warlock to the privy council !' said Sir John. 'I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch !'

'I intend to delate mysell to the presbytery,' said Steenie, 'and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things fitter for them to judge of than a borrel man like me.'

Sir John paused, composed himsell, and desired to hear the full history ; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you — word for word, neither more nor less.

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, 'Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honour of many a noble family besides mine ; and if it be a leasing-making, to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a red-hot iron driven through your tongue, and that will be as bad as scauding your fingers with a red-hot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie ; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it. But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle ? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without the ceremony of bed or cradle.'

'We were best ask Hutcheon,' said my gudesire ; 'he kens

a' the odd corners about as weel as — another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name.'

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them that a ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

'There will I go immediately,' said Sir John; and he took (with what purpose, Heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower; bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch. A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra things besides that had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had riped the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlour, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make amends.

'And now, Steenie,' said Sir John, 'although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the haill dirdum on that ill-deedie creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower muckle brandy to be very certain about ony thing; and, Steenie, this receipt (his hand shook while he held it out), it's but a queer kind of document, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire.'

'Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for my rent,' said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

'I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book,

and give you a discharge under my own hand,' said Sir John, 'and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent.'

'Mony thanks to your honour,' said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind was; 'doubtless I will be conformable to all your honour's commands; only I would willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of soumons of appointment whilk your honour's father ——'

'Do not call the phantom my father!' said Sir John, interrupting him.

'Weel, then, the thing that was so like him,' said my gudesire; 'he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience.'

'Aweel, then,' said Sir John, 'if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish; he is a douce man, regards the honour of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me.'

Wi' that my gudesire readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though; but away it flew up the lum, wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said it was his real opinion that, though my gudesire had gaen very far in tampering with dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil's arles (for such was the offer of meat and drink), and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped, that if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my gudesire, of his ain accord, lang forswore baith the pipes and the brandy; it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh or tippenny.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himsell; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to threap that it was nane o' the Auld Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire [Hutcheon] saw in the laird's room, but only that wanchancie creature, the major, capering on the coffin; and that, as to the blawing on the laird's whistle that was

heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the laird himsell, if no better. But Heaven kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then, my gudesire, wha was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory — at least nothing to speak of — was obliged to tell the real narrative to his freends for the credit of his good name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.¹

The shades of evening were growing thicker around us as my conductor finished his long narrative with this moral — 'Ye see, birkie, it is nae chancy thing to tak a stranger traveller for a guide when ye are in an uncouth land.'

'I should not have made that inference,' said I. 'Your grandfather's adventure was fortunate for himself, whom it saved from ruin and distress; and fortunate for his landlord also, whom it prevented from committing a gross act of injustice.'

'Ay, but they had baith to sup the sauce o't sooner or later,' said Wandering Willie. 'What was fristed wasna forgiven. Sir John died before he was much over threescore; and it was just like of a moment's illness. And for my gudesire, though he departed in fulness of years, yet there was my father, a yauld man of forty-five, fell down betwixt the stilts of his pleugh, and raise never again, and left nae bairn but me, a puir sightless, fatherless, motherless creature, could neither work nor want. Things gaed weel aneugh at first; for Sir Redwald Redgauntlet, the only son of Sir John, and the oye of auld Sir Robert, and, wae's me! the last of the honourable house, took the farm off our hands, and brought me into his household to have care of me. He liked music, and I had the best teachers baith England and Scotland could gie me. Mony a merry year was I wi' him; but wae's me! he gaed out with other pretty men in the Forty-five — I'll say nae mair about it. My head never settled weel since I lost him; and if I say another word about it, deil a bar will I have the heart to play the night. Look out, my gentle chap,' he resumed, in a different tone, 'ye should see the lights in Brokenburn Glen by this time.'

¹ See Excessive Lamentation. Note 18.

LETTER XII

The Same to the Same

Tam Luter was their minstrel meet,
Gude Lord as he could lance,
He played sae shrill and sang sae sweet,
Till Towsie took a trance.
Auld Lightfoot there he did forleet,
And counterfeited France ;
He used himself as man discreet,
And took up Morrice danse
Sae loud,
At Christ's Kirk on the Green that day.

KING JAMES I.

I CONTINUE to scribble at length, though the subject may seem somewhat deficient in interest. Let the grace of the narrative, therefore, and the concern we take in each other's matters, make amends for its tenuity. We fools of fancy, who suffer ourselves, like Malvolio, to be cheated with our own visions, have, nevertheless, this advantage over the wise ones of the earth, that we have our whole stock of enjoyments under our own command, and can dish for ourselves an intellectual banquet with most moderate assistance from external objects. It is, to be sure, something like the feast which the Barmecide served up to Alnaschar ; and we cannot be expected to get fat upon such diet. But then, neither is there repletion nor nausea, which often succeed the grosser and more material revel. On the whole, I still pray, with the *Ode to Castle-Building*—

Give me thy hope which sickens not the heart ;
Give me thy wealth which has no wings to fly ;
Give me the bliss thy visions can impart ;
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty !

And so, despite thy solemn smile and sapient shake of the head, I will go on picking such interest as I can out of my trivial adventures, even though that interest should be the

creation of my own fancy ; nor will I cease to inflict on thy devoted eyes the labour of perusing the scrolls in which I shall record my narrative.

My last broke off as we were on the point of descending into the glen at Brokenburn by the dangerous track which I had first travelled *en croupe* behind a furious horseman, and was now again to brave under the precarious guidance of a blind man.

It was now getting dark ; but this was no inconvenience to my guide, who moved on, as formerly, with instinctive security of step, so that we soon reached the bottom, and I could see lights twinkling in the cottage which had been my place of refuge on a former occasion. It was not thither, however, that our course was directed. We left the habitation of the Laird to the left, and turning down the brook, soon approached the small hamlet which had been erected at the mouth of the stream, probably on account of the convenience which it afforded as a harbour to the fishing-boats. A large low cottage, full in our front, seemed highly illuminated ; for the light not only glanced from every window and aperture in its frail walls, but was even visible from rents and fractures in the roof, composed of tarred shingles, repaired in part by thatch and divot.

While these appearances engaged my attention, that of my companion was attracted by a regular succession of sounds, like a bouncing on the floor, mixed with a very faint noise of music, which Willie's acute organs at once recognised and accounted for, while to me it was almost inaudible. The old man struck the earth with his staff in a violent passion. 'The whoreson fisher rabble ! They have brought another violer upon my walk ! They are such smuggling blackguards, that they must run in their very music ; but I'll sort them waur than ony gauger in the country. Stay — hark — it's no a fiddle neither ; it's the pipe and tabor bastard, Simon of Sowport, frae the Nicol Forest ; but I'll pipe and tabor him ! Let me hae ance my left hand on his cravat, and ye shall see what my right will do. Come away, chap — come away, gentle chap ; nae time to be picking and waling your steps.' And on he passed with long and determined strides, dragging me along with him.

I was not quite easy in his company ; for, now that his minstrel pride was hurt, the man had changed from the quiet, decorous, I might almost say respectable, person which he seemed while he told his tale into the appearance of a fierce, brawling, dissolute stroller ; so that when he entered the large hut, where a great number of fishers, with their wives and

daughters, were engaged in eating, drinking, and dancing, I was somewhat afraid that the impatient violence of my companion might procure us an indifferent reception.

But the universal shout of welcome with which Wandering Willie was received — the hearty congratulations — the repeated 'Here's t' ye, Willie!' — 'Whare hae ye been, ye blind deevil?' and the call upon him to pledge them — above all, the speed with which the obnoxious pipe and tabor were put to silence, gave the old man such effectual assurance of undiminished popularity and importance as at once put his jealousy to rest, and changed his tone of offended dignity into one better fitted to receive such cordial greetings. Young men and women crowded round to tell how much they were afraid some mischance had detained him, and how two or three young fellows had set out in quest of him.

'It was nae mischance, praised be Heaven,' said Willie, 'but the absence of the lazy loon Rob the Rambler, my comrade, that didna come to meet me on the links; but I hae gotten a braw consort in his stead, worth a dozen of him, the unhang'd blackguard.'

'And wha is 't.tou's gotten, Wullie, lad?' said half a score of voices, while all eyes were turned on your humble servant, who kept the best countenance he could, though not quite easy at becoming the centre to which all eyes were pointed.

'I ken him by his hemmed cravat,' said one fellow; 'it's Gil Hobson, the souple tailor frae Burgh. Ye are welcome to Scotland, ye prick-the-clout loon,' he said, thrusting forth a paw much the colour of a badger's back, and of most portentous dimensions.

'Gil Hobson! Gil whoreson!' exclaimed Wandering Willie; 'it's a gentle chap that I judge to be an apprentice wi' auld Joshua Geddes to the Quaker trade.'

'What trade be's that, man?' said he of the badger-coloured fist.

'Canting and lying,' said Willie, which produced a thundering laugh; 'but I am teaching the callant a better trade, and that is feasting and fiddling.'

Willie's conduct in thus announcing something like my real character was contrary to compact; and yet I was rather glad he did so, for the consequence of putting a trick upon these rude and ferocious men might, in case of discovery, have been dangerous to us both, and I was at the same time delivered from the painful effort to support a fictitious character. The

good company, except, perhaps one or two of the young women, whose looks expressed some desire for better acquaintance, gave themselves no farther trouble about me; but, while the seniors resumed their places near an immense bowl, or rather reeking cauldron of brandy-punch, the younger arranged themselves on the floor, and called loudly on Willie to strike up.

With a brief caution to me to 'mind my credit, for fishers have ears, though fish have none,' Willie led off in capital style, and I followed, certainly not so as to disgrace my companion, who every now and then gave me a nod of approbation. The dances were, of course, the Scottish jigs, and reels, and 'twasome dances,' with a strathspey or hornpipe for interlude; and the want of grace, on the part of the performers, was amply supplied by truth of ear, vigour and decision of step, and the agility proper to the Northern performers. My own spirits rose with the mirth around me, and with old Willie's admirable execution, and frequent 'weel dune, gentle chap, yet!' and, to confess the truth, I felt a great deal more pleasure in this rustic revel than I have done at the more formal balls and concerts in your famed city, to which I have sometimes made my way. Perhaps this was because I was a person of more importance to the presiding matron of Brokenburn-foot than I had the means of rendering myself to the far-famed Miss Nickie Murray, the patroness of your Edinburgh assemblies. The person I mean was a buxom dame of about thirty, her fingers loaded with many a silver ring, and three or four of gold; her ankles liberally displayed from under her numerous blue, white, and scarlet short petticoats, and attired in hose of the finest and whitest lamb's-wool, which arose from shoes of Spanish cordwain, fastened with silver buckles. She took the lead in my favour, and declared 'that the brave young gentleman should not weary himself to death wi' playing, but take the floor for a dance or twa.'

'And what's to come of me, Dame Martin?' said Willie.

'Come o' thee?' said the dame; 'mischanter on the auld heard o' ye! ye could play for twenty hours on end, and tire out the haill countryside wi' dancing before ye laid down your bow, saving for a bye-drink or the like o' that.'

'In troth, dame,' answered Willie, 'ye are nae sae far wrang; sae if my comrade is to take his dance, ye maun gie me my drink, and then bob it away like Madge of Middlebie.'

The drink was soon brought, but while Willie was partaking of it, a party entered the hut, which arrested my attention

at once, and intercepted the intended gallantry with which I had proposed to present my hand to the fresh-coloured, well-made, white-ankled Thetis, who had obtained me manumission from my musical task.

This was nothing less than the sudden appearance of the old woman whom the Laird had termed Mabel; Cristal Nixon, his male attendant; and the young person who had said grace to us when I supped with him.

This young person — Alan, thou art in thy way a bit of a conjurer — this young person whom I *did not* describe, and whom you, for that very reason, suspected was not an indifferent object to me — is, I am sorry to say it, in very fact not so much so as in prudence she ought. I will not use the name of 'love' on this occasion; for I have applied it too often to transient whims and fancies to escape your satire, should I venture to apply it now. For it is a phrase, I must confess, which I have used — a romancer would say profaned — a little too often, considering how few years have passed over my head. But seriously, the fair chaplain of Brokenburn has been often in my head when she had no business there; and if this can give thee any clue for explaining my motives in lingering about the country, and assuming the character of Willie's companion, why, hang me, thou art welcome to make use of it — a permission for which thou need'st not thank me much, as thou wouldst not have failed to assume it, whether it were given or no.

Such being my feelings, conceive how they must have been excited when, like a beam upon a cloud, I saw this uncommonly beautiful girl enter the apartment in which they were dancing; not, however, with the air of an equal, but that of a superior, come to grace with her presence the festival of her dependants. The old man and woman attended, with looks as sinister as hers were lovely, like two of the worst winter months waiting upon the bright-eyed May.

When she entered — wonder if thou wilt — she wore a *green mantle*, such as thou hast described as the garb of thy fair client, and confirmed what I had partly guessed from thy personal description, that my chaplain and thy visitor were the same person. There was an alteration on her brow the instant she recognised me. She gave her cloak to her female attendant, and, after a momentary hesitation, as if uncertain whether to advance or retire, she walked into the room with dignity and composure, all making way, the men unbonneting and the women courtesying respectfully, as she assumed a chair which

was reverently placed for her accommodation, apart from others.

There was then a pause, until the bustling mistress of the ceremonies, with awkward but kindly courtesy, offered the young lady a glass of wine, which was at first declined, and at length only thus far accepted, that, bowing round to the festive company, the fair visitor wished them all health and mirth, and, just touching the brim with her lip, replaced it on the salver. There was another pause; and I did not immediately recollect, confused as I was by this unexpected apparition, that it belonged to me to break it. At length a murmur was heard around me, being expected to exhibit—nay, to lead down the dance—in consequence of the previous conversation.

‘Deil’s in the fiddler lad,’ was muttered from more quarters than one—‘saw folk ever sic a thing as a shamefaced fiddler before?’

At length a venerable triton, seconding his remonstrances with a hearty thump on my shoulder, cried out, ‘To the floor—to the floor, and let us see how ye can fling; the lassies are a’ waiting.’

Up I jumped, sprung from the elevated station which constituted our orchestra, and, arranging my ideas as rapidly as I could, advanced to the head of the room, and, instead of offering my hand to the white-footed Thetis aforesaid, I venturously made the same proposal to her of the Green Mantle.

The nymph’s lovely eyes seemed to open with astonishment at the audacity of this offer; and, from the murmurs I heard around me, I also understood that it surprised, and perhaps offended, the bystanders. But after the first moment’s emotion, she wreathed her neck, and drawing herself haughtily up, like one who was willing to show that she was sensible of the full extent of her own condescension, extended her hand towards me, like a princess gracing a squire of low degree.

There is affectation in all this, thought I to myself, if the Green Mantle has borne true evidence, for young ladies do not make visits, or write letters to counsel learned in the law, to interfere in the motions of those whom they hold as cheap as this nymph seems to do me; and if I am cheated by a resemblance of cloaks, still I am interested to show myself in some degree worthy of the favour she has granted with so much state and reserve. The dance to be performed was the old Scots jig, in which you are aware I used to play no sorry figure at La Pique’s, when thy clumsy movements used to be

rebuked by raps over the knuckles with that great professor's fiddlestick. The choice of the tune was left to my comrade Willie, who, having finished his drink, feloniously struck up to the well-known and popular measure —

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker.

An astounding laugh arose at my expense, and I should have been annihilated, but that the smile which mantled on the lip of my partner had a different expression from that of ridicule, and seemed to say, 'Do not take this to heart.' And I did not, Alan. My partner danced admirably, and I like one who was determined, if outshone, which I could not help, not to be altogether thrown into the shade.

I assure you our performance, as well as Willie's music, deserved more polished spectators and auditors; but we could not then have been greeted with such enthusiastic shouts of applause as attended while I handed my partner to her seat, and took my place by her side, as one who had a right to offer the attentions usual on such an occasion. She was visibly embarrassed, but I was determined not to observe her confusion, and to avail myself of the opportunity of learning whether this beautiful creature's mind was worthy of the casket in which nature had lodged it.

Nevertheless, however courageously I formed this resolution, you cannot but too well guess the difficulties I must needs have felt in carrying it into execution; since want of habitual intercourse with the charmers of the other sex has rendered me a sheepish cur, only one grain less awkward than thyself. Then she was so very beautiful, and assumed an air of so much dignity, that I was like to fall under the fatal error of supposing she should only be addressed with something very clever; and in the hasty racking which my brains underwent in this persuasion, not a single idea occurred that common sense did not reject as fustian on the one hand, or weary, flat, and stale criticism on the other. I felt as if my understanding were no longer my own, but was alternately under the dominion of Aldiborontiphoscophornio, and that of his facetious friend Rigdumfunnidos.¹ How did I envy at that moment our friend Jack Oliver, who produces with such happy complacency his fardel of small talk, and who, as he never doubts his own

¹ These jocular names, by way of contrast, were given by Scott to the two brothers, James and John Ballantyne (*Laing*).

powers of affording amusement, passes them current with every pretty woman he approaches, and fills up the intervals of chat by his complete acquaintance with the exercise of the fan, the *flacon*, and the other duties of the *cavaliere servente*. Some of these I attempted, but I suppose it was awkwardly; at least the Lady Greenmantle received them as a princess accepts the homage of a clown.

Meantime the floor remained empty, and as the mirth of the good meeting was somewhat checked, I ventured, as a *dernier ressort*, to propose a minuet. She thanked me, and told me, haughtily enough, 'She was here to encourage the harmless pleasures of these good folks, but was not disposed to make an exhibition of her own indifferent dancing for their amusement.'

She paused a moment, as if she expected me to suggest something; and as I remained silent and rebuked, she bowed her head more graciously, and said, 'Not to affront you, however, a country dance, if you please.'

What an ass was I, Alan, not to have anticipated her wishes! Should I not have observed that the ill-favoured couple, Mabel and Cristal, had placed themselves on each side of her seat, like the supporters of the royal arms? The man, thick, short, shaggy, and hirsute, as the lion; the female, skin-dried, tight-laced, long, lean, and hungry-faced, like the unicorn. I ought to have recollected that under the close inspection of two such watchful salvages our communication, while in repose, could not have been easy; that the period of dancing a minuet was not the very choicest time for conversation; but that the noise, the exercise, and the mazy confusion of a country dance, where the inexperienced performers were every now and then running against each other, and compelling the other couples to stand still for a minute at a time, besides the more regular repose afforded by the intervals of the dance itself, gave the best possible openings for a word or two spoken in season, and without being liable to observation.

We had but just led down, when an opportunity of the kind occurred, and my partner said, with great gentleness and modesty, 'It is not perhaps very proper in me to acknowledge an acquaintance that is not claimed; but I believe I speak to Mr. Darsie Latimer?'

'Darsie Latimer was indeed the person that had now the honour and happiness ——'

I would have gone on in the false gallop of compliment, but

she cut me short. 'And why,' she said, 'is Mr. Latimer here, and in disguise, or at least assuming an office unworthy of a man of education? I beg pardon,' she continued; 'I would not give you pain, but surely making an associate of a person of that description——'

She looked towards my friend Willie, and was silent. I felt heartily ashamed of myself, and hastened to say it was an idle frolic, which want of occupation had suggested, and which I could not regret, since it had procured me the pleasure I at present enjoyed.

Without seeming to notice my compliment, she took the next opportunity to say, 'Will Mr. Latimer permit a stranger who wishes him well to ask whether it is right that, at his active age, he should be in so far void of occupation as to be ready to adopt low society for the sake of idle amusement?'

'You are severe, madam,' I answered; 'but I cannot think myself degraded by mixing with any society where I meet——'

Here I stopped short, conscious that I was giving my answer an unhandsome turn. The *argumentum ad hominem*, the last to which a polite man has recourse, may, however, be justified by circumstances, but seldom or never the *argumentum ad foeminam*.

She filled up the blank herself which I had left. 'Where you meet *me*, I suppose you would say? But the case is different. I am, from my unhappy fate, obliged to move by the will of others, and to be in places which I would by my own will gladly avoid. Besides, I am, except for these few minutes, no participator of the revels—a spectator only, and attended by my servants. Your situation is different; you are here by choice, the partaker and minister of the pleasures of a class below you in education, birth, and fortunes. If I speak harshly, Mr. Latimer,' she added, with much sweetness of manner, 'I mean kindly.'

I was confounded by her speech, 'severe in youthful wisdom'; all of naïve or lively, suitable to such a dialogue, vanished from my recollection, and I answered, with gravity like her own, 'I am, indeed, better educated than these poor people; but you, madam, whose kind admonition I am grateful for, must know more of my condition than I do myself; I dare not say I am their superior in birth, since I know nothing of my own; or in fortunes, over which hangs an impenetrable cloud.'

'And why should your ignorance on these points drive you into low society and idle habits?' answered my female monitor.

'Is it manly to wait till fortune cast her beams upon you, when by exertion of your own energy you might distinguish yourself? Do not the pursuits of learning lie open to you — of manly ambition — of war? But no — not of war, that has already cost you too dear.'

'I will be what you wish me to be,' I replied with eagerness. 'You have but to choose my path, and you shall see if I do not pursue it with energy, were it only because you command me.'

'Not because I command you,' said the maiden, 'but because reason, common sense, manhood, and, in one word, regard for your own safety, give the same counsel.'

'At least permit me to reply, that reason and sense never assumed a fairer form — of persuasion,' I hastily added; for she turned from me, nor did she give me another opportunity of continuing what I had to say till the next pause of the dance, when, determined to bring our dialogue to a point, I said, 'You mentioned manhood also, madam, and, in the same breath, personal danger. My ideas of manhood suggest that it is cowardice to retreat before dangers of a doubtful character. You, who appear to know so much of my fortunes that I might call you my guardian angel, tell me what these dangers are, that I may judge whether manhood calls on me to face or to fly them.'

She was evidently perplexed by this appeal.

'You make me pay dearly for acting as your humane adviser,' she replied at last. 'I acknowledge an interest in your fate, and yet I dare not tell you whence it arises; neither am I at liberty to say why, or from whom, you are in danger; but it is not less true that danger is near and imminent. Ask me no more, but, for your own sake, begone from this country. Elsewhere you are safe; here you do but invite your fate.'

'But am I doomed to bid thus farewell to almost the only human being who has showed an interest in my welfare? Do not say so; say that we shall meet again, and the hope shall be the leading star to regulate my course!'

'It is more than probable,' she said — 'much more than probable that we may never meet again. The help which I now render you is all that may be in my power; it is such as I should render to a blind man whom I might observe approaching the verge of a precipice; it ought to excite no surprise, and requires no gratitude.'

So saying, she again turned from me, nor did she address

me until the dance was on the point of ending, when she said, 'Do not attempt to speak to or approach me again in the course of the night; leave the company as soon as you can, but not abruptly, and God be with you.'

I handed her to her seat, and did not quit the fair palm I held without expressing my feelings by a gentle pressure. She coloured slightly, and withdrew her hand, but not angrily. Seeing the eyes of Cristal and Mabel sternly fixed on me, I bowed deeply, and withdrew from her; my heart saddening, and my eyes becoming dim in spite of me, as the shifting crowd hid us from each other.

It was my intention to have crept back to my comrade Willie, and resumed my bow with such spirit as I might, although at the moment I would have given half my income for an instant's solitude. But my retreat was cut off by Dame Martin with the frankness — if it is not an inconsistent phrase — of rustic coquetry, that goes straight up to the point.

'Ay, lad, ye seem unco sune weary, to dance sae lightly? Better the nag that ambles a' the day than him that makes a brattle for a mile, and then 's dune wi' the road.'

This was a fair challenge, and I could not decline accepting it. Besides, I could see Dame Martin was queen of the revels; and so many were the rude and singular figures about me, that I was by no means certain whether I might not need some protection. I seized on her willing hand, and we took our places in the dance, where, if I did not acquit myself with all the accuracy of step and movement which I had before attempted, I at least came up to the expectations of my partner, who said, and almost swore, 'I was prime at it'; while, stimulated to her utmost exertions, she herself frisked like a kid, snapped her fingers like castanets, whooped like a Bacchanal, and bounded from the floor like a tennis-ball — ay, till the colour of her garters was no particular mystery. She made the less secret of this, perhaps, that they were sky-blue, and fringed with silver.

The time has been that this would have been special fun; or rather, last night was the only time I can recollect these four years when it would *not* have been so; yet, at this moment, I cannot tell you how I longed to be rid of Dame Martin. I almost wished she would sprain one of those 'many-twinkling' ankles, which served her so alertly; and when, in the midst of her exuberant caprioling, I saw my former partner leaving the apartment, and with eyes, as I thought, turning

towards me, this unwillingness to carry on the dance increased to such a point, that I was almost about to feign a sprain or a dislocation myself, in order to put an end to the performance. But there were around me scores of old women, all of whom looked as if they might have some sovereign recipe for such an accident; and, remembering Gil Blas and his pretended disorder in the robbers' cavern, I thought it as wise to play Dame Martin fair, and dance till she thought proper to dismiss me. What I did I resolved to do strenuously, and in the latter part of the exhibition I cut and sprang from the floor as high and as perpendicularly as Dame Martin herself; and received, I promise you, thunders of applause, for the common people always prefer exertion and agility to grace. At length Dame Martin could dance no more, and, rejoicing at my release, I led her to a seat, and took the privilege of a partner to attend her.

'Heh, sirs,' exclaimed Dame Martin, 'I am sair forfoughten! Troth, callant, I think ye hae been amaiest the death o' me.'

I could only atone for the alleged offence by fetching her some refreshment, of which she readily partook.

'I have been lucky in my partners,' I said, 'first that pretty young lady, and then you, Mrs. Martin.'

'Hout wi' your fleecing,' said Dame Martin. 'Gae wa—gae wa, lad; dinna blaw in folks' lugs that gate; me and Miss Liliass even'd thegither! Na—na, lad; od, she is maybe four or five years younger than the like o' me—by and attour her gentle havings.'

'She is the Laird's daughter?' said I, in as careless a tone of inquiry as I could assume.

'His daughter, man! Na—na, only his niece; and sib aneugh to him, I think.'

'Ay, indeed,' I replied; 'I thought she had borne his name?'

'She bears her ain name, and that's Liliass.'

'And has she no other name?' asked I.

'What needs she another till she gets a gudeman?' answered my Thetis, a little miffed perhaps—to use the women's phrase—that I turned the conversation upon my former partner, rather than addressed it to herself.

There was a short pause, which was interrupted by Dame Martin observing, 'They are standing up again.'

'True,' said I, having no mind to renew my late violent capriole, 'and I must go help old Willie.'

Ere I could extricate myself, I heard poor Thetis address herself to a sort of merman in a jacket of seaman's blue and a pair of trowsers (whose hand, by the way, she had rejected at an earlier part of the evening), and intimate that she was now disposed to take a trip.

'Trip away then, dearie,' said the vindictive man of the waters, without offering his hand; 'there,' pointing to the floor, 'is a roomy berth for you.'

Certain I had made one enemy, and perhaps two, I hastened to my original seat beside Willie, and began to handle my bow. But I could see that my conduct had made an unfavourable impression: the words, 'flory conceited chap,' 'hafflins gentle,' and at length the still more alarming epithet of 'spy,' began to be buzzed about, and I was heartily glad when the apparition of Sam's visage at the door, who was already possessed of and draining a can of punch, gave me assurance that my means of retreat were at hand. I intimated as much to Willie, who probably had heard more of the murmurs of the company than I had, for he whispered, 'Ay, ay — awa' wi' ye — ower lang here; slide out canny — dinna let them see ye are on the tramp.'

I slipped half-a-guinea into the old man's hand, who answered, 'Truts, pruts, nonsense! but I'se no refuse, trusting ye can afford it. Awa' wi' ye; and if onybody stops ye, cry on me.'

I glided, by his advice, along the room as if looking for a partner, joined Sam, whom I disengaged with some difficulty from his can, and we left the cottage together in a manner to attract the least possible observation. The horses were tied in a neighbouring shed, and as the moon was up and I was now familiar with the road, broken and complicated as it is, we soon reached the Shepherd's Bush, where the old landlady was sitting up waiting for us, under some anxiety of mind, to account for which she did not hesitate to tell me that some folks had gone to Brokenburn from her house or neighbouring towns that did not come so safe back again. 'Wandering Willie,' she said, 'was doubtless a kind of protection.'

Here Willie's wife, who was smoking in the chimney-corner, took up the praises of her 'hinnie,' as she called him, and endeavoured to awaken my generosity afresh, by describing the dangers from which, as she was pleased to allege, her husband's countenance had assuredly been the means of preserving me. I was not, however, to be fooled out of more money at this time, and went to bed in haste, full of various cogitations.

-I have since spent a couple of days betwixt Mount Sharon and this place, and betwixt reading, writing to thee this momentous history, forming plans for seeing the lovely Liliás, and—partly, I think, for the sake of contradiction—angling a little in spite of Joshua's scruples, though I am rather liking the amusement better as I begin to have some success in it.

And now, my dearest Alan, you are in full possession of my secret—let me as frankly into the recesses of your bosom. How do you feel towards this fair *ignis fatuus*, this lily of the desert? Tell me honestly; for however the recollection of her may haunt my own mind, my love for Alan Fairford surpasses the love of woman. I know, too, that when you *do* love it will be to

Love once and love no more.

A deep consuming passion, once kindled in a breast so steady as yours, would never be extinguished but with life. I am of another and more volatile temper, and though I shall open your next with a trembling hand and uncertain heart, yet let it bring a frank confession that this fair unknown has made a deeper impression on your gravity than you reckoned for, and you will see I can tear the arrow from my own wound, barb and all. In the meantime, though I have formed schemes once more to see her, I will, you may rely on it, take no step for putting them into practice. I have refrained from this hitherto, and I give you my word of honour I shall continue to do so; yet why should you need any further assurance from one who is so entirely yours as

D. L.

P.S.—I shall be on thorns till I receive your answer. I read and re-read your letter, and cannot for my soul discover what your real sentiments are. Sometimes I think you write of her as one in jest, and sometimes I think that cannot be. Put me at ease as soon as possible.

LETTER XIII

Alan Fairford to Darsie Latimer

I WRITE on the instant, as you direct; and in a tragicomic humour, for I have a tear in my eye and a smile on my cheek. Dearest Darsie, sure never a being but yourself could be so generous — sure never a being but yourself could be so absurd! I remember when you were a boy you wished to make your fine new whip a present to old Aunt Peggy, merely because she admired it; and now, with like unreflecting and unappropriate liberality, you would resign your beloved to a smoke-dried young sophister, who cares not one of the hairs which it is his occupation to split for all the daughters of Eve. I in love with your Liliast — your green-mantle — your unknown enchantress! why I scarce saw her for five minutes, and even then only the tip of her chin was distinctly visible. She was well made, and the tip of her chin was of a most promising cast for the rest of the face; but, Heaven save you! she came upon business! and for a lawyer to fall in love with a pretty client on a single consultation would be as wise as if he became enamoured of a particularly bright sunbeam which chanced for a moment to gild his bar-wig. I give you my word. I am heart-whole; and, moreover, I assure you that, before I suffer a woman to sit near my heart's core, I must see her full face, without mask or mantle, ay, and know a good deal of her mind into the bargain. So never fret yourself on my account, my kind and generous Darsie; but, for your own sake, have a care, and let not an idle attachment, so lightly taken up, lead you into serious danger.

On this subject I feel so apprehensive, that now when I am decorated with the honours of the gown, I should have abandoned my career at the very starting to come to you, but for my father having contrived to clog my heels with fetters of a professional nature. I will tell you the matter at length, for

it is comical enough; and why should not you list to my juridical adventures, as well as I to those of your fiddling knight-errantry?

It was after dinner, and I was considering how I might best introduce to my father the private resolution I had formed to set off for Dumfriesshire, or whether I had not better run away at once, and plead my excuse by letter, when, assuming the peculiar look with which he communicates any of his intentions respecting me that he suspects may not be altogether acceptable, 'Alan,' he said, 'ye now wear a gown — ye have opened shop, as we would say of a more mechanical profession — and, doubtless, ye think the floor of the courts is strewed with guineas, and that ye have only to stoop down to gather them?'

'I hope I am sensible, sir,' I replied, 'that I have some knowledge and practice to acquire, and must stoop for that in the first place.'

'It is well said,' answered my father; and, always afraid to give too much encouragement, added — 'very well said, if it be well acted up to. Stoop to get knowledge and practice is the very word. Ye know very well, Alan, that, in the other faculty who study the *ars medendi*, before the young doctor gets to the bedsides of palaces, he must, as they call it, walk the hospitals, and cure Lazarus of his sores, before he be admitted to prescribe for Dives, when he has gout or indigestion —'

'I am aware, sir, that —'

'Whisht — do not interrupt the court. Well, also the chirurgeons have an useful practice, by which they put their apprentices and *tyrones* to work upon senseless dead bodies, to which, as they can do no good, so they certainly can do as little harm; while at the same time the *tyro*, or apprentice, gains experience, and becomes fit to whip off a leg or arm from a living subject as cleanly as ye would slice an onion.'

'I believe I guess your meaning, sir,' answered I; 'and were it not for a very particular engagement —'

'Do not speak to me of engagements; but whisht, there is a good lad, and do not interrupt the court.'

My father, you know, is apt — be it said with all filial duty — to be a little prolix in his harangues. I had nothing for it but to lean back and listen.

'Maybe you think, Alan, because I have, doubtless, the management of some actions in dependence, whilk my worthy clients have entrusted me with, that I may think of airing them your way instantler; and so setting you up in practice, so

far as my small business or influence may go ; and, doubtless, Alan, that is a day whilk I hope may come round. But then, before I give, as the proverb hath it, "My own fish-guts to my own sea-maws," I must, for the sake of my own character, be very sure that my sea-maw can pick them to some purpose. What say ye ?'

'I am so far,' answered I, 'from wishing to get early into practice, sir, that I would willingly bestow a few days——'

'In farther study, ye would say, Alan. But that is not the way either ; ye must walk the hospitals — ye must cure Lazarus — ye must cut and carve on a departed subject, to show your skill.'

'I am sure,' I replied, 'I will undertake the cause of any poor man with pleasure, and bestow as much pains upon it as if it were a duke's ; but for the next two or three days ——'

'They must be devoted to close study, Alan — very close study indeed ; for ye must stand primed for a hearing, *in presentia dominorum*, upon Tuesday next.'

'I, sir !' I replied in astonishment. 'I have not opened my mouth in the Outer House yet !'

'Never mind the Court of the Gentiles, man,' said my father ; 'we will have you in to the sanctuary at once — over shoes, over boots.'

'But, sir, I should really spoil any cause thrust on me so hastily.'

'Ye cannot spoil it, Alan,' said my father, rubbing his hands with much complacency ; 'that is the very cream of the business, man : it is just, as I said before, a subject upon whilk all the *tyrones* have been trying their whittles for fifteen years, and as there have been about ten or a dozen agents concerned, and each took his own way, the case is come to that pass that Stair or Arniston could not mend it. And I do not think even you, Alan, can do it much harm ; ye may get credit by it, but ye can lose none.'

'And pray what is the name of my happy client, sir ?' said I, ungraciously enough, I believe.

'It is a well-known name in the Parliament House,' replied my father. 'To say the truth, I expect him every moment ; it is Peter Peebles.'¹

'Peter Peebles !' exclaimed I, in astonishment ; 'he is an insane beggar, as poor as Job and as mad as a March hare !'

'He has been pleaing in the court for fifteen years,' said

¹ See Note 19.

my father, in a tone of commiseration, which seemed to acknowledge that this fact was enough to account for the poor man's condition both in mind and circumstances.

'Besides, sir,' I added, 'he is on the poor's roll; and you know there are advocates regularly appointed to manage those cases; and for me to presume to interfere ——'

'Whisht, Alan!—never interrupt the court; all *that* is managed for ye like a tee'd ball (my father sometimes draws his similes from his once favourite game of golf). You must know, Alan, that Peter's cause was to have been opened by young Dumtoustie—ye may ken the lad, a son of Dumtoustie of that ilk, member of Parliament for the county of——, and a nephew of the laird's younger brother, worthy Lord Bladder-skate, whilk ye are aware sounds as like being akin to a peat-ship¹ and a sherifffdom as a sieve is sib to a riddle. Now, Saunders [Peter] Drudgeit, my lord's clerk, came to me this morning in the House, like ane bereft of his wits; for it seems that young Dumtoustie is ane of the poor's lawyers, and Peter Peebles's process had been remitted to him of course. But so soon as the hare-brained goose saw the pokes—as, indeed, Alan, they are none of the least—he took fright, called for his nag, lap on, and away to the country is he gone; "and so," said Saunders, "my lord is at his wit's end wi' vexation and shame, to see his nevoy break off the course at the very starting." "I'll tell you, Saunders," said I, "were I my lord, and a friend or kinsman of mine should leave the town while the court was sitting, that kinsman, or be he what he liked, should never darken my door again." And then, Alan, I thought to turn the ball our own way; and I said that you were a gey sharp birkie, just off the irons, and if it would oblige my lord, and so forth, you would open Peter's cause on Tuesday, and make some handsome apology for the necessary absence of your learned friend, and the loss which your client and the court had sustained, and so forth. Saunders lap at the proposition like a cock at a grossart; for, he said, the only chance was to get a new hand, that did not ken the charge he was taking upon him; for there was not a lad of two sessions' standing that was not dead-sick of Peter Peebles and his cause; and he advised me to break the matter gently to you at the first; but I told him you were a good bairn, Alan, and had no will and pleasure in these matters but mine.'

¹ Formerly, a lawyer, supposed to be under the peculiar patronage of any particular judge, was invidiously termed his 'peat' or 'pet.'

What could I say, Darsie, in answer to this arrangement, so very well meant — so very vexatious at the same time? To imitate the defection and flight of young Dumtoustie was at once to destroy my father's hopes of me for ever; nay, such is the keenness with which he regards all connected with his profession, it might have been a step to breaking his heart. I was obliged, therefore, to bow in sad acquiescence, when my father called to James Wilkinson to bring the two bits of pokes he would find on his table.

Exit James, and presently re-enters, bending under the load of two huge leathern bags, full of papers to the brim, and labelled on the greasy backs with the magic impress of the clerks of court, and the title, 'Peebles against Plainstones.' This huge mass was deposited on the table, and my father, with no ordinary glee in his countenance, began to draw out the various bundles of papers, secured by none of your red tape or whipcord, but stout, substantial casts of tarred rope, such as might have held small craft at their moorings.

I made a last and desperate effort to get rid of the impending job. 'I am really afraid, sir, that this case seems so much complicated, and there is so little time to prepare, that we had better move the court to supersede it till next session.'

'How, sir! how, Alan!' said my father. 'Would you approbate and reprobate, sir? You have accepted the poor man's cause, and if you have not his fee in your pocket, it is because he has none to give you; and now would you approbate and reprobate in the same breath of your mouth? Think of your oath of office, Alan, and your duty to your father, my dear boy.'

Once more, what could I say? I saw, from my father's hurried and alarmed manner, that nothing could vex him so much as failing in the point he had determined to carry, and once more intimated my readiness to do my best, under every disadvantage.

'Well — well, my boy,' said my father, 'the Lord will make your days long in the land for the honour you have given to your father's grey hairs. You may find wiser advisers, Alan, but none that can wish you better.'

My father, you know, does not usually give way to expressions of affection, and they are interesting in proportion to their rarity. My eyes began to fill at seeing his glisten; and my delight at having given him such sensible gratification would have been unmixed, but for the thoughts of you. These out

of the question, I could have grappled with the bags, had they been as large as corn-sacks. But, to turn what was grave into farce, the door opened, and Wilkinson ushered in Peter Peebles.

You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather such ruined clients are like scarecrows and potatoe-bogles, distributed through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

The identical Peter wears a huge greatcoat, threadbare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under-garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that has been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half grey, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood up on the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner in an ancient battle, may be seen any sederunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeful scene in the Outer House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teasing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torture. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgess, is now emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features begrimed with snuff, charged with the self-importance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to himself. Such was my unfortunate client; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if, as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

After we had been, with a good deal of form, presented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes

as much as circumstances would permit, 'Alan,' he said, 'this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his council, in place of young Dumtoustie.'

'Entirely out of favour to my old acquaintance your father,' said Peter, with a benign and patronising countenance — 'out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladder-skate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem*! I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie, advocate, by name and surname — I would, by all the practiques! I know the forms of process, and I am not to be trifled with.'

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the merits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. 'I have made a short abbreviate, Mr. Peebles,' said he; 'having sat up late last night and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result.'

'I will state it myself,' said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

'No, by no means,' said my father; 'I am your agent for the time.'

'Mine eleventh in number,' said Peter; 'I have a new one every year; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly.'

'Your agent for the time,' resumed my father; 'and you, who are acquainted with the forms, know that the client states the cause to the agent, the agent to the counsel —'

'The counsel to the lord ordinary,' continued Peter, once set a-going, like the peal of an alarm clock, 'the ordinary to the Inner House, the president to the bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the axe, the axe to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire —'

'Hush, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Peebles,' said my father, cutting his recitation short; 'time wears on, we must get to business; you must not interrupt the court, you know. Hem — hem! From this abbreviate it appears —'

'Before you begin,' said Peter Peebles, 'I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread and cheese, or some cauld meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision; I was so anxious to see your son that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner.'

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stopping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold

meat ; to which James Wilkinson, for the honour of the house, was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the sideboard, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion ; and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology and many legal details, I will endeavour to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his lawsuit.

'Peter Peebles and Paul Plainstones,' said my father, 'entered into partnership in the year —, as mercers and linen-drappers, in the Luckenbooths, and carried on a great line of business to mutual advantage. But the learned counsel needeth not to be told, *societas est mater discordiarum* : partnership oft makes pleaship. The company being dissolved by mutual consent in the year —, the affairs had to be wound up, and after certain attempts to settle the matter extrajudicially, it was at last brought into the court, and has branched out into several distinct processes, most of whilk have been conjoined by the ordinary. It is to the state of these processes that counsel's attention is particularly directed. There is the original action of Peebles *v.* Plainstones, convening him for payment of £3000, less or more, as alleged balance due by Plainstones. 2dly, There is a counter action, in which Plainstones is pursuer and Peebles defender, for £2500, less or more, being balance alleged *per contra* to be due by Peebles. 3dly, Mr. Peebles's seventh agent advised an action of compt and reckoning at his instance, wherein what balance should prove due on either side might be fairly struck and ascertained. 4thly, To meet the hypothetical case, that Peebles might be found liable in a balance to Plainstones, Mr. Wildgoose, Mr. Peebles's eighth agent, recommended a multiplepinding, to bring all parties concerned into the field.'

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within lawsuit, like a nest of chip-boxes, with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

'I understand,' I said, 'that Mr. Peebles claims a sum of money from Plainstones — how then can he be his debtor ? And

if not his debtor, how can he bring a multiplepoinding, the very summons of which sets forth that the pursuer does owe certain monies, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge?’

‘Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend,’ said Mr. Peebles; ‘a multiplepoinding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage. Your beef is excellent,’ he said to my father, who in vain endeavoured to resume his legal disquisition, ‘but something highly powdered; and the twopenny is undeniable, but it is small swipes — small swipes — more of hop than malt; with your leave, I’ll try your black bottle.’

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father’s ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

‘Better have a wine-glass, Mr. Peebles,’ said my father, in an admonitory tone; ‘you will find it pretty strong.’

‘If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire,’ said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. ‘What is it, usquebaugh? — BRANDY, as I am an honest man! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy. Mr. Fairford, elder, your good health (a mouthful of brandy). Mr. Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking (another go-down of the comfortable liquor). And now, though you have given a tolerable breviate of this great lawsuit, of whilk everybody has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer House — here’s to ye again, by way of interim decret — yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments.’

‘I was just coming to that point, Mr. Peebles.’

‘Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill.’

‘I was just coming to that.’

‘Or the advocacy of the sheriff court process.’

‘I was just coming to it.’

‘As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think,’ said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind, ‘Oh, Mr. Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! It is like a specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye’ll find a spice o’t. Here’s to your getting weel through with it. Pshut — I

am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong, we'll christen him with the brewer,' here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded. 'Mr. Fairford — the action of assault and battery, Mr. Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstones to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles's statue, in the Parliament Close, there I had him in a hose-net. Never man could tell me how to shape that process; no counsel that ever selled wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *ad vindictam publicam*, with consent of his Majesty's advocate, or by action on the statute for battery, *pendente lite*, whilk would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of court. By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart — I maun try the ale again (sipped a little beer); and the ale's but cauld, I maun e'en put in the rest of the brandy.'

He was as good as his word, and proceeded in so loud and animated a style of elocution, thumping the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father, abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

'And then to come back to my pet process of all — my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the court, whilk was the very thing I wanted. Mr. Pest — ye ken him, Daddie Fairford? — old Pest was for making it out "hamesucken," for he said the court might be said — said — ugh! — to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of hamesucken is to strike a man in his dwelling-place — mind that, young advocate — and so there's hope Plainstones may be hanged, as many has for a less matter; "for, my lords" — will Pest say to the justiciary bodies — "my lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling," says he, "*being commune forum, and commune forum est commune domicilium.*" Lass, fetch another glass of whisky, and score it — time to gae hame — by the practiques, I cannot find the jug — yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford — Daddie Fairford — lend us twal pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done. Macer, call another cause.'

The box fell from his hands, and his body would at the same time have fallen from the chair, had I not supported him.

'This is intolerable,' said my father. 'Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degraded, worthless, drunken beast home.'

When Peter Peebles was removed from this memorable consultation, under the care of an able-bodied Celt, my father hastily bundled up the papers, as a showman whose exhibition has miscarried hastes to remove his booth. 'Here are my memoranda, Alan,' he said, in a hurried way; 'look them carefully over, compare them with the processes, and turn it in your head before Tuesday. Many a good speech has been made for a beast of a client; and harkye, lad—harkye, I never intended to cheat you of your fee when all was done, though I would have liked to have heard the speech first; but there is nothing like corning the horse before the journey. Here are five goud guineas in a silk purse—of your poor mother's netting, Alan; she would have been a blythe woman to have seen her young son with a gown on his back. But no more of that; be a good boy, and to the work like a tiger.'

I did set to work, Darsie; for who could resist such motives? With my father's assistance, I have mastered the details, confused as they are; and on Tuesday I shall plead as well for Peter Peebles as I could for a duke. Indeed, I feel my head so clear on the subject as to be able to write this long letter to you; into which, however, Peter and his lawsuit have insinuated themselves so far as to show you how much they at present occupy my thoughts. Once more, be careful of yourself, and mindful of me, who am ever thine, while

ALAN FAIRFORD.

From circumstances to be hereafter mentioned, it was long ere this letter reached the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER I

Narrative

THE advantage of laying before the reader, in the words of the actors themselves, the adventures which we must otherwise have narrated in our own has given great popularity to the publication of epistolary correspondence, as practised by various great authors, and by ourselves in the preceding chapters. Nevertheless, a genuine correspondence of this kind (and Heaven forbid it should be in any respect sophisticated by interpolations of our own!) can seldom be found to contain all in which it is necessary to instruct the reader for his full comprehension of the story. Also it must often happen that various prolixities and redundancies occur in the course of an interchange of letters which must hang as a dead weight on the progress of the narrative. To avoid this dilemma, some biographers have used the letters of the personages concerned, or liberal extracts from them, to describe particular incidents, or express the sentiments which they entertained; while they connect them occasionally with such portions of narrative as may serve to carry on the thread of the story.

It is thus that the adventurous travellers who explore the summit of Mont Blanc now move on through the crumbling snow-drift so slowly that their progress is almost imperceptible, and anon abridge their journey by springing over the intervening chasms which cross their path with the assistance of their pilgrim-staves. Or, to make a briefer simile, the course of story-telling which we have for the present adopted resembles the original discipline of the dragoons, who were trained to serve either on foot or horseback, as the emergencies of the service required. With this explanation, we shall proceed to narrate some circumstances which Alan Fairford did not, and could not, write to his correspondent.

Our reader, we trust, has formed somewhat approaching to

a distinct idea of the principal characters who have appeared before him during our narrative ; but in case our good opinion of his sagacity has been exaggerated, and in order to satisfy such as are addicted to the laudable practice of ' skipping ' (with whom we have at times a strong fellow-feeling), the following particulars may not be superfluous.

Mr. Saunders Fairford, as he was usually called, was a man of business of the old school, moderate in his charges, economical and even niggardly in his expenditure, strictly honest in conducting his own affairs and those of his clients, but taught by long experience to be wary and suspicious in observing the motions of others. Punctual as the clock of St. Giles tolled nine, the neat dapper form of the little hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the court hall, or, at farthest, at the head of the back stairs, trimly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-coloured brown, with stockings of silk or woollen, as suited the weather ; a bobwig and a small cocked hat ; shoes blacked as Warren would have blacked them ; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. A nosegay in summer and a sprig of holly in winter completed his well-known dress and appearance. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil, and not a little formal. He was an elder of the kirk, and, of course, zealous for King George and the government even to slaying, as he had showed by taking up arms in their cause. But then, as he had clients and connexions of business among families of opposite political tenets, he was particularly cautious to use all the conventional phrases which the civility of the time had devised as an admissible mode of language betwixt the two parties. Thus he spoke sometimes of the Chevalier, but never either of the Prince, which would have been sacrificing his own principles, or of the Pretender, which would have been offensive to those of others. Again, he usually designated the rebellion as the ' affair ' of 1745, and spoke of any one engaged in it as a person who had been ' out ' at a certain period.¹ So that, on the whole, Mr. Fairford was a man much liked and respected on all sides, though his friends would not have been sorry if he had given a dinner more frequently, as his little cellar contained some choice old wine, of which, on such rare occasions, he was no niggard.

The whole pleasure of this good, old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his daily business, was the hope to see his son Alan, the only

¹ See Old-fashioned Scottish Civility. Note 20.

fruit of a union which death early dissolved, attain what in the father's eyes was the proudest of all distinctions — the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer.

Every profession has its peculiar honours, and Mr. Fairford's mind was constructed upon so limited and exclusive a plan, that he valued nothing save the objects of ambition which his own presented. He would have shuddered at Alan's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature; it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence, and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day and his dream by night.

The disposition of Alan Fairford, as well as his talents, were such as to encourage his father's expectations. He had acuteness of intellect, joined to habits of long and patient study, improved no doubt by the discipline of his father's house; to which, generally speaking, he conformed with the utmost docility, expressing no wish for greater or more frequent relaxation than consisted with his father's anxious and severe restrictions. When he did indulge in any juvenile frolics, his father had the candour to lay the whole blame upon his more mercurial companion, Darsie Latimer.

This youth, as the reader must be aware, had been received as an inmate into the family of Mr. Fairford, senior, at a time when some of the delicacy of constitution which had abridged the life of his consort began to show itself in the son, and when the father was, of course, peculiarly disposed to indulge his slightest wish. That the young Englishman was able to pay a considerable board was a matter of no importance to Mr. Fairford; it was enough that his presence seemed to make his son cheerful and happy. He was compelled to allow that 'Darsie was a fine lad, though unsettled,' and he would have had some difficulty in getting rid of him, and the apprehensions which his levities excited, had it not been for the voluntary excursion which gave rise to the preceding correspondence, and in which Mr. Fairford secretly rejoiced, as affording the means of separating Alan from his gay companion, at least until he should have assumed, and become accustomed to, the duties of his dry and laborious profession.

But the absence of Darsie was far from promoting the end which the elder Mr. Fairford had expected and desired. The young men were united by the closest bonds of intimacy; and the more so, that neither of them sought nor desired to admit

and impatient curiosity with which boys fling a puppy into a deep pond, merely to see if the creature can swim. However confident in his son's talents, which were really considerable, he would have been very sorry to have involved him in the duty of pleading a complicated and difficult case, upon his very first appearance at the bar, had he not resorted to it as an effectual way to prevent the young man from taking a step which his habits of thinking represented as a most fatal one at his outset of life.

Betwixt two evils, Mr. Fairford chose that which was in his own apprehension the least; and, like a brave officer sending forth his son to battle, rather chose he should die upon the breach than desert the conflict with dishonour. Neither did he leave him to his own unassisted energies. Like Alpheus preceding Hercules, he himself encountered the Augean mass of Peter Peebles's law-matters. It was to the old man a labour of love to place in a clear and undistorted view the real merits of this case, which the carelessness and blunders of Peter's former solicitors had converted into a huge chaotic mass of unintelligible technicality; and such was his skill and industry, that he was able, after the severe toil of two or three days, to present to the consideration of the young counsel the principal facts of the case, in a light equally simple and comprehensible. With the assistance of a solicitor so affectionate and indefatigable, Alan Fairford was enabled, when the day of trial arrived, to walk towards the court, attended by his anxious yet encouraging parent, with some degree of confidence that he would lose no reputation upon this arduous occasion.

They were met at the door of the court by Poor Peter Peebles, in his usual plenitude of wig and celsitude of hat. He seized on the young pleader like a lion on his prey. 'How is a' wi' you, Mr. Alan—how is a' wi' you, man? 'The awfu' day is come at last—a day that will be lang minded in this house. Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones—conjoined processes—hearing in presence—stands for the Short Roll for this day. I have not been able to sleep for a week for thinking of it, and, I dare to say, neither has the Lord President himsell—for such a cause! But your father garr'd me tak a wee drap ower muckle of his pint bottle the other night; it's no right to mix brandy wi' business, Mr. Fairford. I would have been the waur o' liquor if I would have drank as muckle as you twa would have had me. But there's a time for a' things, and if ye will dine with me after the case



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under your coat, man? Impossible! Na, if it's clean impossible, and if we have an hour good till they get through the single bills and the summar-roll, I carena if I cross the close wi' you; I am sure I need something to keep my heart up this awful day; but I'll no stay above an instant—not above a minute of time—nor drink aboon a single gill.'

In a few minutes afterwards, the two Peters were seen moving through the Parliament Close (which newfangled affectation has termed a Square), the triumphant Drudgeit leading captive the passive Peebles, whose legs conducted him towards the dram-shop, while his reverted eyes were fixed upon the court. They dived into the Cimmerian abysses of John's Coffee-house,¹ formerly the favourite rendezvous of the classical and genial Doctor Pitcairn, and were for the present seen no more.

Relieved from his tormentor, Alan Fairford had time to rally his recollections, which, in the irritation of his spirits, had nearly escaped him, and to prepare himself for a task the successful discharge or failure in which must, he was aware, have the deepest influence upon his fortunes. He had pride, was not without a consciousness of talent, and the sense of his father's feelings upon the subject impelled him to the utmost exertion. Above all, he had that sort of self-command which is essential to success in every arduous undertaking, and he was constitutionally free from that feverish irritability by which those whose over-active imaginations exaggerate difficulties render themselves incapable of encountering such when they arrive.

Having collected all the scattered and broken associations which were necessary, Alan's thoughts reverted to Dumfriesshire and the precarious situation in which he feared his beloved friend had placed himself; and once and again he consulted his watch, eager to have his present task commenced and ended, that he might hasten to Darsie's assistance. The hour and moment at length arrived. The macer shouted, with all his well-remembered brazen strength of lungs, 'Poor Peter Peebles *versus* Plainstones, *per* Dumtoustie *et* Tough.—Maister Da-a-niel Dumtoustie!' Dumtoustie answered not the summons, which, deep and swelling as it was, could not reach across the Queensferry; but our Maister Alan Fairford appeared in his place.

The court was very much crowded; for much amusement had been received on former occasions when Peter had volun-

¹ See John's Coffee-house. Note 22.

threatened to carry his presence of mind and recollection along with it, Alan frankly told his father that, unless he was relieved from the infliction of his client's personal presence and instructions, he must necessarily throw up his brief and decline pleading the case.

'Hush — hush, my dear Alan,' said the old gentleman, almost at his own wit's end upon hearing this dilemma; 'dinna mind the silly ne'er-do-weel; we cannot keep the man from hearing his own cause, though he be not quite right in the head.'

'On my life, sir,' answered Alan, 'I shall be unable to go on: he drives everything out of my remembrance; and if I attempt to speak seriously of the injuries he has sustained, and the condition he is reduced to, how can I expect but that the very appearance of such an absurd scarecrow will turn it all into ridicule?'

'There is something in that,' said Saunders Fairford, glancing a look at Poor Peter, and then cautiously inserting his forefinger under his bobwig, in order to rub his temple and aid his invention; 'he is no figure for the fore-bar to see without laughing. But how to get rid of him? To speak sense, or anything like it, is the last thing he will listen to. Stay, ay — Alan, my darling, hae patience; I'll get him off on the instant, like a gowff ba.'

So saying, he hastened to his ally, Peter Drudgeit, who, on seeing him with marks of haste in his gait and care upon his countenance, clapped his pen behind his ear, with 'What's the stir now, Mr. Saunders? Is there aught wrang?'

'Here's a dollar, man,' said Mr. Saunders; 'now or never, Peter, do me a good turn. Yonder's your namesake, Peter Peebles, will drive the swine through our bonny hanks of yarn;¹ get him over to John's Coffee-house, man — gie him his meridian — keep him there, drunk or sober, till the hearing is ower.'

'Eneugh said,' quoth Peter Drudgeit, no way displeased with his own share in the service required. 'We'se do your bidding.'

Accordingly, the scribe was presently seen whispering in the ear of Peter Peebles, whose responses came forth in the following broken form: —

'Leave the court for ae minute on this great day of judgment! — not I, by the Reg — Eh! what? Brandy, did ye say — French Brandy? Couldna ye fetch a stoup to the bar

¹ See Swine in Hanks of Yarn. Note 21.

under your coat, man? Impossible! Na, if it's clean impossible, and if we have an hour good till they get through the single bills and the summar-roll, I carena if I cross the close wi' you; I am sure I need something to keep my heart up this awful day; but I'll no stay above an instant—not above a minute of time—nor drink aboon a single gill.'

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The court was very much crowded; for much amusement had been received on former occasions when Peter had volun-

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teered his own oratory, and had been completely successful in routing the gravity of the whole procedure, and putting to silence, not indeed the counsel of the opposite party, but his own.

Both bench and audience seemed considerably surprised at the juvenile appearance of the young man who appeared in the room of Dumtoustie, for the purpose of opening this complicated and long-depending process, and the common herd were disappointed at the absence of Peter the client, the Punchinello of the expected entertainment. The judges looked with a very favourable countenance on our friend Alan, most of them being acquainted, more or less, with so old a practitioner as his father, and all, or almost all, affording, from civility, the same fair play to the first pleading of a counsel which the House of Commons yields to the maiden speech of one of its members.

Lord Bladderskate was an exception to this general expression of benevolence. He scowled upon Alan from beneath his large, shaggy, grey eyebrows, just as if the young lawyer had been usurping his nephew's honours, instead of covering his disgrace; and, from feelings which did his lordship little honour, he privately hoped the young man would not succeed in the cause which his kinsman had abandoned.

Even Lord Bladderskate, however, was, in spite of himself, pleased with the judicious and modest tone in which Alan began his address to the court, apologising for his own presumption, and excusing it by the sudden illness of his learned brother, for whom the labour of opening a cause of some difficulty and importance had been much more worthily designed. He spoke of himself as he really was, and of young Dumtoustie as what he ought to have been, taking care not to dwell on either topic a moment longer than was necessary. The old judge's looks became benign; his family pride was propitiated, and, pleased equally with the modesty and civility of the young man whom he had thought forward and officious, he relaxed the scorn of his features into an expression of profound attention, the highest compliment, and the greatest encouragement, which a judge can render to the counsel addressing him.

Having succeeded in securing the favourable attention of the court, the young lawyer, using the lights which his father's experience and knowledge of business had afforded him, proceeded, with an address and clearness unexpected from one of his years, to remove from the case itself those complicated formalities with which it had been loaded, as a surgeon strips

from a wound the dressings which have been hastily wrapped round it, in order to proceed to his cure *secundum artem*. Developed of the cumbrous and complicated technicalities of litigation, with which the perverse obstinacy of the client, the inconsiderate haste or ignorance of his agents, and the evasions of a subtle adversary, had invested the process, the cause of Poor Peter Peebles, standing upon its simple merits, was no bad subject for the declamation of a young counsel, nor did our friend Alan fail to avail himself of its strong points.

He exhibited his client as a simple-hearted, honest, well-meaning man, who, during a copartnership of twelve years, had gradually become impoverished, while his partner (his former clerk), having no funds but his share of the same business, into which he had been admitted without any advance of stock, had become gradually more and more wealthy.

'Their association,' said Alan, and the little flight was received with some applause, 'resembled the ancient story of the fruit which was carved with a knife poisoned on one side of the blade only, so that the individual to whom the envenomed portion was served drew decay and death from what afforded savour and sustenance to the consumer of the other moiety.' He then plunged boldly into the *mare magnum* of accompts between the parties; he pursued each false statement from the waste-book to the day-book, from the day-book to the bill-book, from the bill-book to the ledger; placed the artful interpolations and insertions of the fallacious Plainstones in array against each other, and against the fact; and, availing himself to the utmost of his father's previous labours, and his own knowledge of accompts, in which he had been sedulously trained, he laid before the court a clear and intelligible statement of the affairs of the copartnery, showing with precision that a large balance must, at the dissolution, have been due to his client, sufficient to have enabled him to have carried on business on his own account, and thus to have retained his situation in society as an independent and industrious tradesman. 'But, instead of this justice being voluntarily rendered by the former clerk to his former master — by the party obliged to his benefactor — by one honest man to another, his wretched client had been compelled to follow his quondam clerk, his present debtor, from court to court; had found his just claims met with well-invented but unfounded counter-claims; had seen his party shift his character of pursuer or defender as often as harlequin effects his transformations, till, in a chase so varied and so long,

the unhappy litigant had lost substance, reputation, and almost the use of reason itself, and came before their lordships an object of thoughtless derision to the unreflecting, of compassion to the better-hearted, and of awful meditation to every one who considered that, in a country where excellent laws were administered by upright and incorruptible judges, a man might pursue an almost indisputable claim through all the mazes of litigation, lose fortune, reputation, and reason itself in the chase, and at length come before the Supreme Court of his country in the wretched condition of his unhappy client, a victim to protracted justice and to that hope delayed which sickens the heart.'

The force of this appeal to feeling made as much impression on the bench as had been previously effected by the clearness of Alan's argument. The absurd form of Peter himself, with his tow-wig, was fortunately not present to excite any ludicrous emotion, and the pause that took place when the young lawyer had concluded his speech was followed by a murmur of approbation, which the ears of his father drank in as the sweetest sounds that had ever entered them. Many a hand of gratulation was thrust out to his grasp, trembling as it was with anxiety, and finally with delight; his voice faltering as he replied, 'Ay — ay, I kenn'd Alan was the lad to make a spoon or spoil a horn.'¹

The counsel on the other side arose, an old practitioner, who had noted too closely the impression made by Alan's pleading not to fear the consequences of an immediate decision. He paid the highest compliments to his very young brother — 'the Benjamin, as he would presume to call him, of the learned faculty; said the alleged hardships of Mr. Peebles were compensated by his being placed in a situation where the benevolence of their lordships had assigned him gratuitously such assistance as he might not otherwise have obtained at a high price; and allowed his young brother had put many things in such a new point of view that, although he was quite certain of his ability to refute them, he was honestly desirous of having a few hours to arrange his answer, in order to be able to follow Mr. Fairford from point to point. He had further to observe, there was one point of the case to which his brother, whose attention had been otherwise so wonderfully comprehensive, had not given the consideration which he expected; it was founded on the interpretation of certain cor-

¹ Said of an adventurous gipsy, who resolves at all risks to convert a sheep's horn into a spoon.

respondence which had passed betwixt the parties soon after the dissolution of the copartnery.'

The court having heard Mr. Tough, readily allowed him two days for preparing himself, hinting, at the same time, that he might find his task difficult; and affording the young counsel, with high encomiums upon the mode in which he had acquitted himself, the choice of speaking either now or at next calling of the cause upon the point which Plainstones's lawyer had adverted to.

Alan modestly apologised for what in fact had been an omission very pardonable in so complicated a case, and professed himself instantly ready to go through that correspondence, and prove that it was in form and substance exactly applicable to the view of the case he had submitted to their lordships. He applied to his father, who sat behind him, to hand him from time to time the letters, in the order in which he meant to read and comment upon them.

Old Counsellor Tough had probably formed an ingenious enough scheme to blunt the effect of the young lawyer's reasoning, by thus obliging him to follow up a process of reasoning, clear and complete in itself, by a hasty and extemporary appendix. If so, he seemed likely to be disappointed; for Alan was well prepared on this, as on other parts of the cause, and recommenced his pleading with a degree of animation and spirit which added force even to what he had formerly stated, and might perhaps have occasioned the old gentleman to regret his having again called him up; when his father, as he handed him the letters, put one into his hand which produced a singular effect on the pleader.

At the first glance, he saw that the paper had no reference to the affairs of Peter Peebles; but the first glance also showed him what, even at that time and in that presence, he could not help reading; and which, being read, seemed totally to disconcert his ideas. He stopped short in his harangue, gazed on the paper with a look of surprise and horror, uttered an exclamation, and, flinging down the brief which he had in his hand, hurried out of court without returning a single word of answer to the various questions — 'What was the matter?' 'Was he taken unwell?' 'Should not a chair be called?' etc. etc. etc.

The elder Mr. Fairford, who remained seated, and looking as senseless as if he had been made of stone, was at length recalled to himself by the anxious inquiries of the judges and the counsel after his son's health. He then rose with an air

in which was mingled the deep habitual reverence in which he held the court with some internal cause of agitation, and with difficulty mentioned something of a mistake—a piece of bad news. Alan, he hoped, would be well enough to-morrow. But unable to proceed farther, he clasped his hands together, exclaiming, ‘My son! my son!’ and left the court hastily, as if in pursuit of him.

‘What’s the matter with the auld bitch next?’¹ said an acute metaphysical judge, though somewhat coarse in his manners, aside to his brethren. ‘This is a daft cause, Bladderskate. First, it drives the poor man mad that aught it; then your nevoy goes daft with fright, and flies the pit; then this smart young hopeful is aff the hooks with too hard study, I fancy; and now auld Saunders Fairford is as lunatic as the best of them. What say ye till’t, ye bitch?’

‘Nothing, my lord,’ answered Bladderskate, much too formal to admire the levities in which his philosophical brother sometimes indulged—‘I say nothing, but pray to Heaven to keep our own wits.’

‘Amen—amen,’ answered his learned brother; ‘for some of us have but few to spare.’

The court then arose, and the audience departed, greatly wondering at the talent displayed by Alan Fairford at his first appearance, in a case so difficult and so complicated, and assigning an hundred conjectural causes, each different from the others, for the singular interruption which had clouded his day of success. The worst of the whole was, that six agents, who had each come to the separate resolution of thrusting a retaining fee into Alan’s hand as he left the court, shook their heads as they returned the money into their leathern pouches, and said, ‘That the lad was clever, but they would like to see more of him before they engaged him in the way of business; they did not like his louping away like a flea in a blanket.’

¹ Tradition ascribes this whimsical style of language to the ingenious and philosophical Lord Kaimes.

CHAPTER II

HAD our friend Alexander Fairford known the consequences of his son's abrupt retreat from the court, which are mentioned in the end of the last chapter, it might have accomplished the prediction of the lively old judge, and driven him utterly distracted. As it was, he was miserable enough. His son had risen ten degrees higher in his estimation than ever, by his display of juridical talents, which seemed to assure him that the applause of the judges and professors of the law, which, in his estimation, was worth that of all mankind besides, authorised to the fullest extent the advantageous estimate which even his parental partiality had been induced to form of Alan's powers. On the other hand, he felt that he was himself a little humbled, from a disguise which he had practised towards this son of his hopes and wishes.

The truth was that, on the morning of this eventful day, Mr. Alexander Fairford had received from his correspondent and friend, Provost Crosbie of Dumfries, a letter of the following tenor : —

‘DEAR SIR — Your respected favour of 25th ultimo, per favour of Mr. Darsie Latimer, reached me in safety, and I showed to the young gentleman such attentions as he was pleased to accept of. The object of my present writing is twofold. First, the council are of opinion that you should now begin to stir in the thirlage cause ; and they think they will be able, from evidence *noviter repertum*, to enable you to amend your condescendence upon the use and wont of the burgh, touching the *grana invecta et illata*. So you will please consider yourself as authorised to speak to Mr. Pest, and lay before him the papers which you will receive by the coach. The council think that a fee of two guineas may be sufficient on this occasion, as Mr. Pest had three for drawing the original condescendence.

‘I take the opportunity of adding, that there has been a great riot among the Solway fishermen, who have destroyed, in a masterful manner, the stake-nets set up near the mouth of this river; and have besides attacked the house of Quaker Geddes, one of the principal partners of the Tide-net Fishing Company, and done a great deal of damage. Am sorry to add, young Master Latimer was in the fray, and has not since been heard of. Murder is spoke of, but that may be a word of course. As the young gentleman has behaved rather oddly while in these parts, as in declining to dine with me more than once, and going about the country with strolling fiddlers and such-like, I rather hope that his present absence is only occasioned by a frolic; but as his servant has been making inquiries of me respecting his master, I thought it best to acquaint you in course of post. I have only to add, that our sheriff has taken a precognition, and committed one or two of the rioters. If I can be useful in this matter, either by advertising for Mr. Latimer as missing, publishing a reward, or otherwise, I will obey your respected instructions, being your most obedient to command,

WILLIAM CROSBIE.’

When Mr. Fairford received this letter, and had read it to an end, his first idea was to communicate it to his son, that an express might be instantly despatched, or a king’s messenger sent with proper authority to search after his late guest.

The habits of the fishers were rude, as he well knew, though not absolutely sanguinary or ferocious; and there had been instances of their transporting persons who had interfered in their smuggling trade to the Isle of Man and elsewhere, and keeping them under restraint for many weeks. On this account Mr. Fairford was naturally led to feel anxiety concerning the fate of his late inmate; and, at a less interesting moment, would certainly have set out himself, or licensed his son to go, in pursuit of his friend.

But, alas! he was both a father and an agent. In the one capacity, he looked on his son as dearer to him than all the world besides; in the other, the lawsuit which he conducted was to him like an infant to its nurse, and the case of Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones was, he saw, adjourned, perhaps *sine die*, should this document reach the hands of his son. The mutual and enthusiastical affection betwixt the young men was well known to him; and he concluded that, if the precarious state of Latimer were made known to Alan Fairford, it

would render him not only unwilling, but totally unfit, to discharge the duty of the day, to which the old gentleman attached such ideas of importance.

On mature reflection, therefore, he resolved, though not without some feelings of compunction, to delay communicating to his son the disagreeable intelligence which he had received, until the business of the day should be ended. The delay, he persuaded himself, could be of little consequence to Darsie Latimer, whose folly, he dared to say, had led him into some scrape which would meet an appropriate punishment in some accidental restraint, which would be thus prolonged for only a few hours longer. Besides, he would have time to speak to the sheriff of the county, perhaps to the King's Advocate, and set about the matter in a regular manner, or, as he termed it, as summing up the duties of a solicitor, to 'agé as accords.'

The scheme, as we have seen, was partially successful, and was only ultimately defeated, as he confessed to himself with shame, by his own very unbusiness-like mistake of shuffling the provost's letter, in the hurry and anxiety of the morning, among some papers belonging to Peter Peeble's affairs, and then handing it to his son, without observing the blunder. He used to protest, even till the day of his death, that he never had been guilty of such an inaccuracy as giving a paper out of his hand without looking at the docketing, except on that unhappy occasion, when, of all others, he had such particular reason to regret his negligence.

Disturbed by these reflections, the old gentleman had, for the first time in his life, some disinclination, arising from shame and vexation, to face his own son; so that, to protract for a little the meeting which he feared would be a painful one, he went to wait upon the sheriff-depute, who he found had set off for Dumfries, in great haste, to superintend in person the investigation which had been set on foot by his substitute. This gentleman's clerk could say little on the subject of the riot, excepting that it had been serious, much damage done to property, and some personal violence offered to individuals, but, as far as he had yet heard, no lives lost on the spot.

Mr. Fairford was compelled to return home with this intelligence; and on inquiring at James Wilkinson where his son was, received for answer, that 'Maister Alan was in his own room, and very busy.'

'We must have our explanation over,' said Saunders Fairford to himself. 'Better a finger off as aye wagging'; and

going to the door of his son's apartment, he knocked at first gently, then more loudly, but received no answer. Somewhat alarmed at this silence, he opened the door of the chamber; it was empty — clothes lay mixed in confusion with the law-books and papers, as if the inmate had been engaged in hastily packing for a journey. As Mr. Fairford looked around in alarm, his eye was arrested by a sealed letter lying upon his son's writing-table, and addressed to himself. It contained the following words : —

‘MY DEAREST FATHER —

‘You will not, I trust, be surprised, nor perhaps very much displeased, to learn that I am now on my way to Dumfriesshire, to learn, by my own personal investigation, the present state of my dear friend, and afford him such relief as may be in my power, and which, I trust, will be effectual. I do not presume to reflect upon you, dearest sir, for concealing from me information of so much consequence to my peace of mind and happiness; but I hope your having done so will be, if not an excuse, at least some mitigation, of my present offence, in taking a step of consequence without consulting your pleasure; and, I must further own, under circumstances which perhaps might lead to your disapprobation of my purpose. I can only say, in further apology, that if anything unhappy, which Heaven forbid! shall have occurred to the person who, next to yourself, is dearest to me in this world, I shall have on my heart, as a subject of eternal regret, that, being in a certain degree warned of his danger, and furnished with the means of obviating it, I did not instantly hasten to his assistance, but preferred giving my attention to the business of this unlucky morning. No view of personal distinction, nothing, indeed, short of your earnest and often expressed wishes, could have detained me in town till this day; and having made this sacrifice to filial duty, I trust you will hold me excused, if I now obey the calls of friendship and humanity. Do not be in the least anxious on my account; I shall know, I trust, how to conduct myself with due caution in any emergence which may occur, otherwise my legal studies for so many years have been to little purpose. I am fully provided with money, and also with arms, in case of need; but you may rely on my prudence in avoiding all occasions of using the latter, short of the last necessity. God Almighty bless you, my dearest father! and grant that you may forgive the first, and, I trust, the last, act approaching

towards premeditated disobedience of which I either have now or shall hereafter have to accuse myself. I remain, till death, your dutiful and affectionate son, ALAN FAIRFORD.

‘P.S. — I shall write with the utmost regularity, acquainting you with my motions, and requesting your advice. I trust my stay will be very short, and I think it possible that I may bring back Darsie along with me.’

The paper dropped from the old man’s hand when he was thus assured of the misfortune which he apprehended. His first idea was to get a post-chaise and pursue the fugitive; but he recollected that, upon the very rare occasions when Alan had shown himself indocile to the *patria potestas*, his natural ease and gentleness of disposition seemed hardened into obstinacy, and that now, entitled, as arrived at the years of majority, and a member of the learned faculty, to direct his own motions, there was great doubt whether, in the event of his overtaking his son, he might be able to prevail upon him to return back. In such a risk of failure, he thought it wiser to desist from his purpose, especially as even his success in such a pursuit would give a ridiculous *éclat* to the whole affair, which could not be otherwise than prejudicial to his son’s rising character.

Bitter, however, were Saunders Fairford’s reflections as, again picking up the fatal scroll, he threw himself into his son’s leathern easy-chair, and bestowed upon it a disjointed commentary. ‘Bring back Darsie! little doubt of that: the bad shilling is sure enough to come back again. I wish Darsie no worse ill than that he were carried where the silly fool Alan should never see him again. It was an ill hour that he darkened my doors in, for, ever since that, Alan has given up his ain old-fashioned mother-wit for the t’other’s capernoited maggots and nonsense. Provided with money! You must have more than I know of, then, my friend, for I trow I kept you pretty short for your own good. Can he have gotten more fees? or does he think five guineas has neither beginning nor end? Arms! What would he do with arms, or what would any man do with them that is not a regular soldier under government, or else a thief-taker? I have had enough of arms, I trow, although I carried them for King George and the government. But this is a worse strait than Falkirk field yet! God guide us, we are poor inconsistent creatures! To think the lad should have

made so able an appearance, and then bolted off this gate, after a glaiket ne'er-do-weel, like a hound upon a false scent! Las-a-day! it's a sore thing to see a stunkard cow kick down the pail when it's reaming fou. But, after all, it's an ill bird that defiles its ain nest. I must cover up the scandal as well as I can. What's the matter now, James?'

'A message, sir,' said James Wilkinson, 'from my Lord President, and he hopes Mr. Alan is not seriously indisposed.'

'From the Lord President? the Lord preserve us! I'll send an answer this instant; bid the lad sit down, and ask him to drink, James. Let me see,' continued he, taking a sheet of gilt paper, 'how we are to draw our answers.'

Ere his pen had touched the paper, James was in the room again.

'What now, James?'

'Lord Bladderskate's lad is come to ask how Mr. Alan is, as he left the court——'

'Ay — ay — ay,' answered Saunders, bitterly; 'he has e'en made a moonlight flitting, like my lord's ain nevoy.'

'Shall I say sae, sir?' said James, who, as an old soldier, was literal in all things touching the service.

'The devil! no — no! Bid the lad sit down and taste our ale. I will write his lordship an answer.'

Once more the gilt paper was resumed, and once more the door was opened by James.

'Lord —— sends his servitor to ask after Mr. Alan.'

'Oh, the deevil take their civility!' said poor Saunders. 'Set him down to drink too. I will write to his lordship.'

'The lads will bide your pleasure, sir, as lang as I keep the bicker fou; but this ringing is like to wear out the bell, I think; there are they at it again.'

He answered the fresh summons accordingly, and came back to inform Mr. Fairford that the Dean of Faculty was below, inquiring for Mr. Alan. 'Will I set him down to drink too?' said James.

'Will you be an idiot, sir?' said Mr. Fairford. 'Show Mr. Dean into the parlour.'

In going slowly downstairs, step by step, the perplexed man of business had time enough to reflect that, if it be possible to put a fair gloss upon a true story, the verity always serves the purpose better than any substitute which ingenuity can devise. He therefore told his learned visitor that, although his son had been incommoded by the heat of the court, and the

long train of hard study, by day and night, preceding his exertions, yet he had fortunately so far recovered as to be in condition to obey upon the instant a sudden summons which had called him to the country on a matter of life and death.

'It should be a serious matter indeed that takes my young friend away at this moment,' said the good-natured Dean. 'I wish he had staid to finish his pleading, and put down old Tough. Without compliment, Mr. Fairford, it was as fine a first appearance as I ever heard. I should be sorry your son did not follow it up in a reply. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot.'

Mr. Saunders Fairford made a bitter grimace as he acquiesced in an opinion which was indeed decidedly his own; but he thought it most prudent to reply, 'That the affair which rendered his son Alan's presence in the country absolutely necessary regarded the affairs of a young gentleman of great fortune, who was a particular friend of Alan's, and who never took any material step in his affairs without consulting his counsel learned in the law.'

'Well—well, Mr. Fairford, you know best,' answered the learned Dean; 'if there be death or marriage in the case, a will or a wedding is to be preferred to all other business. I am happy Mr. Alan is so much recovered as to be able for travel, and wish you a very good morning.'

Having thus taken his ground to the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Fairford hastily wrote cards in answer to the inquiry of the three judges, accounting for Alan's absence in the same manner. These, being properly sealed and addressed, he delivered to James, with directions to dismiss the parti-coloured gentry, who, in the meanwhile, had consumed a gallon of two-penny ale while discussing points of law, and addressing each other by their masters' titles.¹

The exertion which these matters demanded, and the interest which so many persons of legal distinction appeared to have taken in his son, greatly relieved the oppressed spirit of Saunders Fairford, who continued to talk mysteriously of the very important business which had interfered with his son's attendance during the brief remainder of the session. He endeavoured to lay the same unction to his own heart; but here the application was less fortunate, for his conscience told him that no end, however important, which could be achieved in Darsie Latimer's affairs could be balanced against the reputa-

¹ See Titles of Scottish Judges. Note 23.

tion which Alan was like to forfeit by deserting the cause of Poor Peter Peebles.

In the meanwhile, although the haze which surrounded the cause, or causes, of that unfortunate litigant had been for a time dispelled by Alan's eloquence, like a fog by the thunder of artillery, yet it seemed once more to settle down upon the mass of litigation, thick as the palpable darkness of Egypt, at the very sound of Mr. Tough's voice, who, on the second day after Alan's departure, was heard in answer to the opening counsel. Deep-mouthed, long-breathed, and pertinacious, taking a pinch of snuff betwixt [after] every sentence, which otherwise seemed interminable, the veteran pleader prosed over all the themes which had been treated so luminously by Fairford; he quietly and imperceptibly replaced all the rubbish which the other had cleared away; and succeeded in restoring the veil of obscurity and unintelligibility which had for many years darkened the case of Peebles against Plainstones; and the matter was once more hung up by a remit to an accountant, with instruction to report before answer. So different a result from that which the public had been led to expect from Alan's speech gave rise to various speculations.

The client himself opined that it was entirely owing, first, to his own absence during the first day's pleading, being, as he said, deboshed with brandy, usquebaugh, and other strong waters, at John's Coffee-house, *per ambages* of Peter Drudgeit, employed to that effect by and through the device, counsel, and covyne of Saunders Fairford, his agent, or pretended agent; secondly, by the flight and voluntary desertion of the younger Fairford, the advocate; on account of which he served both father and son with a petition and complaint against them, for malversation in office. So that the apparent and most probable issue of this cause seemed to menace the melancholy Mr. Saunders Fairford with additional subject for plague and mortification; which was the more galling, as his conscience told him that the case was really given away, and that a very brief resumption of the former argument, with reference to the necessary authorities and points of evidence, would have enabled Alan, by the mere breath, as it were, of his mouth, to blow away the various cobwebs with which Mr. Tough had again invested the proceedings. But it went, he said, just like a decret in absence, and was lost for want of a contradictor.

In the meantime, nearly a week passed over without Mr. Fairford hearing a word directly from his son. He learned,

indeed, by a letter from Mr. Crosbie, that the young counsellor had safely reached Dumfries, but had left that town upon some ulterior researches, the purpose of which he had not communicated. The old man, thus left to suspense and to mortifying recollections, deprived also of the domestic society to which he had been habituated, began to suffer in body as well as in mind. He had formed the determination of setting out in person for Dumfriesshire, when, after having been dogged, peevish, and snappish to his clerks and domestics to an unusual and almost intolerable degree, the acrimonious humours settled in a hissing-hot fit of the gout, which is a well-known tamer of the most froward spirits, and under whose discipline we shall, for the present, leave him, as the continuation of this history assumes, with the next division, a form somewhat different from direct narrative and epistolary correspondence, though partaking of the character of both.

CHAPTER III

Journal of Darsie Latimer

The following address is written on the inside of the envelope which contained the Journal.

I NTO what hands soever these leaves may fall, they will instruct him, during a certain time at least, in the history of the life of an unfortunate young man, who, in the heart of a free country, and without any crime being laid to his charge, has been, and is, subjected to a course of unlawful and violent restraint. He who opens this letter is therefore conjured to apply to the nearest magistrate, and, following such indications as the papers may afford, to exert himself for the relief of one who, while he possesses every claim to assistance which oppressed innocence can give, has, at the same time, both the inclination and the means of being grateful to his deliverers. Or, if the person obtaining these letters shall want courage or means to effect the writer's release, he is, in that case, conjured, by every duty of a man to his fellow-mortals, and of a Christian towards one who professes the same holy faith, to take the earliest measures for conveying them with speed and safety to the hands of Alan Fairford, Esq., advocate, residing in the family of his father, Alexander Fairford, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Brown's Square, Edinburgh. He may be assured of a liberal reward, besides the consciousness of having discharged a real duty to humanity.

MY DEAREST ALAN —

Feeling as warmly towards you in doubt and in distress as I ever did in the brightest days of our intimacy, it is to you whom I address a history which may perhaps fall into very different hands. A portion of my former spirit descends to my pen when I write your name, and indulging the happy

thought that you may be my deliverer from my present uncomfortable and alarming situation, as you have been my guide and counsellor on every former occasion, I will subdue the dejection which would otherwise overwhelm me. Therefore, as, Heaven knows, I have time enough to write, I will endeavour to pour my thoughts out, as fully and freely as of old, though probably without the same gay and happy levity.

• If the papers should reach other hands than yours, still I will not regret this exposure of my feelings; for, allowing for an ample share of the folly incidental to youth and inexperience, I fear not that I have much to be ashamed of in my narrative; nay, I even hope that the open simplicity and frankness with which I am about to relate every singular and distressing circumstance may prepossess even a stranger in my favour; and that, amid the multitude of seemingly trivial circumstances which I detail at length, a clue may be found to effect my liberation.

Another chance certainly remains—the Journal, as I may call it, may never reach the hands either of the dear friend to whom it is addressed or those of an indifferent stranger, but may become the prey of the persons by whom I am at present treated as a prisoner. Let it be so—they will learn from it little but what they already know; that, as a man and an Englishman, my soul revolts at the usage which I have received; that I am determined to essay every possible means to obtain my freedom; that captivity has not broken my spirit; and that, although they may doubtless complete their oppression by murder, I am still willing to bequeath my cause to the justice of my country. Undeterred, therefore, by the probability that my papers may be torn from me, and subjected to the inspection of one in particular, who, causelessly my enemy already, may be yet farther incensed at me for recording the history of my wrongs, I proceed to resume the history of events which have befallen me since the conclusion of my last letter to my dear Alan Fairford, dated, if I mistake not, on the 5th day of this still current month of August.

Upon the night preceding the date of that letter, I had been present, for the purpose of an idle frolic, at a dancing party at the village of Brokenburn, about six miles from Dumfries; many persons must have seen me there, should the fact appear of importance sufficient to require investigation. I danced, played on the violin, and took part in the festivity till about midnight, when my servant, Samuel Owen, brought me my horses, and I rode back to a small inn called Shepherd's Bush,

kept by Mrs. Gregson, which had been occasionally my residence for about a fortnight past. I spent the earlier part of the forenoon in writing a letter which I have already mentioned, to you, my dear Alan, and which, I think, you must have received in safety. Why did I not follow your advice, so often given me? Why did I linger in the neighbourhood of a danger of which a kind voice had warned me? These are now unavailing questions. I was blinded by a fatality, and remained fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I have been scorched to some purpose.

The greater part of the day¹ had passed, and time hung heavy on my hands. I ought perhaps to blush at recollecting what has been often objected to me by the dear friend to whom this letter is addressed, viz. the facility with which I have, in moments of indolence, suffered my motions to be directed by any person who chanced to be near me, instead of taking the labour of thinking or deciding for myself. I had employed for some time, as a sort of guide and errand-boy, a lad named Benjamin, the son of one Widow Coltherd, who lives near the Shepherd's Bush, and I cannot but remember that, upon several occasions, I had of late suffered him to possess more influence over my motions than at all became the difference of our age and condition. At present he exerted himself to persuade me that it was the finest possible sport to see the fish taken out from the nets placed in the Solway at the reflux of the tide, and urged my going thither this evening so much, that, looking back on the whole circumstances, I cannot but think he had some especial motive for his conduct. These particulars I have mentioned, that, if these papers fall into friendly hands, the boy may be sought after and submitted to examination.

His eloquence being unable to persuade me that I should take any pleasure in seeing the fruitless struggles of the fish when left in the nets and deserted by the tide, he artfully suggested that Mr. and Miss Geddes, a respectable Quaker family well known in the neighbourhood, and with whom I had contracted habits of intimacy, would possibly be offended if I did not make them an early visit. Both, he said, had been particularly inquiring the reasons of my leaving their house rather suddenly on the previous day. I resolved, therefore, to walk up to Mount Sharon and make my apologies; and I agreed to permit the boy to attend upon me, and wait my return from the house, that I might fish on my way homeward

¹ ['A couple of days,' on p. 132.]

to Shepherd's Bush, for which amusement, he assured me, I would find the evening most favourable. I mention this minute circumstance because I strongly suspect that this boy had a presentiment how the evening was to terminate with me, and entertained the selfish though childish wish of securing to himself an angling-rod which he had often admired, as a part of my spoils. I may do the boy wrong, but I had before remarked in him the peculiar art of pursuing the trifling objects of cupidity proper to his age with the systematic address of much riper years.

When we had commenced our walk, I upbraided him with the coolness of the evening, considering the season, the easterly wind, and other circumstances, unfavourable for angling. He persisted in his own story, and made a few casts, as if to convince me of my error, but caught no fish; and, indeed, as I am now convinced, was much more intent on watching my motions than on taking any. When I ridiculed him once more on his fruitless endeavours, he answered, with a sneering smile, that 'the trouts would not rise because there was thunder in the air'—an intimation which, in one sense, I have found too true.

I arrived at Mount Sharon; was received by my friends there with their wonted kindness; and after being a little rallied on my having suddenly left them on the preceding evening, I agreed to make atonement by staying all night, and dismissed the lad who attended with my fishing-rod to carry that information to Shepherd's Bush. It may be doubted whether he went thither or in a different direction.

Betwixt eight and nine o'clock, when it began to become dark, we walked on the terrace to enjoy the appearance of the firmament, glittering with ten million of stars, to which a slight touch of early frost gave tenfold lustre. As we gazed on this splendid scene, Miss Geddes, I think, was the first to point out to our admiration a shooting or falling star, which, she said, drew a long train after it. Looking to the part of the heavens which she pointed out, I distinctly observed two successive sky-rockets arise and burst in the sky.

'These meteors,' said Mr. Geddes, in answer to his sister's observation, 'are not formed in heaven, nor do they bode any good to the dwellers upon earth.'

As he spoke, I looked to another quarter of the sky, and a rocket, as if a signal in answer to those which had already appeared, rose high from the earth, and burst apparently among the stars.

Mr. Geddes seemed very thoughtful for some minutes, and then said to his sister, 'Rachel, though it waxes late, I must go down to the fishing-station and pass the night in the overseer's room there.'

'Nay, then,' replied the lady, 'I am but too well assured that the sons of Belial are menacing these nets and devices. Joshua, art thou a man of peace, and wilt thou willingly and wittingly thrust thyself where thou mayst be tempted by the old man Adam within thee to enter into debate and strife?'

'I am a man of peace, Rachel,' answered Mr. Geddes, 'even to the utmost extent which our friends can demand of humanity; and neither have I ever used, nor, with the help of God, will I at any future time employ, the arm of flesh to repel or to revenge injuries. But if I can, by mild reasons and firm conduct, save those rude men from committing a crime, and the property belonging to myself and others from sustaining damage, surely I do but the duty of a man and a Christian.'

With these words, he ordered his horse instantly; and his sister, ceasing to argue with him, folded her arms upon her bosom, and looked up to heaven with a resigned and yet sorrowful countenance.

These particulars may appear trivial, but it is better in my present condition to exert my faculties in recollecting the past, and in recording it, than waste them in vain and anxious anticipations of the future.

It would have been scarcely proper in me to remain in the house from which the master was thus suddenly summoned away, and I therefore begged permission to attend him to the fishing-station, assuring his sister that I would be a guarantee for his safety.

The proposal seemed to give much pleasure to Miss Geddes. 'Let it be so, brother,' she said, 'and let the young man have the desire of his heart, that there may be a faithful witness to stand by thee in the hour of need, and to report how it shall fare with thee.'

'No, Rachel,' said the worthy man, 'thou art to blame in this, that, to quiet thy apprehensions on my account, thou shouldst thrust into danger—if danger it shall prove to be—this youth, our guest, for whom, doubtless, in case of mishap, as many hearts will ache as may be afflicted on our account.'

'Nay, my good friend,' said I, taking Mr. Geddes's hand, 'I am not so happy as you suppose me. Were my span to be

concluded this evening, few would so much as know that such a being had existed for twenty years on the face of the earth; and of these few, only one would sincerely regret me. Do not, therefore, refuse me the privilege of attending you, and of showing, by so trifling an act of kindness, that, if I have few friends, I am at least desirous to serve them.'

'Thou hast a kind heart, I warrant thee,' said Joshua Geddes, returning the pressure of my hand. 'Rachel, the young man shall go with me. Why should he not face danger, in order to do justice and preserve peace? There is that within me,' he added, looking upwards, and with a passing enthusiasm which I had not before observed, and the absence of which perhaps rather belonged to the sect than to his own personal character — 'I say, I have that within which assures me that, though the ungodly may rage even like the storm of the ocean, they shall not have freedom to prevail against us.'

Having spoken thus, Mr. Geddes appointed a pony to be saddled for my use; and having taken a basket with some provisions, and a servant to carry back the horses, for which there was no accommodation at the fishing-station, we set off about nine o'clock at night, and after three-quarters of an hour's riding arrived at our place of destination.

The station consists, or then consisted, of huts for four or five fishermen, a cooperage and sheds, and a better sort of cottage, at which the superintendent resided. We gave our horses to the servant, to be carried back to Mount Sharon, my companion expressing himself humanely anxious for their safety, and knocked at the door of the house. At first we only heard a barking of dogs; but these animals became quiet on snuffing beneath the door, and acknowledging the presence of friends. A hoarse voice then demanded, in rather unfriendly accents, who we were and what we wanted; and it was not until Joshua named himself, and called upon his superintendent to open, that the latter appeared at the door of the hut, attended by three large dogs of the Newfoundland breed. He had a flambeau in his hand, and two large, heavy ship-pistols stuck into his belt. He was a stout, elderly man, who had been a sailor, as I learned, during the earlier part of his life, and was now much confided in by the Fishing Company, whose concerns he directed under the orders of Mr. Geddes.

'Thou didst not expect me to-night, friend Davies?' said my friend to the old man, who was arranging seats for us by the fire.

'No, Master Geddes,' answered he, 'I did not expect you, nor, to speak the truth, did I wish for you either.'

'These are plain terms, John Davies,' answered Mr. Geddes.

'Ay — ay, sir, I know your worship loves no holyday speeches.'

'Thou dost guess, I suppose, what brings us here so late, John Davies?' said Mr. Geddes.

'I do suppose, sir,' answered the superintendent, 'that it was because these d—d smuggling wreckers on the coast are showing their lights to gather their forces, as they did the night before they broke down the dam-dike and wears up the country; but if that same be the case, I wish once more you had staid away, for your worship carries no fighting tackle aboard, I think, and there will be work for such ere morning, your worship.'

'Worship is due to Heaven only, John Davies,' said Geddes. 'I have often desired thee to desist from using that phrase to me.'

'I won't, then,' said John; 'no offence meant. But how the devil can a man stand picking his words, when he is just going to come to blows?'

'I hope not, John Davies,' said Joshua Geddes. 'Call in the rest of the men, that I may give them their instructions.'

'I may cry till doomsday, Master Geddes, ere a soul answers: the cowardly lubbers have all made sail — the cooper, and all the rest of them — so soon as they heard the enemy were at sea. They have all taken to the long-boat, and left the ship among the breakers, except little Phil and myself — they have, by ——!'

'Swear not at all, John Davies; thou art an honest man, and I believe, without an oath, that thy comrades love their own bones better than my goods and chattels. And so thou hast no assistance but little Phil against a hundred men or two?'

'Why, there are the dogs, your honour knows, Neptune and Thetis, and the puppy may do something; and then though your worship — I beg pardon — though your honour be no great fighter, this young gentleman may bear a hand.'

'Ay, and I see you are provided with arms,' said Mr. Geddes; 'let me see them.'

'Ay — ay, sir; here be a pair of buffers will bite as well as bark — these will make sure of two rogues at least. It would be a shame to strike without firing a shot. Take care, your honour, they are double-shotted.'

'Ay, John Davies, I will take care of them,' throwing the

pistols into a tub of water beside him ; 'and I wish I could render the whole generation of them useless at the same moment.'

A deep shade of displeasure passed over John Davies's weatherbeaten countenance. 'Belike your honour is going to take the command yourself, then?' he said, after a pause. 'Why, I can be of little use now; and since your worship, or your honour, or whatever you are, means to strike quietly, I believe you will do it better without me than with me, for I am like enough to make mischief, I admit; but I'll never leave my post without orders.'

'Then you have mine, John Davies, to go to Mount Sharon directly, and take the boy Phil with you. Where is he?'

'He is on the outlook for these scums of the earth,' answered Davies; 'but it is to no purpose to know when they come, if we are not to stand to our weapons.'

'We will use none but those of sense and reason, John.'

'And you may just as well cast chaff against the wind as speak sense and reason to the like of them.'

'Well — well, be it so,' said Joshua. 'And now, John Davies, I know thou art what the world calls a brave fellow, and I have ever found thee an honest one. And now I command you to go to Mount Sharon, and let Phil lie on the bank-side — see the poor boy hath a sea-cloak, though — and watch what happens here, and let him bring you the news; and if any violence shall be offered to the property there, I trust to your fidelity to carry my sister to Dumfries, to the house of our friends the Corsacks, and inform the civil authorities of what mischief hath befallen.'

The old seaman paused a moment. 'It is hard lines for me,' he said, 'to leave your honour in tribulation; and yet, staying here, I am only like to make bad worse; and your honour's sister, Miss Rachel, must be looked to, that's certain; for if the rogues once get their hand to mischief, they will come to Mount Sharon after they have wasted and destroyed this here snug little roadstead, where I thought to ride at anchor for life.'

'Right — right, John Davies,' said Joshua Geddes; 'and best call the dogs with you.'

'Ay — ay, sir,' said the veteran, 'for they are something of my mind, and would not keep quiet if they saw mischief doing; so maybe they might come to mischief, poor dumb creatures. So God bless your honour — I mean your worship — I cannot

CHAPTER IV

Darsie Latimer's Journal, in Continuation

THE morning was dawning, and Mr. Geddes and I myself were still sleeping soundly, when the alarm was given by my canine bedfellow, who first growled deeply at intervals, and at length bore more decided testimony to the approach of some enemy. I opened the door of the cottage, and perceived, at the distance of about two hundred yards, a small but close column of men, which I would have taken for a dark hedge, but that I could perceive it was advancing rapidly and in silence.

The dog flew towards them, but instantly ran howling back to me, having probably been chastised by a stick or a stone. Uncertain as to the plan of tactics or of treaty which Mr. Geddes might think proper to adopt, I was about to retire into the cottage, when he suddenly joined me at the door, and, slipping his arm through mine, said, 'Let us go to meet them manfully; we have done nothing to be ashamed of. Friends,' he said, raising his voice as we approached them, 'who and what are you, and with what purpose are you here on my property?'

A loud cheer was the answer returned, and a brace of fiddlers who occupied the front of the march immediately struck up the insulting air the words of which begin

'Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker.'

Even at that moment of alarm, I think I recognised the tones of the blind fiddler, known by the name of Wandering Willie, from his itinerant habits. They continued to advance swiftly and in great order, in their front

The fiery fiddlers playing martial airs;

when, coming close up, they surrounded us by a single movement, and there was a universal cry, 'Whoop, Quaker — whoop, Quaker! Here have we them both, the wet Quaker and the dry one.'

bring my mouth to say "fare you well." Here, Neptune, Thetis! come, dogs — come.'

So saying, and with a very crestfallen countenance, John Davies left the hut.

'Now there goes one of the best and most faithful creatures that ever was born,' said Mr. Geddes, as the superintendent shut the door of the cottage. 'Nature made him with a heart that would not have suffered him to harm a fly; but thou seest, friend Latimer, that, as men arm their bull-dogs with spiked collars, and their game-cocks with steel spurs, to aid them in fight, so they corrupt, by education, the best and mildest natures, until fortitude and spirit become stubbornness and ferocity. Believe me, friend Latimer, I would as soon expose my faithful household dog to a vain combat with a herd of wolves as yon trusty creature to the violence of the enraged multitude. But I need say little on this subject to thee, friend Latimer, who, I doubt not, art trained to believe that courage is displayed and honour attained, not by doing and suffering, as becomes a man, that which fate calls us to suffer, and justice commands us to do, but because thou art ready to retort violence for violence, and considerest the lightest insult as a sufficient cause for the spilling of blood, nay, the taking of life. But, leaving these points of controversy to a more fit season, let us see what our basket of provision contains; for in truth, friend Latimer, I am one of those whom neither fear nor anxiety deprive of their ordinary appetite.'

We found the means of good cheer accordingly, which Mr. Geddes seemed to enjoy as much as if it had been eaten in a situation of perfect safety; nay, his conversation appeared to be rather more gay than on ordinary occasions. After eating our supper, we left the hut together, and walked for a few minutes on the banks of the sea. It was high water, and the ebb had not yet commenced. The moon shone broad and bright upon the placid face of the Solway Firth, and showed a slight ripple upon the stakes, the tops of which were just visible above the waves, and on the dark-coloured buoys which marked the upper edge of the inclosure of nets. At a much greater distance — for the estuary is here very wide — the line of the English coast was seen on the verge of the water, resembling one of those fog-banks on which mariners are said to gaze, uncertain whether it be land or atmospherical delusion.

'We shall be undisturbed for some hours,' said Mr. Geddes: 'they will not come down upon us till the state of the tide per-

mits them to destroy the tide-nets. Is it not strange to think that human passions will so soon transform such a tranquil scene as this into one of devastation and confusion ?

It was indeed a scene of exquisite stillness ; so much so, that the restless waves of the Solway seemed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to slumber. On the shore no night-bird was heard ; the cock had not sung his first matins ; and we ourselves walked more lightly than by day, as if to suit the sound of our own paces to the serene tranquillity around us. At length the plaintive cry of a dog broke the silence, and on our return to the cottage we found that the younger of the three animals which had gone along with John Davies, unaccustomed, perhaps, to distant journeys, and the duty of following to heel, had strayed from the party, and, unable to rejoin them, had wandered back to the place of its birth.

‘ Another feeble addition to our feeble garrison,’ said Mr. Geddes, as he caressed the dog, and admitted it into the cottage. ‘ Poor thing ! as thou art incapable of doing any mischief, I hope thou wilt sustain none. At least thou mayst do us the good service of a sentinel, and permit us to enjoy a quiet repose, under the certainty that thou wilt alarm us when the enemy is at hand.’

There were two beds in the superintendent’s room, upon which we threw ourselves. Mr. Geddes, with his happy equanimity of temper, was asleep in the first five minutes. I lay for some time in doubtful and anxious thoughts, watching the fire and the motions of the restless dog, which, disturbed probably at the absence of John Davies, wandered from the hearth to the door and back again, then came to the bedside and licked my hands and face, and at length, experiencing no repulse to its advances, established itself at my feet, and went to sleep, an example which I soon afterwards followed.

The rage of narration, my dear Alan — for I will never relinquish the hope that what I am writing may one day reach your hands — has not forsaken me even in my confinement, and the extensive though unimportant details into which I have been hurried render it necessary that I commence another sheet. Fortunately, my pigmy characters comprehend a great many words within a small space of paper.

A voice by my bedside whispered, in a whining tone, 'Whisht a-ye, hinnie — whisht a-ye; haud your tongue, like a gude bairn. Ye have cost us dear aneugh already. My hinnie's clean gane now.'

Knowing, as I thought, the phraseology of the wife of the itinerant musician, I asked her where her husband was, and whether he had been hurt.

'Broken,' answered the dame — 'all broken to pieces : fit for nought but to be made spunks of — the best blood that was in Scotland.'

'Broken! — blood! Is your husband wounded — has there been bloodshed — broken limbs?'

'Broken limbs! I wish,' answered the beldam, 'that my hinnie had broken the best bane in his body, before he had broken his fiddle, that was the best blood in Scotland; it was a cremony, for aught that I ken.'

'Pshaw — only his fiddle!' said I.

'I dinna ken what waur your honour could have wished him to do, unless he had broken his neck; and this is muckle the same to my hinnie Willie and me. Chaw, indeed! It is easy to say "chaw," but wha is to gie us onything to chaw? The bread-winner's gane, and we may e'en sit down and starve.'

'No — no,' I said, 'I will pay you for twenty such fiddles.'

'Twenty such! is that a'ye ken about it? the country hadna the like o't. But if your honour were to pay us, as nae doubt wad be to your credit here and hereafter, where are ye to get the siller?'

'I have enough of money,' said I, attempting to reach my hand towards my side-pocket; 'unloose these bandages, and I will pay you on the spot.'

This hint appeared to move her, and she was approaching the bedside, as I hoped, to liberate me from my bonds, when a nearer and more desperate shout was heard, as if the rioters were close by the hut.

'I daurna — I daurna,' said the poor woman; 'they would murder me and my hinnie Willie baith, and they have misguided us aneugh already; but if there is anything worldly I could do for your honour, leave out loosing ye?'

What she said recalled me to my bodily suffering. Agitation, and the effects of the usage I had received, had produced a burning thirst. I asked for a drink of water.

'Heaven Almighty forbid that Epps [Maggie] Ainslie should gie ony sick gentleman cauld well-water, and him in a fever.'

Na — na, hinnie, let me alane, I'll do better for ye than the like of that.'

'Give me what you will,' I replied ; 'let it but be liquid and cool.'

The woman gave me a large horn accordingly, filled with spirits and water, which, without minute inquiry concerning the nature of its contents, I drained at a draught. Either the spirits taken in such a manner acted more suddenly than usual on my brain, or else there was some drug mixed with the beverage. I remember little after drinking it off, only that the appearance of things around me became indistinct ; that the woman's form seemed to multiply itself, and to flit in various figures around me, bearing the same lineaments as she herself did. I remember also that the discordant noises and cries of those without the cottage seemed to die away in a hum like that with which a nurse hushes her babe. At length I fell into a deep sound sleep, or rather, a state of absolute insensibility.

I have reason to think this species of trance lasted for many hours ; indeed, for the whole subsequent day and part of the night. It was not uniformly so profound, for my recollection of it is chequered with many dreams, all of a painful nature, but too faint and too indistinct to be remembered. At length the moment of waking came, and my sensations were horrible.

A deep sound, which, in the confusion of my senses, I identified with the cries of the rioters, was the first thing of which I was sensible ; next, I became conscious that I was carried violently forward in some conveyance, with an unequal motion, which gave me much pain. My position was horizontal, and when I attempted to stretch my hands in order to find some mode of securing myself against this species of suffering, I found I was bound as before, and the horrible reality rushed on my mind that I was in the hands of those who had lately committed a great outrage on property, and were now about to kidnap, if not to murder, me. I opened my eyes, it was to no purpose : all around me was dark, for a day had passed over during my captivity. A dispiriting sickness oppressed my head, my heart seemed on fire, while my feet and hands were chilled and benumbed with want of circulation. It was with the utmost difficulty that I at length, and gradually, recovered in a sufficient degree the power of observing external sounds and circumstances ; and when I did so, they presented nothing consolatory.

Groping with my hands, as far as the bandages would per-

mit, and receiving the assistance of some occasional glances of the moonlight, I became aware that the carriage in which I was transported was one of the light carts of the country, called 'tumblers,' and that a little attention had been paid to my accommodation, as I was laid upon some sacks, covered with matting and filled with straw. Without these, my condition would have been still more intolerable, for the vehicle, sinking now on one side and now on the other, sometimes sticking absolutely fast, and requiring the utmost exertions of the animal which drew it to put it once more in motion, was subjected to jolts in all directions, which were very severe. At other times it rolled silently and smoothly over what seemed to be wet sand; and, as I heard the distant roar of the tide, I had little doubt that we were engaged in passing the formidable estuary which divides the two kingdoms.

There seemed to be at least five or six people about the cart, some on foot, others on horseback; the former lent assistance whenever it was in danger of upsetting, or sticking fast in the quicksand; the others rode before and acted as guides, often changing the direction of the vehicle as the precarious state of the passage required.

I addressed myself to the men around the cart, and endeavoured to move their compassion. I had harmed, I said, no one, and for no action in my life had deserved such cruel treatment. I had no concern whatever in the fishing-station which had incurred their displeasure, and my acquaintance with Mr. Geddes was of a very late date. Lastly, and as my strongest argument, I endeavoured to excite their fears, by informing them that my rank in life would not permit me to be either murdered or secreted with impunity; and to interest their avarice, by the promises I made them of reward, if they would effect my deliverance. I only received a scornful laugh in reply to my threats; my promises might have done more, for the fellows were whispering together as if in hesitation, and I began to reiterate and increase my offers, when the voice of one of the horsemen, who had suddenly come up, enjoined silence to the men on foot, and, approaching the side of the cart, said to me, with a strong and determined voice, 'Young man, there is no personal harm designed to you. If you remain silent and quiet, you may reckon on good treatment; but if you endeavour to tamper with these men in the execution of their duty, I will take such measures for silencing you as you shall remember the longest day you have to live.'

I thought I knew the voice which uttered these threats; but, in such a situation, my perceptions could not be supposed to be perfectly accurate. I was contented to reply, 'Whoever you are that speak to me, I entreat the benefit of the meanest prisoner, who is not to be subjected legally to greater hardship than is necessary for the restraint of his person. I entreat that these bonds, which hurt me so cruelly, may be slackened at least, if not removed altogether.'

'I will slacken the belts,' said the former speaker; 'nay, I will altogether remove them, and allow you to pursue your journey in a more convenient manner, provided you will give me your word of honour that you will not attempt an escape.'

'*Never!*' I answered, with an energy of which despair alone could have rendered me capable — 'I will *never* submit to loss of freedom a moment longer than I am subjected to it by force.'

'Enough,' he replied; 'the sentiment is natural, but do not on your side complain that I, who am carrying on an important undertaking, use the only means in my power for ensuring its success.'

I entreated to know what it was designed to do with me; but my conductor, in a voice of menacing authority, desired me to be silent on my peril; and my strength and spirits were too much exhausted to permit my continuing a dialogue so singular; even if I could have promised myself any good result by doing so.

It is proper here to add that, from my recollections at the time, and from what has since taken place, I have the strongest possible belief that the man with whom I held this expostulation was the singular person residing at Brokenburn in Dumfriesshire, and called by the fishers of that hamlet the Laird of the Solway Lochs. The cause for his inveterate persecution I cannot pretend even to guess at.

In the meantime, the cart was dragged heavily and wearily on, until the nearer roar of the advancing tide excited the apprehension of another danger. I could not mistake the sound, which I had heard upon another occasion, when it was only the speed of a fleet horse which saved me from perishing in the quicksands. Thou, my dear Alan, canst not but remember the former circumstances; and now, wonderful contrast! the very man, to the best of my belief, who then saved me from peril was the leader of the lawless band who had deprived me of my liberty. I conjectured that the danger

grew imminent; for I heard some words and circumstances which made me aware that a rider hastily fastened his own horse to the shafts of the cart, in order to assist the exhausted animal which drew it, and the vehicle was now pulled forward at a faster pace, which the horses were urged to maintain by blows and curses. The men, however, were inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and I had strong personal reason to believe that one of them, at least, was intimately acquainted with all the depths and shallows of the perilous paths in which we were engaged. But they were in imminent danger themselves; and if so, as, from the whispering and exertions to push on with the cart, was much to be apprehended, there was little doubt that I should be left behind as a useless encumbrance, and that while I was in a condition which rendered every chance of escape impracticable. These were awful apprehensions; but it pleased Providence to increase them to a point which my brain was scarcely able to endure.

As we approached very near to a black line, which, dimly visible as it was, I could make out to be the shore, we heard two or three sounds which appeared to be the report of firearms. Immediately all was bustle among our party to get forward. Presently a fellow galloped up to us, crying out, 'Ware hawk! — ware hawk! the land-sharks are out from Burgh, and Allonby Tom will lose his cargo if you do not bear a hand.'

Most of my company seemed to make hastily for the shore on receiving this intelligence. A driver was left with the cart; but at length, when, after repeated and hairbreadth escapes, it actually stuck fast in a slough or quicksand, the fellow with an oath cut the harness, and, as I presume, departed with the horses, whose feet I heard splashing over the wet sand and through the shallows, as he galloped off.

The dropping sound of firearms was still continued, but lost almost entirely in the thunder of the advancing surge. By a desperate effort I raised myself in the cart, and attained a sitting posture, which served only to show me the extent of my danger. There lay my native land — my own England — the land where I was born, and to which my wishes, since my earliest age, had turned with all the prejudices of national feeling — there it lay, within a furlong of the place where I yet was; that furlong, which an infant would have raced over in a minute, was yet a barrier effectual to divide me for ever from England and from life. I soon not only heard the roar of this

dreadful torrent, but saw, by the fitful moonlight, the foamy crests of the devouring waves, as they advanced with the speed and fury of a pack of hungry wolves.

The consciousness that the slightest ray of hope, or power of struggling, was not left me, quite overcame the constancy which I had hitherto maintained. My eyes began to swim; my head grew giddy and mad with fear; I chattered and howled to the howling and roaring sea. One or two great waves already reached the cart, when the conductor of the party, whom I have mentioned so often, was, as if by magic, at my side. He sprang from his horse into the vehicle, cut the ligatures which restrained me, and bade me get up and mount in the fiend's name.

Seeing I was incapable of obeying, he seized me, as if I had been a child of six months old, threw me across the horse, sprung on behind, supporting me with one hand, while he directed the animal with the other. In my helpless and painful posture, I was unconscious of the degree of danger which we incurred; but I believe at one time the horse was swimming, or nearly so, and that it was with difficulty that my stern and powerful assistant kept my head above water. I remember particularly the shock which I felt when the animal, endeavouring to gain the bank, reared, and very nearly fell back on his burden. The time during which I continued in this dreadful condition did not probably exceed two or three minutes, yet so strongly were they marked with horror and agony, that they seem to my recollection a much more considerable space of time.

When I had been thus snatched from destruction, I had only power to say to my protector — or oppressor, for he merited either name at my hand — ‘You do not, then, design to murder me?’

He laughed as he replied, but it was a sort of laughter which I scarce desire to hear again — ‘Else you think I had let the waves do their work? But remember, the shepherd saves his sheep from the torrent — is it to preserve its life? Be silent, however, with questions or entreaties. What I mean to do, thou canst no more discover or prevent than a man with his bare palm can scoop dry the Solway.’

I was too much exhausted to continue the argument; and, still numbed and torpid in all my limbs, permitted myself without reluctance to be placed on a horse brought for the purpose. My formidable conductor rode on the one side, and another

person on the other, keeping me upright in the saddle. In this manner we travelled forward at a considerable rate, and by bye-roads, with which my attendant seemed as familiar as with the perilous passages of the Solway.

At length, after stumbling through a labyrinth of dark and deep lanes, and crossing more than one rough and barren heath, we found ourselves on the edge of a highroad, where a chaise and four awaited, as it appeared, our arrival. To my great relief, we now changed our mode of conveyance; for my dizziness and headache had returned in so strong a degree, that I should otherwise have been totally unable to keep my seat on horseback, even with the support which I received.

My doubted and dangerous companion signed to me to enter the carriage; the man who had ridden on the left side of my horse stepped in after me, and, drawing up the blinds of the vehicle, gave the signal for instant departure.

I had obtained a glimpse of the countenance of my new companion, as by the aid of a dark lantern the drivers opened the carriage-door, and I was wellnigh persuaded that I recognised in him the domestic of the leader of this party, whom I had seen at his house in Brokenburn on a former occasion. To ascertain the truth of my suspicion, I asked him whether his name was not Cristal Nixon.

‘What is other folks’ names to you,’ he replied, gruffly, ‘who cannot tell your own father and mother?’

‘You know them, perhaps?’ I exclaimed, eagerly. ‘You know them! and with that secret is connected the treatment which I am now receiving? It must be so, for in my life have I never injured any one. Tell me the cause of my misfortunes, or rather, help me to my liberty, and I will reward you richly.’

‘Ay—ay,’ replied my keeper; ‘but what use to give you liberty, who know nothing how to use it like a gentleman, but spend your time with Quakers and fiddlers, and such-like raff? If I was your—hem, hem, hem!’

Here Cristal stopped short, just on the point, as it appeared, when some information was likely to escape him. I urged him once more to be my friend, and promised him all the stock of money which I had about me, and it was not inconsiderable, if he would assist in my escape.

He listened, as if to a proposition which had some interest, and replied, but in a voice rather softer than before, ‘Ay, but men do not catch old birds with chaff, my master. Where have you got the rhino you are so flush of?’

'I will give you earnest directly, and that in bank-notes,' said I; but, thrusting my hand into my side-pocket, I found my pocket-book was gone. I would have persuaded myself that it was only the numbness of my hands which prevented my finding it; but Cristal Nixon, who bears in his countenance that cynicism which is especially entertained with human misery, no longer suppressed his laughter.

'Oh, ho! my young master,' he said; 'we have taken good enough care you have not kept the means of bribing poor folks' fidelity. What, man, they have souls as well as other people, and to make them break trust is a deadly sin. And as for me, young gentleman, if you would fill St. Mary's kirk with gold, Cristal Nixon would mind it no more than so many chucky-stones.'

I would have persisted, were it but in hopes of his letting drop that which it concerned me to know, but he cut off further communication by desiring me to lean back in the corner and go to sleep.

'Thou art cockbrained enough already,' he added, 'and we shall have thy young pate addled entirely, if you do not take some natural rest.'

I did indeed require repose, if not slumber; the draught which I had taken continued to operate, and satisfied in my own mind that no attempt on my life was designed, the fear of instant death no longer combated the torpor which crept over me; I slept, and slept soundly, but still without refreshment.

When I awoke, I found myself extremely indisposed: images of the past, and anticipations of the future, floated confusedly through my brain. I perceived, however, that my situation was changed, greatly for the better. I was in a good bed, with the curtains drawn round it; I heard the lowered voice and cautious step of attendants, who seemed to respect my repose; it appeared as if I was in the hands either of friends or of such as meant me no personal harm.

I can give but an indistinct account of two or three broken and feverish days which succeeded, but if they were chequered with dreams and visions of terror, other and more agreeable objects were also sometimes presented. Alan Fairford will understand me when I say, I am convinced I saw G. M. during this interval of oblivion. I had medical attendance, and was bled more than once. I also remember a painful operation performed on my head, where I had received a severe blow on

the night of the riot. My hair was cut short, and the bone of the skull examined, to discover if the cranium had received any injury.

On seeing the physician, it would have been natural to have appealed to him on the subject of my confinement, and I remember more than once attempting to do so. But the fever lay like a spell upon my tongue, and when I would have implored the doctor's assistance, I rambled from the subject, and spoke I know not what — nonsense. Some power, which I was unable to resist, seemed to impel me into a different course of conversation from what I intended, and though conscious, in some degree, of the failure, I could not mend it; and resolved, therefore, to be patient, until my capacity of steady thought and expression was restored to me with my ordinary health, which had sustained a severe shock from the vicissitudes to which I had been exposed.

CHAPTER V

Darsie Latimer's Journal, in Continuation

TWO or three days, perhaps more, perhaps less, had been spent in bed, where I was carefully attended, and treated, I believe, with as much judgment as the case required, and I was at length allowed to quit my bed, though not the chamber. I was now more able to make some observation on the place of my confinement.

The room, in appearance and furniture, resembled the best apartment in a farmer's house; and the window, two stories high, looked into a back-yard, or court, filled with poultry. There were the usual domestic offices about this yard. I could distinguish the brewhouse and the barn, and I heard, from a more remote building, the lowing of the cattle and other rural sounds, announcing a large and well-stocked farm. These were sights and sounds qualified to dispel any apprehension of immediate violence. Yet the building seemed ancient and strong: a part of the roof was battlemented, and the walls were of great thickness; lastly, I observed with some unpleasant sensations, that the windows of my chamber had been lately secured with iron stanchions, and that the servants who brought me victuals, or visited my apartment to render other menial offices, always locked the door when they retired.

The comfort and cleanliness of my chamber were of true English growth, and such as I had rarely seen on the other side of the Tweed; the very old wainscot which composed the floor and the panelling of the room was scrubbed with a degree of labour which the Scottish housewife rarely bestows on her most costly furniture.

The whole apartments appropriated to my use consisted of the bedroom, a small parlour adjacent, within which was a still smaller closet, having a narrow window, which seemed anciently to have been used as a shot-hole, admitting, indeed, a very

moderate portion of light and air, but without its being possible to see anything from it except the blue sky, and that only by mounting on a chair. There were appearances of a separate entrance into this cabinet besides that which communicated with the parlour, but it had been recently built up, as I discovered by removing a piece of tapestry which covered the fresh mason-work. I found some of my clothes here, with linen and other articles, as well as my writing-case, containing pen, ink, and paper, which enables me, at my leisure (which, God knows, is undisturbed enough), to make this record of my confinement. It may be well believed, however, that I do not trust to the security of the bureau, but carry the written sheets about my person, so that I can only be deprived of them by actual violence. I also am cautious to write in the little cabinet only, so that I can hear any person approach me through the other apartments, and have time enough to put aside my journal before they come upon me.

The servants, a stout country fellow and a very pretty milkmaid-looking lass, by whom I am attended, seem of the true Joan and Hodge school, thinking of little, and desiring nothing, beyond the very limited sphere of their own duties or enjoyments, and having no curiosity whatever about the affairs of others. Their behaviour to me, in particular, is at the same time very kind and very provoking. My table is abundantly supplied, and they seem anxious to comply with my taste in that department. But whenever I make inquiries beyond 'What's for dinner?' the brute of a lad baffles me by his 'anan' and his 'dunna know,' and, if hard pressed, turns his back on me composedly and leaves the room. The girl, too, pretends to be as simple as he; but an arch grin, which she cannot always suppress, seems to acknowledge that she understands perfectly well the game which she is playing, and is determined to keep me in ignorance. Both of them, and the wench in particular, treat me as they would do a spoiled child, and never directly refuse me anything which I ask, taking care, at the same time, not to make their words good by effectually granting my request. Thus, if I desire to go out, I am promised by Dorcas that I shall walk in the park at night and see the cows milked, just as she would propose such an amusement to a child. But she takes care never to keep her word, if it is in her power to do so.

In the meantime, there has stolen on me insensibly an indifference to my freedom, a carelessness about my situation,

for which I am unable to account, unless it be the consequence of weakness and loss of blood. I have read of men who, immured as I am, have surprised the world by the address with which they have successfully overcome the most formidable obstacles to their escape; and when I have heard such anecdotes, I have said to myself that no one who is possessed only of a fragment of freestone, or a rusty nail, to grind down rivets and to pick locks, having his full leisure to employ in the task, need continue the inhabitant of a prison. Here, however, I sit day after day without a single effort to effect my liberation.

Yet my inactivity is not the result of despondency, but arises, in part at least, from feelings of a very different cast. My story, long a mysterious one, seems now upon the verge of some strange development; and I feel a solemn impression that I ought to wait the course of events, to struggle against which is opposing my feeble efforts to the high will of fate. Thou, my Alan, wilt treat as timidity this passive acquiescence, which has sunk down on me like a benumbing torpor; but if thou hast remembered by what visions my couch was haunted, and dost but think of the probability that I am in the vicinity, perhaps under the same roof with G. M., thou wilt acknowledge that other feelings than pusillanimity have tended in some degree to reconcile me to my fate.

Still I own it is unmanly to submit with patience to this oppressive confinement. My heart rises against it, especially when I sit down to record my sufferings in this Journal; and I am determined, as the first step to my deliverance, to have my letters sent to the post-house.

I am disappointed. When the girl Dorcas, upon whom I had fixed for a messenger, heard me talk of sending a letter, she willingly offered her services, and received the crown which I gave her (for my purse had not taken flight with the more valuable contents of my pocket-book) with a smile which showed her whole set of white teeth.

But when, with the purpose of gaining some intelligence respecting my present place of abode, I asked to which post-town she was to send or carry the letter, a stolid 'anan' showed me she was either ignorant of the nature of a post-

office, or that, for the present, she chose to seem so. 'Simpleton!' I said, with some sharpness.

'O Lord, sir!' answered the girl, turning pale, which they always do when I show any sparks of anger. 'Don't put yourself in a passion! I'll put the letter in the post.'

'What! and not know the name of the post-town?' said I, out of patience. 'How on earth do you propose to manage that?'

'La you there, good master. What need you frighten a poor girl that is no schollard, bating what she learned at the charity school of St. Bees?'

'Is St. Bees far from this place, Dorcas? Do you send your letters there?' said I, in a manner as insinuating, and yet careless, as I could assume.

'St. Bees! La, who but a madman — begging your honour's pardon — it's a matter of twenty years since fader lived at St. Bees, which is twenty, or forty, or I dunna know not how many miles from this part to the west, on the coast-side; and I would not have left St. Bees, but that fader ——'

'Oh, the devil take your father!' replied I.

To which she answered, 'Nay, but thof your honour be a little how-come-so, you should n't damn folks' faders; and I won't stand to it, for one.'

'Oh, I beg you a thousand pardons. I wish your father no ill in the world — he was a very honest man in his way.'

'*Was* an honest man!' she exclaimed; for the Cumbrians are, it would seem, like their neighbours the Scotch, ticklish on the point of ancestry. 'He *is* a very honest man, as ever led nag with halter on head to Staneshaw Bank Fair. Honest! He is a horse-couper.'

'Right — right,' I replied; 'I know it — I have heard of your father — as honest as any horse-couper of them all. Why, Dorcas, I mean to buy a horse of him.'

'Ah, your honour,' sighed Dorcas, 'he is the man to serve your honour well, if ever you should get round again — or, thof you were a bit off the hooks, he would no more cheat you than ——'

'Well — well, we will deal, my girl, you may depend on't. But tell me now, were I to give you a letter, what would you do to get it forward?'

'Why, put it into Squire's own bag that hangs in hall,' answered poor Dorcas. 'What else could I do? He sends it to Brampton, or to Carloisle, or where it pleases him, once a week, and that gate.'

'Ah!' said I; 'and I suppose your sweetheart John carries it?'

'Noa — disn't now; and Jan is no sweetheart of mine, ever since he danced at his mother's feast with Kitty Rutledge, and let me sit still — that a did.'

'It was most abominable in Jan, and what I could never have thought of him,' I replied.

'O, but a did though — a let me sit still on my seat, a did.'

'Well — well, my pretty May, you will get a handsomer fellow than Jan. Jan's not the fellow for you, I see that.'

'Noa — noa,' answered the damsel; 'but he is weel aneugh for a' that, mon. But I carena a button for him; for there is the miller's son, that suitored me last Appleby Fair, when I went wi' oncle, is a gway canny lad as you will see in the sunshine.'

'Ay, a fine stout fellow. Do you think he would carry my letter to Carlisle?'

'To Carloisle! 'T would be all his life is worth; he maun wait on clap and hopper, as they say. Od, his father would brain him if he went to Carloisle, bating to wrestling for the belt, or sic-loike. But I ha' more bachelors than him; there is the schoolmaster can write almaist as weel as tou canst, mon.'

'Then he is the very man to take charge of a letter; he knows the trouble of writing one.'

'Ay, marry does he, and tou comest to that, mon; only it takes him four hours to write as mony lines. Tan, it is a great round hand loike, that one can read easily, and not loike your honour's, that are like midge's taes. But for ganging to Carloisle, he's dead foundered, man, as cripple as Eckie's mear.'

'In the name of God,' said I, 'how is it that you propose to get my letter to the post?'

'Why, just to put it into Squire's 'bag loike,' reiterated Dorcas; 'he sends it by Cristal Nixon to post, as you call it, when such is his pleasure.'

Here I was then, not much edified by having obtained a list of Dorcas's bachelors; and by finding myself with respect to any information which I desired just exactly at the point where I set out. It was of consequence to me, however, to accustom the girl to converse with me familiarly. If she did so, she could not always be on her guard, and something, I thought, might drop from her which I could turn to advantage.

'Does not the Squire usually look into his letter-bag, Dorcas?' said I, with as much indifference as I could assume.

'That a does,' said Dorcas; 'and a threw out a letter of mine to Raff Miller, because a said ——'

'Well — well, I won't trouble him with mine,' said I, 'Dorcas; but, instead, I will write to himself, Dorcas. But how shall I address him?'

'Anan?' was again Dorcas's resource.

'I mean, how is he called? What is his name?'

'Sure your honour should know best,' said Dorcas.

'I know? The devil! You drive me beyond patience.'

'Noa — noa! donna your honour go beyond patience — donna ye now,' implored the wench. 'And for his neame, they say he has mair nor ane in Westmoreland and on the Scottish side. But he is but seldom wi' us, excepting in the cocking-season; and then we just call him Squoire loike; and so do my measter and dame.'

'And is he here at present?' said I.

'Not he — not he; he is a buck-hoonting, as they tell me, somewhere up the Patterdale way; but he comes and gangs like a flap of a whirlwind, or sic-loike.'

I broke off the conversation, after forcing on Dorcas a little silver to buy ribbons, with which she was so much delighted, that she exclaimed, 'God! Cristal Nixon may say his worst on thee, but thou art a civil gentleman for all him, and a quoit man wi' woman-folk loike.'

There is no sense in being too quiet with women folk, so I added a kiss with my crown-piece; and I cannot help thinking that I have secured a partizan in Dorcas. At least she blushed, and pocketed her little compliment with one hand, while, with the other, she adjusted her cherry-coloured ribbons, a little disordered by the struggle it cost me to attain the honour of a salute.

As she unlocked the door to leave the apartment, she turned back, and looking on me with a strong expression of compassion, added the remarkable words, 'La — be'st mad or no, thou'se a mettled lad, after all.'

There was something very ominous in the sound of these farewell words, which seemed to afford me a clue to the pretext under which I was detained in confinement. My demeanour was probably insane enough, while I was agitated at once by the frenzy incident to the fever and the anxiety arising from my extraordinary situation. But is it possible they can now establish any cause for confining me, arising out of the state of my mind?

If this be really the pretext under which I am restrained from my liberty, nothing but the sedate correctness of my conduct can remove the prejudices which these circumstances may have excited in the minds of all who have approached me during my illness. I have heard — dreadful thought ! — of men who, for various reasons, have been trepanned into the custody of the keepers of private madhouses, and whose brain, after years of misery, became at length unsettled, through irresistible sympathy with the wretched beings among whom they were classed. This shall not be my case, if, by strong internal resolution, it is in human nature to avoid the action of exterior and contagious sympathies.

Meantime, I sat down to compose and arrange my thoughts for my purposed appeal to my jailer — so I must call him — whom I addressed in the following manner ; having at length, and after making several copies, found language to qualify the sense of resentment which burned in the first draughts of my letter, and endeavoured to assume a tone more conciliating. I mentioned the two occasions on which he had certainly saved my life, when at the utmost peril ; and I added that, whatever was the purpose of the restraint now practised on me, as I was given to understand, by his authority, it could not certainly be with any view to ultimately injuring me. He might, I said, have mistaken me for some other person ; and I gave him what account I could of my situation and education, to correct such an error. I supposed it next possible that he might think me too weak for travelling, and not capable of taking care of myself ; and I begged to assure him that I was restored to perfect health, and quite able to endure the fatigue of a journey. Lastly, I reminded him in firm though measured terms that the restraint which I sustained was an illegal one, and highly punishable by the laws which protect the liberties of the subject. I ended by demanding that he would take me before a magistrate ; or, at least, that he would favour me with a personal interview, and explain his meaning with regard to me.

Perhaps this letter was expressed in a tone too humble for the situation of an injured man, and I am inclined to think so when I again recapitulate its tenor. But what could I do ? I was in the power of one whose passions seem as violent as his means of gratifying them appear unbounded. I had reason, too, to believe — this to thee, Alan — that all his family did not approve of the violence of his conduct towards me ; my object,

in fine, was freedom, and who would not sacrifice much to attain it?

I had no means of addressing my letter excepting, 'For the Squire's own hand.' He could be at no great distance, for in the course of twenty-four hours I received an answer. It was addressed to Darsie Latimer, and contained these words: 'You have demanded an interview with me. You have required to be carried before a magistrate. Your first wish shall be granted, perhaps the second also. Meanwhile, be assured that you are a prisoner for the time by competent authority, and that such authority is supported by adequate power. Beware, therefore, of struggling with a force sufficient to crush you, but abandon yourself to that train of events by which we are both swept along, and which it is impossible that either of us can resist.'

These mysterious words were without signature of any kind, and left me nothing more important to do than to prepare myself for the meeting which they promised. For that purpose I must now break off, and make sure of the manuscript — so far as I can, in my present condition, be sure of anything — by concealing it within the lining of my coat, so as not to be found without strict search.

CHAPTER VI

Latimer's Journal, in Continuation

THE important interview expected at the conclusion of my last took place sooner than I had calculated ; for the very day I received the letter, and just when my dinner was finished, the Squire, or whatever he is called, entered the room so suddenly that I almost thought I beheld an apparition. The figure of this man is peculiarly noble and stately, and his voice has that deep fulness of accent which implies unresisted authority. I had risen involuntarily as he entered ; we gazed on each other for a moment in silence, which was at length broken by my visitor.

‘You have desired to see me,’ he said. ‘I am here ; if you have aught to say, let me hear it ; my time is too brief to be consumed in childish dumb-show.’

‘I would ask of you,’ said I, ‘by what authority I am detained in this place of confinement, and for what purpose ?’

‘I have told you already,’ said he, ‘that my authority is sufficient, and my power equal to it ; this is all which it is necessary for you at present to know.’

‘Every British subject has a right to know why he suffers restraint,’ I replied ; ‘nor can he be deprived of liberty without a legal warrant. Show me that by which you confine me thus.’

‘You shall see more,’ he said : ‘you shall see the magistrate by whom it is granted, and that without a moment’s delay.’

This sudden proposal fluttered and alarmed me ; I felt, nevertheless, that I had the right cause, and resolved to plead it boldly, although I could well have desired a little further time for preparation. He turned, however, threw open the door of the apartment, and commanded me to follow him. I felt some inclination, when I crossed the threshold of my prison-chamber, to have turned and run for it ; but I knew not where to find the stairs ; had reason to think the outer doors

would be secured ; and, to conclude, so soon as I had quitted the room to follow the proud step of my conductor, I observed that I was dogged by Cristal Nixon, who suddenly appeared within two paces of me, and with whose great personal strength, independent of the assistance he might have received from his master, I saw no chance of contending. I therefore followed, unresistingly and in silence, along one or two passages of much greater length than consisted with the ideas I had previously entertained of the size of the house. At length a door was flung open, and we entered a large, old-fashioned parlour, having coloured glass in the windows, oaken panelling on the wall, a huge grate, in which a large fagot or two smoked under an arched chimney-piece of stone, which bore some armorial device, whilst the walls were adorned with the usual number of heroes in armour, with large wigs instead of helmets, and ladies in sacques, smelling to nosegays.

Behind a long table, on which were several books, sat a smart, underbred-looking man, wearing his own hair tied in a club, and who, from the quire of paper laid before him, and the pen which he handled at my entrance, seemed prepared to officiate as clerk. As I wish to describe these persons as accurately as possible, I may add, he wore a dark-coloured coat, corduroy breeches, and spatterdashes. At the upper end of the same table, in an ample easy-chair, covered with black leather, reposed a fat personage, about fifty years old, who either was actually a country justice or was well selected to represent such a character. His leathern breeches were faultless in make, his jockey boots spotless in the varnish, and a handsome and flourishing pair of boot-garters, as they are called, united the one part of his garments to the other ; in fine, a richly-laced scarlet waistcoat, and a purple coat, set off the neat though corpulent figure of the little man, and threw an additional bloom upon his plethoric aspect. I suppose he had dined, for it was two hours past noon, and he was amusing himself, and aiding digestion, with a pipe of tobacco. There was an air of importance in his manner which corresponded to the rural dignity of his exterior, and a habit which he had of throwing out a number of interjectional sounds, uttered with a strange variety of intonation, running from bass up to treble in a very extraordinary manner, or breaking off his sentences with a whiff of his pipe, seemed adopted to give an air of thought and mature deliberation to his opinions and decisions. Notwithstanding all this, Alan, it might be 'dooted,' as our old

professor used to say, whether the Justice was anything more than an ass. Certainly, besides a great deference for the legal opinion of his clerk, which might be quite according to the order of things, he seemed to be wonderfully under the command of his brother squire, if squire either of them were, and indeed much more than was consistent with so much assumed consequence of his own.

'Ho — ha — ay — so — so. Hum — humph — this is the young man, I suppose. Hum — ay — seems sickly. Young gentleman, you may sit down.'

I used the permission given, for I had been much more reduced by my illness than I was aware of, and felt myself really fatigued, even by the few paces I had walked, joined to the agitation I suffered.

'And your name, young man, is — humph — ay — ha — what is it?'

'Darsie Latimer.'

'Right — ay — humph — very right. Darsie Latimer is the very thing — ha — ay — where do you come from?'

'From Scotland, sir,' I replied.

'A native of Scotland — a — humph — eh — how is it?'

'I am an Englishman by birth, sir.'

'Right — ay — yes, you are so. But pray, Mr. Darsie Latimer, have you always been called by that name, or have you any other? Nick, write down his answers, Nick.'

'As far as I remember, I never bore any other,' was my answer.

'How, no? Well, I should not have thought so. Hey, neighbour, would you?'

Here he looked towards the other squire, who had thrown himself into a chair; and, with his legs stretched out before him, and his arms folded on his bosom, seemed carelessly attending to what was going forward. He answered the appeal of the Justice by saying, that perhaps the young man's memory did not go back to a very early period.

'Ah — eh — ha — you hear the gentleman. Pray, how far may your memory be pleased to run back to — umph?'

'Perhaps, sir, to the age of three years, or a little farther.'

'And will you presume to say, sir,' said the Squire, drawing himself suddenly erect in his seat, and exerting the strength of his powerful voice, 'that you *then* bore your present name?'

I was startled at the confidence with which this question

was put, and in vain rummaged my memory for the means of replying. 'At least,' I said, 'I always remember being called Darsie; children at that early age seldom get more than their Christian name.'

'O, I thought so,' he replied, and again stretched himself on his seat, in the same lounging posture as before.

'So you were called Darsie in your infancy,' said the Justice; 'and hum — ay — when did you first take the name of Latimer?'

'I did not take it, sir; it was given to me.'

'I ask you,' said the lord of the mansion, but with less severity in his voice than formerly, 'whether you can remember that you were ever called Latimer until you had that name given you in Scotland?'

'I will be candid. I cannot recollect an instance that I was so called when in England, but neither can I recollect when the name was first given me; and if anything is to be founded on these queries and my answers, I desire my early childhood may be taken into consideration.'

'Hum — ay — yes,' said the Justice; 'all that requires consideration shall be duly considered. Young man — eh — I beg to know the name of your father and mother?'

This was galling a wound that has festered for years, and I did not endure the question so patiently as those which preceded it; but replied, 'I demand, in my turn, to know if I am before an English justice of the peace?'

'His worship, Squire Foxley of Foxley Hall, has been of the quorum these twenty years,' said Master Nicholas.

'Then he ought to know, or you, sir, as his clerk, should inform him,' said I, 'that I am the complainer in this case, and that my complaint ought to be heard before I am subjected to cross-examination.'

'Humph — hoy — what, ay — there is something in that, neighbour,' said the poor justice, who, blown about by every wind of doctrine, seemed desirous to attain the sanction of his brother squire.

'I wonder at you, Foxley,' said his firm-minded acquaintance; 'how can you render the young man justice unless you know who he is?'

'Ha — yes — egad that's true,' said Mr. Justice Foxley; 'and now — looking into the matter more closely — there is, eh, upon the whole, nothing at all in what he says; so, sir, you must tell your father's name and surname.'

'It is out of my power, sir; they are not known to me, since you must needs know so much of my private affairs.'

The Justice collected a great afflatus in his cheeks, which puffed them up like those of a Dutch cherub, while his eyes seemed flying out of his head, from the effort with which he retained his breath. He then blew it forth with — 'Whew! hoom — poof — ha! not know your parents, youngster? Then I must commit you for a vagrant, I warrant you. *Omne ignotum pro terribili*, as we used to say at Appleby school; that is, every one that is not known to the justice is a rogue and a vagabond. Ha! ay, you may sneer, sir; but I question if you would have known the meaning of that Latin unless I had told you.'

I acknowledged myself obliged for a new edition of the adage, and an interpretation which I could never have reached alone and unassisted. I then proceeded to state my case with greater confidence. The Justice was an ass, that was clear; but it was scarcely possible he could be so utterly ignorant as not to know what was necessary in so plain a case as mine. I therefore informed him of the riot which had been committed on the Scottish side of the Solway Firth; explained how I came to be placed in my present situation; and requested of his worship to set me at liberty. I pleaded my cause with as much earnestness as I could, casting an eye from time to time upon the opposite party, who seemed entirely indifferent to all the animation with which I accused him.

As for the justice, when at length I had ceased, as really not knowing what more to say in a case so very plain, he replied, 'Ho — ay — ay — yes — wonderful! And so this is all the gratitude you show to this good gentleman for the great charge and trouble he hath had with respect to and concerning of you?'

'He saved my life, sir, I acknowledge, on one occasion certainly, and most probably on two; but his having done so gives him no right over my person. I am not, however, asking for any punishment or revenge; on the contrary, I am content to part friends with the gentleman, whose motives I am unwilling to suppose are bad, though his actions have been, towards me, unauthorised and violent.'

This moderation, Alan, thou wilt comprehend, was not entirely dictated by my feelings towards the individual of whom I complained; there were other reasons, in which regard for him had little share. It seemed, however, as if the mild-

ness with which I pleaded my cause had more effect upon him than anything I had yet said. He was moved to the point of being almost out of countenance; and took snuff repeatedly, as if to gain time to stifle some degree of emotion.

But on Justice Foxley, on whom my eloquence was particularly designed to make impression, the result was much less favourable. He consulted in a whisper with Mr. Nicholas, his clerk, pshawed, hemmed, and elevated his eyebrows, as if in scorn of my supplication. At length, having apparently made up his mind, he leaned back in his chair and smoked his pipe with great energy, with a look of defiance, designed to make me aware that all my reasoning was lost on him.

At length, when I stopped, more from lack of breath than want of argument, he opened his oracular jaws and made the following reply, interrupted by his usual interjectional ejaculations, and by long volumes of smoke: — ‘Hem — ay — eh — poof. And, youngster, do you think Matthew Foxley, who has been one of the quorum for these twenty years, is to be come over with such trash as would hardly cheat an apple-woman? Poof — poof — eh! Why, man — eh — dost thou not know the charge is not aailable matter, and that — hum — ay — the greatest man — poof — the Baron of Graystock himself, must stand committed? And yet you pretend to have been kidnapped by this gentleman, and robbed of property, and what not; and — eh — poof — you would persuade me all you want is to get away from him? I do believe — eh — that it is all you want. Therefore, as you are a sort of a slipstring gentleman, and — ay — hum — a kind of idle apprentice, and something cockbrained withal, as the honest folk of the house tell me, why, you must e’en remain under custody of your guardian till your coming of age, or my Lord Chancellor’s warrant, shall give you the management of your own affairs, which, if you can gather your brains again, you will even then not be — ay — hem — poof — in particular haste to assume.’

The time occupied by his worship’s hums, and haws, and puffs of tobacco smoke, together with the slow and pompous manner in which he spoke, gave me a minute’s space to collect my ideas, dispersed as they were by the extraordinary purport of this annunciation.

‘I cannot conceive, sir,’ I replied, ‘by what singular tenure this person claims my obedience as a guardian; it is a bare-faced imposture: I never in my life saw him until I came unhappily to this country, about four weeks since.’

'Ay, sir — we — eh — know, and are aware — that — poof — you do not like to hear some folks' names; and that — eh — you understand me — there are things, and sounds, and matters, conversation about names, and such-like, which put you off the hooks — which I have no humour to witness. Nevertheless, Mr. Darsie — or — poof — Mr. Darsie Latimer — or — poof, poof — eh — ay, Mr. Darsie without the Latimer — you have acknowledged as much to-day as assures me you will best be disposed of under the honourable care of my friend here; all your confessions — besides that — poof — eh — I know him to be a most responsible person — a — hay — ay — most responsible and honourable person. Can you deny this?'

'I know nothing of him,' I repeated, 'not even his name; and I have not, as I told you, seen him in the course of my whole life till a few weeks since.'

'Will you swear to that?' said the singular man, who seemed to await the result of this debate, secure as a rattlesnake is of the prey which has once felt its fascination. And while he said these words in a deep undertone, he withdrew his chair a little behind that of the Justice, so as to be unseen by him or his clerk, who sat upon the same side; while he bent on me a frown so portentous that no one who has witnessed the look can forget it during the whole of his life. The furrows of the brow above the eyes became livid and almost black, and were bent into a semicircular, or rather elliptical, form above the junction of the eyebrows. I had heard such a look described in an old tale of *diablerie* which it was my chance to be entertained with not long since, when this deep and gloomy contortion of the frontal muscles was not unaptly described as forming the representation of a small horseshoe.

The tale, when told, awaked a dreadful vision of infancy, which the withering and blighting look now fixed on me again forced on my recollection, but with much more vivacity. Indeed, I was so much surprised, and, I must add, terrified, at the vague ideas which were awakened in my mind by this fearful sign, that I kept my eyes fixed on the face in which it was exhibited, as on a frightful vision; until, passing his handkerchief a moment across his countenance, this mysterious man relaxed at once the look which had for me something so appalling. 'The young man will no longer deny that he has seen me before,' said he to the Justice, in a tone of complacency; 'and I trust he will now be reconciled to my

temporary guardianship, which may end better for him than he expects.

'Whatever I expect,' I replied, summoning my scattered recollections together, 'I see I am neither to expect justice nor protection from this gentleman, whose office it is to render both to the lieges. For you, sir, how strangely you have wrought yourself into the fate of an unhappy young man, or what interest you can pretend in me, you yourself only can explain. That I have seen you before is certain; for none can forget the look with which you seem to have the power of blighting those upon whom you cast it.'

The Justice seemed not very easy under this hint. 'Ho!—ay,' he said; 'it is time to be going, neighbour. I have a many miles to ride, and I care not to ride darkling in these parts. You and I, Mr. Nicholas, must be jogging.'

The Justice fumbled with his gloves, in endeavouring to draw them on hastily, and Mr. Nicholas bustled to get his greatcoat and whip. Their landlord endeavoured to detain them, and spoke of supper and beds. Both, pouring forth many thanks for his invitation, seemed as if they would much rather not; and Mr. Justice Foxley was making a score of apologies, with at least a hundred cautionary hems and eh-ehs, when the girl Dorcas burst into the room, and announced a gentleman on justice business.

'What gentleman? and whom does he want?'

'He is cuome post on his ten toes,' said the wench, 'and on justice business to his worship loike. I'se uphald him a gentleman, for he speaks as good Latin as the schulemeaster; but, lack-a-day! he has gotten a queer mop of a wig.'

The gentleman, thus announced and described, bounced into the room. But I have already written as much as fills a sheet of my paper, and my singular embarrassments press so hard on me that I have matter to fill another from what followed the intrusion of, my dear Alan, your crazy client—Poor Peter Peebles!

CHAPTER VII

Latimer's Journal, in Continuation

SHEET 2

I HAVE rarely in my life, till the last alarming days, known what it was to sustain a moment's real sorrow. What I called such was, I am now well convinced, only the weariness of mind which, having nothing actually present to complain of, turns upon itself, and becomes anxious about the past and the future; those periods with which human life has so little connexion, that Scripture itself hath said, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

If, therefore, I have sometimes abused prosperity, by murmuring at my unknown birth and uncertain rank in society, I will make amends by bearing my present real adversity with patience and courage, and, if I can, even with gaiety. What can they — dare they, do to me? Foxley, I am persuaded, is a real justice of peace and country gentleman of estate, though (wonderful to tell!) he is an ass notwithstanding; and his functionary in the drab coat must have a shrewd guess at the consequences of being accessory to an act of murder or kidnapping. Men invite not such witnesses to deeds of darkness. I have also — Alan, I *have* hopes, arising out of the family of the oppressor himself. I am encouraged to believe that G. M. is likely again to enter on the field. More I dare not here say; nor must I drop a hint which another eye than thine might be able to construe. Enough, my feelings are lighter than they have been; and though fear and wonder are still around me, they are unable entirely to overcloud the horizon.

Even when I saw the spectral form of the old scarecrow of the Parliament House rush into the apartment where I had undergone so singular an examination, I thought of thy connexion with him, and could almost have parodied Lear —

Death ! . . . nothing could have thus subdued nature
To such a lowness but his 'learned lawyers.'

He was e'en as we have seen him of yore, Alan, when, rather to keep thee company than to follow my own bent, I formerly frequented the halls of justice. The only addition to his dress, in the capacity of a traveller, was a pair of boots, that seemed as if they might have seen the field of Sheriff Moor ; so large and heavy that, tied as they were to the creature's wearied hams with large bunches of worsted tape of various colours, they looked as if he had been dragging them along, either for a wager or by way of penance.

Regardless of the surprised looks of the party on whom he thus intruded himself, Peter blundered into the middle of the apartment, with his head charged like a ram's in the act of butting, and saluted them thus :—

'Gude day to ye—gude day to your honours. Is't here they sell the fugie warrants ?'

I observed that, on his entrance, my friend—or enemy—drew himself back, and placed himself as if he would rather avoid attracting the observation of the newcomer. I did the same myself, as far as I was able ; for I thought it likely that Mr. Peebles might recognise me, as indeed I was too frequently among the group of young juridical aspirants who used to amuse themselves by putting cases for Peter's solution, and playing him worse tricks ; yet I was uncertain whether I had better avail myself of our acquaintance to have the advantage, such as it might be, of his evidence before the magistrate, or whether to make him, if possible, bearer of a letter which might procure me more effectual assistance. I resolved, therefore, to be guided by circumstances, and to watch carefully that nothing might escape me. I drew back as far as I could, and even reconnoitred the door and passage, to consider whether absolute escape might not be practicable. But there paraded Cristal Nixon, whose little black eyes, sharp as those of a basilisk, seemed, the instant when they encountered mine, to penetrate my purpose.

I sat down, as much out of sight of all parties as I could, and listened to the dialogue which followed—a dialogue how much more interesting to me than any I could have conceived in which Peter Peebles was to be one of the *dramatis personæ* !

'Is it here where ye sell the warrants—the fugies, ye ken ?' said Peter.

'Hey—eh—what ?' said Justice Foxley ; 'what the devil does the fellow mean ? What would you have a warrant for ?'

'It is to apprehend a young lawyer that is in *meditatione fugæ*; for he has ta'en my memorial and pleaded my cause, and a good fee I gave him, and as muckle brandy as he could drink that day at his father's house — he loes the brandy ower weel for sae youthful a creature.'

'And what has this drunken young dog of a lawyer done to you, that you are come to me — eh — ha? Has he robbed you? Not unlikely, if he be a lawyer — eh — Nick — ha?' said Justice Foxley.

'He has robbed me of himself, sir,' answered Peter — 'of his help, comfort, aid, maintenance, and assistance, whilk, as a counsel to a client, he is bound to yield me *ratione officii* — that is it, ye see. He has pouched my fee, and drucken a mutchkin of brandy, and now he's ower the march, and left my cause, half won half lost — as dead a heat as e'er was run ower the back-sands. Now, I was advised by some cunning laddies that are used to crack a bit law wi' me in the House, that the best thing I could do was to take heart o' grace and set out after him; so I have taken post on my ain shanks, forbye a cast in a cart, or the like. I got wind of him in Dumfries, and now I have run him ower to the English side, and I want a fugie warrant against him.'

How did my heart throb at this information, dearest Alan! Thou art near me, then, and I well know with what kind purpose; thou hast abandoned all to fly to my assistance; and no wonder that, knowing thy friendship and faith, thy sound sagacity and persevering disposition, 'my bosom's lord should now sit lightly on his throne'; that gaiety should almost involuntarily hover on my pen; and that my heart should beat like that of a general, responsive to the drums of his advancing ally, without whose help the battle must have been lost.

I did not suffer myself to be startled by this joyous surprise, but continued to bend my strictest attention to what followed among this singular party. That Poor Peter Peebles had been put upon this wildgoose chase by some of his juvenile advisers in the Parliament House he himself had intimated; but he spoke with much confidence, and the Justice, who seemed to have some secret apprehension of being put to trouble in the matter, and, as sometimes occurs on the English frontier, a jealousy lest the superior acuteness of their Northern neighbours might overreach their own simplicity, turned to his clerk with a perplexed countenance.

'Eh — oh — Nick — d—n thee. Hast thou got nothing to

say? This is more Scots law, I take it, and more Scotsmen. (Here he cast a side-glance at the owner of the mansion, and winked to his clerk.) I would Solway were as deep as it is wide, and we had then some chance of keeping of them out.'

Nicholas conversed an instant aside with the supplicant, and then reported —

'The man wants a Border warrant, I think; but they are only granted for debt — now he wants one to catch a lawyer.'

'And what for no?' answered Peter Peebles, doggedly — 'what for no, I would be glad to ken? If a day labourer refuses to work, ye'll grant a warrant to gar him do out his daurg; if a wench quean rin away from her hairst, ye'll send her back to her heuck again; if sae mickle as a collier or a salter¹ make a moonlight flitting, ye will cleek him by the back-spaul in a minute of time, and yet the damage canna amount to mair than a creelfu' of coals, and a forpit or twa of saut; and here is a chield taks leg from his engagement, and damages me to the tune of sax thousand pund sterling; that is, three thousand that I should win and three thousand mair that I am like to lose; and you that ca' yoursell a justice canna help a poor man to catch the rinaway? A bonny like justice I am like to get amang ye!'

'The fellow must be drunk,' said the clerk.

'Black-fasting from all but sin,' replied the supplicant. 'I havena had mair than a mouthful of cauld water since I passed the Border, and deil a ane of ye is like to say to me, "Dog, will ye drink?"'

The Justice seemed moved by this appeal. 'Hem — tush, man,' replied he; 'thou speak'st to us as if thou wert in presence of one of thine own beggarly justices; get down-stairs — get something to eat, man — with permission of my friend to make so free in his house — and a mouthful to drink, and I will warrant we get ye such justice as will please ye.'

'I winna refuse your neighbourly offer,' said Poor Peter Peebles, making his bow; 'muckle grace be wi' your honour, and wisdom to guide ye in this extraordinary cause.'

When I saw Peter Peebles about to retire from the room, I could not forbear an effort to obtain from him such evidence as might give me some credit with the Justice. I stepped forward, therefore, and, saluting him, asked him if he remembered me.

¹ See Note 25.

After a stare or two, and a long pinch of snuff, recollection seemed suddenly to dawn on Peter Peebles. 'Recollect ye!' he said; 'by my troth do I. Haud him a grip, gentlemen! — constables, keep him fast! Where that ill-deedy hempy is, ye are sure that Alan Fairford is not far off. Haud him fast, Master Constable; I charge ye wi' him, for I am mista'en if he is not at the bottom of this rinaway business. He was aye getting the silly callant Alan awa' wi' gigs, and horse, and the like of that, to Roslin, and Prestonpans, and a' the idle gates he could think of. He's a rinaway apprentice, that ane.'

'Mr. Peebles,' I said, 'do not do me wrong. I am sure you can say no harm of me justly, but can satisfy these gentlemen, if you will, that I am a student of law in Edinburgh — Darsie Latimer by name.'

'Me satisfy! how can I satisfy the gentlemen,' answered Peter, 'that am sae far from being satisfied mysell? I ken naething about your name, and can only testify, *nihil novit in causa*.'

'A pretty witness you have brought forward in your favour,' said Mr. Foxley. 'But — ha — ay — I'll ask him a question or two. Pray, friend, will you take your oath to this youth being a runaway apprentice?'

'Sir,' said Peter, 'I will make oath to onything in reason; when a case comes to my oath it's a won cause. But I am in same haste to prie your worship's good cheer'; for Peter had become much more respectful in his demeanour towards the Justice since he had heard some intimation of dinner.

'You shall have — eh — hum — ay — a bellyful, if it be possible to fill it. First let me know if this young man be really what he pretends. Nick, make his affidavit.'

'Ou, he is just a wud harum-scarum creature, that wud never take to his studies; daft, sir — clean daft.'

'Deft!' said the Justice; 'what d'ye mean by deft — eh?'

'Just fifish,' replied Peter — 'wowf — a wee bit by the East Nook or sae; it's a common case: the tae half of the world thinks the tither daft. I have met with folk in my day that thought I was daft mysell; and, for my part, I think our Court of Session clean daft, that have had the great cause of Peebles against Plainstones before them for this score of years, and have never been able to ding the bottom out of it yet.'

'I cannot make out a word of his cursed brogue,' said the Cumbrian justice; 'can you, neighbour — eh? What can he mean by "deft"?''

‘He means “mad,”’ said the party appealed to, thrown off his guard by impatience of this protracted discussion.

‘Ye have it—ye have it,’ said Peter; ‘that is, not clean skivie, but——’

Here he stopped, and fixed his eye on the person he addressed with an air of joyful recognition. ‘Ay—ay, Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, is this your ainsell in blood and bane? I thought ye had been hanged at Kennington Common, or Hairiebie, or some of these places, after the bonny ploy ye made in the Forty-five.’

‘I believe you are mistaken, friend,’ said Herries, sternly, with whose name and designation I was thus made unexpectedly acquainted.

‘The deil a bit,’ answered the undaunted Peter Peebles. ‘I mind ye weel, for ye lodged in my house the great year of forty-five, for a great year it was; the Grand Rebellion broke out, and my cause—the great cause—Peebles against Plainstones, *et per contra*—was called in the beginning of the winter session, and would have been heard, but that there was a surcease of justice, with your plaids, and your piping, and your nonsense.’

‘I tell you, fellow,’ said Herries, yet more fiercely, ‘you have confused me with some of the other furniture of your crazy pate.’

‘Speak like a gentleman, sir,’ answered Peebles: ‘these are not legal phrases, Mr. Herries of Birrenswork. Speak in form of law, or I sall bid ye gude-day, sir. I have nae pleasure in speaking to proud folk, though I am willing to answer anything in a legal way; so if you are for a crack about auld langsyne, and the splores that you and Captain Redgimlet used to breed in my house, and the girded cask of brandy that ye drank and ne’er thought of paying for it—not that I minded it muckle in thae days, though I have felt a lack of it sinsyne—why, I will waste an hour on ye at any time. And where is Captain Redgimlet now? He was a wild chap, like yoursell, though they are nae sae keen after you poor bodies for these some years bye-gane: the heading and hanging is weel ower now—awful job—awful job—will ye try my sneeshing?’

He concluded his desultory speech by thrusting out his large bony paw, filled with a Scottish mull of huge dimensions, which Herries, who had been standing like one petrified by the assurance of this unexpected address, rejected with a contemptuous motion of his hand, which spilled some of the contents of the box.

'Aweel — aweel,' said Peter Peebles, totally unabashed by the repulse, 'e'en as ye like, a wilful man maun hae his way; but,' he added, stooping down and endeavouring to gather the spilt snuff from the polished floor, 'I canna afford to lose my sneeshing for a' that ye are gumble-foisted wi' me.'

My attention had been keenly awakened during this extraordinary and unexpected scene. I watched, with as much attention as my own agitation permitted me to command, the effect produced on the parties concerned. It was evident that our friend, Peter Peebles, had unwarily let out something which altered the sentiments of Justice Foxley and his clerk towards Mr. Herries, with whom, until he was known and acknowledged under that name, they had appeared to be so intimate. They talked with each other aside, looked at a paper or two which the clerk selected from the contents of a huge black pocket-book, and seemed, under the influence of fear and uncertainty, totally at a loss what line of conduct to adopt.

Herries made a different and a far more interesting figure. However little Peter Peebles might resemble the angel Ithuriel, the appearance of Herries, his high and scornful demeanour, vexed at what seemed detection, yet fearless of the consequences, and regarding the whispering magistrate and his clerk with looks in which contempt predominated over anger or anxiety, bore, in my opinion, no slight resemblance to

The regal port
And faded splendour wan

with which the poet has invested the detected King of the Powers of the Air.

As he glanced round, with a look which he had endeavoured to compose to haughty indifference, his eye encountered mine, and, I thought, at the first glance sunk beneath it. But he instantly rallied his natural spirit, and returned me one of those extraordinary looks by which he could contort so strangely the wrinkles on his forehead. I started; but, angry at myself for my pusillanimity, I answered him by a look of the same kind, and, catching the reflection of my countenance in a large antique mirror which stood before me, I started again at the real or imaginary resemblance which my countenance, at that moment, bore to that of Herries. Surely my fate is somehow strangely interwoven with that of this mysterious individual. I had no time at present to speculate upon

the subject, for the subsequent conversation demanded all my attention.

The Justice addressed Herries, after a pause of about five minutes, in which all parties seemed at some loss how to proceed. He spoke with embarrassment, and his faltering voice, and the long intervals which divided his sentences, seemed to indicate fear of him whom he addressed.

'Neighbour,' he said, 'I could not have thought this; or, if I—eh—*did* think—in a corner of my own mind as it were—that you, I say—that you might have unluckily engaged in—eh—the matter of the Forty-five—there was still time to have forgot all that.'

'And is it so singular that a man should have been out in the Forty-five?' said Herries, with contemptuous composure. 'Your father, I think, Mr. Foxley, was out with Derwentwater in the Fifteen.'

'And lost half of his estate,' answered Foxley, with more rapidity than usual; 'and was very near—hem—being hanged into the boot. But this is—another-guess job—for—eh—fifteen is not forty-five; and my father had a remission, and you, I take it, have none.'

'Perhaps I have,' said Herries, indifferently; 'or, if I have not, I am but in the case of half a dozen others whom government do not think worth looking after at this time of day, so they give no offence or disturbance.'

'But you have given both, sir,' said Nicholas Faggot, the clerk, who, having some petty provincial situation, as I have since understood, deemed himself bound to be zealous for government. 'Mr. Justice Foxley cannot be answerable for letting you pass free, now your name and surname have been spoken plainly out. There are warrants out against you from the Secretary of State's office.'

'A proper allegation, Mr. Attorney, that, at the distance of so many years, the Secretary of State should trouble himself about the unfortunate relics of a ruined cause!' answered Mr. Herries.

'But if it be so,' said the clerk, who seemed to assume more confidence upon the composure of Herries's demeanour, 'and if cause has been given by the conduct of a gentleman himself, who hath been, it is alleged, raking up old matters, and mixing them with new subjects of disaffection—I say, if it be so, I should advise the party, in his wisdom, to surrender himself quietly into the lawful custody of the next justice of peace—

Mr. Foxley, suppose — where, and by whom, the matter should be regularly inquired into. I am only putting a case,' he added, watching with apprehension the effect which his words were likely to produce upon the party to whom they were addressed.

'And were I to receive such advice,' said Herries, with the same composure as before — 'putting the case, as you say, Mr. Faggot — I should request to see the warrant which countenanced such a scandalous proceeding.'

Mr. Nicholas, by way of answer, placed in his hand a paper, and seemed anxiously to expect the consequences which were to ensue. Mr. Herries looked it over with the same equanimity as before, and then continued, 'And were such a scrawl as this presented to me in my own house, I would throw it into the chimney, and Mr. Faggot upon the top of it.'

Accordingly, seconding the word with the action, he flung the warrant into the fire with one hand, and fixed the other, with a stern and irresistible gripe, on the breast of the attorney, who, totally unable to contend with him, in either personal strength or mental energy, trembled like a chicken in the raven's clutch. He got off, however, for the fright; for Herries, having probably made him fully sensible of the strength of his grasp, released him, with a scornful laugh.

'Deforcement — spulzie — stouthrief — masterful rescue!' exclaimed Peter Peebles, scandalised at the resistance offered to the law in the person of Nicholas Faggot. But his shrill exclamations were drowned in the thundering voice of Herries, who, calling upon Cristal Nixon, ordered him to take the bawling fool downstairs, fill his belly, and then give him a guinea, and thrust him out of doors. Under such injunctions, Peter easily suffered himself to be withdrawn from the scene.

Herries then turned to the Justice, whose visage, wholly abandoned by the rubicund hue which so lately beamed upon it, hung out the same pale livery as that of his dismayed clerk. 'Old friend and acquaintance,' he said, 'you came here at my request, on a friendly errand, to convince this silly young man of the right which I have over his person for the present. I trust you do not intend to make your visit the pretext of disquieting me about other matters? All the world knows that I have been living at large, in these northern counties, for some months, not to say years, and might have been apprehended at any time, had the necessities of the state required, or my own behaviour deserved, it. But no English magistrate has been ungenerous enough to trouble a gentleman under

misfortune, on account of political opinions and disputes which have been long ended by the success of the reigning powers. I trust, my good friend, you will not endanger yourself by taking any other view of the subject than you have done ever since we were acquainted?’

The Justice answered with more readiness, as well as more spirit, than usual, ‘Neighbour Ingoldsby — what you say — is — eh — in some sort true; and when you were coming and going at markets, horse-races, and cock-fights, fairs, hunts, and such-like — it was — eh — neither my business nor my wish to dispel — I say — to inquire into and dispel the mysteries which hung about you; for while you were a good companion in the field, and over a bottle now and then — I did not — eh — think it necessary to ask — into your private affairs. And if I thought you were — ahem — somewhat unfortunate in former undertakings, and enterprises, and connexions, which might cause you to live unsettledly and more private, I could have — eh — very little pleasure — to aggravate your case by interfering, or requiring explanations, which are often more easily asked than given. But when there are warrants and witnesses to names — and those names, Christian and surname, belong to — eh — an attainted person — charged — I trust falsely — with — ahem — taking advantage of modern broils and heart-burnings to renew our civil disturbances, the case is altered; and I must — ahem — do my duty.’

The Justice got on his feet as he concluded this speech, and looked as bold as he could. I drew close beside him and his clerk, Mr. Faggot, thinking the moment favourable for my own liberation, and intimated to Mr. Foxley my determination to stand by him. But Mr. Herries only laughed at the menacing posture which we assumed. ‘My good neighbour,’ said he, ‘you talk of a witness. Is yon crazy beggar a fit witness in an affair of this nature?’

‘But you do not deny that you are Mr. Herries of Birrenswork, mentioned in the Secretary of State’s warrant?’ said Mr. Foxley.

‘How can I deny or own anything about it?’ said Herries, with a sneer. ‘There is no such warrant in existence now; its ashes, like the poor traitor whose doom it threatened, have been dispersed to the four winds of Heaven. There is now no warrant in the world.’

‘But you will not deny,’ said the Justice, ‘that you were the person named in it, and that — eh — your own act destroyed it?’

'I will neither deny my name nor my actions, Justice,' replied Mr. Herries, 'when called upon by competent authority to avow or defend them. But I will resist all impertinent attempts either to intrude into my private motives or to control my person. I am quite well prepared to do so; and I trust that you, my good neighbour and brother sportsman, in your expostulation, and my friend Mr. Nicholas Faggot here, in his humble advice and petition that I should surrender myself, will consider yourselves as having amply discharged your duty to King George and government.'

The cold and ironical tone in which he made this declaration, the look and attitude, so nobly expressive of absolute confidence in his own superior strength and energy, seemed to complete the indecision which had already shown itself on the side of those whom he addressed.

The justice looked to the clerk, the clerk to the justice; the former 'ha'd,' 'eh'd,' without bringing forth an articulate syllable; the latter only said, 'As the warrant is destroyed, Mr. Justice, I presume you do not mean to proceed with the arrest?'

'Hum — ay — why no — Nicholas — it would not be quite advisable — and as the Forty-five was an old affair — and — hem — as my friend here will, I hope, see his error — that is, if he has not seen it already — and renounce the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender — I mean no harm, neighbour — I think we — as we have no *posse*, or constables, or the like — should order our horses — and, in one word, look the matter over.'

'Judiciously resolved,' said the person whom this decision affected; 'but before you go, I trust you will drink and be friends?'

'Why,' said the Justice, rubbing his brow, 'our business has been — hem — rather a thirsty one.'

'Cristal Nixon,' said Mr. Herries, 'let us have a cool tankard instantly, large enough to quench the thirst of the whole commission.'

While Cristal was absent on this genial errand, there was a pause, of which I endeavoured to avail myself, by bringing back the discourse to my own concerns. 'Sir,' I said to Justice Foxley, 'I have no direct business with your late discussion with Mr. Herries, only just thus far: you leave me, a loyal subject of King George, an unwilling prisoner in the hands of a person whom you have reason to believe unfriendly to the king's cause. I humbly submit that this is contrary to your duty as

a magistrate, and that you ought to make Mr. Herries aware of the illegality of his proceedings, and take steps for my rescue, either upon the spot, or, at least, as soon as possible after you have left this case ——

‘Young man,’ said Mr. Justice Foxley, ‘I would have you remember you are under the power — the lawful power — ahem — of your guardian.’

‘He calls himself so, indeed,’ I replied; ‘but he has shown no evidence to establish so absurd a claim; and if he had, his circumstances, as an attainted traitor excepted from pardon, would void such a right, if it existed. I do therefore desire you, Mr. Justice, and you, his clerk, to consider my situation, and afford me relief at your peril.’

‘Here is a young fellow now,’ said the Justice, with much embarrassed looks, ‘thinks that I carry the whole statute law of England in my head, and a *posse comitatus* to execute them in my pocket! Why, what good would my interference do? But — hum — eh — I will speak to your guardian in your favour.’

He took Mr. Herries aside, and seemed indeed to urge something upon him with much earnestness; and perhaps such a species of intercession was all which, in the circumstances, I was entitled to expect from him.

They often looked at me as they spoke together; and as Cristal Nixon entered with a huge four-pottle tankard, filled with the beverage his master had demanded, Herries turned away from Mr. Foxley somewhat impatiently, saying with emphasis, ‘I give you my word of honour that you have not the slightest reason to apprehend anything on his account.’ He then took up the tankard, and saying aloud in Gaelic, ‘*Slaint an rey*,’ just tasted the liquor, and handed the tankard to Justice Foxley, who, to avoid the dilemma of pledging him to what might be the Pretender’s health, drank to Mr. Herries’s own, with much pointed solemnity, but in a draught far less moderate.

The clerk imitated the example of his principal, and I was fain to follow their example, for anxiety and fear are at least as thirsty as sorrow is said to be. In a word, we exhausted the composition of ale, sherry, lemon-juice, nutmeg, and other good things, stranded upon the silver bottom of the tankard, the huge toast, as well as the roasted orange, which had whilome floated jollily upon the brim, and rendered legible Dr. Byrom’s celebrated lines engraved thereon —

'God bless the King! God bless the faith's defender!
God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender.
Who that pretender is, and who that king,
God bless us all! is quite another thing.'

I had time enough to study this effusion of the Jacobite muse, while the Justice was engaged in the somewhat tedious ceremony of taking leave. That of Mr. Faggot was less ceremonious; but I suspect something besides empty compliment passed betwixt him and Mr. Herries; for I remarked that the latter slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the former, which might perhaps be a little atonement for the rashness with which he had burnt the warrant, and imposed no gentle hand on the respectable minion of the law by whom it was exhibited; and I observed that he made this propitiation in such a manner as to be secret from the worthy clerk's principal.

When this was arranged, the party took leave of each other, with much formality on the part of Squire Foxley, amongst whose adieus the following phrase was chiefly remarkable: 'I presume you do not intend to stay long in these parts?'

'Not for the present, Justice, you may be sure; there are good reasons to the contrary. But I have no doubt of arranging my affairs so that we shall speedily have sport together again.'

He went to wait upon the Justice to the courtyard; and, as he did so, commanded Cristal Nixon to see that I returned into my apartment. Knowing it would be to no purpose to resist or tamper with that stubborn functionary, I obeyed in silence, and was once more a prisoner in my former quarters.

CHAPTER VIII

Latimer's Journal, in Continuation

I SPENT more than an hour, after returning to the apartment which I may call my prison, in reducing to writing the singular circumstances which I had just witnessed. Methought I could now form some guess at the character of Mr. Herries, upon whose name and situation the late scene had thrown considerable light; one of those fanatical Jacobites, doubtless, whose arms, not twenty years since, had shaken the British throne, and some of whom, though their party daily diminished in numbers, energy, and power, retained still an inclination to renew the attempt they had found so desperate. He was indeed perfectly different from the sort of zealous Jacobites whom it had been my luck hitherto to meet with. Old ladies of family over their hyson, and grey-haired lairds over their punch, I had often heard utter a little harmless treason; while the former remembered having led down a dance with the Chevalier, and the latter recounted the feats they had performed at Preston, Clifton, and Falkirk.

The disaffection of such persons was too unimportant to excite the attention of government. I had heard, however, that there still existed partizans of the Stuart family, of a more daring and dangerous description—men who, furnished with gold from Rome, moved, secretly and in disguise, through the various classes of society, and endeavoured to keep alive the expiring zeal of their party.

I had no difficulty in assigning an important post among this class of persons, whose agency and exertion are only doubted by those who look on the surface of things, to this Mr. Herries, whose mental energies, as well as his personal strength and activity, seemed to qualify him well to act so dangerous a part; and I knew that, all along the Western Border, both in England and Scotland, there are so many Nonjurors, that such

a person may reside there with absolute safety, unless it becomes, in a very especial degree, the object of the government to secure his person; and which purpose, even then, might be disappointed by early intelligence, or, as in the case of Mr. Foxley, by the unwillingness of provincial magistrates to interfere in what is now considered an invidious pursuit of the unfortunate.

There have, however, been rumours lately, as if the present state of the nation, or at least of some discontented provinces, agitated by a variety of causes, but particularly by the unpopularity of the present administration, may seem to this species of agitators a favourable period for recommencing their intrigues; while, on the other hand, government may not, at such a crisis, be inclined to look upon them with the contempt which a few years ago would have been their most appropriate punishment.

That men should be found rash enough to throw away their services and lives in a desperate cause is nothing new in history; which abounds with instances of similar devotion; that Mr. Herries is such an enthusiast is no less evident; but all this explains not his conduct towards *me*. Had he sought to make me a proselyte to his ruined cause, violence and compulsion were arguments very unlikely to prevail with any generous spirit. But even if such were his object, of what use to him could be the acquisition of a single reluctant partizan, who could bring only his own person to support any quarrel which he might adopt? He had claimed over me the rights of a guardian; he had more than hinted that I was in a state of mind which could not dispense with the authority of such a person. Was this man, so sternly desperate in his purpose—he who seemed willing to take on his own shoulders the entire support of a cause which had been ruinous to thousands—was he the person that had the power of deciding on my fate? Was it from him those dangers flowed, to secure me against which I had been educated under such circumstances of secrecy and precaution?

And if this was so, of what nature was the claim which he asserted? Was it that of propinquity? And did I share the blood, perhaps the features, of this singular being? Strange as it may seem, a thrill of awe, which shot across my mind at that instant, was not unmingled with a wild and mysterious feeling of wonder, almost amounting to pleasure. I remembered the reflection of my own face in the mirror at one striking

moment during the singular interview of the day, and I hastened to the outward apartment to consult a glass which hung there, whether it were possible for my countenance to be again contorted into the peculiar frown which so much resembled the terrific look of Herries. But I folded my brows in vain into a thousand complicated wrinkles, and I was obliged to conclude, either that the supposed mark on my brow was altogether imaginary, or that it could not be called forth by voluntary effort; or, in fine, what seemed most likely, that it was such a resemblance as the imagination traces in the embers of a wood fire, or among the varied veins of marble, distinct at one time, and obscure or invisible at another, according as the combination of lines strikes the eye or impresses the fancy.

While I was moulding my visage like a mad player, the door suddenly opened, and the girl of the house entered. Angry and ashamed at being detected in my singular occupation, I turned round sharply, and, I suppose, chance produced the change on my features which I had been in vain labouring to call forth.

The girl started back with her 'Don't ye look so now — don't ye, for love's sake; you be as like the ould squoire as —— But here a comes,' said she, huddling away out of the room; 'and if you want a third, there is none but ould Harry, as I know of, that can match ye for a brent broo!'

As the girl muttered this exclamation and hastened out of the room, Herries entered. He stopped on observing that I had looked again to the mirror, anxious to trace the look by which the wench had undoubtedly been terrified. He seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for, as I turned towards him, he observed, 'Doubt not that it is stamped on your forehead — the fatal mark of our race; though it is not now so apparent as it will become when age and sorrow, and the traces of stormy passions, and of bitter penitence, shall have drawn their furrows on your brow.'

'Mysterious man,' I replied, 'I know not of what you speak: your language is as dark as your purposes.'

'Sit down, then,' he said, 'and listen; thus far, at least, must the veil of which you complain be raised. When withdrawn, it will only display guilt and sorrow — guilt, followed by strange penalty; and sorrow, which Providence has entailed upon the posterity of the mourners.'

He paused a moment, and commenced his narrative, which he told with the air of one who, remote as the events were

which he recited, took still the deepest interest in them. The tone of his voice, which I have already described as rich and powerful, aided by its inflections the effects of his story, which I will endeavour to write down, as nearly as possible, in the very words which he used.

‘It was not of late years that the English nation learned that their best chance of conquering their independent neighbours must be by introducing amongst them division and civil war. You need not be reminded of the state of thralldom to which Scotland was reduced by the unhappy wars betwixt the domestic factions of Bruce and Baliol; nor how, after Scotland had been emancipated from a foreign yoke, by the conduct and valour of the immortal Bruce, the whole fruits of the triumphs of Bannockburn were lost in the dreadful defeats of Dupplin and Halidon; and Edward Baliol, the minion and feudatory of his namesake of England, seemed, for a brief season, in safe and uncontested possession of the throne, so lately occupied by the greatest general and wisest prince in Europe. But the experience of Bruce had not died with him. There were many who had shared his martial labours, and all remembered the successful efforts by which, under circumstances as disadvantageous as those of his son, he had achieved the liberation of Scotland.

‘The usurper, Edward Baliol, was feasting with a few of his favourite retainers in the Castle of Annan, when he was suddenly surprised by a chosen band of insurgent patriots. Their chiefs were Douglas, Randolph, the young Earl of Moray, and Sir Simon Fraser; and their success was so complete, that Baliol was obliged to fly for his life, scarcely clothed, and on a horse which there was no leisure to saddle. It was of importance to seize his person, if possible, and his flight was closely pursued by a valiant knight of Norman descent, whose family had been long settled in the marches of Dumfriesshire. Their Norman appellation was Fitz-Aldin, but this knight, from the great slaughter which he had made of the Southron, and the reluctance which he had shown to admit them to quarter during the former wars of that bloody period, had acquired the name of Redgauntlet, which he transmitted to his posterity——’

‘Redgauntlet!’ I involuntarily repeated.

‘Yes, Redgauntlet,’ said my alleged guardian, looking at me keenly; ‘does that name recall any associations to your mind?’

‘No,’ I replied, ‘except that I lately heard it given to the hero of a supernatural legend.’

‘There are many such current concerning the family,’ he answered; and then proceeded in his narrative.

‘Alberick Redgauntlet, the first of his house so termed, was, as may be supposed from his name, of a stern and implacable disposition, which had been rendered more so by family discord. An only son, now a youth of eighteen, shared so much the haughty spirit of his father, that he became impatient of domestic control, resisted paternal authority, and finally fled from his father’s house, renounced his political opinions, and awakened his mortal displeasure by joining the adherents of Baliol. It was said that his father cursed in his wrath his degenerate offspring, and swore that, if they met, he should perish by his hand. Meantime, circumstances seemed to promise atonement for this great deprivation. The lady of Alberick Redgauntlet was again, after many years, in a situation which afforded her husband the hope of a more dutiful heir.

‘But the delicacy and deep interest of his wife’s condition did not prevent Alberick from engaging in the undertaking of Douglas and Moray. He had been the most forward in the attack of the castle, and was now foremost in the pursuit of Baliol, eagerly engaged in dispersing or cutting down the few daring followers who endeavoured to protect the usurper in his flight.

‘As these were successively routed or slain, the formidable Redgauntlet, the mortal enemy of the house of Baliol, was within two lances’ length of the fugitive Edward Baliol, in a narrow pass, when a youth, one of the last who attended the usurper in his flight, threw himself between them, received the shock of the pursuer, and was unhorsed and overthrown. The helmet rolled from his head, and the beams of the sun, then rising over the Solway, showed Redgauntlet the features of his disobedient son, in the livery, and wearing the cognizance, of the usurper.

‘Redgauntlet beheld his son lying before his horse’s feet; but he also saw Baliol, the usurper of the Scottish crown, still, as it seemed, within his grasp, and separated from him only by the prostrate body of his overthrown adherent. Without pausing to inquire whether young Edward was wounded, he dashed his spurs into his horse, meaning to leap over him, but was unhappily frustrated in his purpose. The steed made

indeed a bound forward, but was unable to clear the body of the youth, and with its hind foot struck him in the forehead, as he was in the act of rising. The blow was mortal. It is needless to add that the pursuit was checked, and Baliol escaped.

Redgauntlet, ferocious as he is described, was yet overwhelmed with the thoughts of the crime he had committed. When he returned to his castle, it was to encounter new domestic sorrows. His wife had been prematurely seized with the pangs of labour upon hearing the dreadful catastrophe which had taken place. The birth of an infant boy had cost her her life. Redgauntlet sat by her corpse for more than twenty-four hours without changing either feature or posture, so far as his terrified domestics could observe. The abbot of Dundrennan preached consolation to him in vain. Douglas, who came to visit in his affliction a patriot of such distinguished zeal, was more successful in rousing his attention. He caused the trumpets to sound an English point of war in the courtyard, and Redgauntlet at once sprung to his arms, and seemed restored to the recollection which had been lost in the extent of his misery.

From that moment, whatever he might feel inwardly, he gave way to no outward emotion. Douglas caused his infant to be brought; but even the iron-hearted soldiers were struck with horror to observe that, by the mysterious law of nature, the cause of his mother's death, and the evidence of his father's guilt, was stamped on the innocent face of the babe, whose brow was distinctly marked by the miniature resemblance of a horseshoe. Redgauntlet himself pointed it out to Douglas, saying, with a ghastly smile, "It should have been bloody."

Moved as he was to compassion for his brother-in-arms, and steeled against all softer feelings by the habits of civil war, Douglas shuddered at this sight, and displayed a desire to leave the house which was doomed to be the scene of such horrors. As his parting advice, he exhorted Alberick Redgauntlet to make a pilgrimage to St. Ninian's of Whiteherne, then esteemed a shrine of great sanctity; and departed with a precipitation which might have aggravated, had that been possible, the forlorn state of his unhappy friend. But that seems to have been incapable of admitting any addition. Sir Alberick caused the bodies of his slaughtered son and the mother to be laid side by side in the ancient chapel of his house, after he had used the skill of a celebrated surgeon of that time to embalm them; and

it was said that for many weeks he spent some hours nightly in the vault where they reposed.

‘At length he undertook the proposed pilgrimage to Whiteherne, where he confessed himself for the first time since his misfortune, and was shrived by an aged monk, who afterwards died in the odour of sanctity. It is said that it was then foretold to the Redgauntlet that, on account of his unshaken patriotism, his family should continue to be powerful amid the changes of future times ; but that, in detestation of his unrelenting cruelty to his own issue, Heaven had decreed that the valour of his race should always be fruitless, and that the cause which they espoused should never prosper.

‘Submitting to such penance as was there imposed, Sir Alberick went, it is thought, on a pilgrimage either to Rome or to the Holy Sepulchre itself. He was universally considered as dead ; and it was not till thirteen years afterwards that, in the great battle of Durham, fought between David Bruce and Queen Philippa of England, a knight, bearing a horseshoe for his crest, appeared in the van of the Scottish army, distinguishing himself by his reckless and desperate valour, who, being at length overpowered and slain, was finally discovered to be the brave and unhappy Sir Alberick Redgauntlet.’

‘And has the fatal sign,’ said I, when Herries had ended his narrative, ‘descended on all the posterity of this unhappy house?’

‘It has been so handed down from antiquity, and is still believed,’ said Herries. ‘But perhaps there is, in the popular evidence, something of that fancy which creates what it sees. Certainly, as other families have peculiarities by which they are distinguished, this of Redgauntlet is marked in most individuals by a singular indenture of the forehead, supposed to be derived from the son of Alberick, their ancestor, and brother to the unfortunate Edward, who had perished in so piteous a manner. It is certain there seems to have been a fate upon the house of Redgauntlet, which has been on the losing side in almost all the civil broils which have divided the kingdom of Scotland from David Bruce’s days till the late valiant and unsuccessful attempt of the Chevalier Charles Edward.’

He concluded with a deep sigh, as one whom the subject had involved in a train of painful reflections.

‘And am I then,’ I exclaimed, ‘descended from this unhappy race? Do you too belong to it? And if so, why do I sustain restraint and hard usage at the hands of a relation?’

‘Inquire no farther for the present,’ he said. ‘The line of

conduct which I am pursuing towards you is dictated not by choice, but by necessity. You were withdrawn from the bosom of your family, and the care of your legal guardian, by the timidity and ignorance of a doting mother, who was incapable of estimating the arguments or feelings of those who prefer honour and principle to fortune, and even to life. The young hawk, accustomed only to the fostering care of its dam, must be tamed by darkness and sleeplessness ere it is trusted on the wing for the purposes of the falconer.'

I was appalled at this declaration, which seemed to threaten a long continuance, and a dangerous termination, of my captivity. I deemed it best, however, to show some spirit, and at the same time to mingle a tone of conciliation. 'Mr. Herries,' I said, 'if I call you rightly by that name, let us speak upon this matter without the tone of mystery and fear in which you seem inclined to envelope it. I have been long, alas! deprived of the care of that affectionate mother to whom you allude, long under the charge of strangers, and compelled to form my own resolutions upon the reasoning of my own mind. Misfortune — early deprivation — has given me the privilege of acting for myself; and constraint shall not deprive me of an Englishman's best privilege.'

'The true cant of the day,' said Herries, in a tone of scorn. 'The privilege of free action belongs to no mortal: we are tied down by the fetters of duty, our moral path is limited by the regulations of honour, our most indifferent actions are but meshes of the web of destiny by which we are all surrounded.'

He paced the room rapidly, and proceeded in a tone of enthusiasm which, joined to some other parts of his conduct, seems to intimate an over-excited imagination, were it not contradicted by the general tenor of his speech and conduct.

'Nothing,' he said, in an earnest yet melancholy voice — 'nothing is the work of chance, nothing is the consequence of free-will: the liberty of which the Englishman boasts gives as little real freedom to its owner as the despotism of an Eastern sultan permits to his slave. The usurper, William of Nassau, went forth to hunt, and thought, doubtless, that it was by an act of his own royal pleasure that the horse of his murdered victim was prepared for his kingly sport. But Heaven had other views; and before the sun was high, a stumble of that very animal over an obstacle so inconsiderable as a mole-hillock cost the haughty rider his life and his usurped crown. Do you think an inclination of the rein could have avoided that

trifling impediment? I tell you, it crossed his way as inevitably as all the long chain of Caucasus could have done. Yes, young man, in doing and suffering we play but the part allotted by Destiny, the manager of this strange drama, stand bound to act no more than is prescribed, to say no more than is set down for us; and yet we mouth about free-will, and freedom of thought and action, as if Richard must not die, or Richmond conquer, exactly where the author has decreed it shall be so!

He continued to pace the room after this speech, with folded arms and downcast looks; and the sound of his steps and tone of his voice brought to my remembrance that I had heard this singular person, when I met him on a former occasion, uttering such soliloquies in his solitary chamber. I observed that, like other Jacobites, in his inveteracy against the memory of King William, he had adopted the party opinion that the monarch, on the day he had his fatal accident, rode upon a horse once the property of the unfortunate Sir John Friend, executed for high treason in 1696.

It was not my business to aggravate, but, if possible, rather to soothe him in whose power I was so singularly placed. When I conceived that the keenness of his feelings had in some degree subsided, I answered him as follows:—‘I will not—indeed I feel myself incompetent to argue a question of such metaphysical subtlety as that which involves the limits betwixt free-will and predestination. Let us hope we may live honestly and die hopefully, without being obliged to form a decided opinion upon a point so far beyond our comprehension.’

‘Wisely resolved,’ he interrupted, with a sneer; ‘there came a note from some Geneva sermon.’

‘But,’ I proceeded, ‘I call your attention to the fact that I, as well as you, am acted upon by impulses, the result either of my own free-will or the consequences of the part which is assigned to me by destiny. These may be—nay, at present they are—in direct contradiction to those by which you are actuated; and how shall we decide which shall have precedence? *You* perhaps feel yourself destined to act as my jailer. I feel myself, on the contrary, destined to attempt and effect my escape. One of us must be wrong, but who can say which errs till the event has decided betwixt us?’

‘I shall feel myself destined to have recourse to severe modes of restraint,’ said he, in the same tone of half jest, half earnest which I had used.

'In that case,' I answered, 'it will be my destiny to attempt everything for my freedom.'

'And it may be mine, young man,' he replied, in a deep and stern tone, 'to take care that you should rather die than attain your purpose.'

This was speaking out indeed, and I did not allow him to go unanswered. 'You threaten me in vain,' said I: 'the laws of my country will protect me; or whom they cannot protect, they will avenge.'

I spoke this firmly, and he seemed for a moment silenced; and the scorn with which he at last answered me had something of affectation in it.

'The laws!' he said; 'and what, stripling, do you know of the laws of your country? Could you learn jurisprudence under a base-born blotter of parchment such as Saunders Fairford; or from the empty pedantic coxcomb, his son, who now, forsooth, writes himself advocate? When Scotland was herself, and had her own king and legislature, such plebeian cubs, instead of being called to the bar of her Supreme Courts, would scarce have been admitted to the honour of bearing a sheepskin process-bag.'

Alan, I could not bear this, but answered indignantly, that he knew not the worth and honour from which he was detracting.

'I know as much of these Fairfords as I do of you,' he replied.

'As much,' said I, 'and as little; for you can neither estimate their real worth nor mine. I know you saw them when last in Edinburgh.'

'Ha!' he exclaimed, and turned on me an inquisitive look.

'It is true,' said I, 'you cannot deny it; and having thus shown you that I know something of your motions, let me warn you I have modes of communication with which you are not acquainted. Oblige me not to use them to your prejudice.'

'Prejudice *me*!' he replied. 'Young man, I smile at and forgive your folly. Nay, I will tell you that of which you are not aware, namely, that it was from letters received from these Fairfords that I first suspected, what the result of my visit to them confirmed, that you were the person whom I had sought for years.'

'If you learned this,' said I, 'from the papers which were about my person on the night when I was under the necessity of becoming your guest at Brokenburn, I do not envy your

indifference to the means of acquiring information. It was dishonourable to ——'

'Peace, young man,' said Herries, more calmly than I might have expected; 'the word dishonour must not be mentioned as in conjunction with my name. Your pocket-book was in the pocket of your coat, and did not escape the curiosity of another, though it would have been sacred from mine. My servant, Cristal Nixon, brought me the intelligence after you were gone. I was displeased with the manner in which he had acquired his information; but it was not the less my duty to ascertain its truth, and for that purpose I went to Edinburgh. I was in hopes to persuade Mr. Fairford to have entered into my views; but I found him too much prejudiced to permit me to trust him. He is a wretched yet a timid slave of the present government, under which our unhappy country is dishonourably enthralled; and it would have been altogether unfit and unsafe to have entrusted him with the secret either of the right which I possess to direct your actions or of the manner in which I purpose to exercise it.'

I was determined to take advantage of his communicative humour, and obtain, if possible, more light upon his purpose. He seemed most accessible to being piqued on the point of honour, and I resolved to avail myself, but with caution, of his sensibility upon that topic. 'You say,' I replied, 'that you are not friendly to indirect practices, and disapprove of the means by which your domestic obtained information of my name and quality. Is it honourable to avail yourself of that knowledge which is dishonourably obtained?'

'It is boldly asked,' he replied; 'but, within certain necessary limits, I dislike not boldness of expostulation. You have, in this short conference, displayed more character and energy than I was prepared to expect. You will, I trust, resemble a forest plant, which has indeed by some accident been brought up in the greenhouse, and thus rendered delicate and effeminate, but which regains its native firmness and tenacity when exposed for a season to the winter air. I will answer your question plainly. In business, as in war, spies and informers are necessary evils, which all good men detest, but which yet all prudent men must use, unless they mean to fight and act blindfold. But nothing can justify the use of falsehood and treachery in our own person.'

'You said to the elder Mr. Fairford,' continued I, with the same boldness, which I began to find was my best game, 'that I was the son of Ralph Latimer of Langcote Hall? How do

you reconcile this with your late assertion that my name is not Latimer ?'

He coloured as he replied, 'The doting old fool lied, or perhaps mistook my meaning. I said that gentleman *might* be your father. To say truth, I wished you to visit England, your native country ; because, when you might do so, my rights over you would revive.'

This speech fully led me to understand a caution which had been often impressed upon me, that if I regarded my safety I should not cross the southern Border ; and I cursed my own folly, which kept me fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I was betrayed into the calamity with which I had dallied. 'What are those rights,' I said, 'which you claim over me ? To what end do you propose to turn them ?'

'To a weighty one, you may be certain,' answered Mr. Herries ; 'but I do not, at present, mean to communicate to you either its nature or extent. You may judge of its importance, when, in order entirely to possess myself of your person, I condescended to mix myself with the fellows who destroyed the fishing-station of yon wretched Quaker. That I held him in contempt, and was displeased at the greedy devices with which he ruined a manly sport, is true enough ; but, unless as it favoured my designs on you, he might have, for me, maintained his stake-nets till Solway should cease to ebb and flow.'

'Alas !' I said, 'it doubles my regret to have been the unwilling cause of misfortune to an honest and friendly man.'

'Do not grieve for that,' said Herries : 'honest Joshua is one of those who, by dint of long prayers, can possess themselves of widows' houses ; he will quickly repair his losses. When he sustains any mishap, he and the other canters set it down as a debt against Heaven, and, by way of set-off, practise rogueries without compunction, till they make the balance even, or incline it to the winning side. Enough of this for the present. I must immediately shift my quarters ; for, although I do not fear the over-zeal of Mr. Justice Foxley or his clerk will lead them to any extreme measure, yet that mad scoundrel's unhappy recognition of me may make it more serious for them to connive at me, and I must not put their patience to an over-severe trial. You must prepare to attend me, either as a captive or a companion ; if as the latter, you must give your parole of honour to attempt no escape. Should you be so ill advised as to break your word once pledged, be assured that I will blow your brains out without a moment's scruple.'

'I am ignorant of your plans and purposes,' I replied, 'and cannot but hold them dangerous. I do not mean to aggravate my present situation by any unavailing resistance to the superior force which detains me ; but I will not renounce the right of asserting my natural freedom should a favourable opportunity occur. I will, therefore, rather be your prisoner than your confederate.'

'That is spoken fairly,' he said ; 'and yet not without the canny caution of one brought up in the Gude Town of Edinburgh. On my part, I will impose no unnecessary hardship upon you ; but, on the contrary, your journey shall be made as easy as is consistent with your being kept safely. Do you feel strong enough to ride on horseback as yet, or would you prefer a carriage ? The former mode of travelling is best adapted to the country through which we are to travel, but you are at liberty to choose between them.'

I said, 'I felt my strength gradually returning, and that I should much prefer travelling on horseback. A carriage,' I added, 'is so close——'

'And so easily guarded,' replied Herries, with a look as if he would have penetrated my very thoughts, 'that, doubtless, you think horseback better calculated for an escape.'

'My thoughts are my own,' I answered ; 'and though you keep my person prisoner, these are beyond your control.'

'O, I can read the book,' he said, 'without opening the leaves. But I would recommend to you to make no rash attempt, and it will be my care to see that you have no power to make any that is likely to be effectual. Linen, and all other necessaries for one in your circumstances, are amply provided. Cristal Nixon will act as your valet.—I should rather, perhaps, say your *femme de chambre*. Your travelling-dress you may perhaps consider as singular, but it is such as the circumstances require ; and if you object to use the articles prepared for your use, your mode of journeying will be as personally unpleasant as that which conducted you hither. Adieu. We now know each other better than we did ; it will not be my fault if the consequences of farther intimacy be not a more favourable mutual opinion.'

He then left me, with a civil 'good-night,' to my own reflections, and only turned back to say, that we should proceed on our journey at daybreak next morning, at farthest ; perhaps earlier, he said ; but complimented me by supposing that, as I was a sportsman, I must always be ready for a sudden start.

We are then at issue, this singular man and myself. His personal views are to a certain point explained. He has chosen an antiquated and desperate line of politics, and he claims, from some pretended tie of guardianship or relationship which he does not deign to explain, but which he seems to have been able to pass current on a silly country justice and his knavish clerk, a right to direct and to control my motions. The danger which awaited me in England, and which I might have escaped had I remained in Scotland, was doubtless occasioned by the authority of this man. But what my poor mother might fear for me as a child, what my English friend, Samuel Griffiths, endeavoured to guard against during my youth and nonage, is now, it seems, come upon me; and, under a legal pretext, I am detained in what must be a most illegal manner, by a person, too, whose own political immunities have been forfeited by his conduct. It matters not: my mind is made up, neither persuasion nor threats shall force me into the desperate designs which this man meditates. Whether I am of the trifling consequence which my life hitherto seems to intimate, or whether I have, as would appear from my adversary's conduct, such importance, by birth or fortune, as may make me a desirable acquisition to a political faction, my resolution is taken in either case. Those who read this Journal, if it shall be perused by impartial eyes, shall judge of me truly; and if they consider me as a fool in encountering danger unnecessarily, they shall have no reason to believe me a coward or a turncoat when I find myself engaged in it. I have been bred in sentiments of attachment to the family on the throne, and in these sentiments I will live and die. I have, indeed, some idea that Mr. Herries has already discovered that I am made of different and more unmanageable metal than he had at first believed. There were letters from my dear Alan Fairford, giving a ludicrous account of my instability of temper, in the same pocket-book which, according to the admission of my pretended guardian, fell under the investigation of his domestic during the night I passed at Brokenburn, where, as I now recollect, my wet clothes, with the contents of my pockets, were, with the thoughtlessness of a young traveller, committed too rashly to the care of a strange servant. And my kind friend and hospitable landlord, Mr. Alexander Fairford, may also, and with justice, have spoken of my levities to this man. But he shall find he has made a false estimate upon these plausible grounds, since —

But I must break off for the present.

CHAPTER IX

Latimer's Journal, in Continuation

THERE is at length a halt — at length I have gained so much privacy as to enable me to continue my Journal. It has become a sort of task of duty to me, without the discharge of which I do not feel that the business of the day is performed. True, no friendly eye may ever look upon these labours, which have amused the solitary hours of an unhappy prisoner. Yet, in the meanwhile, the exercise of the pen seems to act as a sedative upon my own agitated thoughts and tumultuous passions. I never lay it down but I rise stronger in resolution, more ardent in hope. A thousand vague fears, wild expectations, and indigested schemes, hurry through one's thoughts in seasons of doubt and of danger. But by arresting them as they flit across the mind, by throwing them on paper, and even by that mechanical act compelling ourselves to consider them with scrupulous and minute attention, we may perhaps escape becoming the dupes of our own excited imagination; just as a young horse is cured of the vice of starting, by being made to stand still and look for some time without any interruption at the cause of its terror.

There remains but one risk, which is that of discovery. But, besides the small characters in which my residence in Mr. Fairford's house enabled me to excel, for the purpose of transferring as many scroll sheets as possible to a huge sheet of stamped paper, I have, as I have elsewhere intimated, had hitherto the comfortable reflection that, if the record of my misfortunes should fall into the hands of him by whom they are caused, they would, without harming any one, show him the real character and disposition of the person who has become his prisoner, perhaps his victim. Now, however, that other names and other characters are to be mingled with the register of my own sentiments, I must take additional care of these papers,

and keep them in such a manner that, in case of the least hazard of detection, I may be able to destroy them at a moment's notice. I shall not soon or easily forget the lesson I have been taught by the prying disposition which Cristal Nixon, this man's agent and confederate, manifested at Brokenburn, and which proved the original cause of my sufferings.

My laying aside the last sheet of my Journal hastily was occasioned by the unwonted sound of a violin in the farmyard beneath my windows. It will not appear surprising to those who have made music their study that, after listening to a few notes, I became at once assured that the musician was no other than the itinerant formerly mentioned as present at the destruction of Joshua Geddes's stake-nets, the superior delicacy and force of whose execution would enable me to swear to his bow amongst a whole orchestra. I had the less reason to doubt his identity, because he played twice over the beautiful Scottish air called 'Wandering Willie'; and I could not help concluding that he did so for the purpose of intimating his own presence, since what the French call the *nom de guerre* of the performer was described by the tune.

Hope will catch at the most feeble twig for support in extremity. I knew this man, though deprived of sight, to be bold, ingenious, and perfectly capable of acting as a guide. I believed I had won his good-will by having, in a frolic, assumed the character of his partner; and I remembered that, in a wild, wandering, and disorderly course of life, men, as they become loosened from the ordinary bonds of civil society, hold those of comradeship more closely sacred; so that honour is sometimes found among thieves, and faith and attachment in such as the law has termed vagrants. The history of Richard Cœur-de-Lion and his minstrel, Blondel, rushed, at the same time, on my mind, though I could not even then suppress a smile at the dignity of the example, when applied to a blind fiddler and myself. Still, there was something in all this to awaken a hope that, if I could open a correspondence with this poor violer, he might be useful in extricating me from my present situation.

His profession furnished me with some hope that this desired communication might be attained; since it is well known that, in Scotland, where there is so much national music, the words and airs of which are generally known, there is a kind of freemasonry amongst performers, by which they can, by the mere choice of a tune, express a great deal to the

hearers. Personal allusions are often made in this manner, with much point and pleasantry; and nothing is more usual at public festivals than that the air played to accompany a particular health or toast is made the vehicle of compliment, of wit, and sometimes of satire.¹

While these things passed through my mind rapidly, I heard my friend beneath recommence, for the third time, the air from which his own name had been probably adopted, when he was interrupted by his rustic auditors.

‘If thou canst play no other spring but that, mon, ho hadst best put up ho’s pipes and be jogging. Squoire will be back anon, or Master Nixon, and we’ll see who will pay poiper then.’

‘Oho,’ thought I, ‘if I have no sharper ears than those of my friends Jan and Dorcas to encounter, I may venture an experiment upon them’; and, as most expressive of my state of captivity, I sung two or three lines of the 137th Psalm —

‘By Babel’s streams we sat and wept.’

The country people listened with attention, and when I ceased, I heard them whisper together in tones of commiseration, ‘Lack-a-day, poor soul! so pretty a man to be beside his wits!’

‘An he be that gate,’ said Wandering Willie, in a tone calculated to reach my ears, ‘I ken naething will raise his spirits like a spring.’ And he struck up with great vigour and spirit the lively Scottish air, the words of which instantly occurred to me —

‘Oh whistle and I’ll come t’ye, my lad,
Oh whistle and I’ll come t’ye, my lad;
Though father and mother and a’ should gae mad,
Oh whistle and I’ll come t’ye, my lad.’

I soon heard a clattering noise of feet in the courtyard, which I concluded to be Jan and Dorcas dancing a jig in their Cumberland wooden clogs. Under cover of this din I endeavoured to answer Willie’s signal by whistling, as loud as I could —

‘Come back again and loe me
When a’ the lave are gane.’

He instantly threw the dancers out, by changing his air to

‘There’s my thumb, I’ll ne’er beguile thee.’

¹ See Tunes and Toasts. Note 26.

I no longer doubted that a communication betwixt us was happily established, and that, if I had an opportunity of speaking to the poor musician, I should find him willing to take my letter to the post, to invoke the assistance of some active magistrate, or of the commanding officer of Carlisle Castle, or, in short, to do whatever else I could point out, in the compass of his power, to contribute to my liberation. But to obtain speech of him I must have run the risk of alarming the suspicions of Dorcas, if not of her yet more stupid Corydon. My ally's blindness prevented his receiving any communication by signs from the window, even if I could have ventured to make them, consistently with prudence; so that, notwithstanding the mode of intercourse we had adopted was both circuitous and peculiarly liable to misapprehension, I saw nothing I could do better than to continue it, trusting my own and my correspondent's acuteness in applying to the airs the meaning they were intended to convey. I thought of singing the words themselves of some significant song, but feared I might, by doing so, attract suspicion. I endeavoured, therefore, to intimate my speedy departure from my present place of residence by whistling the well-known air with which festive parties in Scotland usually conclude the dance—

'Good-night and joy be wi' ye a',
For here nae langer maun I stay;
There's neither friend nor foe of mine
But wishes that I were away.'

It appeared that Willie's powers of intelligence were much more active than mine, and that, like a deaf person, accustomed to be spoken to by signs, he comprehended, from the very first notes, the whole meaning I intended to convey; and he accompanied me in the air with his violin, in such a manner as at once to show he understood my meaning, and to prevent my whistling from being attended to.

His reply was almost immediate, and was conveyed in the old martial air of 'Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.' I ran over the words, and fixed on the following stanza as most applicable to my circumstances:—

'Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border and give them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.'

If these sounds alluded, as I hope they do, to any chance of

assistance from my Scottish friends, I may indeed consider that a door is open to hope and freedom. I immediately replied with,

‘My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer —
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
My heart’s in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands ! farewell to the North !
The birthplace of valour, the cradle of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.’

Willie instantly played, with a degree of spirit which might have awakened hope in Despair herself, if Despair could be supposed to understand Scotch music, the fine old Jacobite air,

‘For a’ that, and a’ that,
And twice as much as a’ that.’

I next endeavoured to intimate my wish to send notice of my condition to my friends ; and, despairing to find an air sufficiently expressive of my purpose, I ventured to sing a verse, which, in various forms, occurs so frequently in old ballads —

‘Whare will I get a bonny boy
That will win hose and shoon ;
That will gae down to Durisdeer,
And bid my merry-men come ?’

He drowned the latter part of the verse by playing, with much emphasis,

‘Kind Robin loes me.’

Of this, though I ran over the verses of the song in my mind, I could make nothing ; and before I could contrive any mode of intimating my uncertainty, a cry arose in the courtyard that Cristal Nixon was coming. My faithful Willie was obliged to retreat ; but not before he had half-played, half-hummed, by way of farewell,

‘Leave thee — leave thee, lad ?
I’ll never leave thee.
The stars shall gae withershins
Ere I will leave thee.’

I am thus, I think, secure of one trusty adherent in my misfortunes ; and, however whimsical it may be to rely much on a man of his idle profession, and deprived of sight withal,

it is deeply impressed on my mind that his services may be both useful and necessary. There is another quarter from which I look for succour, and which I have indicated to thee, Alan, in more than one passage of my Journal. Twice, at the early hour of daybreak, I have seen the individual alluded to in the court of the farm, and twice she made signs of recognition in answer to the gestures by which I endeavoured to make her comprehend my situation; but on both occasions she pressed her finger on her lips, as expressive of silence and secrecy.

The manner in which G. M. entered upon the scene for the first time seems to assure me of her good-will, so far as her power may reach; and I have many reasons to believe it is considerable. Yet she seemed hurried and frightened during the very transitory moments of our interview, and I think was, upon the last occasion, startled by the entrance of some one into the farmyard, just as she was on the point of addressing me. You must not ask whether I am an early riser, since such objects are only to be seen at daybreak; and although I have never again seen her, yet I have reason to think she is not distant. It was but three nights ago that, worn out by the uniformity of my confinement, I had manifested more symptoms of despondence than I had before exhibited, which I conceive may have attracted the attention of the domestics, through whom the circumstance might transpire. On the next morning the following lines lay on my table; but how conveyed there I cannot tell. The hand in which they are written is a beautiful Italian manuscript:—

‘As lords their labourers’ hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be given;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.’

That these lines are written with the friendly purpose of inducing me to keep up my spirits I cannot doubt; and I trust the manner in which I shall conduct myself may show that the pledge is accepted.

The dress is arrived in which it seems to be my self-elected guardian’s pleasure that I shall travel; and what does it prove to be? A skirt, or upper petticoat, of camlet, like those worn

by country ladies of moderate rank when on horseback, with such a riding-mask as they frequently use on journeys to preserve their eyes and complexion from the sun and dust, and sometimes, it is suspected, to enable them to play off a little coquetry. From the gayer mode of employing the mask, however, I suspect I shall be precluded ; for, instead of being only pasteboard, covered with black velvet, I observe with anxiety that mine is thickened with a plate of steel, which, like Quixote's visor, serves to render it more strong and durable.

This apparatus, together with a steel clasp for securing the mask behind me with a padlock, gave me fearful recollections of the unfortunate being who, never being permitted to lay aside such a visor, acquired the well-known historical epithet of the Man in the Iron Mask. I hesitated a moment whether I should so far submit to the acts of oppression designed against me as to assume this disguise, which was, of course, contrived to aid their purposes. But then I remembered Mr. Herries's threat that I should be kept close prisoner in a carriage unless I assumed the dress which should be appointed for me ; and I considered the comparative degree of freedom which I might purchase by wearing the mask and female dress as easily and advantageously purchased. Here, therefore, I must pause for the present, and await what the morning may bring forth.

To carry on the story from the documents before us, we think it proper here to drop the Journal of the captive Darsie Latimer, and adopt, instead, a narrative of the proceedings of Alan Fairford in pursuit of his friend, which forms another series in this history.

CHAPTER X

Narrative of Alan Fairford

THE reader ought, by this time, to have formed some idea of the character of Alan Fairford. He had a warmth of heart which the study of the law and of the world could not chill, and talents which they had rendered unusually acute. Deprived of the personal patronage enjoyed by most of his contemporaries, who assumed the gown under the protection of their aristocratic alliances and descents, he early saw that he should have that to achieve for himself which fell to them as a right of birth. He laboured hard in silence and solitude, and his labours were crowned with success. But Alan doted on his friend Darsie, even more than he loved his profession, and, as we have seen, threw everything aside when he thought Latimer in danger; forgetting fame and fortune, and hazarding even the serious displeasure of his father, to rescue him whom he loved with an elder brother's affection. Darsie, though his parts were more quick and brilliant than those of his friend, seemed always to the latter a being under his peculiar charge, whom he was called upon to cherish and protect, in cases where the youth's own experience was unequal to the exigency; and now, when the fate of Latimer seemed worse than doubtful, and Alan's whole prudence and energy were to be exerted in his behalf, an adventure which might have seemed perilous to most youths of his age had no terrors for him. He was well acquainted with the laws of his country, and knew how to appeal to them; and, besides his professional confidence, his natural disposition was steady, sedate, persevering, and undaunted. With these requisites he undertook a quest which, at that time, was not unattended with actual danger, and had much in it to appal a more timid disposition.

Fairford's first inquiry concerning his friend was of the chief magistrate of Dumfries, Provost Crosbie, who had sent the in-

formation of Darsie's disappearance. On his first application, he thought he discerned in the honest dignitary a desire to get rid of the subject. The provost spoke of the riot at the fishing-station as an 'outbreak among those lawless loons the fishermen, which concerned the sheriff,' he said, 'more than us poor town-council bodies, that have enough to do to keep peace within burgh, amongst such a set of commoners as the town are plagued with.'

'But this is not all, Provost Crosbie,' said Mr. Alan Fairford: 'a young gentleman of rank and fortune has disappeared amongst their hands. You know him — my father gave him a letter to you — Mr. Darsie Latimer.'

'Lack-a-day, yes! — lack-a-day, yes!' said the provost. 'Mr. Darsie Latimer. He dined at my house. I hope he is well?'

'I hope so too,' said Alan, rather indignantly; 'but I desire more certainty on that point. You yourself wrote my father that he had disappeared.'

'Troth, yes, and that is true,' said the provost. 'But did he not go back to his friends in Scotland? It was not natural to think he would stay here.'

'Not unless he is under restraint,' said Fairford, surprised at the coolness with which the provost seemed to take up the matter.

'Rely on it, sir,' said Mr. Crosbie, 'that if he has not returned to his friends in Scotland, he must have gone to his friends in England.'

'I will rely on no such thing,' said Alan; 'if there is law or justice in Scotland, I will have the thing cleared to the very bottom.'

'Reasonable — reasonable,' said the provost, 'so far as is possible; but you know I have no power beyond the ports of the burgh.'

'But you are in the commission besides, Mr. Crosbie — a justice of peace for the county.'

'True — very true; that is,' said the cautious magistrate, 'I will not say but my name may stand on the list, but I cannot remember that I have ever qualified.'¹

'Why, in that case,' said young Fairford, 'there are ill-natured people might doubt your attachment to the Protestant line, Mr. Crosbie.'

'God forbid, Mr. Fairford! I who have done and suffered in

¹ By taking the oaths to government.

the Forty-five! I reckon the Highlandmen did me damage to the amount of £100 Scots, forbye all they ate and drank. No — no, sir, I stand beyond challenge; but as for plaguing myself with county business, let them that aught the mare shoe the mare. The Commissioners of Supply would see my back broken before they would help me in the burgh's work, and all the world kens the difference of the weight between public business in burgh and landward. What are their riots to me? Have we not riots enough of our own? But I must be getting ready, for the council meets this forenoon. I am blythe to see your father's son on the causeway of our ancient burgh, Mr. Alan Fairford. Were you a twelvemonth aulder, we would make a burgess of you, man. I hope you will come and dine with me before you go away. What think you of to-day at two o'clock — just a roasted chucky and a drappit egg?'

Alan Fairford resolved that his friend's hospitality should not, as it seemed the inviter intended, put a stop to his queries. 'I must delay you for a moment,' he said, 'Mr. Crosbie. This is a serious affair: a young gentleman of high hopes, my own dearest friend, is missing; you cannot think it will be passed over slightly, if a man of your high character and known zeal for the government do not make some active inquiry. Mr. Crosbie, you are my father's friend, and I respect you as such; but to others it will have a bad appearance.'

The withers of the provost were not unwrung: he paced the room in much tribulation, repeating, 'But what can I do, Mr. Fairford? I warrant your friend casts up again: he will come back again, like the ill shilling — he is not the sort of gear that tynes — a hellicat boy, running through the country with a blind fiddler, and playing the fiddle to a parcel of blackguards, who can tell where the like of him may have scampered to?'

'There are persons apprehended and in the jail of the town, as I understand from the sheriff-substitute,' said Mr. Fairford; 'you must call them before you and inquire what they know of this young gentleman.'

'Ay — ay, the sheriff-depute did commit some poor creatures, I believe — wretched, ignorant fishermen bodies, that had been quarrelling with Quaker Geddes and his stake-nets, whilk, under favour of your gown be it spoken, Mr. Fairford, are not over and above lawful, and the town-clerk thinks they may be lawfully removed *via facti* — but that is by the by. But, sir, the creatures were a' dismissed for want of evidence: the Quaker would not swear to them, and what could the sheriff and me do

but just let them loose? Come awa', cheer up, Master Alan, and take a walk till dinner-time. I must really go to the council.'

'Stop a moment, provost,' said Alan; 'I lodge a complaint before you, as a magistrate, and you will find it serious to slight it over. You must have these men apprehended again.'

'Ay, ay — easy said; but catch them that can,' answered the provost; 'they are ower the march by this time, or by the Point of Cairn. Lord help ye! they are a kind of amphibious deevils, neither land nor water beasts — neither English nor Scots — neither county nor stewartry, as we say — they are dispersed like so much quicksilver. You may as well try to whistle a sealgh out of the Solway as to get hold of one of them till all the fray is over.'

'Mr. Crosbie, this will not do,' answered the young counsellor; 'there is a person of more importance than such wretches as you describe concerned in this unhappy business: I must name to you a certain Mr. Herries.'

He kept his eye on the provost as he uttered the name, which he did rather at a venture, and from the connexion which that gentleman, and his real or supposed niece, seemed to have with the fate of Darsie Latimer, than from any distinct cause of suspicion which he entertained. He thought the provost seemed embarrassed, though he showed much desire to assume an appearance of indifference, in which he partly succeeded.

'Herries!' he said. 'What Herries? There are many of that name; not so many as formerly, for the old stocks are wearing out, but there is Herries of Heathgill, and Herries of Auchintulloch, and Herries ——'

'To save you farther trouble, this person's designation is Herries of Birrenswork.'

'Of Birrenswork!' said Mr. Crosbie. 'I have you now, Mr. Alan. Could you not as well have said, the laird of Redgauntlet?'

Fairford was too wary to testify any surprise at this identification of names, however unexpected. 'I thought,' said he, 'he was more generally known by the name of Herries. I have seen and been in company with him under that name, I am sure.'

'O ay; in Edinburgh, belike. You know Redgauntlet was unfortunate a great while ago, and though he was maybe not

deeper in the mire than other folk, yet, for some reason or other, he did not get so easily out.

'He was attainted, I understand, and has no remission,' said Fairford.

The cautious provost only nodded, and said, 'You may guess, therefore, why it is so convenient he should hold his mother's name, which is also partly his own, when he is about Edinburgh. To bear his proper name might be accounted a kind of flying in the face of government, ye understand. But he has been long connived at — the story is an old story; and the gentleman has many excellent qualities, and is of a very ancient and honourable house — has cousins among the great folk — counts kin with the advocate and with the sheriff: hawks, you know, Mr. Alan, will not pike out hawks' een. He is widely connected — *my* wife is a fourth cousin of Redgauntlet's.'

'*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*' thought Alan Fairford to himself; but the hint presently determined him to proceed by soft means, and with caution. 'I beg you to understand,' said Fairford, 'that, in the investigation which I am about to make, I design no harm to Mr. Herries, or Redgauntlet, call him what you will. All I wish is to ascertain the safety of my friend. I know that he was rather foolish in once going upon a mere frolic, in disguise, to the neighbourhood of this same gentleman's house. In his circumstances, Mr. Redgauntlet may have misinterpreted the motives, and considered Darsie Latimer as a spy. His influence, I believe, is great among the disorderly people you spoke of but now?'

The provost answered with another sagacious shake of his head, that would have done honour to Lord Burleigh in *The Critic*.

'Well, then,' continued Fairford, 'is it not possible that, in the mistaken belief that Mr. Latimer was a spy, he may, upon such suspicion, have caused him to be carried off and confined somewhere? Such things are done at elections, and on occasions less pressing than when men think their lives are in danger from an informer.'

'Mr. Fairford,' said the provost, very earnestly, 'I scarce think such a mistake possible; or if, by any extraordinary chance, it should have taken place, Redgauntlet, whom I cannot but know well, being, as I have said, my wife's first cousin — fourth cousin, I should say — is altogether incapable of doing anything harsh to the young gentleman: he might send him

ower to Ailsay for a night or two, or maybe land him on the north coast of Ireland, or in Islay, or some of the Hebrides; but depend upon it, he is incapable of harming a hair of his head.'

'I am determined not to trust to that, provost,' answered Fairford, firmly; 'and I am a good deal surprised at your way of talking so lightly of such an aggression on the liberty of the subject. You are to consider, and Mr. Herries or Mr. Redgauntlet's friends would do very well also to consider, how it will sound in the ears of an English Secretary of State, that an attainted traitor, for such is this gentleman, has not only ventured to take up his abode in this realm, against the king of which he has been in arms, but is suspected of having proceeded, by open force and violence, against the person of one of the lieges, a young man who is neither without friends nor property to secure his being righted.'

The provost looked at the young counsellor with a face in which distrust, alarm, and vexation seemed mingled. 'A fashious job,' he said at last — 'a fashious job; and it will be dangerous meddling with it. I should like ill to see your father's son turn informer against an unfortunate gentleman.'

'Neither do I mean it,' answered Alan, 'provided that unfortunate gentleman and his friends give me a quiet opportunity of securing *my* friend's safety. If I could speak with Mr. Redgauntlet, and hear his own explanation, I should probably be satisfied. If I am forced to denounce him to government, it will be in his new capacity of a kidnapper. I may not be able, nor is it my business, to prevent his being recognised in his former character of an attainted person, excepted from the general pardon.'

'Master Fairford,' said the provost, 'would ye ruin the poor innocent gentleman on an idle suspicion?'

'Say no more of it, Mr. Crosbie; my line of conduct is determined unless that suspicion is removed.'

'Weel, sir,' said the provost, 'since so it be, and since you say that you do not seek to harm Redgauntlet personally, I'll ask a man to dine with us to-day that kens as much about his matters as most folk. You must think, Mr. Alan Fairford, though Redgauntlet be my wife's near relative, and though, doubtless, I wish him weel, yet I am not the person who is like to be entrusted with his incomings and outgoings. I am not a man for that. I keep the kirk, and I abhor Popery. I have stood up for the house of Hanover, and for liberty and prop-

erty. I carried arms, sir, against the Pretender, when three of the Highlandmen's baggage-carts were stopped at Ecclefechan; and I had an especial loss of a hundred pounds——'

'Scots,' interrupted Fairford. 'You forget you told me all this before.'

'Scots or English, it was too much for me to lose,' said the provost; 'so you see I am not a person to pack or peel with Jacobites, and such unfreemen as poor Redgauntlet.'

'Granted—granted, Mr. Crosbie; and what then?' said Alan Fairford.

'Why, then, it follows that, if I am to help you at this pinch, it cannot be by and through my ain personal knowledge, but through some fitting agent or third person.'

'Granted again,' said Fairford. 'And pray who may this third person be?'

'Wha but Pate Maxwell of Summertrees—him they call Pate-in-Peril?'

'An old Forty-five man, of course?' said Fairford.

'Ye may swear that,' replied the provost—'as black a Jacobite as the auld leaven can make him; but a sonsy, merry companion, that none of us think it worth while to break wi' for all his brags and his clavers. You would have thought, if he had had but his own way at Derby, he would have marched Charlie Stuart through between wade and the Duke, as a thread goes through the needle's ee, and seated him in St. James's before you could have said "haud your hand." But though he is a windy body when he gets on his auld-world stories, he has mair gumption in him than most people—knows business, Mr. Alan, being bred to the law; but never took the gown, because of the oaths, which kept more folk out then than they do now—the more's the pity.'

'What! are you sorry, provost, that Jacobitism is upon the decline?' said Fairford.

'No—no,' answered the provost; 'I am only sorry for folks losing the tenderness of conscience which they used to have. I have a son breeding to the bar, Mr. Fairford; and, no doubt, considering my services and sufferings, I might have looked for some bit postie to him; but if the muckle tikes come in—I mean a' these Maxwells, and Johnstones, and great lairds, that the oaths used to keep out lang syne—the bits o' messan doggies, like my son, and maybe like your father's son, Mr. Alan, will be sair put to the wall.'

'But to return to the subject, Mr. Crosbie,' said Fairford,

‘do you really think it likely that this Mr. Maxwell will be of service in this matter?’

‘It’s very like he may be, for he is the tongue of the trump to the whole squad of them,’ said the provost; ‘and Redgauntlet, though he will not stick at times to call him a fool, takes more of his counsel than any man’s else that I am aware of. If Pate can bring him to a communing, the business is done. He’s a sharp chield, Pate-in-Peril.’

‘Pate-in-peril!’ repeated Alan — ‘a very singular name.’

‘Ay, and it was in as queer a way he got it; but I’ll say naething about that,’ said the provost, ‘for fear of forestalling his market; for ye are sure to hear it once at least, however oftener, before the punch-bowl gives place to the tea-pot. And now, fare ye weel; for there is the council-bell clinking in earnest; and if I am not there before it jows in, Bailie Laurie will be trying some of his manœuvres.’

The provost, repeating his expectation of seeing Mr. Fairford at two o’clock, at length effected his escape from the young counsellor, and left him at a considerable loss how to proceed. The sheriff, it seems, had returned to Edinburgh, and he feared to find the visible repugnance of the provost to interfere with this laird of Birrenswork, or Redgauntlet, much stronger amongst the country gentlemen, many of whom were Catholics as well as Jacobites, and most others unwilling to quarrel with kinsmen and friends, by prosecuting with severity political offences which had almost run a prescription.

To collect all the information in his power, and not to have recourse to the higher authorities until he could give all the light of which the case was capable, seemed the wiser proceeding in a choice of difficulties. He had some conversation with the procurator-fiscal, who, as well as the provost, was an old correspondent of his father. Alan expressed to that officer a purpose of visiting Brokenburn, but was assured by him that it would be a step attended with much danger to his own person, and altogether fruitless; that the individuals who had been ringleaders in the riot were long since safely sheltered in their various lurking-holes in the Isle of Man, Cumberland, and elsewhere; and that those who might remain would undoubtedly commit violence on any who visited their settlement with the purpose of inquiring into the late disturbances.

There were not the same objections to his hastening to Mount Sharon, where he expected to find the latest news of his friend; and there was time enough to do so before the hour

appointed for the provost's dinner. Upon the road, he congratulated himself on having obtained one point of almost certain information. The person who had in a manner forced himself upon his father's hospitality, and had appeared desirous to induce Darsie Latimer to visit England, against whom, too, a sort of warning had been received from an individual connected with and residing in his own family, proved to be a promoter of the disturbance in which Darsie had disappeared.

What could be the cause of such an attempt on the liberty of an inoffensive and amiable man? It was impossible it could be merely owing to Redgauntlet's mistaking Darsie for a spy;¹ for though that was the solution which Fairford had offered to the provost, he well knew that, in point of fact, he himself had been warned by his singular visitor of some danger to which his friend was exposed, before such suspicion could have been entertained; and the injunctions received by Latimer from his guardian, or him who acted as such, Mr. Griffiths of London, pointed to the same thing. He was rather glad, however, that he had not let Provost Crosbie into his secret farther than was absolutely necessary; since it was plain that the connexion of his wife with the suspected party was likely to affect his impartiality as a magistrate.

When Alan Fairford arrived at Mount Sharon, Rachel Geddes hastened to meet him, almost before the servant could open the door. She drew back in disappointment when she beheld a stranger, and said, to excuse her precipitation, that 'She had thought it was her brother Joshua returned from Cumberland.'

'Mr. Geddes is then absent from home?' said Fairford, much disappointed in his turn.

'He hath been gone since yesterday, friend,' answered Rachel, once more composed to the quietude which characterises her sect, but her pale cheek and red eye giving contradiction to her assumed equanimity.

'I am,' said Fairford, hastily, 'the particular friend of a young man not unknown to you, Miss Geddes—the friend of Darsie Latimer—and am come hither in the utmost anxiety, having understood from Provost Crosbie that he had disappeared in the night when a destructive attack was made upon the fishing-station of Mr. Geddes.'

'Thou dost afflict me, friend, by thy inquiries,' said Rachel, more affected than before; 'for although the youth was like

¹ See Trepanning and Concealment. Note 27.

those of the worldly generation, wise in his own conceit, and lightly to be moved by the breath of vanity, yet Joshua loved him, and his heart clave to him as if he had been his own son. And when he himself escaped from the sons of Belial, which was not until they had tired themselves with reviling, and with idle reproach, and the jests of the scoffer, Joshua, my brother, returned to them once and again, to give ransom for the youth called Darsie Latimer, with offers of money and with promise of remission, but they would not hearken to him. Also, he went before the head judge, whom men call the sheriff, and would have told him of the youth's peril ; but he would in no way hearken to him unless he would swear unto the truth of his words, which thing he might not do without sin, seeing it is written, "Swear not at all" ; also, that our "conversation shall be yea or nay." Therefore, Joshua returned to me disconsolate, and said, "Sister Rachel, this youth hath run into peril for my sake ; assuredly I shall not be guiltless if a hair of his head be harmed, seeing I have sinned in permitting him to go with me to the fishing-station when such evil was to be feared. Therefore, I will take my horse, even Solomon, and ride swiftly into Cumberland, and I will make myself friends with mammon of unrighteousness among the magistrates of the Gentiles, and among their mighty men ; and it shall come to pass that Darsie Latimer shall be delivered, even if it were at the expense of half my substance." And I said, "Nay, my brother, go not, for they will but scoff at and revile thee ; but hire with thy silver one of the scribes, who are eager as hunters in pursuing their prey, and he shall free Darsie Latimer from the men of violence by his cunning, and thy soul shall be guiltless of evil towards the lad." But he answered and said, "I will not be controlled in this matter." And he is gone forth, and hath not returned, and I fear me that he may never return ; for though he be peaceful, as becometh one who holds all violence as offence against his own soul, yet neither the floods of water, nor the fear of the snare, nor the drawn sword of the adversary brandished in the path will overcome his purpose ; wherefore the Solway may swallow him up, or the sword of the enemy may devour him. Nevertheless, my hope is better in Him who directeth all things, and ruleth over the waves of the sea, and overruleth the devices of the wicked, and who can redeem us even as a bird from the fowler's net.'

This was all that Fairford could learn from Miss Geddes ; but he heard with pleasure that the good Quaker, her brother,

had many friends among those of his own profession in Cumberland, and without exposing himself to so much danger as his sister seemed to apprehend, he trusted he might be able to discover some traces of Darsie Latimer. He himself rode back to Dumfries, having left with Miss Geddes his direction in that place, and an earnest request that she would forward thither whatever information she might obtain from her brother.

On Fairford's return to Dumfries, he employed the brief interval which remained before dinner-time in writing an account of what had befallen Latimer, and of the present uncertainty of his condition, to Mr. Samuel Griffiths, through whose hands the remittances for his friend's service had been regularly made, desiring he would instantly acquaint him with such parts of his history as might direct him in the search which he was about to institute through the Border counties, and which he pledged himself not to give up until he had obtained news of his friend, alive or dead. The young lawyer's mind felt easier when he had despatched this letter. He could not conceive any reason why his friend's life should be aimed at; he knew Darsie had done nothing by which his liberty could be legally affected; and although, even of late years, there had been singular histories of men, and women also, who had been trepanned, and concealed in solitudes and distant islands, in order to serve some temporary purpose, such violences had been chiefly practised by the rich on the poor, and by the strong on the feeble; whereas, in the present case, this Mr. Herries, or Redgauntlet, being amenable, for more reasons than one, to the censure of the law, must be the weakest in any struggle in which it could be appealed to. It is true that his friendly anxiety whispered that the very cause which rendered this oppressor less formidable might make him more desperate. Still, recalling his language, so strikingly that of the gentleman, and even of the man of honour, Alan Fairford concluded that, though, in his feudal pride, Redgauntlet might venture on the deeds of violence exercised by the aristocracy in other times, he could not be capable of any action of deliberate atrocity. And in these convictions he went to dine with Provost Crosbie with a heart more at ease than might have been expected.

CHAPTER XI

Narrative of Alan Fairford, Continued

FIVE minutes had elapsed after the town-clock struck two before Alan Fairford, who had made a small detour to put his letter into the post-house, reached the mansion of Mr. Provost Crosbie, and was at once greeted by the voice of that civic dignitary, and the rural dignitary his visitor, as by the voices of men impatient for their dinner.

'Come away, Mr. Fairford—the Edinburgh time is later than ours,' said the provost.

And, 'Come away, young gentleman,' said the laird. 'I remember your father weel, at the Cross, thirty years ago. I reckon you are as late in Edinburgh as at London—four o'clock hours, eh?'

'Not quite so degenerate,' replied Fairford; 'but certainly many Edinburgh people are so ill-advised as to postpone their dinner till three, that they may have full time to answer their London correspondents.'

'London correspondents!' said Mr. Maxwell; 'and pray, what the devil have the people of Auld Reekie to do with London correspondents?'¹

'The tradesmen must have their goods,' said Fairford.

'Can they not buy our own Scottish manufactures, and pick their customers' pockets in a more patriotic manner?'

'Then the ladies must have fashions,' said Fairford.

'Can they not busk the plaid over their heads, as their mothers did? A tartan screen, and once a-year a new cocker-nony from Paris, should serve a countess. But ye have not many of them left, I think: Mareschal, Airley, Winton, Wemyss, Balmerino, all passed and gone! Ay, ay, the countesses and ladies of quality will scarce take up too much of your ball-room floor with their quality hoops nowadays.'

¹ See Malls to Edinburgh. Note 28

'There is no want of crowding, however, sir,' said Fairford; 'they begin to talk of a new Assembly Room.'

'A new Assembly Room!' said the old Jacobite laird. 'Umph—I mind quartering three hundred men in the old Assembly Room.¹ But come—come, I'll ask no more questions; the answers all smell of new lords, new lands, and do but spoil my appetite, which were a pity, since here comes Mrs. Crosbie to say our mutton's ready.'

It was even so. Mrs. Crosbie had been absent, like Eve, 'on hospitable cares intent'—a duty which she did not conceive herself exempted from, either by the dignity of her husband's rank in the municipality, or the splendour of her Brussels silk gown, or even by the more highly prized lustre of her birth; for she was born a Maxwell, and allied, as her husband often informed his friends, to several of the first families in the county. She had been handsome, and was still a portly, good-looking woman of her years; and though her peep into the kitchen had somewhat heightened her complexion, it was no more than a modest touch of rouge might have done.

The provost was certainly proud of his lady, nay, some said he was afraid of her; for, of the females of the Redgauntlet family there went a rumour that, ally where they would, there was a grey mare as surely in the stables of their husbands as there is a white horse in Wouverman's pictures. The good dame, too, was supposed to have brought a spice of politics into Mr. Crosbie's household along with her; and the provost's enemies at the council-table of the burgh used to observe, that he uttered there many a bold harangue against the Pretender, and in favour of King George and government, of which he dared not have pronounced a syllable in his own bedchamber; and that, in fact, his wife's predominating influence had now and then occasioned his acting, or forbearing to act, in a manner very different from his general professions of zeal for Revolution principles. If this was in any respect true, it was certain, on the other hand, that Mrs. Crosbie, in all external points, seemed to acknowledge the 'lawful sway and right supremacy' of the head of the house, and if she did not in truth reverence her husband, she at least seemed to do so.

This stately dame received Mr. Maxwell—a cousin of course

¹ I remember hearing this identical answer given by an old Highland gentleman of the Forty-five, when he heard of the opening of the New Assembly Rooms in George Street.

— with cordiality, and Fairford with civility ; answering, at the same time, with respect, to the magisterial complaints of the provost, that dinner was just coming up. ‘But since you changed poor Peter MacAlpin, that used to take care of the town-clock, my dear, it has never gone well a single day.’

‘Peter MacAlpin, my dear,’ said the provost, ‘made himself too busy for a person in office, and drunk healths and so forth, which it became no man to drink or to pledge, far less one that is in point of office a servant of the public. I understand that he lost the music-bells in Edinburgh for playing “Ower the water to Charlie” upon the 10th of June. He is a black sheep, and deserves no encouragement.’

‘Not a bad tune, though, after all,’ said Summertrees ; and, turning to the window, he half hummed, half whistled the air in question, then sang the last verse aloud :

‘ Oh I loe weel my Charlie’s name,
 Though some there be that abhor him ;
 But oh to see the deil gang hame
 Wi’ a’ the Whigs before him !
 Over the water, and over the sea,
 And over the water to Charlie ;
 Come weal, come woe, we’ll gather and go,
 And live or die with Charlie.’

Mrs. Crosbie smiled furtively on the laird, wearing an aspect at the same time of deep submission ; while the provost, not choosing to hear his visitor’s ditty, took a turn through the room, in unquestioned dignity and independence of authority.

‘Aweel — aweel, my dear,’ said the lady, with a quiet smile of submission, ‘ye ken these matters best, and you will do your pleasure — they are far above my hand — only, I doubt if ever the town-clock will go right, or your meals be got up so regular as I should wish, till Peter MacAlpin gets his office back again. The body’s auld, and can neither work nor want, but he is the only hand to set a clock.’

It may be noticed in passing that, notwithstanding this prediction, which, probably, the fair Cassandra had the full means of accomplishing, it was not till the second council-day thereafter that the misdemeanours of the Jacobite clock-keeper were passed over, and he was once more restored to his occupation of fixing the town’s time, and the provost’s dinner-hour.

Upon the present occasion the dinner passed pleasantly away. Summertrees talked and jested with the easy indifference of a man who holds himself superior to his company. He was

indeed an important person, as was testified by his portly appearance; his hat laced with *point d'Espagne*; his coat and waistcoat once richly embroidered, though now almost threadbare; the splendour of his solitaire and laced ruffles, though the first was sorely creased and the other sullied; not to forget the length of his silver-hilted rapier. His wit, or rather humour, bordered on the sarcastic, and intimated a discontented man; and although he showed no displeasure when the provost attempted a repartee, yet it seemed that he permitted it upon mere sufferance, as a fencing-master, engaged with a pupil, will sometimes permit the tyro to hit him, solely by way of encouragement. The laird's own jests, in the meanwhile, were eminently successful, not only with the provost and his lady, but with the red-cheeked and red-ribboned servant-maid who waited at table, and who could scarce perform her duty with propriety, so effectual were the explosions of Summertrees. Alan Fairford alone was unmoved among all this mirth, which was the less wonderful that, besides the important subject which occupied his thoughts, most of the laird's good things consisted in sly allusions to little parochial or family incidents with which the Edinburgh visitor was totally unacquainted; so that the laughter of the party sounded in his ear like the idle crackling of thorns under the pot, with this difference, that they did not accompany or second any such useful operation as the boiling thereof.

Fairford was glad when the cloth was withdrawn; and when Provost Crosbie (not without some points of advice from his lady touching the precise mixture of the ingredients) had accomplished the compounding of a noble bowl of punch, at which the old Jacobite's eyes seemed to glisten, the glasses were pushed round it, filled, and withdrawn each by its owner, when the provost emphatically named the toast, 'The king,' with an important look to Fairford, which seemed to say, 'You can have no doubt whom I mean, and therefore there is no occasion to particularise the individual.'

Summertrees repeated the toast with a sly wink to the lady, while Fairford drank his glass in silence.

'Well, young advocate,' said the landed proprietor, 'I am glad to see there is some shame, if there is little honesty, left in the faculty. Some of your black-gowns, nowadays, have as little of the one as of the other.'

'At least, sir,' replied Mr. Fairford, 'I am so much of a lawyer as not willingly to enter into disputes which I am not

retained to support; it would be but throwing away both time and argument.'

'Come — come,' said the lady, 'we will have no argument in this house about Whig or Tory; the provost kens what he maun say, and I ken what he should *think*; and for a' that has come and gane yet, there may be a time coming when honest men may say what they think, whether they be provosts or not.'

'D' ye hear that, provost?' said Summertrees; 'your wife's a witch, man: you should nail a horsehoe on your chamber-door. Ha, ha, ha!'

This sally did not take quite so well as former efforts of the laird's wit. The lady drew up, and the provost said, half aside, 'The sooth bourd is nae bourd. You will find the horsehoe hissing hot, Summertrees.'

'You can speak from experience, doubtless, provost,' answered the laird; 'but I crave pardon — I need not tell Mrs. Crosbie that I have all respect for the auld and honourable house of Redgauntlet.'

'And good reason ye have, that are sae sib to them,' quoth the lady, 'and kenn'd weel baith them that are here and them that are gane.'

'In troth, and ye may say sae, madam,' answered the laird; 'for poor Harry Redgauntlet that suffered at Carlisle was hand and glove with me; and yet we parted on short leave-taking.'

'Ay, Summertrees,' said the provost; 'that was when you played cheat-the-woodie, and gat the bye-name of Pate-in-Peril. I wish you would tell the story to my young friend here. He likes weel to hear of a sharp trick, as most lawyers do.'

'I wonder at your want of circumspection, provost,' said the laird, much after the manner of a singer, when declining to sing the song that is quivering upon his tongue's very end. 'Ye should mind there are some auld stories that cannot be ripped up again with entire safety to all concerned. *Tace* is Latin for a candle.'

'I hope,' said the lady, 'you are not afraid of anything being said out of this house to your prejudice, Summertrees? I have heard the story before; but the oftener I hear it, the more wonderful I think it.'

'Yes, madam; but it has been now a wonder of more than nine days, and it is time it should be ended,' answered Maxwell.

Fairford now thought it civil to say, 'That he had often heard of Mr. Maxwell's wonderful escape, and that nothing could be more agreeable to him than to hear the right version of it.'

But Summertrees was obdurate, and refused to take up the time of the company with such 'auld-warld nonsense.'

'Weel — weel,' said the provost, 'a wilful man maun hae his way. What do your folk in the county think about the disturbances that are beginning to spunk out in the colonies?'

'Excellent, sir — excellent. When things come to the worst they will mend; and to the worst they are coming. But as to that nonsense ploy of mine, if ye insist on hearing the particulars ——' said the laird, who began to be sensible that the period of telling his story gracefully was gliding fast away.

'Nay,' said the provost, 'it was not for myself, but this young gentleman.'

'Aweel, what for should I not pleasure the young gentleman? I'll just drink to honest folk at hame and abroad, and deil ane else. And then — but you have heard it before, Mrs. Crosbie?'

'Not so often as to think it tiresome, I assure ye,' said the lady; and without further preliminaries, the laird addressed Alan Fairford.

'Ye have heard of a year they call the Forty-five, young gentleman; when the Southrons' heads made their last acquaintance with Scottish claymores? There was a set of rampaging chields in the country then that they called rebels — I never could find out what for. Some men should have been wi' them that never came, provost — Skye and the Bush aboon Traquair for that, ye ken. Weel, the job was settled at last. Cloured crowns were plenty, and raxed necks came into fashion. I dinna mind very weel what I was doing, swaggering about the country with dirk and pistol at my belt for five or six months, or thereaway; but I had a weary waking out of a wild dream. Then did I find myself on foot in a misty morning, with my hand, just for fear of going astray, linked into a handcuff, as they call it, with poor Harry Redgauntlet's fastened into the other; and there we were, trudging along, with about a score more that had thrust their horns ower deep in the bog, just like ourselves, and a sergeant's guard of red-coats, with twa file of dragoons, to keep all quiet, and give us heart to the road. Now, if this mode of travelling was not very pleasant, the object did not particularly recommend it;

than rinning — ere they could get at their arms ; and then it was flash, flash, flash — rap, rap, rap — from the edge of the road ; but my head was too jumbled to think anything either of that or the hard knocks I got among the stones. I kept my senses thegither, whilk has been thought wonderful by all that ever saw the place ; and I helped myself with my hands as gallantly as I could, and to the bottom I came. There I lay for half a moment ; but the thoughts of a gallows is worth all the salts and scent-bottles in the world for bringing a man to himself. Up I sprung like a four-year-auld colt. All the hills were spinning round with me like so many great big humming-tops. But there was nae time to think of that neither, more especially as the mist had risen a little with the firing. I could see the villains, like sae mony craws on the edge of the brae ; and I reckon that they saw me, for some of the loons were beginning to crawl down the hill, but liker auld wives in their red cloaks coming frae a field-preaching than such a souple lad as I was. Accordingly they soon began to stop and load their pieces. Good-e'en to you, gentlemen, thought I, if that is to be the gate of it. If you have any further word with me, you maun come as far as Carrifra Gauns. And so off I set, and never buck went faster ower the braes than I did ; and I never stopped till I had put three waters, reasonably deep, as the season was rainy, half a dozen mountains, and a few thousand acres of the worst moss and ling in Scotland betwixt me and my friends the redcoats.'

'It was that job which got you the name of Pate-in-Peril,' said the provost, filling the glasses, and exclaiming with great emphasis, while his guest, much animated with the recollections which the exploit excited, looked round with an air of triumph for sympathy and applause, 'Here is to your good health ; and may you never put your neck in such a venture again.'¹

'Humph ! I do not know,' answered Summertrees. 'I am not like to be tempted with another opportunity.'² Yet, who knows ? And then he made a deep pause.

'May I ask what became of your friend, sir ?' said Alan Fairford.

'Ah, poor Harry !' said Summertrees. 'I'll tell you what, sir, it takes time to make up one's mind to such a venture, as my friend the provost calls it ; and I was told by Neil Maclean, who was next file to us, but had the luck to escape the gallows

¹ See *Escape of Pate-in-Peril*. Note 29.

² See Note 30.

by some slight-of-hand trick or other, that, upon my breaking off, poor Harry stood like one motionless, although all our brethren in captivity made as much tumult as they could, to distract the attention of the soldiers. And run he did at last; but he did not know the ground, and either from confusion, or because he judged the descent altogether perpendicular, he fled up the hill to the left, instead of going down at once, and so was easily pursued and taken. If he had followed my example, he would have found enough among the shepherds to hide him, and feed him, as they did me, on bearmeal scones and braxy mutton,¹ till better days came round again.'

'He suffered, then, for his share in the insurrection?' said Alan.

'You may swear that,' said Summertrees. 'His blood was too red to be spared when that sort of paint was in request. He suffered, sir, as you call it—that is, he was murdered in cold blood, with many a pretty fellow besides. Well, we may have our day next: what is fristed is not forgiven; they think us all dead and buried, but——' Here he filled his glass, and muttering some indistinct denunciations, drank it off, and assumed his usual manner, which had been a little disturbed towards the end of the narrative.

'What became of Mr. Redgauntlet's child?' said Fairford.

'*Mister Redgauntlet!* He was Sir Henry Redgauntlet, as his son, if the child now lives, will be Sir Arthur. I called him Harry from intimacy, and Redgauntlet as the chief of his name. His proper style was Sir Henry Redgauntlet.'

'His son, therefore, is dead?' said Alan Fairford. 'It is a pity so brave a line should draw to a close.'

'He has left a brother,' said Summertrees, 'Edward Hugh Redgauntlet, who has now the representation of the family. And well it is; for though he be unfortunate in many respects, he will keep up the honour of the house better than a boy bred up amongst these bitter Whigs, the relations of his elder brother Sir Henry's lady. Then they are on no good terms with the Redgauntlet line: bitter Whigs they are, in every sense. It was a runaway match betwixt Sir Henry and his lady. Poor thing, they would not allow her to see him when in confinement; they had even the meanness to leave him without pecuniary assistance; and as all his own property was seized upon and plundered, he would have wanted common necessities, but for the attachment of a fellow who was a famous

¹ See Note 31.

for you understand, young man, that they did not trust these poor rebel bodies to be tried by juries of their ain kindly countrymen, though ane would have thought they would have found Whigs enough in Scotland to hang us all; but they behoved to trounce us away to be tried at Carlisle, where the folk had been so frightened that, had you brought a whole Highland clan at once into the court, they would have put their hands upon their een, and cried, "hang them a'," just to be quit of them.'

'Ay — ay,' said the provost, 'that was a snell law, I grant ye.'

'Snell!' said his wife — 'snell! I wish they that passed it had the jury I would recommend them to!'

'I suppose the young lawyer thinks it all very right,' said Summertrees, looking at Fairford; 'an *old* lawyer might have thought otherwise. However, the cudgel was to be found to beat the dog, and they chose a heavy one. Well, I kept my spirits better than my companion, poor fellow; for I had the luck to have neither wife nor child to think about, and Harry Redgauntlet had both one and t' other. You have seen Harry, Mrs. Crosbie?'

'In troth have I,' said she, with the sigh which we give to early recollections, of which the object is no more. 'He was not so tall as his brother, and a gentler lad every way. After he married the great English fortune, folk called him less of a Scotchman than Edward.'

'Folk lee'd, then,' said Summertrees; 'poor Harry was none of your bold-speaking, ranting reivers, that talk about what they did yesterday, or what they will do to-morrow: it was when something was to do at the moment that you should have looked at Harry Redgauntlet. I saw him at Culloden, when all was lost, doing more than twenty of these bleezing braggarts, till the very soldiers that took him, cried not to hurt him — for all somebody's orders, provost — for he was the bravest fellow of them all. Weel, as I went by the side of Harry, and felt him raise my hand up in the mist of the morning, as if he wished to wipe his eye — for he had not that freedom without my leave — my very heart was like to break for him, poor fellow. In the meanwhile, I had been trying and trying to make my hand as fine as a lady's, to see if I could slip it out of my iron wrist-band. You may think,' he said, laying his broad bony hand on the table, 'I had work enough with such a shoulder-of-mutton fist; but if you observe, the shackle-bones are of the

largest, and so they were obliged to keep the handcuff wide ; at length I got my hand slipped out, and slipped in again ; and poor Harry was sae deep in his ain thoughts I could not make him sensible what I was doing.’

‘Why not ?’ said Alan Fairford, for whom the tale began to have some interest.

‘Because there was an unchancy beast of a dragoon riding close beside us on the other side ; and if I had let him into my confidence as well as Harry, it would not have been long before a pistol-ball slapped through my bonnet. Well, I had little for it but to do the best I could for myself ; and, by my conscience, it was time, when the gallows was staring me in the face. We were to halt for breakfast at Moffat. Well did I know the moors we were marching over, having hunted and hawked on every acre of ground in very different times. So I waited, you see, till I was on the edge of Errickstane Brae. Ye ken the place they call the Marquis’s Beef-Stand, because the Annandale loons used to put their stolen cattle in there ?’

Fairford intimated his ignorance.

‘Ye must have seen it as ye cam this way ; it looks as if four hills were laying their heads together to shut out daylight from the dark hollow space between them. A d—d deep, black, blackguard-looking abyss of a hole it is, and goes straight down from the roadside, as perpendicular as it can do, to be a heathery brae. At the bottom there is a small bit of a brook, that you would think could hardly find its way out from the hills that are so closely jammed round it.’

‘A bad pass indeed,’ said Alan.

‘You may say that,’ continued the laird. ‘Bad as it was, sir, it was my only chance ; and though my very flesh creeped when I thought what a rumble I was going to get, yet I kept my heart up all the same. And so just when we came on the edge of this Beef-Stand of the Johnstones, I slipped out my hand from the handcuff, cried to Harry Gauntlet “Follow me !” whisked under the belly of the dragoon horse, flung my plaid round me with the speed of lightning, threw myself on my side, for there was no keeping my feet, and down the brae hurled I, over heather and fern, and blackberries, like a barrel down Chalmers’s Close in Auld Reekie. G—, sir, I never could help laughing when I think how the scoundrel redcoats must have been bumbazed ; for the mist being, as I said, thick, they had little notion, I take it, that they were on the verge of such a dilemma. I was half-way down—for rowing is faster wark

fiddler — a blind man. I have seen him with Sir Henry myself, both before the affair broke out and while it was going on. I have heard that he fiddled in the streets of Carlisle, and carried what money he got to his master while he was confined in the castle.'

'I do not believe a word of it,' said Mrs. Crosbie, kindling with indignation. 'A Redgauntlet would have died twenty times before he had touched a fiddler's wages.'

'Hout fie — hout fie, all nonsense and pride,' said the laird of Summertrees. 'Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, cousin Crosbie; ye little ken what some of your friends were obliged to do yon time for a soup of brose or a bit of bannock. G—d, I carried a cutler's wheel for several weeks, partly for need and partly for disguise; there I went bizz — bizz, whizz — zizz at every auld wife's door; and if ever you want your shears sharpened, Mrs. Crosbie, I am the lad to do it for you, if my wheel was but in order.'

'You must ask my leave first,' said the provost; 'for I have been told you had some queer fashions of taking a kiss instead of a penny, if you liked your customer.'

'Come — come, provost,' said the lady, rising, 'if the maut gets abune the meal with you, it is time for me to take myself away. And you will come to my room, gentlemen, when you want a cup of tea.'

Alan Fairford was not sorry for the lady's departure. She seemed too much alive to the honour of the house of Redgauntlet, though only a fourth cousin, not to be alarmed by the inquiries which he proposed to make after the whereabouts of its present head. Strange, confused suspicions arose in his mind, from his imperfect recollection of the tale of Wandering Willie, and the idea forced itself upon him that his friend Darsie Latimer might be the son of the unfortunate Sir Henry. But before indulging in such speculations, the point was, to discover what had actually become of him. If he were in the hands of his uncle, might there not exist some rivalry in fortune or rank which might induce so stern a man as Redgauntlet to use unfair measures towards a youth whom he would find himself unable to mould to his purpose? He considered these points in silence during several revolutions of the glasses as they wheeled in galaxy round the bowl, waiting until the provost, agreeably to his own proposal, should mention the subject for which he had expressly introduced him to Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees.

Apparently the provost had forgot his promise, or at least was in no great haste to fulfil it. He debated with great earnestness upon the Stamp Act, which was then impending over the American colonies, and upon other political subjects of the day, but said not a word of Redgauntlet. Alan soon saw that the investigation he meditated must advance, if at all, on his own special motion, and determined to proceed accordingly.

Acting upon this resolution, he took the first opportunity afforded by a pause in the discussion of colonial politics to say, 'I must remind you, Provost Crosbie, of your kind promise to procure some intelligence upon the subject I am so anxious about.'

'Gadso!' said the provost, after a moment's hesitation, 'it is very true. Mr. Maxwell, we wish to consult you on a piece of important business. You must know — indeed, I think you must have heard — that the fishermen at Brokenburn and higher up the Solway have made a raid upon Quaker Geddes's stake-nets and levelled all with the sands.'

'In troth I heard it, provost, and I was glad to hear the scoundrels had so much pluck left as to right themselves against a fashion which would make the upper heritors a sort of clocking-hens to hatch the fish that folk below them were to catch and eat.'

'Well, sir,' said Alan, 'that is not the present point. But a young friend of mine was with Mr. Geddes at the time this violent procedure took place, and he has not since been heard of. Now, our friend, the provost, thinks that you may be able to advise ——'

Here he was interrupted by the provost and Summertrees speaking out both at once, the first endeavouring to disclaim all interest in the question, and the last to evade giving an answer.

'Me think!' said the provost. 'I never thought twice about it, Mr. Fairford; it was neither fish, nor flesh, nor salt herring of mine.'

'And I able to advise!' said Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees. 'What the devil can I advise you to do, excepting to send the bellman through the town to cry your lost sheep, as they do spaniel dogs or stray ponies?'

'With your pardon,' said Alan, calmly but resolutely, 'I must ask a more serious answer.'

'Why, Mr. Advocate,' answered Summertrees, 'I thought it was your business to give advice to the lieges, and not to take it from poor stupid country gentlemen.'

'If not exactly advice, it is sometimes our duty to ask questions, Mr. Maxwell.'

'Ay, sir, when you have your bag-wig and your gown on, we must allow you the usual privilege of both gown and petticoat, to ask what questions you please. But when you are out of your canonicals the case is altered. How come you, sir, to suppose that I have any business with this riotous proceeding, or should know more than you do what happened there? The question proceeds on an uncivil supposition.'

'I will explain,' said Alan, determined to give Mr. Maxwell no opportunity of breaking off the conversation. 'You are an intimate of Mr. Redgauntlet—he is accused of having been engaged in this affray, and of having placed under forcible restraint the person of my friend, Darsie Latimer, a young man of property and consequence, whose fate I am here for the express purpose of investigating. This is the plain state of the case; and all parties concerned—your friend, in particular—will have reason to be thankful for the temperate manner in which it is my purpose to conduct the matter, if I am treated with proportionate frankness.'

'You have misunderstood me,' said Maxwell, with a tone changed to more composure: 'I told you I was the friend of the late Sir Henry Redgauntlet, who was executed in 1745, at Hairbie, near Carlisle, but I know no one who at present bears the name of Redgauntlet.'

'You know Mr. Herries of Birrenswork,' said Alan, smiling, 'to whom the name of Redgauntlet belongs?'

Maxwell darted a keen, reproachful look towards the provost, but instantly smoothed his brow and changed his tone to that of confidence and candour.

'You must not be angry, Mr. Fairford, that the poor persecuted Nonjurors are a little upon the *qui vive* when such clever young men as you are making inquiries after us. I myself now, though I am quite out of the scrape, and may cock my hat at the Cross as I best like, sunshine or moonshine, have been yet so much accustomed to walk with the lap of my cloak cast over my face, that, faith, if a redcoat walk suddenly up to me, I wish for my wheel and whetstone again for a moment. Now Redgauntlet, poor fellow, is far worse off: he is, you may have heard, still under the lash of the law—the mark of the beast is still on his forehead, poor gentleman; and that makes us cautious—very cautious—which I am sure there is no occasion to be towards you, as no one of your appear-

ance and manners would wish to trepan a gentleman under misfortune.'

'On the contrary, sir,' said Fairford, 'I wish to afford Mr. Redgauntlet's friends an opportunity to get him out of the scrape, by procuring the instant liberation of my friend Darsie Latimer. I will engage that, if he has sustained no greater bodily harm than a short confinement, the matter may be passed over quietly, without inquiry; but to attain this end, so desirable for the man who has committed a great and recent infraction of the laws, which he had before grievously offended, very speedy reparation of the wrong must be rendered.'

Maxwell seemed lost in reflection, and exchanged a glance or two, not of the most comfortable or congratulatory kind, with his host the provost. Fairford rose and walked about the room, to allow them an opportunity of conversing together; for he was in hopes that the impression he had visibly made upon Summertrees was likely to ripen into something favourable to his purpose. They took the opportunity, and engaged in whispers to each other, eagerly and reproachfully on the part of the laird, while the provost answered in an embarrassed and apologetical tone. Some broken words of the conversation reached Fairford, whose presence they seemed to forget, as he stood at the bottom of the room, apparently intent upon examining the figures upon a fine Indian screen, a present to the provost from his brother, captain of a vessel in the Company's service. What he overheard made it evident that his errand, and the obstinacy with which he pursued it, occasioned altercation between the whisperers.

Maxwell at length let out the words, 'A good fright' — 'and so send him home with his tail scalded, like a dog that has come a-privateering on strange premises.'

The provost's negative was strongly interposed — 'Not to be thought of' — 'making bad worse' — 'my situation' — 'my utility' — 'you cannot conceive how obstinate — just like his father.'

They then whispered more closely, and at length the provost raised his drooping crest and spoke in a cheerful tone. 'Come, sit down to your glass, Mr. Fairford; we have laid our heads thegither, and you shall see it will not be our fault if you are not quite pleased, and Mr. Darsie Latimer let loose to take his fiddle under his neck again. But Summertrees thinks it will require you to put yourself into some bodily risk, which maybe you may not be so keen of.'

'Gentlemen,' said Fairford, 'I will not certainly shun any risk by which my object may be accomplished; but I bind it on your consciences — on yours, Mr. Maxwell, as a man of honour and a gentleman, and on yours, provost, as a magistrate and a loyal subject — that you do not mislead me in this matter.'

'Nay, as for me,' said Summertrees, 'I will tell you the truth at once, and fairly own that I can certainly find you the means of seeing Redgauntlet, poor man; and that I will do, if you require it, and conjure him also to treat you as your errand requires; but poor Redgauntlet is much changed — indeed, to say truth, his temper never was the best in the world; however, I will warrant you from any very great danger.'

'I will warrant myself from such,' said Fairford, 'by carrying a proper force with me.'

'Indeed,' said Summertrees, 'you will do no such thing; for, in the first place, do you think that we will deliver up the poor fellow into the hands of the Philistines, when, on the contrary, my only reason for furnishing you with the clue I am to put into your hands is to settle the matter amicably on all sides? And secondly, his intelligence is so good, that were you coming near him with soldiers, or constables, or the like, I shall answer for it, you will never lay salt on his tail.'

Fairford mused for a moment. He considered that to gain sight of this man, and knowledge of his friend's condition, were advantages to be purchased at every personal risk; and he saw plainly that were he to take the course most safe for himself, and call in the assistance of the law, it was clear he would either be deprived of the intelligence necessary to guide him, or that Redgauntlet would be apprized of his danger, and might probably leave the country, carrying his captive along with him. He therefore repeated, 'I put myself on your honour, Mr. Maxwell; and I will go alone to visit your friend. I have little doubt I shall find him amenable to reason, and that I shall receive from him a satisfactory account of Mr. Latimer.'

'I have little doubt that you will,' said Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees; 'but still I think it will be only in the long-run, and after having sustained some delay and inconvenience. My warrandice goes no farther.'

'I will take it as it is given,' said Alan Fairford. 'But let me ask, would it not be better, since you value your friend's safety so highly, and surely would not willingly compromise

mine, that the provost or you should go with me to this man, if he is within any reasonable distance, and try to make him hear reason?’

‘Me! I will not go my foot’s length,’ said the provost; ‘and that, Mr. Alan, you may be well assured of. Mr. Redgauntlet is my wife’s fourth cousin, that is undeniable; but were he the last of her kin and mine both, it would ill befit my office to be communing with rebels.’

‘Ay, or drinking with Nonjurors,’ said Maxwell, filling his glass. ‘I would as soon expect to have met Claverhouse at a field-preaching. And as for myself, Mr. Fairford, I cannot go for just the opposite reason. It would be *infra dig.* in the provost of this most flourishing and loyal town to associate with Redgauntlet; and for me, it would be *noscitur a socio.* There would be post to London with the tidings that two such Jacobites as Redgauntlet and I had met on a braeside; the Habeas Corpus would be suspended; fame would sound a charge from Carlisle to the Land’s-End; and who knows but the very wind of the rumour might blow my estate from between my fingers, and my body over Errickstane Brae again? No—no; bide a gliff, I will go into the provost’s closet and write a letter to Redgauntlet, and direct you how to deliver it.’

‘There is pen and ink in the office,’ said the provost, pointing to the door of an inner apartment, in which he had his walnut-tree desk and east-country cabinet.

‘A pen that can write, I hope?’ said the old laird.

‘It can write and spell baith—in right hands,’ answered the provost, as the laird retired and shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER XII

Narrative of Alan Fairford, Continued

THE room was no sooner deprived of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees's presence than the provost looked very warily above, beneath, and around the apartment, hitched his chair towards that of his remaining guest, and began to speak in a whisper which could not have startled 'the smallest mouse that creeps on floor.'

'Mr. Fairford,' said he, 'you are a good lad; and, what is more, you are my auld friend your father's son. Your father has been agent for this burgh for years, and has a good deal to say with the council; so there have been a sort of obligations between him and me; it may have been now on this side and now on that, but obligations there have been. I am but a plain man, Mr. Fairford; but I hope you understand me?'

'I believe you mean me well, provost; and I am sure,' replied Fairford, 'you can never better show your kindness than on this occasion.'

'That's it — that's the very point I would be at, Mr. Alan,' replied the provost; 'besides, I am, as becomes well my situation, a stanch friend to kirk and king, meaning this present establishment in church and state; and so, as I was saying, you may command my best — advice.'

'I hope for your assistance and co-operation also,' said the youth.

'Certainly — certainly,' said the wary magistrate. 'Well, now, you see one may love the kirk, and yet not ride on the rigging of it; and one may love the king, and yet not be cramming him eternally down the throat of the unhappy folk that may chance to like another king better. I have friends and connexions among them, Mr. Fairford, as your father may have clients; they are flesh and blood like ourselves, these poor Jacobite bodies — sons of Adam and Eve, after all; and

therefore — I hope you understand me? I am a plain-spoken man.'

'I am afraid I do *not* quite understand you,' said Fairford; 'and if you have anything to say to me in private, my dear provost, you had better come quickly out with it, for the laird of Summertrees must finish his letter in a minute or two.'

'Not a bit, man: Pate is a lang-headed fellow, but his pen does not clear the paper as his greyhound does the Tinwald furs. I gave him a wipe about that, if you noticed: I can say anything to Pate-in-Peril. Indeed, he is my wife's near kinsman.'

'But your advice, provost,' said Alan, who perceived that, like a shy horse, the worthy magistrate always started off from his own purpose just when he seemed approaching to it.

'Weel, you shall have it in plain terms, for I am a plain man. Ye see, we will suppose that any friend like yourself were in the deepest hole of the Nith, and making a sprattle for your life. Now, you see, such being the case, I have little chance of helping you, being a fat, short-armed man, and no swimmer, and what would be the use of my jumping in after you?'

'I understand you, I think,' said Alan Fairford. 'You think that Darsie Latimer is in danger of his life.'

'Me! I think nothing about it, Mr. Alan; but if he were, as I trust he is not, he is nae drap's blood akin to you, Mr. Alan.'

'But here your friend, Summertrees,' said the young lawyer, 'offers me a letter to this Redgauntlet of yours. What say you to that?'

'Me!' ejaculated the provost — 'me, Mr. Alan? I say neither buff nor stye to it. But ye dinna ken what it is to look a Redgauntlet in the face; better try my wife, who is but a fourth cousin, before you venture on the Laird himself — just say something about the Revolution, and see what a look she can gie you.'

'I shall leave you to stand all the shots from that battery, provost,' replied Fairford. 'But speak out like a man. Do you think Summertrees means fairly by me?'

'Fairly — he is just coming — fairly! I am a plain man, Mr. Fairford — but ye said "fairly"!'

'I do so,' replied Alan, 'and it is of importance to me to know, and to you to tell me if such is the case; for if you do not, you may be an accomplice to murder before the fact, and

that under circumstances which may bring it near to murder under trust.'

'Murder! Who spoke of murder?' said the provost. 'No danger of that, Mr. Alan; only, if I were you—to speak my plain mind——' Here he approached his mouth to the ear of the young lawyer, and, after another acute pang of travail, was safely delivered of his advice in the following abrupt words:—
'Take a keek into Pate's letter before ye deliver it.'

Fairford started, looked the provost hard in the face, and was silent; while Mr. Crosbie, with the self-approbation of one who has at length brought himself to the discharge of a great duty, at the expense of a considerable sacrifice, nodded and winked to Alan, as if enforcing his advice; and then swallowing a large glass of punch, concluded, with the sigh of a man released from a heavy burden, 'I am a plain man, Mr. Fairford.'

'A plain man!' said Maxwell, who entered the room at that moment, with the letter in his hand. 'Provost, I never heard you make use of the word but when you had some sly turn of your own to work out.'

The provost looked silly enough, and the laird of Summer-trees directed a keen and suspicious glance upon Alan Fairford, who sustained it with professional intrepidity. There was a moment's pause.

'I was trying,' said the provost, 'to dissuade our young friend from his wildgoose expedition.'

'And I,' said Fairford, 'am determined to go through with it. Trusting myself to you, Mr. Maxwell, I conceive that I rely, as I before said, on the word of a gentleman.'

'I will warrant you,' said Maxwell, 'from all serious consequences; some inconveniences you must look to suffer.'

'To these I shall be resigned,' said Fairford, 'and stand prepared to run my risk.'

'Well, then,' said Summertrees, 'you must go——'

'I will leave you to yourselves, gentlemen,' said the provost, rising; 'when you have done with your crack, you will find me at my wife's tea-table.'

'And a more accomplished old woman never drank cat-lap,' said Maxwell, as he shut the door. 'The last word has him, speak it who will; and yet, because he is a whilly-wha body, and has a plausible tongue of his own, and is well enough connected, and especially because nobody could ever find out whether he is Whig or Tory, this is the third time they have made him provost! But to the matter in hand. This

letter, Mr. Fairford,' putting a sealed one into his hand, 'is addressed, you observe, to Mr. H—— of B——, and contains your credentials for that gentleman, who is also known by his family name of Redgauntlet, but less frequently addressed by it, because it is mentioned something invidiously in a certain Act of Parliament. I have little doubt he will assure you of your friend's safety, and in a short time place him at freedom — that is, supposing him under present restraint. But the point is, to discover where he is ; and, before you are made acquainted with this necessary part of the business, you must give me your assurance of honour that you will acquaint no one, either by word or letter, with the expedition which you now propose to yourself.'

'How, sir?' answered Alan ; 'can you expect that I will not take the precaution of informing some person of the route I am about to take, that, in case of accident, it may be known where I am, and with what purpose I have gone thither?'

'And can you expect,' answered Maxwell, in the same tone, 'that I am to place my friend's safety, not merely in your hands, but in those of any person you may choose to confide in, and who may use the knowledge to his destruction? Na — na, I have pledged my word for your safety, and you must give me yours to be private in the matter. "Giff-gaff," you know.'

Alan Fairford could not help thinking that this obligation to secrecy gave a new and suspicious colouring to the whole transaction ; but, considering that his friend's release might depend upon his accepting the condition, he gave it in the terms proposed, and with the resolution of abiding by it.

'And now, sir,' he said, 'whither am I to proceed with this letter? Is Mr. Herries at Brokenburn?'

'He is not. I do not think he will come thither again until the business of the stake-nets be hushed up, nor would I advise him to do so : the Quakers, with all their demureness, can bear malice as long as other folk ; and though I have not the prudence of Mr. Provost, who refuses to ken where his friends are concealed during adversity, lest, perchance, he should be asked to contribute to their relief, yet I do not think it necessary or prudent to inquire into Redgauntlet's wanderings, poor man, but wish to remain at perfect freedom to answer, if asked at, that I ken nothing of the matter. You must, then, go to old Tom Trumbull's, at Annan — Tam Turnpenny, as they call him ; and he is sure either to know where Redgauntlet is him-

self or to find some one who can give a shrewd guess. But you must attend that old Turnpenny will answer no question on such a subject without you give him the password, which at present you must do by asking him the age of the moon ; if he answers, "Not light enough to land a cargo," you are to answer, "Then plague on Aberdeen almanacks," and upon that he will hold free intercourse with you. And now, I would advise you to lose no time, for the parole is often changed ; and take care of yourself among these moonlight lads, for laws and lawyers do not stand very high in their favour.'

'I will set out this instant,' said the young barrister : 'I will but bid the provost and Mrs. Crosbie farewell, and then get on horseback so soon as the hostler of the George Inn can saddle him ; as for the smugglers, I am neither ganger nor supervisor, and, like the man who met the devil, if they have nothing to say to me, I have nothing to say to them.'

'You are a mettled young man,' said Summertrees, evidently with increasing good-will, on observing an alertness and contempt of danger which perhaps he did not expect from Alan's appearance and profession — 'a very mettled young fellow, indeed ! and it is almost a pity ——' Here he stopped short.

'What is a pity ?' said Fairford.

'It is almost a pity that I cannot go with you myself, or at least send a trusty guide.'

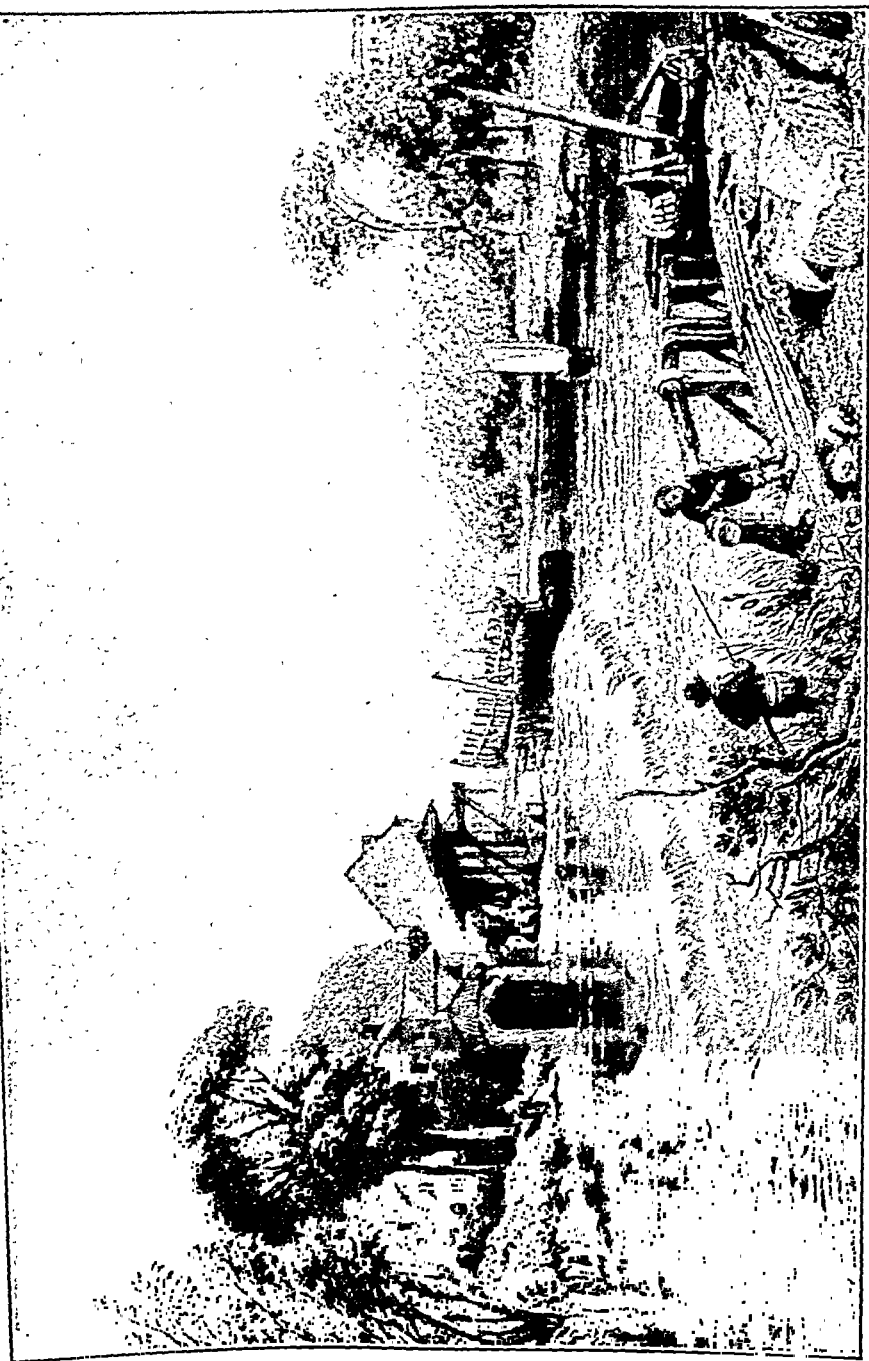
They walked together to the bedchamber of Mrs. Crosbie, for it was in that asylum that the ladies of the period dispensed their tea, when the parlour was occupied by the punch-bowl.

'You have been good bairns to-night, gentlemen,' said Mrs. Crosbie. 'I am afraid, Summertrees, that the provost has given you a bad browst : you are not used to quit the lee-side of the punch-bowl in such a hurry. I say nothing to you, Mr. Fairford, for you are too young a man yet for stoup and bicker ; but I hope you will not tell the Edinburgh fine folk that the provost has scrimped you of your cogie, as the sang says ?'

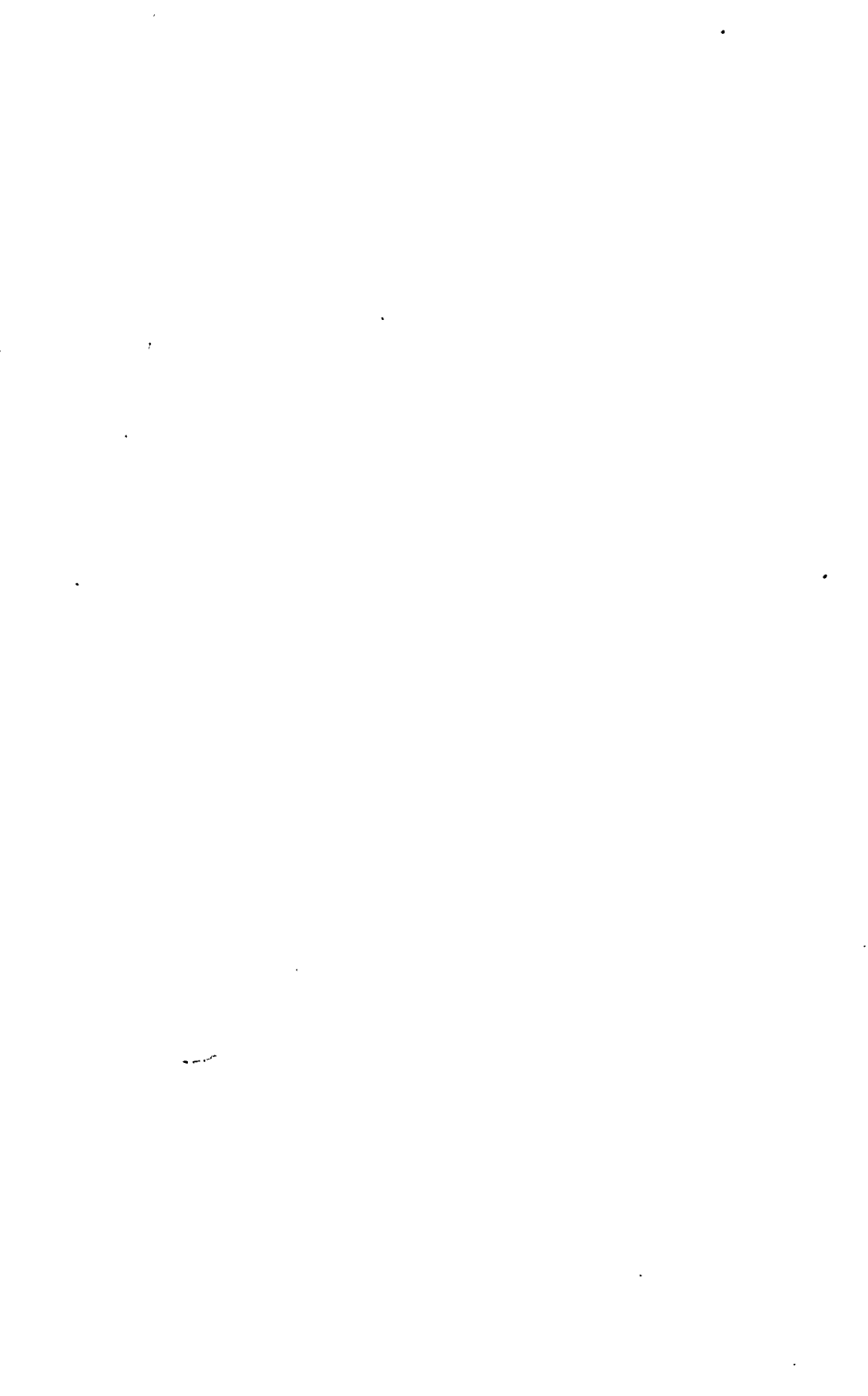
'I am much obliged for the provost's kindness and yours, madam,' replied Alan ; 'but the truth is, I have still a long ride before me this evening, and the sooner I am on horseback the better.'

'This evening ?' said the provost, anxiously. 'Had you not better take daylight with you to-morrow morning ?'

'Mr. Fairford will ride as well in the cool of the evening,' said Summertrees, taking the word out of Alan's mouth.



ANNAN, FROM THE BRIDGE.
From a painting by Stanfield.



The provost said no more, nor did his wife ask any questions, nor testify any surprise at the suddenness of their guest's departure.

Having drank tea, Alan Fairford took leave with the usual ceremony. The laird of Summertrees seemed studious to prevent any further communication between him and the provost, and remained lounging on the landing-place of the stair while they made their adieus; heard the provost ask if Alan proposed a speedy return, and the latter reply, that his stay was uncertain; and witnessed the parting shake of the hand, which, with a pressure more warm than usual, and a tremulous 'God bless and prosper you!' Mr. Crosbie bestowed on his young friend. Maxwell even strolled with Fairford as far as the George, although resisting all his attempts at further inquiry into the affairs of Redgauntlet, and referring him to Tom Trumbull, *alias* Turnpenny, for the particulars which he might find it necessary to inquire into.

At length Alan's hack was produced—an animal long in neck and high in bone, accoutred with a pair of saddle-bags containing the rider's travelling-wardrobe. Proudly surmounting his small stock of necessaries, and no way ashamed of a mode of travelling which a modern Mr. Silvertongue would consider as the last of degradations, Alan Fairford took leave of the old Jacobite, Pate-in-Peril, and set forward on the road to the royal burgh of Annan. His reflections during his ride were none of the most pleasant. He could not disguise from himself that he was venturing rather too rashly into the power of outlawed and desperate persons; for with such only a man in the situation of Redgauntlet could be supposed to associate. There were other grounds for apprehension. Several marks of intelligence betwixt Mrs. Crosbie and the laird of Summertrees had not escaped Alan's acute observation; and it was plain that the provost's inclinations towards him, which he believed to be sincere and good, were not firm enough to withstand the influence of this league between his wife and friend. The provost's adieus, like Macbeth's 'amen,' had stuck in his throat, and seemed to intimate that he apprehended more than he dared give utterance to.

Laying all these matters together, Alan thought, with no little anxiety, on the celebrated lines of Shakspeare,

A drop,
That in the ocean seeks another drop, etc.

But pertinacity was a strong feature in the young lawyer's character. He was, and always had been, totally unlike the 'horse hot at hand,' who tires before noon through his own over-eager exertions in the beginning of the day. On the contrary, his first efforts seemed frequently inadequate to accomplishing his purpose, whatever that for the time might be; and it was only as the difficulties of the task increased that his mind seemed to acquire the energy necessary to combat and subdue them. If, therefore, he went anxiously forward upon his uncertain and perilous expedition, the reader must acquit him of all idea, even in a passing thought, of the possibility of abandoning his search and resigning Darsie Latimer to his destiny.

A couple of hours' riding brought him to the little town of Annan, situated on the shores of the Solway, between eight and nine o'clock. The sun had set, but the day was not yet ended; and when he had alighted and seen his horse properly cared for at the principal inn of the place, he was readily directed to Mr. Maxwell's friend, old Tom Trumbull, with whom everybody seemed well acquainted. He endeavoured to fish out from the lad that acted as a guide something of this man's situation and profession; but the general expressions of 'a very decent man,' 'a very honest body,' 'weel to pass in the world,' and such-like, were all that could be extracted from him; and while Fairford was following up the investigation with closer interrogatories, the lad put an end to them by knocking at the door of Mr. Trumbull, whose decent dwelling was a little distance from the town, and considerably nearer to the sea. It was one of a little row of houses running down to the waterside, and having gardens and other accommodations behind. There was heard within the uplifting of a Scottish psalm; and the boy, saying, 'They are at exercise, sir,' gave intimation they might not be admitted till prayers were over.

When, however, Fairford repeated the summons with the end of his whip, the singing ceased, and Mr. Trumbull himself, with his psalm-book in his hand, kept open by the insertion of his forefinger between the leaves, came to demand the meaning of this unseasonable interruption.

Nothing could be more different than his whole appearance seemed to be from the confidant of a desperate man and the associate of outlaws in their unlawful enterprises. He was a tall, thin, bony figure, with white hair combed straight down on each side of his face, and an iron-grey hue of complexion;

where the lines, or rather, as Quin said of Macklin, the cordage, of his countenance were so sternly adapted to a devotional and even ascetic expression, that they left no room for any indication of reckless daring or sly dissimulation. In short, Trumbull appeared a perfect specimen of the rigid old Covenanters, who said only what he thought right, acted on no other principle but that of duty, and, if he committed errors, did so under the full impression that he was serving God rather than man.

‘Do you want me, sir?’ he said to Fairford, whose guide had slunk to the rear, as if to escape the rebuke of the severe old man. ‘We were engaged, and it is the Saturday night.’

Alan Fairford’s preconceptions were so much deranged by this man’s appearance and manner that he stood for a moment bewildered, and would as soon have thought of giving a cant password to a clergyman descending from the pulpit as to the respectable father of a family just interrupted in his prayers for and with the objects of his care. Hastily concluding Mr. Maxwell had passed some idle jest on him, or rather that he had mistaken the person to whom he was directed, he asked if he spoke to Mr. Trumbull.

‘To Thomas Trumbull,’ answered the old man. ‘What may be your business, sir?’ And he glanced his eye to the book he held in his hand, with a sigh like that of a saint desirous of dissolution.

‘Do you know Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees?’ said Fairford.

‘I have heard of such a gentleman in the countryside, but have no acquaintance with him,’ answered Mr. Trumbull. ‘He is, as I have heard, a Papist; for the whore that sitteth on the seven hills ceaseth not yet to pour forth the cup of her abomination on these parts.’

‘Yet he directed me hither, my good friend,’ said Alan. ‘Is there another of your name in this town of Annan?’

‘None,’ replied Mr. Trumbull, ‘since my worthy father was removed; he was indeed a shining light. I wish you good-even, sir.’

‘Stay one single instant,’ said Fairford; ‘this is a matter of life and death.’

‘Not more than the casting the burden of our sins where they should be laid,’ said Thomas Trumbull, about to shut the door in the inquirer’s face.

‘Do you know,’ said Alan Fairford, ‘the Laird of Redgauntlet?’

'Now Heaven defend me from treason and rebellion!' exclaimed Trumbull. 'Young gentleman, you are importunate. I live here among my own people, and do not consort with Jacobites and mass-mongers.'

He seemed about to shut the door, but did *not* shut it—a circumstance which did not escape Alan's notice.

'Mr. Redgauntlet is sometimes,' he said, 'called Herries of Birrenswork; perhaps you may know him under that name.'

'Friend, you are uncivil,' answered Mr. Trumbull. 'Honest men have enough to do to keep one name undefiled; I ken nothing about those who have two. Good-even to you, friend.'

He was now about to slam the door in his visitor's face without further ceremony, when Alan, who had observed symptoms that the name of Redgauntlet did not seem altogether so indifferent to him as he pretended, arrested his purpose by saying in a low voice, 'At least you can tell me what age the moon is?'

The old man started, as if from a trance, and, before answering, surveyed the querist with a keen penetrating glance, which seemed to say, 'Are you really in possession of this key to my confidence, or do you speak from mere accident?'

To this keen look of scrutiny, Fairford replied by a smile of intelligence.

The iron muscles of the old man's face did not, however, relax, as he dropped, in a careless manner, the countersign, 'Not light enough to land a cargo.'

'Then plague of all Aberdeen almanacks!'

'And plague of all fools that waste time,' said Thomas Trumbull. 'Could you not have said as much at first? And standing wasting time, and encouraging lookers-on, in the open street too? Come in bye—in bye.'

He drew his visitor into the dark entrance of the house, and shut the door carefully; then putting his head into an apartment which the murmurs within announced to be filled with the family, he said aloud, 'A work of necessity and mercy. Malachi, take the book; you will sing six double verses of the hundred and nineteen; and you may lecture out of the Lamentations. And, Malachi'—this he said in an undertone—'see you give them a screed of doctrine that will last them till I come back; or else these inconsiderate lads will be out of the house, and away to the publicks, wasting their precious time, and, it may be, putting themselves in the way of missing the morning tide.'

An inarticulate answer from within intimated Malachi's

acquiescence in the commands imposed; and Mr. Trumbull, shutting the door, muttered something about 'fast bind, fast find,' turned the key, and put it into his pocket; and then bidding his visitor have a care of his steps, and make no noise, he led him through the house, and out at a back-door, into a little garden. Here a platted alley conducted them, without the possibility of their being seen by any neighbour, to a door in the garden-wall, which, being opened, proved to be a private entrance into a three-stalled stable; in one of which was a horse, that whinnied on their entrance. 'Hush! - hush!' cried the old man, and presently seconded his exhortations to silence by throwing a handful of corn into the manger, and the horse soon converted his acknowledgment of their presence into the usual sound of munching and grinding his provender.

As the light was now failing fast, the old man, with much more alertness than might have been expected from the rigidity of his figure, closed the window-shutters in an instant, produced phosphorus and matches, and lighted a stable-lantern, which he placed on the corn-bin, and then addressed Fairfield. 'We are private here, young man; and as some time has been wasted already, you will be so kind as to tell me what is your errand. Is it about the way of business, or the other job?'

'My business with you, Mr. Trumbull, is to request you will find me the means of delivering this letter from Mr. Maxwell of Somersetshire to the Laird of Redgauntlets.'

'Hough! - fastidious job! Pate Maxwell will still be the wild man - always Pate-in-Peril - Ouzie-in-Peril, for what I know. Let me see the letter from him.'

He examined it with much care, turning it up and down, and looking at the seal very attentively. 'All's right, I see; it has the private mark for horses and eyes. I bless my Maker that I am no great man, or great man's fellow; and so I think no more of these passages than just to help them forward in the way of business. You are an outer stranger in these parts, I venture!'

Fairfield answered in the affirmative.

'Ay - I never let them make a wiser choice. I must call some one to assist you what to do. Say, we must go to him, I believe. You are well recommended to me, friend, and sometimes wrong; otherwise you may see more than I would like to show, it and in the way of showing in the conduct line of business.'

Saying this, he placed his lantern on the ground, beside the post of one of the empty stalls, drew up a small spring-bolt which secured it to the floor, and then forcing the post to one side, discovered a small trap-door. 'Follow me,' he said, and dived into the subterranean descent to which this secret aperture gave access.

Fairford plunged after him, not without apprehensions of more kinds than one, but still resolved to prosecute the adventure.

The descent, which was not above six feet, led to a very narrow passage, which seemed to have been constructed for the precise purpose of excluding every one who chanced to be an inch more in girth than was his conductor. A small vaulted room, of about eight feet square, received them at the end of this lane. Here Mr. Trumbull left Fairford alone, and returned for an instant, as he said, to shut his concealed trap-door.

Fairford liked not his departure, as it left him in utter darkness; besides that his breathing was much affected by a strong and stifling smell of spirits, and other articles of a savour more powerful than agreeable to the lungs. He was very glad, therefore, when he heard the returning steps of Mr. Trumbull, who, when once more by his side, opened a strong though narrow door in the wall, and conveyed Fairford into an immense magazine of spirit-casks and other articles of contraband trade.

There was a small light at the end of this range of well-stocked subterranean vaults, which, upon a low whistle, began to flicker and move towards them. An undefined figure, holding a dark lantern, with the light averted, approached them, whom Mr. Trumbull thus addressed: 'Why were you not at worship, Job, and this Saturday at e'en?'

'Swanston was loading the "Jenny," sir, and I stayed to serve out the article.'

'True—a work of necessity, and in the way of business. Does the "Jumping Jenny" sail this tide?'

'Ay—ay, sir; she sails for ——'

'I did not ask you *where* she sailed for, Job,' said the old gentleman, interrupting him. 'I thank my Maker, I know nothing of their incomings or outgoings. I sell my article fairly and in the ordinary way of business; and I wash my hands of everything else. But what I wished to know is, whether the gentleman called the Laird of the Solway Lakes is on the other side of the Border even now?'

'Ay — ay,' said Job, 'the Laird is something in my own line, you know — a little contraband or so. There is a statute for him. But no matter; he took the sands after the splore at the Quaker's fish-traps yonder; for he has a leal heart, the Laird, and is always true to the countryside. But avast — is all snug here?'

So saying, he suddenly turned on Alan Fairford the light side of the lantern he carried, who, by the transient gleam which it threw in passing on the man who bore it, saw a huge figure, upwards of six feet high, with a rough hairy cap on his head, and a set of features corresponding to his bulky frame. He thought also he observed pistols at his belt.

'I will answer for this gentleman,' said Mr. Trumbull; 'he must be brought to speech of the Laird.'

'That will be kittle steering,' said the subordinate personage; 'for I understood that the Laird and his folk were no sooner on the other side than the land-sharks were on them, and some mounted lobsters from Carlisle; and so they were obliged to split and squander. There are new brooms out to sweep the country of them, they say; for the brush was a hard one, and they say there was a lad drowned; he was not one of the Laird's gang, so there was the less matter.'

'Peace! prithee — peace, Job Rutledge,' said honest, pacific Mr. Trumbull. 'I wish thou couldst remember, man, that I desire to know nothing of your roars and splores, your brooms and brushes. I dwell here among my own people; and I sell my commodity to him who comes in the way of business; and so wash my hands of all consequences, as becomes a quiet subject and an honest man. I never take payment, save in ready money.'

'Ay — ay,' muttered he with the lantern, 'your worship, Mr. Trumbull, understands that in the way of business.'

'Well, I hope you will one day know, Job,' answered Mr. Trumbull, 'the comfort of a conscience void of offence, and that fears neither gauger nor collector, neither excise nor customs. The business is to pass this gentleman to Cumberland upon earnest business, and to procure him speech with the Laird of the Solway Lakes — I suppose that can be done? Now I think Nanty Ewart, if he sails with the brig this morning tide, is the man to set him forward.'

'Ay — ay, truly is he,' said Job; 'never man knew the Border, dale and fell, pasture and ploughland, better than Nanty; and he can always bring him to the Laird, too, if you

are sure the gentleman's right. But indeed that's his own look-out; for were he the best man in Scotland, and the chairman of the d—d Board to boot, and had fifty men at his back, he were as well not visit the Laird for anything but good. As for Nanty, he is word and blow a d—d deal fiercer than Cristie Nixon, that they keep such a din about. I have seen them both tried, by ——'

Fairford now found himself called upon to say something; yet his feelings, upon finding himself thus completely in the power of a canting hypocrite and of his retainer, who had so much the air of a determined ruffian, joined to the strong and abominable fume which they snuffed up with indifference, while it almost deprived him of respiration, combined to render utterance difficult. He stated, however, that he had no evil intentions towards the Laird, as they called him, but was only the bearer of a letter to him on particular business from Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees.

'Ay — ay,' said Job, 'that may be well enough; and if Mr. Trumbull is satisfied that the scribe is right, why, we will give you a cast in the "Jumping Jenny" this tide, and Nanty Ewart will put you on a way of finding the Laird, I warrant you.'

'I may for the present return, I presume, to the inn where I have left my horse?' said Fairford.

'With pardon,' replied Mr. Trumbull, 'you have been ower far ben with us for that; but Job will take you to a place where you may sleep rough till he calls you. I will bring you what little baggage you can need; for those who go on such errands must not be dainty. I will myself see after your horse; for a merciful man is merciful to his beast—a matter too often forgotten in our way of business.'

'Why, Master Trumbull,' replied Job, 'you know that when we are chased it's no time to shorten sail, and so the boys do ride whip and spur——' He stopped in his speech, observing the old man had vanished through the door by which he had entered. 'That's always the way with old Turnpenny,' he said to Fairford: 'he cares for nothing of the trade but the profit; now, d—me, if I don't think the fun of it is better worth while. But come along, my fine chap; I must stow you away in safety until it is time to go aboard.'

CHAPTER XIII

Narrative of Alan Fairford, Continued

FAIRFORD followed his gruff guide among a labyrinth of barrels and puncheons, on which he had more than once like to have broken his nose, and from thence into what, by the glimpse of the passing lantern upon a desk and writing-materials, seemed to be a small office for the despatch of business. Here there appeared no exit; but the smuggler, or smuggler's ally, availing himself of a ladder, removed an old picture, which showed a door about seven feet from the ground, and Fairford, still following Job, was involved in another tortuous and dark passage, which involuntarily reminded him of Peter Peebles's lawsuit. At the end of this labyrinth, when he had little guess where he had been conducted, and was, according to the French phrase, totally *desorienté*, Job suddenly set down the lantern, and availing himself of the flame to light two candles which stood on the table, asked if Alan would choose anything to eat, recommending, at all events, a slug of brandy to keep out the night air. Fairford declined both, but inquired after his baggage.

'The old master will take care of that himself,' said Job Rutledge; and drawing back in the direction in which he had entered, he vanished from the further end of the apartment, by a mode which the candles, still shedding an imperfect light, gave Alan no means of ascertaining. Thus the adventurous young lawyer was left alone in the apartment to which he had been conducted by so singular a passage.

In this condition, it was Alan's first employment to survey, with some accuracy, the place where he was; and accordingly, having trimmed the lights, he walked slowly round the apartment, examining its appearance and dimensions. It seemed to be such a small dining-parlour as is usually found in the house of the better class of artisans, shopkeepers, and such persons, having a recess at the upper end, and the usual furniture of an

ordinary description. He found a door, which he endeavoured to open, but it was locked on the outside. A corresponding door on the same side of the apartment admitted him into a closet, upon the front shelves of which were punch-bowls, glasses, tea-cups, and the like, while on one side was hung a horse-man's greatcoat of the coarsest materials, with two great horse-pistols peeping out of the pocket, and on the floor stood a pair of well-spattered jack-boots, the usual equipment of the time, at least for long journeys.¹

Not greatly liking the contents of the closet, Alan Fairford shut the door, and resumed his scrutiny round the walls of the apartment, in order to discover the mode of Job Rutledge's retreat. The secret passage was, however, too artificially concealed, and the young lawyer had nothing better to do than to meditate on the singularity of his present situation. He had long known that the excise laws had occasioned an active contraband trade betwixt Scotland and England, which then, as now, existed, and will continue to exist until the utter abolition of the wretched system which establishes an inequality of duties² betwixt the different parts of the same kingdom — a system, be it said in passing, mightily resembling the conduct of a pugilist who should tie up one arm that he might fight the better with the other. But Fairford was unprepared for the expensive and regular establishments by which the illicit traffic was carried on, and could not have conceived that the capital employed in it should have been adequate to the erection of these extensive buildings, with all their contrivances for secrecy of communication. He was musing on these circumstances, not without some anxiety for the progress of his own journey, when suddenly, as he lifted his eyes, he discovered old Mr. Trumbull at the upper end of the apartment, bearing in one hand a small bundle, in the other his dark lantern, the light of which, as he advanced, he directed full upon Fairford's countenance.

Though such an apparition was exactly what he expected, yet he did not see the grim, stern old man present himself thus suddenly without emotion, especially when he recollected, what to a youth of his pious education was peculiarly shocking, that the grizzled hypocrite was probably that instant arisen from his knees to Heaven, for the purpose of engaging in the mysterious transactions of a desperate and illegal trade.

The old man, accustomed to judge with ready sharpness of

¹ See Concealments for Theft and Smuggling. Note 32.

² These duties were equalised in 1855 (*Laing*).

the physiognomy of those with whom he had business, did not fail to remark something like agitation in Fairford's demeanour. 'Have ye taken the rue?' said he. 'Will ye take the sheaf from the mare, and give up the venture?'

'Never!' said Fairford, firmly, stimulated at once by his natural spirit and the recollection of his friend — 'never, while I have life and strength to follow it out!'

'I have brought you,' said Trumbull, 'a clean shirt and some stockings, which is all the baggage you can conveniently carry, and I will cause one of the lads lend you a horseman's coat, for it is ill sailing or riding without one; and, touching your valise, it will be as safe in my poor house, were it full of the gold of Ophir, as if it were in the depth of the mine.'

'I have no doubt of it,' said Fairford.

'And now,' said Trumbull, again, 'I pray you to tell me by what name I am to name you to Nanty (which is Antony) Ewart?'

'By the name of Alan Fairford,' answered the young lawyer.

'But that,' said Mr. Trumbull, in reply, 'is your own proper name and surname.'

'And what other should I give?' said the young man. 'Do you think I have any occasion for an *alias*? And, besides, Mr. Trumbull,' added Alan, thinking a little raillery might intimate confidence of spirit, 'you blessed yourself, but a little while since, that you had no acquaintance with those who defiled their names so far as to be obliged to change them.'

'True — very true,' said Mr. Trumbull; 'nevertheless, young man, my grey hairs stand unreprieved in this matter; for, in my line of business, when I sit under my vine and my fig-tree, exchanging the strong waters of the North for the gold which is the price thereof, I have, I thank Heaven, no disguises to keep with any man, and wear my own name of Thomas Trumbull, without any chance that the same may be polluted; whereas thou, who art to journey in miry ways, and amongst a strange people, mayst do well to have two names, as thou hast two shirts, the one to keep the other clean.'

Here he emitted a chuckling grunt, which lasted for two vibrations of the pendulum exactly, and was the only approach towards laughter in which old Turnpenny, as he was nicknamed, was ever known to indulge.

'You are witty, Mr. Trumbull,' said Fairford; 'but jests are no arguments. I shall keep my own name.'

'At your own pleasure,' said the merchant; 'there is but one name which,' etc. etc. etc.

We will not follow the hypocrite through the impious cant which he added, in order to close the subject.

Alan followed him, in silent abhorrence, to the recess in which the beaufet was placed, and which was so artificially made as to conceal another of those traps with which the whole building abounded. This concealment admitted them to the same winding passage by which the young lawyer had been brought thither. The path which they now took amid these mazes differed from the direction in which he had been guided by Rutledge. It led upwards, and terminated beneath a garret window. Trumbull opened it, and, with more agility than his age promised, clambered out upon the leads. If Fairford's journey had been hitherto in a stifled and subterranean atmosphere, it was now open, lofty, and airy enough; for he had to follow his guide over leads and slates, which the old smuggler traversed with the dexterity of a cat. It is true, his course was facilitated by knowing exactly where certain stepping-places and holdfasts were placed, of which Fairford could not so readily avail himself; but after a difficult and somewhat perilous progress along the roofs of two or three houses, they at length descended by a skylight into a garret room, and from thence by the stairs into a public-house; for such it appeared by the ringing of bells, whistling for waiters and attendance, bawling of 'House—house, here!' chorus of sea-songs, and the like noises.

Having descended to the second story, and entered a room there, in which there was a light, old Mr. Trumbull rung the bell of the apartment thrice, with an interval betwixt each, during which he told deliberately the number twenty. Immediately after the third ringing, the landlord appeared, with stealthy step, and an appearance of mystery on his buxom visage. He greeted Mr. Trumbull, who was his landlord as it proved, with great respect, and expressed some surprise at seeing him so late, as he termed it, 'on Saturday at e'en.'

'And I, Robin Hastie,' said the landlord to the tenant, 'am more surprised than pleased to hear sae muckle din in your house, Robie, so near the honourable Sabbath; and I must mind you that it is contravening the terms of your tack, whilk stipulate that you should shut your public on Saturday at nine o'clock, at latest.'

'Yes, sir,' said Robin Hastie, no way alarmed at the gravity of the rebuke, 'but you must take tent that I have admitted naebody but you, Mr. Trumbull—who, by the way, admitted



TOM PURDIE, PROTOTYPE OF THE LANDLORD HASTIE.
From a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.



yourself — since nine o'clock; for the most of the folk have been here for several hours about the lading, and so on, of the brig. It is not full tide yet, and I cannot put the men out into the street. If I did, they would go to some other public, and their souls would be none the better, and my purse muckle the waur; for how am I to pay the rent if I do not sell the liquor?

'Nay, then,' said Thomas Trumbull, 'if it is a work of necessity, and in the honest independent way of business, no doubt there is balm in Gilead. But prithee, Robin, wilt thou see if Nanty Ewart be, as is most likely, amongst these unhappy toppers; and if so, let him step this way cannily, and speak to me and this young gentleman. And it's dry talking, Robin, you must minister to us a bowl of punch; ye ken my gage.'

'From a mutchkin to a gallon, I ken your honour's taste, Mr. Thomas Trumbull,' said mine host; 'and ye shall hang me over the sign-post if there be a drap mair lemon or a curn less sugar than just suits you. There are three of you; you will be for the auld Scots peremptory pint-stoup¹ for the success of the voyage?'

'Better pray for it than drink for it, Robin,' said Mr. Trumbull. 'Yours is a dangerous trade, Robin: it hurts mony a ane, baith host and guest. But ye will get the blue bowl, Robin — the blue bowl, that will sloken all their drouth, and prevent the sinful repetition of whipping for an eke of a Saturday at e'en. Ay, Robin, it is a pity of Nanty Ewart. Nanty likes the turning up of his little finger unco weel, and we maunna stint him, Robin, so as we leave him sense to steer by.'

'Nanty Ewart could steer through the Pentland Firth though he were as drunk as the Baltic Ocean,' said Robin Hastie; and instantly tripping downstairs, he speedily returned with the materials for what he called his 'browst,' which consisted of two English quarts of spirits in a huge blue bowl, with all the ingredients for punch, in the same formidable proportion. At the same time he introduced Mr. Antony or Nanty Ewart, whose person, although he was a good deal flustered with liquor, was different from what Fairford expected. His dress was what is emphatically termed the shabby genteel — a frock with tarnished lace, a small cocked hat, ornamented in a similar way, a scarlet waistcoat, with faded embroidery, breeches of the same, with silver knee-bands, and he wore a smart hanger and a pair of pistols in a sullied sword-belt.

¹ See Pint Measure. Note 33.

'Here I come, patron,' he said, shaking hands with Mr. Trumbull. 'Well, I see you have got some grog aboard.'

'It is not my custom, Mr. Ewart,' said the old gentleman, 'as you well know, to become a chamberer or carouser thus late on Saturday at e'en; but I wanted to recommend to your attention a young friend of ours that is going upon a something particular journey, with a letter to our friend the Laird, from Pate-in-Peril, as they call him.'

'Ay — indeed? he must be in high trust for so young a gentleman. I wish you joy, sir,' bowing to Fairford. 'By'r lady, as Shakspeare says, you are bringing up a neck to a fair end. Come, patron, we will drink to Mr. What-shall-call-um. What is his name? Did you tell me? And have I forgot it already?'

'Mr. Alan Fairford,' said Trumbull.

'Ay, Mr. Alan Fairford — a good name for a fair trader — Mr. Alan Fairford; and may he be long withheld from the topmost round of ambition, which I take to be the highest round of a certain ladder.'

While he spoke, he seized the punch ladle and began to fill the glasses. But Mr. Trumbull arrested his hand, until he had, as he expressed himself, sanctified the liquor by a long grace; during the pronounciation of which he shut indeed his eyes, but his nostrils became dilated, as if he were snuffing up the fragrant beverage with peculiar complacency.

When the grace was at length over, the three friends sat down to their beverage, and invited Alan Fairford to partake. Anxious about his situation, and disgusted as he was with his company, he craved, and with difficulty obtained permission, under the allegation of being fatigued, heated, and the like, to stretch himself on a couch which was in the apartment, and attempted at least to procure some rest before high water, when the vessel was to sail.

He was at length permitted to use his freedom, and stretched himself on the couch, having his eyes for some time fixed on the jovial party he had left, and straining his ears to catch if possible a little of their conversation. This he soon found was to no purpose; for what did actually reach his ears was disguised so completely by the use of cant words, and the thieves' Latin called slang, that, even when he caught the words, he found himself as far as ever from the sense of their conversation. At length he fell asleep.

It was after Alan had slumbered for three or four hours

that he was wakened by voices bidding him rise up and prepare to be jogging. He started up accordingly, and found himself in presence of the same party of boon companions, who had just despatched their huge bowl of punch. To Alan's surprise, the liquor had made but little innovation on the brains of men who were accustomed to drink at all hours, and in the most inordinate quantities. The landlord indeed spoke a little thick, and the texts of Mr. Thomas Trumbull stumbled on his tongue; but Nanty was one of those toppers who, becoming early what *bon-vivants* term flustered, remain whole nights and days at the same point of intoxication; and, in fact, as they are seldom entirely sober, can be as rarely seen absolutely drunk. Indeed, Fairford, had he not known how Ewart had been engaged whilst he himself was asleep, would almost have sworn when he awoke that the man was more sober than when he first entered the room.

He was confirmed in this opinion when they descended below, where two or three sailors and ruffian-looking fellows awaited their commands. Ewart took the whole direction upon himself, gave his orders with briefness and precision, and looked to their being executed with the silence and celerity which that peculiar crisis required. All were now dismissed for the brig, which lay, as Fairford was given to understand, a little farther down the river, which is navigable for vessels of light burden, till almost within a mile of the town.

When they issued from the inn, the landlord bid them good-bye. Old Trumbull walked a little way with them, but the air had probably considerable effect on the state of his brain; for, after reminding Alan Fairford that the next day was the honourable Sabbath, he became extremely excursive in an attempt to exhort him to keep it holy. At length, being perhaps sensible that he was becoming unintelligible, he thrust a volume into Fairford's hand, hiccupping at the same time — 'Good book — good book — fine hymn-book — fit for the honourable Sabbath, whilk awaits us to-morrow morning.' Here the iron tongue of time told five from the town-steeple of Annan, to the further confusion of Mr. Trumbull's already disordered ideas. 'Ay! is Sunday come and gone already? Heaven be praised! Only it is a marvel the afternoon is sae dark for the time of the year. Sabbath has slipped ower quietly, but we have reason to bless ourselfs it has not been altogether mis-employed. I heard little of the preaching — a cauld moralist, I doubt, served that out; but, eh — the prayer — I mind it as

if I had said the words myself.' Here he repeated one or two petitions, which were probably a part of his family devotions, before he was summoned forth to what he called the way of business. 'I never remember a Sabbath pass so cannily off in my life.' Then he recollected himself a little, and said to Alan, 'You may read that book, Mr. Fairford, to-morrow, all the same, though it be Monday; for, you see, it was Saturday when we were thegither, and now it's Sunday, and it's dark night; so the Sabbath has slipped clean away through our fingers, like water through a sieve, which abideth not; and we have to begin again to-morrow morning in the weariful, base, mean, earthly employments whilk are unworthy of an immortal spirit — always excepting the way of business.'

Three of the fellows were now returning to the town, and, at Ewart's command, they cut short the patriarch's exhortation by leading him back to his own residence. The rest of the party then proceeded to the brig, which only waited their arrival to get under weigh and drop down the river. Nanty Ewart betook himself to steering the brig, and the very touch of the helm seemed to dispel the remaining influence of the liquor which he had drunk, since, through a troublesome and intricate channel, he was able to direct the course of his little vessel with the most perfect accuracy and safety.

Alan Fairford for some time availed himself of the clearness of the summer morning to gaze on the dimly seen shores betwixt which they glided, becoming less and less distinct as they receded from each other, until at length, having adjusted his little bundle by way of pillow, and wrapt around him the greatcoat with which old Trumbull had equipped him, he stretched himself on the deck, to try to recover the slumber out of which he had been awakened. Sleep had scarce begun to settle on his eyes ere he found something stirring about his person. With ready presence of mind he recollected his situation, and resolved to show no alarm until the purpose of this became obvious; but he was soon relieved from his anxiety by finding it was only the result of Nanty's attention to his comfort, who was wrapping around him, as softly as he could, a great boat-cloak, in order to defend him from the morning air.

'Thou art but a cockerel,' he muttered, 'but 't were pity thou wert knocked off the perch before seeing a little more of the sweet and sour of this world; though, faith, if thou hast the usual luck of it, the best way were to leave thee to the chance of a seasoning fever.'

These words, and the awkward courtesy with which the skipper of the little brig tucked the sea-coat round Fairford, gave him a confidence of safety which he had not yet thoroughly possessed. He stretched himself in more security on the hard planks, and was speedily asleep, though his slumbers were feverish and unrefreshing.

It has been elsewhere intimated that Alan Fairford inherited from his mother a delicate constitution, with a tendency to consumption; and, being an only child, with such a cause for apprehension, care, to the verge of effeminacy, was taken to preserve him from damp beds, wet feet, and those various emergencies to which the Caledonian boys of much higher birth, but more active habits, are generally accustomed. In man, the spirit sustains the constitutional weakness, as in the winged tribes the feathers bear aloft the body. But there is a bound to these supporting qualities; and as the pinions of the bird must at length grow weary, so the *vis animi* of the human struggler becomes broken down by continued fatigue.

When the voyager was awakened by the light of the sun now riding high in Heaven, he found himself under the influence of an almost intolerable headache, with heat, thirst, shootings across the back and loins, and other symptoms intimating violent cold, accompanied with fever. The manner in which he had passed the preceding day and night, though perhaps it might have been of little consequence to most young men, was to him, delicate in constitution and nurture, attended with bad, and even perilous, consequences. He felt this was the case, yet would fain have combated the symptoms of indisposition, which, indeed, he imputed chiefly to sea-sickness. He sat up on deck, and looked on the scene around, as the little vessel, having borne down the Solway Firth, was beginning, with a favourable northerly breeze, to bear away to the southward, crossing the entrance of the Wampool river, and preparing to double the most northerly point of Cumberland.

But Fairford felt annoyed with deadly sickness, as well as by pain of a distressing and oppressive character; and neither Criffel, rising in majesty on the one hand, nor the distant yet more picturesque outline of Skiddaw and Glaramara upon the other, could attract his attention in the manner in which it was usually fixed by beautiful scenery, and especially that which had in it something new as well as striking. Yet it was not in Alan Fairford's nature to give way to despondence, even when seconded by pain. He had recourse, in the first place, to his

pocket; but instead of the little Sallust he had brought with him, that the perusal of a favourite classical author might help to pass away a heavy hour, he pulled out the supposed hymn-book with which he had been presented a few hours before by that temperate and scrupulous person, Mr. Thomas Trumbull, *alias* Turnpenny. The volume was bound in sable, and its exterior might have become a psalter. But what was Alan's astonishment to read on the title-page the following words:—*Merry Thoughts for Merry Men; or, Mother Midnight's Miscellany for the Small Hours*; and, turning over the leaves, he was disgusted with profligate tales, and more profligate songs, ornamented with figures corresponding in infamy with the letterpress.

'Good God!' he thought, 'and did this heary reprobate summon his family together, and, with such a disgraceful pledge of infamy in his bosom, venture to approach the throne of his Creator? It must be so; the book is bound after the manner of those dedicated to devotional subjects, and doubtless, the wretch, in his intoxication, confounded the books he carried with him, as he did the days of the week.' Seized with the disgust with which the young and generous usually regard the vices of advanced life, Alan, having turned the leaves of the book over in hasty disdain, flung it from him, as far as he could, into the sea. He then had recourse to the Sallust, which he had at first sought for in vain. As he opened the book, Nanty Ewart, who had been looking over his shoulder, made his own opinion heard.

'I think now, brother, if you are so much scandalised at a little piece of sculduddery, which, after all, does nobody any harm, you had better have given it to me than have flung it into the Solway.'

'I hope, sir,' answered Fairford, civilly, 'you are in the habit of reading better books.'

'Faith,' answered Nanty, 'with help of a little Geneva text, I could read my Sallust as well as you can'; and snatching the book from Alan's hand, he began to read, in the Scottish accent: "*Igitur ex divitiis juventutem luxuria atque avaritia cum superbiâ incasere: rapere, consumere; sua parci pendere, aliena cupere; pudorem, amicitiam, pudicitiam, dicina atque humana promiscua, nihil pensi neque moderati habere.*"¹ There is a slap in the face now for an honest fellow that has been buccaniering! Never could keep a groat of what he got, or

¹ See Translations from Sallust. Note 24.

hold his fingers from what belonged to another, said you? Fie — fie, friend Crispus, thy morals are as crabbed and austere as thy style — the one has as little mercy as the other has grace. By my soul, it is unhandsome to make personal reflections on an old acquaintance, who seeks a little civil intercourse with you after nigh twenty years' separation. On my soul, Master Sallust deserves to float on the Solway better than Mother Midnight herself.'

'Perhaps, in some respects, he may merit better usage at our hands,' said Alan; 'for if he has described vice plainly, it seems to have been for the purpose of rendering it generally abhorred.'

'Well,' said the seaman, 'I have heard of the *sortes Virgilianæ*, and I daresay the *sortes Sallustianæ* are as true every tittle. I have consulted honest Crispus on my own account, and have had a cuff for my pains. But now see, I open the book on your behalf, and behold what occurs first to my eye! Lo you there — "*Catilina . . . omnium flagitiosorum atque facinorosorum circum se . . . habebat.*" And then again — "*Etiam si quis a culpa vacuus in amicitiam ejus inciderat, quotidiano usu par . . . similisque cæteris efficiebatur.*" That is what I call plain speaking on the part of the old Roman, Mr. Fairford. By the way, that is a capital name for a lawyer.'

'Lawyer as I am,' said Fairford, 'I do not understand your innuendo.'

'Nay, then,' said Ewart, 'I can try it another way, as well as the hypocritical old rascal Turnpenny himself could do. I would have you to know that I am well acquainted with my Bible-book, as well as with my friend Sallust.' He then, in a snuffing and canting tone, began to repeat the Scripture text — "'David therefore departed thence, and went to the cave of Adullam. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves together unto him, and he became a captain over them.'" What think you of that?' he said, suddenly changing his manner. 'Have I touched you now, sir?'

'You are as far off as ever,' replied Fairford.

'What the devil! and you a repeating frigate between Summertrees and the Laird! Tell that to the marines, the sailors won't believe it. But you are right to be cautious, since you can't say who are right, who not. But you look ill; it's but the cold morning air. Will you have a can of flip, or a jorum of hot rumbo, or will you splice the main-brace

(showing a spirit-flask)? Will you have a quid, or a pipe, or a cigar? — a pinch of snuff, at least, to clear your brains and sharpen your apprehension?’

Fairford rejected all these friendly propositions.

‘Why then,’ continued Ewart, ‘if you will do nothing for the free trade, I must patronise it myself.’

So saying, he took a large glass of brandy.

‘A hair of the dog that bit me,’ he continued — ‘of the dog that will worry me one day soon; and yet, and be d—d to me for an idiot, I must always have him at my throat. But, says the old catch’ — here he sung, and sung well —

‘Let’s drink — let’s drink, while life we have;
We’ll find but cold drinking — cold drinking in the grave.

All this,’ he continued, ‘is no charm against the headache. I wish I had anything that could do you good. Faith, and we have tea and coffee aboard! I’ll open a chest or a bag, and let you have some in an instant. You are at the age to like such cat-lap better than better stuff.’

Fairford thanked him, and accepted his offer of tea.

Nanty Ewart was soon heard calling about, ‘Break open yon chest; take out your capful, you bastard of a powder-monkey, we may want it again. No sugar! all used up for grog, say you! Knock another loaf to pieces, can’t ye? And get the kettle boiling, ye hell’s baby, in no time at all!’

By dint of these energetic proceedings, he was in a short time able to return to the place where his passenger lay sick and exhausted with a cup, or rather a canful, of tea; for everything was on a large scale on board of the ‘Jumping Jenny.’ Alan drank it eagerly, and with so much appearance of being refreshed, that Nanty Ewart swore he would have some too, and only laced it, as his phrase went, with a single glass of brandy.

CHAPTER XIV

Narrative of Alan Fairford, Continued

WE left Alan Fairford on the deck of the little smuggling brig, in that disconsolate situation when sickness and nausea attack a heated and fevered frame and an anxious mind. His share of sea-sickness, however, was not so great as to engross his sensations entirely, or altogether to divert his attention from what was passing around. If he could not delight in the swiftness and agility with which the 'little frigate' walked the waves, or amuse himself by noticing the beauty of the sea-views around him, where the distant Skiddaw raised his brow, as if in defiance of the clouded eminence of Criffel, which lorded it over the Scottish side of the estuary, he had spirits and composure enough to pay particular attention to the master of the vessel, on whose character his own safety in all probability was dependent.

Nanty Ewart had now given the helm to one of his people, a bald-pated, grizzled old fellow, whose whole life had been spent in evading the revenue laws, with now and then the relaxation of a few months' imprisonment, for deforcing officers, resisting seizures, and the like offences.

Nanty himself sat down by Fairford, helped him to his tea, with such other refreshments as he could think of, and seemed in his way sincerely desirous to make his situation as comfortable as things admitted. Fairford had thus an opportunity to study his countenance and manners more closely.

It was plain, Ewart, though a good seaman, had not been bred upon that element. He was a reasonably good scholar, and seemed fond of showing it, by recurring to the subject of Sallust and Juvenal; while, on the other hand, sea-phrases seldom chequered his conversation. He had been in person what is called a smart little man; but the tropical sun had burnt his originally fair complexion to a dusty red, and the

bile which was diffused through his system had stained it with a yellowish-black : what ought to have been the white part of his eyes, in particular, had a hue as deep as the topaz. He was very thin, or rather emaciated, and his countenance, though still indicating alertness and activity, showed a constitution exhausted with excessive use of his favourite stimulus.

‘I see you look at me hard,’ said he to Fairford. ‘Had you been an officer of the d—d customs, my terriers’ backs would have been up.’ He opened his breast, and showed Alan a pair of pistols disposed between his waistcoat and jacket, placing his finger at the same time upon the cock of one of them. ‘But come, you are an honest fellow, though you’re a close one. I daresay you think me a queer customer ; but I can tell you, they that see the ship leave harbour know little of the seas she is to sail through. My father, honest old gentleman, never would have thought to see me master of the “Jumping Jenny.”’

Fairford said, ‘It seemed very clear indeed that Mr. Ewart’s education was far superior to the line he at present occupied.’

‘O, Criffel to Solway Moss !’ said the other. ‘Why, man, I should have been an expounder of the Word, with a wig like a snow-wreath, and a stipend like — like — like a hundred pounds a-year, I suppose. I can spend thrice as much as that, though, being such as I am.’ Here he sung a scrap of an old Northumbrian ditty, mimicking the burr of the natives of that county : —

‘Willy Foster’s gone to sea,
Siller buckles at his knee,
He’ll come back and marry me —
Canny Willy Foster.’

‘I have no doubt,’ said Fairford, ‘your present occupation is more lucrative ; but I should have thought the church might have been more ——’

He stopped, recollecting that it was not his business to say anything disagreeable.

‘More respectable, you mean, I suppose ?’ said Ewart, with a sneer, and squirting the tobacco-juice through his front teeth ; then was silent for a moment, and proceeded in a tone of candour which some internal touch of conscience dictated. ‘And so it would, Mr. Fairford, and happier, too, by a thousand degrees, though I have had my pleasures too. But there was my father — God bless the old man ! — a true chip of

the old Presbyterian block, walked his parish like a captain on the quarter-deck, and was always ready to do good to rich and poor. Off went the laird's hat to the minister as fast as the poor man's bonnet. When the eye saw him — Pshaw! what have I to do with that now? Yes, he was, as Virgil hath it, "*Vir sapientia et pietate gravis.*" But he might have been the wiser man had he kept me at home, when he sent me at nineteen to study divinity at the head of the highest stair in the Covenant Close. It was a cursed mistake in the old gentleman. What though Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket, for she wrote herself no less, was our cousin five times removed, and took me on that account to board and lodging at six shillings instead of seven shillings a-week? it was a d—d bad saving, as the case proved. Yet her very dignity might have kept me in order; for she never read a chapter excepting out of a Cambridge Bible, printed by Daniel, and bound in embroidered velvet. I think I see it at this moment! And on Sundays, when we had a quart of twopenny ale, instead of buttermilk, to our porridge, it was always served up in a silver posset-dish. Also she used silver-mounted spectacles, whereas even my father's were cased in mere horn. These things had their impression at first, but we get used to grandeur by degrees. Well, sir! Gad, I can scarce get on with my story — it sticks in my throat — must take a trifle to wash it down. Well, this dame had a daughter, Jess Cantrips — a black-eyed, bouncing wench — and, as the devil would have it, there was the d—d five story stair — her foot was never from it, whether I went out or came home from the divinity hall. I would have eschewed her, sir — I would, on my soul, for I was as innocent a lad as ever came from Lammermuir; but there was no possibility of escape, retreat, or flight, unless I could have got a pair of wings, or made use of a ladder seven stories high, to scale the window of my attic. It signifies little talking — you may suppose how all this was to end. I would have married the girl, and taken my chance — I would, by Heaven! for she was a pretty girl, and a good girl till she and I met; but you know the old song, "Kirk would not let us be." A gentleman, in my case, would have settled the matter with the kirk-treasurer for a small sum of money; but the poor stibbler, the penniless dominie, having married his cousin of Kittlebasket, must next have proclaimed her frailty to the whole parish, by mounting the throne of Presbyterian penance, and proving, as Othello says, "his love a whore," in face of the whole congregation.

‘In this extremity I dared not stay where I was, and so thought to go home to my father. But first I got Jack Hadaway, a lad from the same parish, and who lived in the same infernal stair, to make some inquiries how the old gentleman had taken the matter. I soon, by way of answer, learned, to the great increase of my comfortable reflections, that the good old man made as much clamour as if such a thing as a man’s eating his wedding dinner without saying grace had never happened since Adam’s time. He did nothing for six days but cry out, “Ichabod — Ichabod, the glory is departed from my house!” and on the seventh he preached a sermon, in which he enlarged on this incident as illustrative of one of the great occasions for humiliation and causes of national defection. I hope the course he took comforted himself; I am sure it made me ashamed to show my nose at home. So I went down to Leith, and, exchanging my hodden-grey coat of my mother’s spinning for such a jacket as this, I entered my name at the rendezvous as an able-bodied landsman, and sailed with the tender round to Plymouth, where they were fitting out a squadron for the West Indies. There I was put aboard the “Fearnought,” Captain Daredevil, among whose crew I soon learned to fear Satan, the terror of my early youth, as little as the toughest Jack on board. I had some qualms at first, but I took the remedy (tapping the case-bottle) which I recommended to you, being as good for sickness of the soul as for sickness of the stomach. What, you won’t? Very well, I must, then. Here is to ye.’

‘You would, I am afraid, find your education of little use in your new condition?’ said Fairford.

‘Pardon me, sir,’ resumed the captain of the ‘Jumping Jenny’; ‘my handful of Latin and small pinch of Greek were as useless as old junk, to be sure; but my reading, writing, and accompting stood me in good stead, and brought me forward. I might have been schoolmaster — ay, and master, in time; but that valiant liquor, rum, made a conquest of me rather too often, and so, make what sail I could, I always went to leeward. We were four years broiling in that blasted climate, and I came back at last with a little prize-money. I always had thoughts of putting things to rights in the Covenant Close, and reconciling myself to my father. I found out Jack Hadaway, who was “tuptowing” away with a dozen of wretched boys, and a fine string of stories he had ready to regale my ears withal. My father had lectured on what he called “my falling away” for seven

Sabbaths, when, just as his parishioners began to hope that the course was at an end, he was found dead in his bed on the eighth Sunday morning. Jack Hadaway assured me that, if I wished to atone for my errors by undergoing the fate of the first martyr, I had only to go to my native village, where the very stones of the street would rise up against me as my father's murderer. Here was a pretty item. Well, my tongue clove to my mouth for an hour, and was only able at last to utter the name of Mrs. Cantrips. O, this was a new theme for my Job's comforter. My sudden departure, my father's no less sudden death, had prevented the payment of the arrears of my board and lodging. The landlord was a haberdasher, with a heart as rotten as the muslin wares he dealt in. Without respect to her age or gentle kin, my Lady Kittlebasket was ejected from her airy habitation; her porridge-pot, silver posset-dish, silver-mounted spectacles, and Daniel's Cambridge Bible sold, at the Cross of Edinburgh, to the cadie who would bid highest for them, and she herself driven to the workhouse, where she got in with difficulty, but was easily enough lifted out, at the end of the month, as dead as her friends could desire. Merry tidings this to me, who had been the d—d (he paused a moment) *origo mali*. Gad, I think my confession would sound better in Latin than in English!

'But the best jest was behind. I had just power to stammer out something about Jess — by my faith he *had* an answer! I had taught Jess one trade, and, like a prudent girl, she had found out another for herself; unluckily, they were both contraband, and Jess Cantrips, daughter of the Lady Kittlebasket, had the honour to be transported to the plantations for street-walking and pocket-picking about six months before I touched shore.'

He changed the bitter tone of affected pleasantry into an attempt to laugh; then drew his swarthy hand across his swarthy eyes, and said in a more natural accent, 'Poor Jess!'

There was a pause, until Fairford, pitying the poor man's state of mind, and believing he saw something in him that, but for early error and subsequent profligacy, might have been excellent and noble, helped on the conversation by asking, in a tone of commiseration, how he had been able to endure such a load of calamity.

'Why, very well,' answered the seaman — 'exceedingly well — like a tight ship in a brisk gale. Let me recollect. I remember thanking Jack, very composedly, for the interesting

and agreeable communication. I then pulled out my canvas pouch with my hoard of moidores, and taking out two pieces, I bid Jack keep the rest till I came back, as I was for a cruise about auld Reekie. The poor devil looked anxiously, but I shook him by the hand and ran downstairs in such confusion of mind that, notwithstanding what I had heard, I expected to meet Jess at every turning.

'It was market-day, and the usual number of rogues and fools were assembled at the Cross. I observed everybody looked strange on me, and I thought some laughed. I fancy I had been making queer faces enough, and perhaps talking to myself. When I saw myself used in this manner, I held out my clenched fists straight before me, stooped my head, and, like a ram when he makes his race, darted off right down the street, scattering groups of weatherbeaten lairds and periwigged burgesses, and bearing down all before me. I heard the cry of "Seize the madman!" echoed, in Celtic sounds, from the City Guard, with "Ceaze ta matman!" but pursuit and opposition were in vain. I pursued my career; the smell of the sea, I suppose, led me to Leith, where, soon after, I found myself walking very quietly on the shore, admiring the tough round and sound cordage of the vessels, and thinking how a loop, with a man at the end of one of them, would look, by way of tassel.

'I was opposite to the rendezvous, formerly my place of refuge; in I bolted—found one or two old acquaintances, made half a dozen new ones—drank for two days—was put aboard the tender—off to Portsmouth—then landed at the Haslaar hospital in a fine hissing-hot fever. Never mind, I got better: nothing can kill me. The West Indies were my lot again, for, since I did not go where I deserved in the next world, I had something as like such quarters as can be had in this—black devils for inhabitants, flames and earthquakes, and so forth, for your element. Well, brother, something or other I did or said—I can't tell what. How the devil should I, when I was as drunk as David's sow, you know? But I was punished, my lad—made to kiss the wench that never speaks but when she scolds, and that's the gunner's daughter, comrade. Yes, the minister's son of—no matter where—has the cat's scratch on his back! This roused me, and when we were ashore with the boat I gave three inches of the dirk, after a stout tussle, to the fellow I blamed most, and so took the bush for it. There were plenty of wild lads then along-shore; and

— I don't care who knows — I went on the account, look you — sailed under the black flag and marrow-bones — was a good friend to the sea and an enemy to all that sailed on it.'

Fairford, though uneasy in his mind at finding himself, a lawyer, so close to a character so lawless, thought it best, nevertheless, to put a good face on the matter, and asked Mr. Ewart, with as much unconcern as he could assume, 'Whether he was fortunate as a rover?'

'No — no, d—n it, no,' replied Nanty; 'the devil a crumb of butter was ever churned that would stick upon my bread. There was no order among us: he that was captain to-day was swabber to-morrow; and as for plunder — they say old Avery¹ and one or two close hunks made money, but in my time all went as it came; and reason good, for if a fellow had saved five dollars his throat would have been cut in his hammock. And then it was a cruel, bloody work. Pah — we'll say no more about it. I broke with them at last, for what they did on board of a bit of a snow — no matter what it was — bad enough, since it frightened me. I took French leave, and came in upon the proclamation, so I am free of all that business. And here I sit, the skipper of the "Jumping Jenny" — a nutshell of a thing, but goes through the water like a dolphin. If it were not for yon hypocritical scoundrel at Annan, who has the best end of the profit and takes none of the risk, I should be well enough — as well as I want to be. Here is no lack of my best friend,' touching his case-bottle; 'but, to tell you a secret, he and I have got so used to each other, I begin to think he is like a professed joker, that makes your sides sore with laughing if you see him but now and then, but if you take up house with him he can only make your head stupid. But I warrant the old fellow is doing the best he can for me, after all.'

'And what may that be?' said Fairford.

'He is KILLING me,' replied Nanty Ewart; 'and I am only sorry he is so long about it.'

So saying he jumped on his feet, and tripping up and down the deck, gave his orders with his usual clearness and decision, notwithstanding the considerable quantity of spirits which he had contrived to swallow while recounting his history.

Although far from feeling well, Fairford endeavoured to rouse himself and walk to the head of the brig, to enjoy the beautiful prospect, as well as to take some note of the course which the vessel held. To his great surprise, instead of stand-

¹ See Note 35.

ing across to the opposite shore from which she had departed, the brig was going down the firth, and apparently steering into the Irish Sea. He called to Nanty Ewart, and expressed his surprise at the course they were pursuing, and asked why they did not stand straight across the firth for some port in Cumberland.

'Why, this is what I call a reasonable question, now,' answered Nanty; 'as if a ship could go as straight to its port as a horse to the stable, or a free-trader could sail the Solway as securely as a king's cutter! Why, I'll tell ye, brother, if I do not see a smoke on Bowness, that is the village upon the headland yonder, I must stand out to sea for twenty-four hours at least, for we must keep the weather-gage if there are hawks abroad.'

'And if you do see the signal of safety, Master Ewart, what is to be done then?'

'Why then, and in that case, I must keep off till night, and then run you, with the kegs and the rest of the lumber, ashore at Skinburness.'

'And then I am to meet with this same laird whom I have the letter for?' continued Fairford.

'That,' said Ewart, 'is thereafter as it may be: the ship has its course, the fair-trader has his port, but it is not so easy to say where the Laird may be found. But he will be within twenty miles of us, off or on; and it will be my business to guide you to him.'

Fairford could not withstand the passing impulse of terror which crossed him when thus reminded that he was so absolutely in the power of a man who, by his own account, had been a pirate, and who was at present, in all probability, an outlaw as well as a contraband trader. Nanty Ewart guessed the cause of his involuntary shuddering.

'What the devil should I gain,' he said, 'by passing so poor a card as you are? Have I not had ace of trumps in my hand, and did I not play it fairly? Ay, I say the "Jumping Jenny" can run in other ware as well as kegs. Put *sigma* and *tau* to "Ewart," and see how that will spell. D'ye take me now?'

'No, indeed,' said Fairford: 'I am utterly ignorant of what you allude to.'

'Now, by Jove!' said Nanty Ewart, 'thou art either the deepest or the shallowest fellow I ever met with — or you are not right after all. I wonder where Summertrees could pick up such a tender along-shore. Will you let me see his letter?'

Fairford did not hesitate to gratify his wish, which, he was aware, he could not easily resist. The master of the 'Jumping Jenny' looked at the direction very attentively, then turned the letter to and fro, and examined each flourish of the pen, as if he were judging of a piece of ornamented manuscript; then handed it back to Fairford, without a single word of remark.

'Am I right now?' said the young lawyer.

'Why, for that matter,' answered Nanty, 'the letter is right, sure enough; but whether *you* are right or not is your own business, rather than mine.' And, striking upon a flint with the back of a knife, he kindled a cigar as thick as his finger, and began to smoke away with great perseverance.

Alan Fairford continued to regard him with a melancholy feeling divided betwixt the interest he took in the unhappy man and a not unnatural apprehension for the issue of his own adventure.

Ewart, notwithstanding the stupifying nature of his pastime, seemed to guess what was working in his passenger's mind; for, after they had remained some time engaged in silently observing each other, he suddenly dashed his cigar on the deck, and said to him, 'Well, then, if you are sorry for me, I am sorry for you. D—n me, if I have cared a button for man or mother's son since two years since, when I had another peep of Jack Hadaway. The fellow was got as fat as a Norway whale; married to a great Dutch-built quean that had brought him six children. I believe he did not know me, and thought I was come to rob his house; however, I made up a poor face and told him who I was. Poor Jack would have given me shelter and clothes, and began to tell me of the moidores that were in bank, when I wanted them. Egad, he changed his note when I told him what my life had been, and only wanted to pay me my cash and get rid of me. I never saw so terrified a visage. I burst out a-laughing in his face, told him it was all a humbug, and that the moidores were all his own, henceforth and for ever, and so ran off. I caused one of our people send him a bag of tea and a keg of brandy before I left. Poor Jack! I think you are the second person these ten years that has cared a tobacco-stopper for Nanty Ewart.'

'Perhaps, Mr. Ewart,' said Fairford, 'you live chiefly with men too deeply interested for their own immediate safety to think much upon the distress of others?'

'And with whom do you yourself consort, I pray?' replied Nanty, smartly. 'Why, with plotters, that can make no plot

to better purpose than their own hanging; and incendiaries, that are snapping the flint upon wet tinder. You'll as soon raise the dead as raise the Highlands; you'll as soon get a grunt from a dead sow as any comfort from Wales or Cheshire. You think, because the pot is boiling, that no scum but yours can come uppermost; I know better, by ——. All these rackets and riots that you think are trending your way have no relation at all to your interest; and the best way to make the whole kingdom friends again at once would be the alarm of such an undertaking as these mad old fellows are trying to launch into.'

'I really am not in such secrets as you seem to allude to,' said Fairford; and, determined at the same time to avail himself as far as possible of Nanty's communicative disposition, he added, with a smile, 'And if I were, I should not hold it prudent to make them much the subject of conversation. But I am sure so sensible men as Summertrees and the Laird may correspond together without offence to the state.'

'I take you, friend—I take you,' said Nanty Ewart, upon whom, at length, the liquor and tobacco-smoke began to make considerable innovation. 'As to what gentlemen may or may not correspond about, why, we may pretermit the question, as the old professor used to say at the hall; and as to Summertrees, I will say nothing, knowing him to be an old fox. But I say that this fellow the Laird is a firebrand in the country; that he is stirring up all the honest fellows who should be drinking their brandy quietly, by telling them stories about their ancestors and the Forty-five; and that he is trying to turn all waters into his own mill-dam, and to set his sails to all winds. And because the London people are roaring about for some pinches of their own, he thinks to win them to his turn with a wet finger. And he gets encouragement from some because they want a spell of money from him; and from others because they fought for the cause once, and are ashamed to go back; and others because they have nothing to lose; and others because they are discontented fools. But if he has brought you, or any one, I say not whom, into this scrape, with the hope of doing any good, he's a d—d decoy-duck, and that's all I can say for him; and you are geese, which is worse than being decoy-ducks, or lame ducks either. And so here is to the prosperity of King George the Third, and the true Presbyterian religion, and confusion to the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender! I'll tell you what, Mr. Fairbairn, I am but tenth

owner of this bit of a craft, the "Jumping Jenny" — but tenth owner, and must sail her by my owners' directions. But if I were whole owner, I would not have the brig be made a ferry-boat for your Jacobitical, old-fashioned Popish riff-raff, Mr. Fairport—I would not, by my soul: they should walk the plank, by the gods, as I have seen better men do when I sailed under the what-d'ye-callum colours. But being contraband goods, and on board my vessel, and I with my sailing orders in my hand, why, I am to forward them as directed. I say, John Roberts, keep her up a bit with the helm. And so, Mr. Fairweather, what I do is, as the d—d villain Turnpenny says, "all in the way of business."

He had been speaking with difficulty for the last five minutes, and now at length dropped on the deck fairly silenced by the quantity of spirits which he had swallowed, but without having shown any glimpse of the gaiety, or even of the extravagance, of intoxication.

The old sailor stepped forward and flung a sea-cloak over the slumberer's shoulders, and added, looking at Fairford, 'Pity of him he should have this fault; for without it, he would have been as clever a fellow as ever trode a plank with ox leather.'

'And what are we to do now?' said Fairford.

'Stand off and on, to be sure, till we see the signal, and then obey orders.'

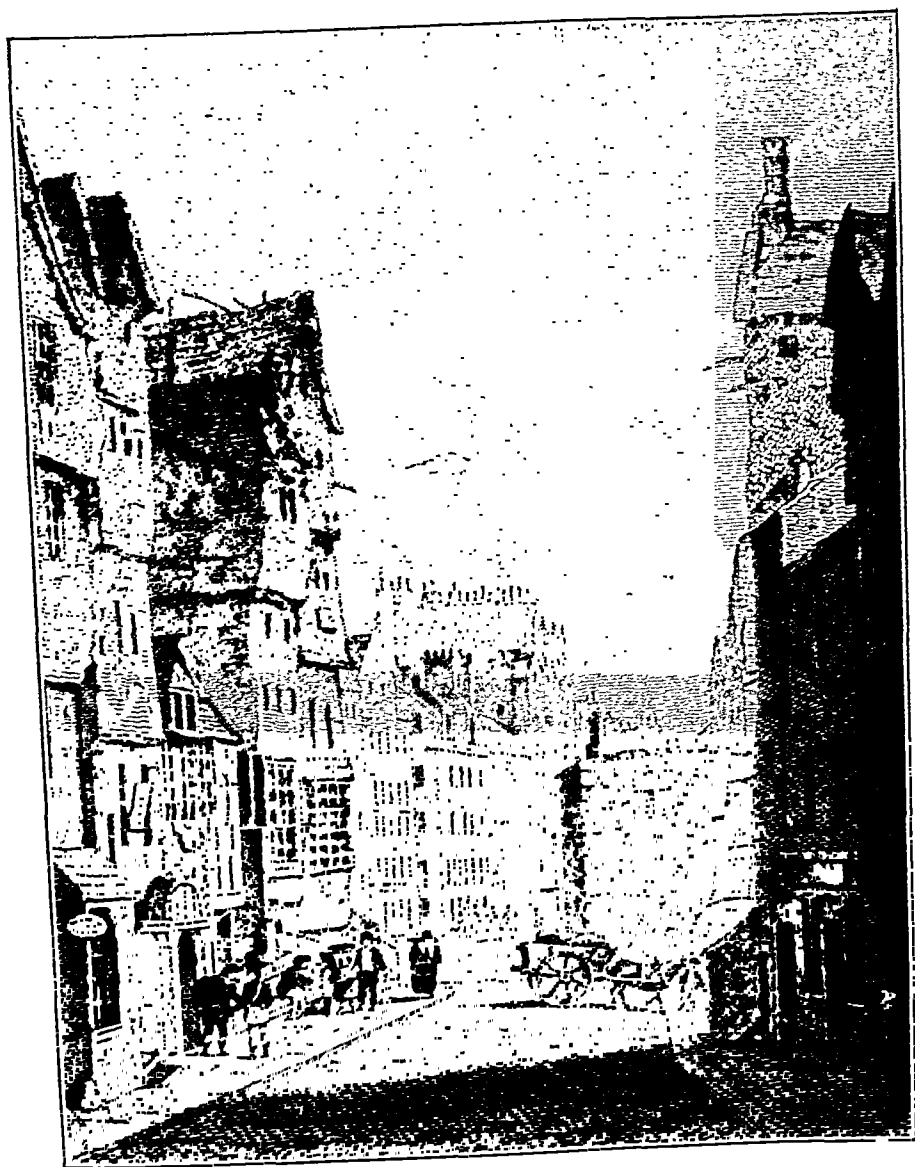
So saying, the old man turned to his duty, and left the passenger to amuse himself with his own meditations. Presently afterward a light column of smoke was seen rising from the little headland.

'I can tell you what we are to do now, master,' said the sailor. 'We'll stand out to sea, and then run in again with the evening tide, and make Skinburness; or, if there's not light, we can run into the Wampool river, and put you ashore about Kirkbride or Leaths with the long boat.'

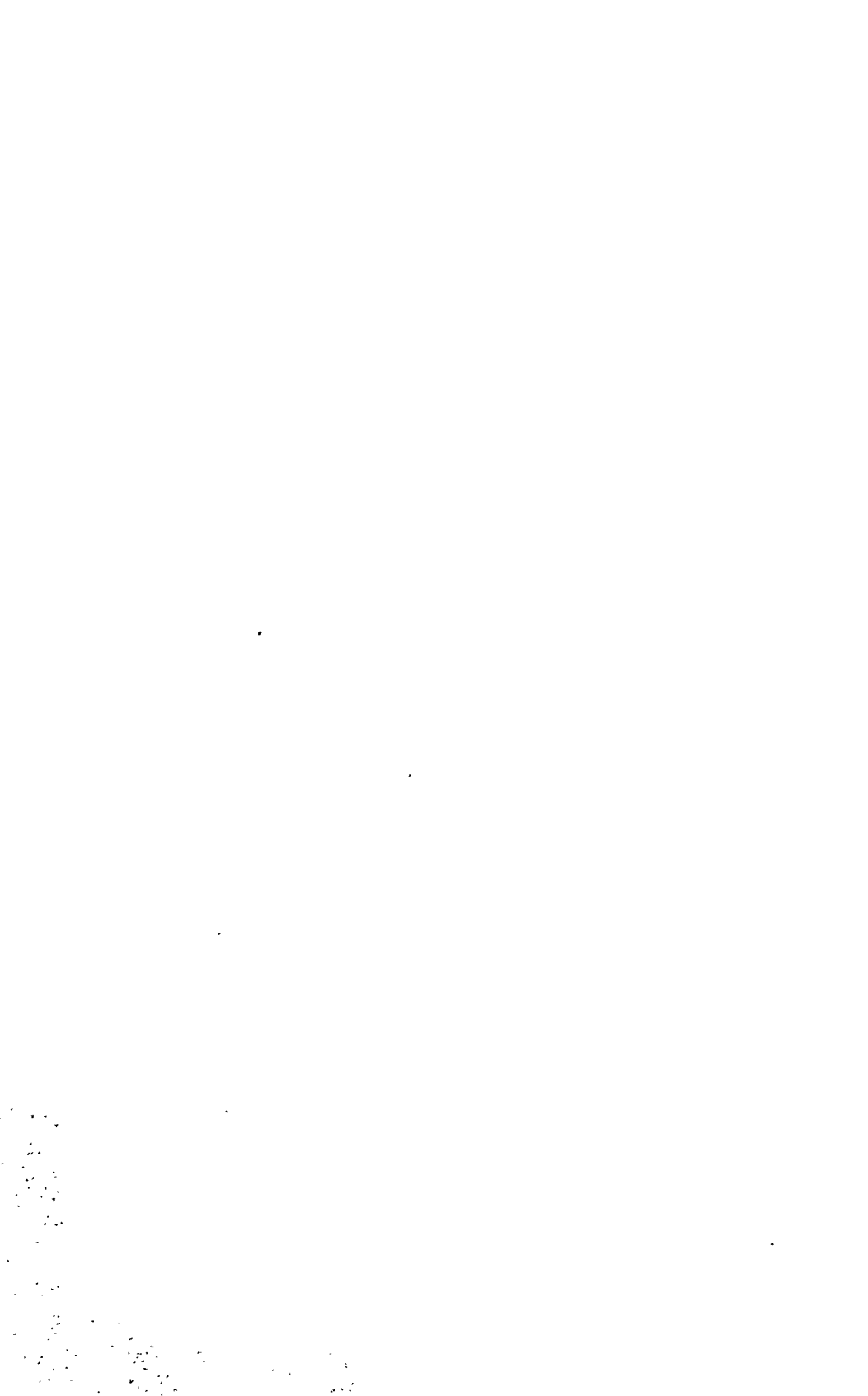
Fairford, unwell before, felt this destination condemned him to an agony of many hours, which his disordered stomach and aching head were ill able to endure. There was no remedy, however, but patience, and the recollection that he was suffering in the cause of friendship. As the sun rose high, he became worse; his sense of smell appeared to acquire a morbid degree of acuteness, for the mere purpose of inhaling and distinguishing all the various odours with which he was surrounded, from that of pitch to all the complicated smells of the

hold. His heart, too, throbbed under the heat, and he felt as if in full progress towards a high fever.

The seamen, who were civil and attentive, considering their calling, observed his distress, and one contrived to make an awning out of an old sail, while another compounded some lemonade, the only liquor which their passenger could be prevailed upon to touch. After drinking it off, he obtained, but could not be said to enjoy, a few hours of troubled slumber.



HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH.
From a rare print.



CHAPTER XV

Narrative of Alan Fairford, Continued

ALAN FAIRFORD'S spirit was more ready to encounter labour than his frame was adequate to support it. In spite of his exertions, when he awoke, after five or six hours' slumber, he found that he was so much disabled by dizziness in his head and pains in his limbs that he could not raise himself without assistance. He heard with some pleasure that they were now running right for the Wampool river, and that he would be put on shore in a very short time. The vessel accordingly lay to, and presently showed a weft in her ensign, which was hastily answered by signals from on shore. Men and horses were seen to come down the broken path which leads to the shore, the latter all properly tackled for carrying their loading. Twenty fishing-barks were pushed afloat at once, and crowded round the brig with much clamour, laughter, cursing, and jesting. Amidst all this apparent confusion there was the essential regularity. Nanty Ewart again walked his quarter-deck as if he had never tasted spirits in his life, issued the necessary orders with precision, and saw them executed with punctuality. In half an hour the loading of the brig was in a great measure disposed in the boats; in a quarter of an hour more, it was landed on the beach; and another interval of about the same duration was sufficient to distribute it on the various strings of packhorses which waited for that purpose, and which instantly dispersed, each on its own proper adventure. More mystery was observed in loading the ship's boat with a quantity of small barrels, which seemed to contain ammunition. This was not done until the commercial customers had been dismissed; and it was not until this was performed that Ewart proposed to Alan, as he lay stunned with pain and noise, to accompany him ashore.

It was with difficulty that Fairford could get over the side

of the vessel, and he could not seat himself on the stern of the boat without assistance from the captain and his people. Nanty Ewart, who saw nothing in this worse than an ordinary fit of sea-sickness, applied the usual topics of consolation. He assured his passenger that he would be quite well by and by, when he had been half an hour on terra firma, and that he hoped to drink a can and smoke a pipe with him at Father Crackenthorp's, for all that he felt a little out of the way for riding the wooden horse.

'Who is Father Crackenthorp?' said Fairford, though scarcely able to articulate the question.

'As honest a fellow as is of a thousand,' answered Nanty. 'Ah, how much good brandy he and I have made little of in our day! By my soul, Mr. Fairbird, he is the prince of skinkers, and the father of the free trade; not a stingy, hypocritical devil like old Turnpenny Skinflint, that drinks drunk on other folks' cost, and thinks it sin when he has to pay for it, but a real hearty old cock. The sharks have been at and about him this many a day, but Father Crackenthorp knows how to trim his sails — never a warrant but he hears of it before the ink's dry. He is *bonus socius* with head-borough and constable. The King's Exchequer could not bribe a man to inform against him. If any such rascal were to cast up, why, he would miss his ears next morning, or be sent to seek them in the Solway. He is a statesman, though he keeps a public; but, indeed, that is only for convenience, and to excuse his having cellarage and folk about him; his wife's a canny woman, and his daughter Doll too. Gad, you'll be in port there till you get round again; and I'll keep my word with you, and bring you to speech of the Laird. Gad, the only trouble I shall have is to get you out of the house; for Doll is a rare wench, and my dame a funny old one, and Father Crackenthorp the rarest companion! He'll drink you a bottle of rum or brandy without starting, but never wet his lips with that nasty Scottish stuff that the canting old scoundrel Turnpenny has brought into fashion. He is a gentleman, every inch of him, old Crackenthorp — in his own way, that is; and besides, he has a share in the "Jumping Jenny," and many a moonlight outfit besides. He can give Doll a pretty penny, if he likes the tight fellow that would turn in with her for life.'

In the midst of this prolonged panegyric on Father Crackenthorp, the boat touched the beach, the rowers backed their oars to keep her afloat, whilst the other fellows jumped into the

surf, and, with the most rapid dexterity, began to hand the barrels ashore.

'Up with them higher on the beach, my hearties,' exclaimed Nanty Ewart. 'High and dry — high and dry ; this gear will not stand wetting. Now, out with our spare hand here — high and dry with him too. What's that ? the galloping of horse ! Oh, I hear the jingle of the pack-saddles : they are our own folk.'

By this time all the boat's load was ashore, consisting of the little barrels ; and the boat's crew, standing to their arms, ranged themselves in front, waiting the advance of the horses which came clattering along the beach. A man, overgrown with corpulence, who might be distinguished in the moonlight, panting with his own exertions, appeared at the head of the cavalcade, which consisted of horses linked together, and accommodated with pack-saddles, and chains for securing the kegs, which made a dreadful clattering.

'How now, Father Crackenthorp ?' said Ewart. 'Why this hurry with your horses ? We mean to stay a night with you, and taste your old brandy and my dame's home-brewed. The signal is up, man, and all is right.'

'All is wrong, Captain Nanty,' cried the man to whom he spoke ; 'and you are the lad that is like to find it so, unless you bundle off. There are new brooms bought at Carlisle yesterday to sweep the country of you and the like of you ; so you were better be jogging inland.'

'How many rogues are the officers ? If not more than ten, I will make fight.'

'The devil you will !' answered Crackenthorp. 'You were better not, for they have the bloody-backed dragoons from Carlisle with them.'

'Nay, then,' said Nanty, 'we must make sail. Come, Master Fairlord, you must mount and ride. He does not hear me : he has fainted, I believe. What the devil shall I do ? Father Crackenthorp, I must leave this young fellow with you till the gale blows out. Hark ye — goes between the Laird and the t'other old one. He can neither ride nor walk — I must send him up to you.'

'Send him up to the gallows !' said Crackenthorp. 'There is Quartermaster Thwacker, with twenty men, up yonder ; an he had not some kindness for Doll, I had never got hither for a start ; but you must get off, or they will be here to seek us, for his orders are woundy particular ; and these kegs contain worse than whisky — a hanging matter, I take it.'

'I wish they were at the bottom of Wampool river, with them they belong to,' said Nanty Ewart. 'But they are part of cargo ; and what to do with the poor young fellow ——'

'Why, many a better fellow has roughed it on the grass, with a cloak o'er him,' said Crackenthorp. 'If he hath a fever, nothing is so cooling as the night air.'

'Yes, he would be cold enough in the morning, no doubt ; but it's a kind heart, and shall not cool so soon, if I can help it,' answered the captain of the 'Jumping Jenny.'

'Well, captain, an ye will risk your own neck for another man's, why not take him to the old girls at Fairladies?'

'What, the Miss Arthurets ! The Papist jades ! But never mind, it will do ; I have known them take in a whole sloop's crew that were stranded on the sands.'

'You may run some risk, though, by turning up to Fairladies ; for I tell you they are all up through the country.'

'Never mind, I may chance to put some of them down again,' said Nanty, cheerfully. 'Come, lads, bustle to your tackle. Are you all loaded?'

'Ay — ay, captain ; we will be ready in a jiffy,' answered the gang.

'D—n your "captains"! Have you a mind to have me hanged if I am taken ? All's hail-fellow here.'

'A sup at parting,' said Father Crackenthorp, extending a flask to Nanty Ewart.

'Not the twentieth part of a drop,' said Nanty. 'No Dutch courage for me : my heart is always high enough when there's a chance of fighting ; besides, if I live drunk, I should like to die sober. Here, old Jephson — you are the best-natured brute amongst them — get the lad between us on a quiet horse, and we will keep him upright, I warrant.'

As they raised Fairford from the ground, he groaned heavily, and asked faintly where they were taking him to.

'To a place where you will be as snug and quiet as a mouse in his hole,' said Nanty, 'if so be that we can get you there safely. Good-bye, Father Crackenthorp ; poison the quartermaster, if you can.'

The loaded horses then sprang forward at a hard trot, following each other in a line, and every second horse being mounted by a stout fellow in a smock-frock, which served to conceal the arms with which most of these desperate men were provided. Ewart followed in the rear of the line, and, with the occasional assistance of old Jephson, kept his young charge

erect in the saddle. He groaned heavily from time to time ; and Ewart, more moved with compassion for his situation than might have been expected from his own habits, endeavoured to amuse him and comfort him, by some account of the place to which they were conveying him, his words of consolation being, however, frequently interrupted by the necessity of calling to his people, and many of them being lost amongst the rattling of the barrels, and clinking of the tackle and small chains by which they are secured on such occasions.

‘And you see, brother, you will be in safe quarters at Fairladies — good old scrambling house — good old maids enough, if they were not Papists. Halloo, you, Jack Lowther ; keep the line, can’t ye, and shut your rattle-trap, you broth of a —— ! And so, being of a good family, and having enough, the old lasses have turned a kind of saints, and nuns, and so forth. The place they live in was some sort of nun-shop long ago, as they have them still in Flanders ; so folk call them the Vestals of Fairladies ; that may be or may not be, and I care not whether it be or no. Blinkinsop, hold your tongue, and be d—d ! And so, betwixt great alms and good dinners, they are well thought of by rich and poor, and their trucking with Papists is looked over. There are plenty of priests, and stout young scholars, and such-like about the house : it’s a hive of them. More shame that government send dragoons out after a few honest fellows that bring the old women of England a drop of brandy, and let these ragamuffins smuggle in as much Papistry and —— Hark ! was that a whistle ? No, it’s only a plover. You, Jem Collier, keep a look-out a-head ; we’ll meet them at the High Whins or Brotthole Bottom, or nowhere. Go a furlong a-head, I say, and look sharp. These Miss Arthurets feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and such-like acts ; which my poor father used to say were filthy rags, but he dressed himself out with as many of them as most folk. D—n that stumbling horse ! Father Crackenthorp should be d—d himself for putting an honest fellow’s neck in such jeopardy.’

Thus, and with much more to the same purpose, Nanty ran on, increasing, by his well-intended annoyance, the agony of Alan Fairford, who, tormented by racking pain along the back and loins, which made the rough trot of the horse torture to him, had his aching head still further rended and split by the hoarse voice of the sailor, close to his ear. Perfectly passive, however, he did not even essay to give any answer ; and indeed his own bodily distress was now so great and engrossing that

to think of his situation was impossible, even if he could have mended it by doing so.

Their course was inland, but in what direction Alan had no means of ascertaining. They passed at first over heaths and sandy downs; they crossed more than one brook, or 'beck,' as they are called in that country—some of them of considerable depth—and at length reached a cultivated country, divided, according to the English fashion of agriculture, into very small fields or closes, by high banks, overgrown with underwood and surmounted by hedge-row trees, amongst which winded a number of impracticable and complicated lanes, where the boughs, projecting from the embankments on each side, intercepted the light of the moon and endangered the safety of the horsemen. But through this labyrinth the experience of the guides conducted them without a blunder, and without even the slackening of their pace. In many places, however, it was impossible for three men to ride abreast, and therefore the burden of supporting Alan Fairford fell alternately to old Jephson and to Nanty; and it was with much difficulty that they could keep him upright in his saddle.

At length, when his powers of sufferance were quite worn out, and he was about to implore them to leave him to his fate in the first cottage or shed, or under a haystack or a hedge, or anywhere, so he was left at ease, Collier, who rode a-head, passed back the word that they were at the avenue to Fairladies. 'Was he to turn up?'

Committing the charge of Fairford to Jephson, Nanty dashed up to the head of the troop and gave his orders. 'Who knows the house best?'

'Sam Skelton's a Catholic,' said Lowther.

'A d—d bad religion,' said Nanty, of whose Presbyterian education a hatred of Popery seemed to be the only remnant. 'But I am glad there is one amongst us, anyhow. You, Sam, being a Papist, know Fairladies and the old maidens, I dare say; so do you fall out of the line and wait here with me; and do you, Collier, carry on to Walinford Bottom, then turn down the beck till you come to the old mill, and Goodman Grist, the miller, or old Peel-the-Causeway will tell you where to stow; but I will be up with you before that.'

The string of loaded horses then struck forward at their former pace, while Nanty, with Sam Skelton, waited by the roadside till the rear came up, when Jephson and Fairford joined them; and, to the great relief of the latter, they began

to proceed at an easier pace than formerly, suffering the gang to precede them, till the clatter and clang attending their progress began to die away in the distance. They had not proceeded a pistol-shot from the place where they parted, when a short turning brought them in front of an old mouldering gateway, whose heavy pinnacles were decorated in the style of the 17th century, with clumsy architectural ornaments, several of which had fallen down from decay, and lay scattered about, no further care having been taken than just to remove them out of the direct approach to the avenue. The great stone pillars, glimmering white in the moonlight, had some fanciful resemblance to supernatural apparitions; and the air of neglect all around gave an uncomfortable idea of the habitation to those who passed its avenue.

'There used to be no gate here,' said Skelton, finding their way unexpectedly stopped.

'But there is a gate now, and a porter too,' said a rough voice from within. 'Who be you, and what do you want at this time of night?'

'We want to come to speech of the ladies — of the Miss Arthurets,' said Nanty; 'and to ask lodging for a sick man.'

'There is no speech to be had of the Miss Arthurets at this time of night, and you may carry your sick man to the doctor,' answered the fellow from within, gruffly; 'for, as sure as there is savour in salt and scent in rosemary, you will get no entrance. Put your pipes up and be jogging on.'

'Why, Dick Gardener,' said Skelton, 'be thou then turned porter?'

'What, do you know who I am?' said the domestic, sharply.

'I know you by your bye-word,' answered the other.

'What, have you forgot little Sam Skelton and the brock in the barrel?'

'No, I have not forgotten you,' answered the acquaintance of Sam Skelton; 'but my orders are peremptory to let no one up the avenue this night, and therefore ——'

'But we are armed, and will not be kept back,' said Nanty. 'Harkye, fellow, were it not better for you to take a guinea and let us in than to have us break the door first and thy pate afterwards? for I won't see my comrade die at your door, be assured of that.'

'Why, I dunna know,' said the fellow; 'but what cattle were those that rode by in such hurry?'

'Why, some of our folk from Bowness, Stoniecultrum, and

thereby,' answered Skelton : ' Jack Lowther, and old Jephson, and broad Will Lamplugh, and such-like.'

' Well,' said Dick Gardener, ' as sure as there is savour in salt and scent in rosemary, I thought it had been the troopers from Carlisle and Wigton, and the sound brought my heart to my mouth.'

' Had thought thou wouldst have known the clatter of a cask from the clash of a broadsword as well as e'er a quaffer in Cumberland,' answered Skelton.

' Come, brother, less of your jaw and more of your legs, if you please,' said Nanty : ' every moment we stay is a moment lost. Go to the ladies, and tell them that Nanty Ewart, of the " Jumping Jenny," has brought a young gentleman, charged with letters from Scotland to a certain gentleman of consequence in Cumberland ; that the soldiers are out, and the gentleman is very ill, and if he is not received at Fairladies, he must be left either to die at the gate or to be taken, with all his papers about him, by the redcoats.'

Away ran Dick Gardener with this message ; and in a few minutes lights were seen to flit about, which convinced Fairford, who was now, in consequence of the halt, a little restored to self-possession, that they were traversing the front of a tolerably large mansion-house.

' What if thy friend, Dick Gardener, comes not back again ?' said Jephson to Skelton.

' Why, then,' said the person addressed, ' I shall owe him just such a licking as thou, old Jephson, hadst from Dan Cooke, and will pay as duly and truly as he did.'

The old man was about to make an angry reply, when his doubts were silenced by the return of Dick Gardener, who announced that Miss Arthuret was coming herself as far as the gateway to speak with them.

Nanty Ewart cursed, in a low tone, the suspicion of old maids and the churlish scruples of Catholics, that made so many obstacles to helping a fellow-creature, and wished Miss Arthuret a hearty rheumatism or toothache as the reward of her excursion ; but the lady presently appeared, to cut short farther grumbling. She was attended by a waiting-maid with a lantern, by means of which she examined the party on the outside, as closely as the imperfect light and the spars of the newly-erected gate would permit.

' I am sorry we have disturbed you so late, Madam Arthuret,' said Nanty ; ' but the case is this ——'

'Holy Virgin,' said she, 'why do you speak so loud? Pray, are you not the captain of the "Sainte Genevieve"?'

'Why, ay, ma'am,' answered Ewart, 'they call the brig so at Dunkirk, sure enough; but along shore here they call her the "Jumping Jenny."'

'You brought over the holy Father Buonaventure, did you not?'

'Ay — ay, madam, I have brought over enough of them black cattle,' answered Nanty.

'Fie! fie! friend,' said Miss Arthuret; 'it is a pity that the saints should commit these good men to a heretic's care.'

'Why, no more they would, ma'am,' answered Nanty, 'could they find a Papish lubber that knew the coast as I do. Then I am trusty as steel to owners, and always look after cargo — live lumber, or dead flesh, or spirits, all is one to me; and your Catholics have such d—d large hoods, with pardon, ma'am, that they can sometimes hide two faces under them. But here is a gentleman dying, with letters about him from the Laird of Summertrees to the Laird of the Lochs, as they call him, along Solway, and every minute he lies here is a nail in his coffin.'

'St. Mary! what shall we do?' said Miss Arthuret. 'We must admit him, I think, at all risks. You, Richard Gardener, help one of these men to carry the gentleman up to the Place; and you, Selby, see him lodged at the end of the long gallery. You are a heretic, captain, but I think you are trusty, and I know you have been trusted; but if you are imposing on me —'

'Not I, madam — never attempt to impose on ladies of your experience: my practice that way has been all among the young ones. Come, cheerly, Mr. Fairford — you will be taken good care of; try to walk.'

Alan did so; and, refreshed by his halt, declared himself able to walk to the house with the sole assistance of the gardener.

'Why, that's hearty. Thank thee, Dick, for lending him thine arm,' and Nanty slipped into his hand the guinea he had promised. 'Farewell, then, Mr. Fairford, and farewell, Madam Arthuret, for I have been too long here.'

So saying, he and his two companions threw themselves on horseback, and went off at a gallop. Yet, even above the clatter of their hoofs did the incorrigible Nanty halloo out the old ballad —

'A lovely lass to a friar came,
To confession a-morning early ; —
"In what, my dear, are you to blame,
Come tell me most sincerely ?"
"Alas ! my fault I dare not name —
But my lad he loved me dearly."

'Holy Virgin !' exclaimed Miss Seraphina, as the unhallowed sounds reached her ears ; 'what profane heathens be these men, and what frights and pinches we be put to among them ! The saints be good to us, what a night has this been ! the like never seen at Fairladies. Help me to make fast the gate, Richard, and thou shalt come down again to wait on it, lest there come more unwelcome visitors. Not that you are unwelcome, young gentleman, for it is sufficient that you need such assistance as we can give you to make you welcome to Fairladies — only, another time would have done as well ; but, hem ! I daresay it is all for the best. The avenue is none of the smoothest, sir, look to your feet. Richard Gardener should have had it mown and levelled, but he was obliged to go on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's Well, in Wales.' Here Dick gave a short dry cough, which, as if he had found it betrayed some internal feeling a little at variance with what the lady said, he converted into a muttered '*Sancta Winifreda, ora pro nobis.*' Miss Arthuret, meantime, proceeded — 'We never interfere with our servants' vows or penances, Master Fairford — I know a very worthy father of your name, perhaps a relation — I say, we never interfere with our servants' vows. Our Lady forbid they should not know some difference between our service and a heretic's. Take care, sir, you will fall if you have not a care. Alas ! by night and day there are many stumbling-blocks in our paths !'

With more talk to the same purpose, all of which tended to show a charitable and somewhat silly woman, with a strong inclination to her superstitious devotion, Miss Arthuret entertained her new guest, as, stumbling at every obstacle which the devotion of his guide, Richard, had left in the path, he at last, by ascending some stone steps decorated on the side with griffins, or some such heraldic anomalies, attained a terrace extending in front of the Place of Fairladies — an old-fashioned gentleman's house of some consequence, with its range of notched gable-ends and narrow windows, relieved by here and there an old turret about the size of a pepper-box. The door was locked during the brief absence of the mistress ; a dim light glimmered

through the sashed door of the hall, which opened beneath a huge stone porch, loaded with jessamine and other creepers. All the windows were dark as pitch.

Miss Arthuret tapped at the door. 'Sister — sister Angelica !'

'Who is there ?' was answered from within ; 'is it you, sister Seraphina ?'

'Yes — yes, undo the door. Do you not know my voice ?'

'No doubt, sister,' said Angelica, undoing bolt and bar ; 'but you know our charge, and the enemy is watchful to surprise us : *incedit sicut leo vorans*, saith the breviary. Whom have you brought here ? Oh, sister, what have you done ?'

'It is a young man,' said Seraphina, hastening to interrupt her sister's remonstrance, 'a relation, I believe, of our worthy Father Fairford, left at the gate by the captain of that blessed vessel the "Sainte Genevieve" — almost dead, and charged with despatches to ——'

She lowered her voice as she mumbled over the last words.

'Nay, then, there is no help,' said Angelica ; 'but it is unlucky.'

During this dialogue between the vestals of Fairladies, Dick Gardener deposited his burden in a chair, where the young[er] lady, after a moment of hesitation, expressing a becoming reluctance to touch the hand of a stranger, put her finger and thumb upon Fairford's wrist and counted his pulse.

'There is fever here, sister,' she said ; 'Richard must call Ambrose, and we must send some of the febrifuge.'

Ambrose arrived presently, a plausible and respectable-looking old servant, bred in the family, and who had risen from rank to rank in the Arthuret service, till he was become half-physician, half-almoner, half-butler, and entire governor ; that is, when the father confessor, who frequently eased him of the toils of government, chanced to be abroad. Under the direction, and with the assistance, of this venerable personage, the unlucky Alan Fairford was conveyed to a decent apartment at the end of a long gallery, and, to his inexpressible relief, consigned to a comfortable bed. He did not attempt to resist the prescription of Mr. Ambrose, who not only presented him with the proposed draught, but proceeded so far as to take a considerable quantity of blood from him, by which last operation he probably did his patient much service.

CHAPTER XVI

Narrative of Alan Fairford, Continued

ON the next morning, when Fairford awoke, after no very refreshing slumbers, in which were mingled many wild dreams of his father, and of Darsie Latimer, of the damsel in the green mantle, and the vestals of Fairladies, of drinking small beer with Nanty Ewart, and being immersed in the Solway with the 'Jumping Jenny,' he found himself in no condition to dispute the order of Mr. Ambrose, that he should keep his bed, from which, indeed, he could not have raised himself without assistance. He became sensible that his anxiety, and his constant efforts for some days past, had been too much for his health, and that, whatever might be his impatience, he could not proceed in his undertaking until his strength was re-established.

In the meanwhile, no better quarters could have been found for an invalid. The attendants spoke under their breath, and moved only on tiptoe; nothing was done unless *par ordonnance du médecin*: Esculapius reigned paramount in the premises at Fairladies. Once a-day the ladies came in great state to wait upon him and inquire after his health, and it was then that Alan's natural civility, and the thankfulness which he expressed for their timely and charitable assistance, raised him considerably in their esteem. He was on the third day removed to a better apartment than that in which he had been at first accommodated. When he was permitted to drink a glass of wine, it was of the first quality—one of those curious old-fashioned cobwebbed bottles being produced on the occasion which are only to be found in the crypts of old country seats, where they may have lurked undisturbed for more than half a century.

But, however delightful a residence for an invalid, Fairladies, as its present inmate became soon aware, was not so agreeable

to a convalescent. When he dragged himself to the window so soon as he could crawl from bed, behold it was closely grated, and commanded no view except of a little paved court. This was nothing remarkable, most old Border houses having their windows so secured; but then Fairford observed that whoever entered or left the room always locked the door with great care and circumspection; and some proposals which he made to take a walk in the gallery, or even in the garden, were so coldly received, both by the ladies and their prime minister, Mr. Ambrose, that he saw plainly such an extension of his privileges as a guest would not be permitted.

Anxious to ascertain whether this excessive hospitality would permit him his proper privilege of free agency, he announced to this important functionary, with grateful thanks for the care with which he had been attended, his purpose to leave Fairladies next morning, requesting only, as a continuance of the favours with which he had been loaded, the loan of a horse to the next town; and, assuring Mr. Ambrose that his gratitude would not be limited by such a trifle, he slipped three guineas into his hand, by way of seconding his proposal. The fingers of that worthy domestic closed as naturally upon the *honorarium* as if a degree in the learned faculty had given him a right to clutch it, but his answer concerning Alan's proposed departure was at first evasive, and when he was pushed it amounted to a peremptory assurance that he could not be permitted to depart to-morrow; it was as much as his life was worth, and his ladies would not authorise it.

'I know best what my own life is worth,' said Alan; 'and I do not value it in comparison to the business which requires my instant attention.'

Receiving still no satisfactory answer from Mr. Ambrose, Fairford thought it best to state his resolution to the ladies themselves, in the most measured, respectful, and grateful terms, but still such as expressed a firm determination to depart on the morrow, or next day at farthest. After some attempts to induce him to stay, on the alleged score of health, which were so expressed that he was convinced they were only used to delay his departure, Fairford plainly told them that he was entrusted with despatches of consequence to the gentleman known by the name of Herries, Redgauntlet, and the Laird of the Lochs; and that it was matter of life and death to deliver them early.

'I daresay, sister Angelica,' said the elder Miss Arthuret,

'that the gentleman is honest; and if he is really a relation of Father Fairford, we can run no risk.'

'Jesu Maria!' exclaimed the younger. 'Oh fie, sister Seraphina! Fie — fie! *Vade retro* — get thee behind me!'

'Well — well; but sister — sister Angelica — let me speak with you in the gallery.'

So out the ladies rustled in their silks and tissues, and it was a good half-hour ere they rustled in again, with importance and awe on their countenances.

'To tell you the truth, Mr. Fairford, the cause of our desire to delay you is, there is a religious gentleman in this house at present —'

'A most excellent person indeed,' said the sister Angelica.

'An anointed of his Master!' echoed Seraphina; 'and we should be glad that, for conscience' sake, you would hold some discourse with him before your departure.'

'Oho!' thought Fairford, 'the murder is out: here is a design of conversion! I must not affront the good old ladies, but I shall soon send off the priest, I think.' He then answered aloud, 'That he should be happy to converse with any friend of theirs; that in religious matters he had the greatest respect for every modification of Christianity, though, he must say, his belief was made up to that in which he had been educated; nevertheless, if his seeing the religious person they recommended could in the least show his respect —'

'It is not quite that,' said sister Seraphina, 'although I am sure the day is too short to hear him — Father Buonaventure, I mean — speak upon the concerns of our souls; but —'

'Come — come, sister Seraphina,' said the younger, 'it is needless to talk so much about it. His — his Eminence — I mean, Father Buonaventure — will himself explain what he wants this gentleman to know.'

'His Eminence,' said Fairford, surprised. 'Is this gentleman so high in the Catholic Church? The title is given only to cardinals, I think.'

'He is not a cardinal as yet,' answered Seraphina; 'but I assure you, Mr. Fairford, he is as high in rank as he is eminently endowed with good gifts, and —'

'Come away,' said sister Angelica. 'Holy Virgin, how you do talk! What has Mr. Fairford to do with Father Buonaventure's rank? Only, sir, you will remember that the father has been always accustomed to be treated with the most profound deference; indeed —'

'Come away, sister,' said sister Seraphina, in her turn. 'Who talks now, I pray you? Mr. Fairford will know how to comport himself.'

'And we had best both leave the room,' said the younger lady, 'for here his Eminence comes.'

She lowered her voice to a whisper as she pronounced the last words; and as Fairford was about to reply by assuring her that any friend of hers should be treated by him with all the ceremony he could expect, she imposed silence on him by holding up her finger.

A solemn and stately step was now heard in the gallery; it might have proclaimed the approach not merely of a bishop or cardinal, but of the Sovereign Pontiff himself. Nor could the sound have been more respectfully listened to by the two ladies had it announced that the Head of the Church was approaching in person. They drew themselves, like sentinels on duty, one on each side of the door by which the long gallery communicated with Fairford's apartment, and stood there immovable, and with countenances expressive of the deepest reverence.

The approach of Father Buonaventure was so slow, that Fairford had time to notice all this, and to marvel in his mind what wily and ambitious priest could have contrived to subject his worthy but simple-minded hostesses to such superstitious trammels. Father Buonaventure's entrance and appearance in some degree accounted for the whole.

He was a man of middle life, about forty or upwards; but either care, or fatigue, or indulgence had brought on the appearance of premature old age, and given to his fine features a cast of seriousness or even sadness. A noble countenance, however, still remained; and though his complexion was altered, and wrinkles stamped upon his brow in many a melancholy fold, still the lofty forehead, the full and well-opened eye, and the well-formed nose showed how handsome in better days he must have been. He was tall, but lost the advantage of his height by stooping; and the cane which he wore always in his hand, and occasionally used, as well as his slow though majestic gait, seemed to intimate that his form and limbs felt already some touch of infirmity. The colour of his hair could not be discovered, as, according to the fashion, he wore a periwig. He was handsomely, though gravely, dressed in a secular habit, and had a cockade in his hat—circumstances which did not surprise Fairford, who knew that a military disguise was very often

assumed by the seminary priests, whose visits to England, or residence there, subjected them to legal penalties.

As this stately person entered the apartment, the two ladies facing inward, like soldiers on their post when about to salute a superior officer, dropped on either hand of the father a courtesy so profound, that the hoop petticoats which performed the feat seemed to sink down to the very floor, nay, through it, as if a trap-door had opened for the descent of the dames who performed this act of reverence.

The father seemed accustomed to such homage, profound as it was; he turned his person a little way first towards one sister, and then towards the other, while, with a gracious inclination of his person, which certainly did not amount to a bow, he acknowledged their courtesy. But he passed forward without addressing them, and seemed by doing so to intimate that their presence in the apartment was unnecessary.

They accordingly glided out of the room, retreating backwards, with hands clasped and eyes cast upwards, as if imploring blessings on the religious man whom they venerated so highly. The door of the apartment was shut after them, but not before Fairford had perceived that there were one or two men in the gallery, and that, contrary to what he had before observed, the door, though shut, was not locked on the outside.

‘Can the good souls apprehend danger from me to this god of their idolatry?’ thought Fairford. But he had no time to make farther observations, for the stranger had already reached the middle of the apartment.

Fairford rose to receive him respectfully, but as he fixed his eyes on the visitor, he thought that the father avoided his looks. His reasons for remaining incognito were cogent enough to account for this, and Fairford hastened to relieve him, by looking downwards in his turn; but when again he raised his face, he found the broad light eye of the stranger so fixed on him, that he was almost put out of countenance by the steadiness of his gaze. During this time they remained standing.

‘Take your seat, sir,’ said the father: ‘you have been an invalid.’

He spoke with the tone of one who desires an inferior to be seated in his presence, and his voice was full and melodious.

Fairford, somewhat surprised to find himself overawed by the airs of superiority, which could be only properly exercised towards one over whom religion gave the speaker influence, sat down at his bidding, as if moved by springs, and was at a loss

how to assert the footing of equality on which he felt that they ought to stand. The stranger kept the advantage which he had obtained.

'Your name, sir, I am informed, is Fairford?' said the father.

Alan answered by a bow.

'Called to the Scottish bar,' continued his visitor. 'There is, I believe, in the West, a family of birth and rank called Fairford of Fairford.'

Alan thought this a strange observation from a foreign ecclesiastic, as his name intimated Father Buonaventure to be; but only answered, he believed there was such a family.

'Do you count kindred with them, Mr. Fairford?' continued the inquirer.

'I have not the honour to lay such a claim,' said Fairford. 'My father's industry has raised his family from a low and obscure situation: I have no hereditary claim to distinction of any kind. May I ask the cause of these inquiries?'

'You will learn it presently,' said Father Buonaventure, who had given a dry and dissatisfied 'hem' at the young man's acknowledging a plebeian descent. He then motioned to him to be silent, and proceeded with his queries.

'Although not of condition, you are, doubtless, by sentiments and education, a man of honour and a gentleman?'

'I hope so, sir,' said Alan, colouring with displeasure. 'I have not been accustomed to have it questioned.'

'Patience, young man,' said the unperturbed querist: 'we are on serious business, and no idle etiquette must prevent its being discussed seriously. You are probably aware that you speak to a person proscribed by the severe and unjust laws of the present government?'

'I am aware of the statute 1700, chapter 3,' said Alan, 'banishing from the realm priests and trafficking Papists, and punishing by death, on summary conviction, any such person who being so banished may return. The English law, I believe, is equally severe. But I have no means of knowing you, sir, to be one of those persons; and I think your prudence may recommend to you to keep your own counsel.'

'It is sufficient, sir; and I have no apprehensions of disagreeable consequences from your having seen me in this house,' said the priest.

'Assuredly no,' said Alan. 'I consider myself as indebted for my life to the mistresses of Fairladies; and it would be a

vile requital on my part to pry into or make known what I may have seen or heard under this hospitable roof. If I were to meet the Pretender himself in such a situation, he should, even at the risk of a little stretch to my loyalty, be free from any danger from my indiscretion.'

'The Pretender!' said the priest, with some angry emphasis; but immediately softened his tone and added, 'No doubt, however, that person *is* a pretender; and some people think his pretensions are not ill founded. But before running into politics, give me leave to say, that I am surprised to find a gentleman of your opinions in habits of intimacy with Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees and Mr. Redgauntlet, and the medium of conducting the intercourse betwixt them.'

'Pardon me, sir,' replied Alan Fairford; 'I do not aspire to the honour of being reputed their confidant or go-between. My concern with those gentlemen is limited to one matter of business, dearly interesting to me, because it concerns the safety — perhaps the life — of my dearest friend.'

'Would you have any objections to entrust me with the cause of your journey?' said Father Buonaventure. 'My advice may be of service to you, and my influence with one or both these gentlemen is considerable.'

Fairford hesitated a moment, and hastily revolving all circumstances, concluded that he might perhaps receive some advantage from propitiating this personage; while, on the other hand, he endangered nothing by communicating to him the occasion of his journey. He, therefore, after stating shortly that he hoped Mr. Buonaventure would render him the same confidence which he required on his part, gave a short account of Darsie Latimer — of the mystery which hung over his family, and of the disaster which had befallen him, finally, of his own resolution to seek for his friend, and to deliver him, at the peril of his own life.

The Catholic priest, whose manner it seemed to be to avoid all conversation which did not arise from his own express motion, made no remarks upon what he had heard, but only asked one or two abrupt questions, where Alan's narrative appeared less clear to him; then rising from his seat, he took two turns through the apartment, muttering between his teeth, with emphasis, the word 'Madman!' But apparently he was in the habit of keeping all violent emotions under restraint; for he presently addressed Fairford with the most perfect indifference.

'If,' said he, 'you thought you could do so without breach of confidence, I wish you would have the goodness to show me the letter of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees. I desire to look particularly at the address.'

Seeing no cause to decline this extension of his confidence, Alan, without hesitation, put the letter into his hand. Having turned it round as old Trumbull and Nanty Ewart had formerly done, and, like them, having examined the address with much minuteness, he asked whether he had observed these words, pointing to a pencil-writing upon the under side of the letter. Fairford answered in the negative, and, looking at the letter, read with surprise, '*Cave ne literas Bellerophontis adferres*' — a caution which coincided so exactly with the provost's admonition, that he would do well to inspect the letter of which he was bearer, that he was about to spring up and attempt an escape, he knew not wherefore or from whom.

'Sit still, young man,' said the father, with the same tone of authority which reigned in his whole manner, although mingled with stately courtesy. 'You are in no danger: my character shall be a pledge for your safety. By whom do you suppose these words have been written?'

Fairford could have answered, 'By Nanty Ewart,' for he remembered seeing that person scribble something with a pencil, although he was not well enough to observe with accuracy where or upon what. But not knowing what suspicions, or what worse consequences, the seaman's interest in his affairs might draw upon him, he judged it best to answer that he knew not the hand.

Father Buonaventure was again silent for a moment or two, which he employed in surveying the letter with the strictest attention; then stepped to the window, as if to examine the address and writing of the envelope with the assistance of a stronger light, and Alan Fairford beheld him, with no less amazement than high displeasure, coolly and deliberately break the seal, open the letter, and peruse the contents.

'Stop, sir — hold!' he exclaimed, so soon as his astonishment permitted him to express his resentment in words; 'by what right do you dare ——'

'Peace, young gentleman,' said the father, repelling him with a wave of his hand; 'be assured I do not act without warrant: nothing can pass betwixt Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Redgauntlet that I am not fully entitled to know.'

'It may be so,' said Alan, extremely angry; 'but though

you may be these gentlemen's father confessor, you are not mine; and in breaking the seal of a letter entrusted to my care, you have done me ——'

'No injury, I assure you,' answered the unperturbed priest; 'on the contrary, it may be a service.'

'I desire no advantage at such a rate, or to be obtained in such a manner,' answered Fairford; 'restore me the letter instantly, or ——'

'As you regard your own safety,' said the priest, 'forbear all injurious expressions and all menacing gestures. I am not one who can be threatened or insulted with impunity; and there are enough within hearing to chastise any injury or affront offered to me, in case I may think it unbecoming to protect or avenge myself with my own hand.'

In saying this, the father assumed an air of such fearlessness and calm authority, that the young lawyer, surprised and overawed, forbore, as he had intended, to snatch the letter from his hand, and confined himself to bitter complaints of the impropriety of his conduct, and of the light in which he himself must be placed to Redgauntlet, should he present him a letter with a broken seal.

'That,' said Father Buonaventure, 'shall be fully cared for. I will myself write to Redgauntlet, and inclose Maxwell's letter, provided always you continue to desire to deliver it, after perusing the contents.'

He then restored the letter to Fairford, and, observing that he hesitated to peruse it, said emphatically, 'Read it, for it concerns you.'

This recommendation, joined to what Provost Crosbie had formerly recommended, and to the warning which he doubted not that Nanty intended to convey by his classical allusion, decided Fairford's resolution. 'If these correspondents,' he thought, 'are conspiring against my person, I have a right to counterplot them; self-preservation, as well as my friend's safety, require that I should not be too scrupulous.'

So thinking, he read the letter, which was in the following words: —

'DEAR RUGGED AND DANGEROUS —

'Will you never cease meriting your old nickname? You have springed your dottrel, I find, and what is the consequence? Why, that there will be hue and cry after you presently. The bearer is a pert young lawyer, who has brought a formal

complaint against you, which, luckily, he has preferred in a friendly court. Yet, favourable as the judge was disposed to be, it was with the utmost difficulty that cousin Jenny and I could keep him to his tackle. He begins to be timid, suspicious, and intractable, and I fear Jenny will soon bend her brows on him in vain. I know not what to advise. The lad who carries this is a good lad, active for his friend; and I have pledged my honour he shall have no personal ill-usage. Pledged my honour, remark these words, and remember I can be rugged and dangerous as well as my neighbours. But I have not ensured him against a short captivity, and as he is a stirring, active fellow, I see no remedy but keeping him out of the way till this business of the good Father B—— is safely blown over, which God send it were! Always thine, even should I be once more
CRAIG-IN-PERIL.'

'What think you, young man, of the danger you have been about to encounter so willingly?'

'As strangely,' replied Alan Fairford, 'as of the extraordinary means which you have been at present pleased to use for the discovery of Mr. Maxwell's purpose.'

'Trouble not yourself to account for my conduct,' said the father; 'I have a warrant for what I do, and fear no responsibility. But tell me what is your present purpose.'

'I should not perhaps name it to you, whose own safety may be implicated.'

'I understand you,' answered the father: 'you would appeal to the existing government? That can at no rate be permitted; we will rather detain you at Fairladies by compulsion.'

'You will probably,' said Fairford, 'first weigh the risk of such a proceeding in a free country.'

'I have incurred more formidable hazard,' said the priest, smiling; 'yet I am willing to find a milder expedient. Come—let us bring the matter to a compromise.' And he assumed a conciliating graciousness of manner which struck Fairford as being rather too condescending for the occasion. 'I presume you will be satisfied to remain here in seclusion for a day or two longer, provided I pass my solemn word to you that you shall meet with the person whom you seek after—meet with him in perfect safety, and, I trust, in good health, and be afterwards both at liberty to return to Scotland, or dispose of yourselves as each of you may be minded?'

'I respect the *verbum sacerdotis* as much as can reasonably

be expected from a Protestant,' answered Fairford; 'but, methinks, you can scarce expect me to repose so much confidence in the word of an unknown person as is implied in the guarantee which you offer me.'

'I am not accustomed, sir,' said the father, in a very haughty tone, 'to have my word disputed. But,' he added, while the angry hue passed from his cheek, after a moment's reflection, 'you know me not, and ought to be excused. I will repose more confidence in your honour than you seem willing to rest upon mine; and since we are so situated that one must rely upon the other's faith, I will cause you to be set presently at liberty, and furnished with the means of delivering your letter as addressed, provided that now, knowing the contents, you think it safe for yourself to execute the commission.'

Alan Fairford paused. 'I cannot see,' he at length replied, 'how I can proceed with respect to the accomplishment of my sole purpose, which is the liberation of my friend, without appealing to the law, and obtaining the assistance of a magistrate. If I present this singular letter of Mr. Maxwell, with the contents of which I have become so unexpectedly acquainted, I shall only share his captivity.'

'And if you apply to a magistrate, young man, you will bring ruin on these hospitable ladies, to whom, in all human probability, you owe your life. You cannot obtain a warrant for your purpose without giving a clear detail of all the late scenes through which you have passed. A magistrate would oblige you to give a complete account of yourself, before arming you with his authority against a third party; and in giving such an account the safety of these ladies will necessarily be compromised. A hundred spies have had, and still have, their eyes upon this mansion; but God will protect His own.' He crossed himself devoutly, and then proceeded. 'You can take an hour to think of your best plan, and I will pledge myself to forward it thus far, provided it be not asking you to rely more on my word than your prudence can warrant. You shall go to Redgauntlet—I name him plainly, to show my confidence in you—and you shall deliver him this letter of Mr. Maxwell's, with one from me, in which I will enjoin him to set your friend at liberty, or at least to make no attempts upon your own person, either by detention or otherwise. If you can trust me thus far,' he said, with a proud emphasis on the words, 'I will on my side see you depart from this place with the most perfect confidence that you will not return armed with powers to drag

its inmates to destruction. You are young and inexperienced, bred to a profession also which sharpens suspicion, and gives false views of human nature. I have seen much of the world, and have known better than most men how far mutual confidence is requisite in managing affairs of consequence.'

He spoke with an air of superiority, even of authority, by which Fairford, notwithstanding his own internal struggles, was silenced and overawed so much that it was not till the father had turned to leave the apartment that he found words to ask him, what the consequences would be should he decline to depart on the terms proposed.

'You must then, for the safety of all parties, remain for some days an inhabitant of Fairladies, where we have the means of detaining you, which self-preservation will in that case compel us to make use of. Your captivity will be short; for matters cannot long remain as they are. The cloud must soon rise, or it must sink upon us for ever. *Benedicite!*'

With these words he left the apartment.

Fairford, upon his departure, felt himself much at a loss what course to pursue. His line of education, as well as his father's tenets in matters of church and state, had taught him a holy horror for Papists, and a devout belief in whatever had been said of the punie faith of Jesuits, and of the expedients of mental reservation by which the Catholic priests in general were supposed to evade keeping faith with heretics. Yet there was something of majesty, depressed indeed, and overclouded, but still grand and imposing, in the manner and words of Father Buonaventure, which it was difficult to reconcile with those preconceived opinions which imputed subtlety and fraud to his sect and order. Above all, Alan was aware that, if he accepted not his freedom upon the terms offered him, he was likely to be detained by force; so that, in every point of view, he was a gainer by adopting them.

A qualm, indeed, came across him, when he considered, as a lawyer, that this father was probably, in the eye of law, a traitor, and that there was an ugly crime on the statute book, called misprision of treason. On the other hand, whatever he might think or suspect, he could not take upon him to say that the man was a priest, whom he had never seen in the dress of his order, or in the act of celebrating mass; so that he felt himself at liberty to doubt of that respecting which he possessed no legal proof. He therefore arrived at the conclusion that he would do well to accept his liberty, and proceed to

Redgauntlet under the guarantee of Father Buonaventure, which he scarce doubted would be sufficient to save him from personal inconvenience. Should he once obtain speech of that gentleman, he felt the same confidence as formerly that he might be able to convince him of the rashness of his conduct, should he not consent to liberate Darsie Latimer. At all events, he should learn where his friend was, and how circumstanced.

Having thus made up his mind, Alan waited anxiously for the expiration of the hour which had been allowed him for deliberation. He was not kept on the tenter-hooks of impatience an instant longer than the appointed moment arrived, for, even as the clock struck, Ambrose appeared at the door of the gallery, and made a sign that Alan should follow him. He did so, and after passing through some of the intricate avenues common in old houses, was ushered into a small apartment, commodiously fitted up, in which he found Father Buonaventure reclining on a couch, in the attitude of a man exhausted by fatigue or indisposition. On a small table beside him, a silver embossed salver sustained a Catholic book of prayer, a small flask of medicine, a cordial, and a little tea-cup of old china. Ambrose did not enter the room; he only bowed profoundly, and closed the door with the least possible noise so soon as Fairford had entered.

‘Sit down, young man,’ said the father, with the same air of condescension which had before surprised, and rather offended, Fairford. ‘You have been ill, and I know too well by my own case that indisposition requires indulgence. Have you,’ he continued, so soon as he saw him seated, ‘resolved to remain or to depart?’

‘To depart,’ said Alan, ‘under the agreement that you will guarantee my safety with the extraordinary person who has conducted himself in such a lawless manner towards my friend, Darsie Latimer.’

‘Do not judge hastily, young man,’ replied the father. ‘Redgauntlet has the claims of a guardian over his ward in respect to the young gentleman, and a right to dictate his place of residence, although he may have been injudicious in selecting the means by which he thinks to enforce his authority.’

‘His situation as an attainted person abrogates such rights,’ said Fairford, hastily.

‘Surely,’ replied the priest, smiling at the young lawyer’s readiness, ‘in the eye of those who acknowledge the justice of the attainder; but that do not I. However, sir, here is the

guarantee; look at its contents, and do not again carry the letters of Uriah.'

Fairford read these words:—

'GOOD FRIEND — We send you hither a young man desirous to know the situation of your ward since he came under your paternal authority, and hopeful of dealing with you for having your relative put at large. This we recommend to your prudence, highly disapproving, at the same time, of any force or coercion, when such can be avoided, and wishing, therefore, that the bearer's negotiation may be successful. At all rates, however, the bearer hath our pledged word for his safety and freedom, which, therefore, you are to see strictly observed, as you value our honour and your own. We farther wish to converse with you, with as small loss of time as may be, having matters of the utmost confidence to impart. For this purpose we desire you to repair hither with all haste, and thereupon we bid you heartily farewell.

P. B.'

'You will understand, sir,' said the father, when he saw that Alan had perused his letter, 'that, by accepting charge of this missive, you bind yourself to try the effect of it before having recourse to any legal means, as you term them, for your friend's release.'

'There are a few ciphers added to this letter,' said Fairford, when he had perused the paper attentively; 'may I inquire what their import is?'

'They respect my own affairs,' answered the father, briefly; 'and have no concern whatever with yours.'

'It seems to me, however,' replied Alan, 'natural to suppose——'

'Nothing must be supposed incompatible with my honour,' replied the priest, interrupting him; 'when such as I am confer favours, we expect that they shall be accepted with gratitude or declined with thankful respect, not questioned or discussed.'

'I will accept your letter, then,' said Fairford, after a minute's consideration, 'and the thanks you expect shall be most liberally paid if the result answer what you teach me to expect.'

'God only commands the issue,' said Father Buonaventure. 'Man uses means. You understand that, by accepting this commission, you engage yourself in honour to try the effect of

my letter upon Mr. Redgauntlet before you have recourse to informations or legal warrants?’

‘I hold myself bound, as a man of good faith and honour, to do so,’ said Fairford.

‘Well, I trust you,’ said the father. ‘I will now tell you that an express, despatched by me last night, has, I hope, brought Redgauntlet to a spot many miles nearer this place, where he will not find it safe to attempt any violence on your friend, should he be rash enough to follow the advice of Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees rather than my commands. We now understand each other.’

He extended his hand towards Alan, who was about to pledge his faith in the usual form by grasping it with his own, when the father drew back hastily. Ere Alan had time to comment upon this repulse, a small side-door, covered with tapestry, was opened; the hangings were drawn aside, and a lady, as if by sudden apparition, glided into the apartment. It was neither of the Miss Arthurets, but a woman in the prime of life, and in the full-blown expansion of female beauty, tall, fair, and commanding in her aspect. Her locks, of paly gold, were taught to fall over a brow which, with the stately glance of the large, open, blue eyes, might have become Juno herself; her neck and bosom were admirably formed, and of a dazzling whiteness. She was rather inclined to *embonpoint*, but not more than became her age, of apparently thirty years. Her step was that of a queen, but it was of Queen Vashti, not Queen Esther — the bold and commanding, not the retiring, beauty.

Father Buonaventure raised himself on the couch, angrily, as if displeased by this intrusion. ‘How now, madam,’ he said, with some sternness — ‘why have we the honour of your company?’

‘Because it is my pleasure,’ answered the lady, composedly.

‘Your pleasure, madam!’ he repeated, in the same angry tone.

‘My pleasure, sir,’ she continued, ‘which always keeps exact pace with my duty. I had heard you were unwell; let me hope it is only business which produces this seclusion.’

‘I am well,’ he replied — ‘perfectly well, and I thank you for your care; but we are not alone, and this young man —’

‘That young man!’ she said, bending her large and serious eye on Alan Fairford, as if she had been for the first time aware of his presence — ‘may I ask who he is?’

‘Another time, madam. You shall learn his history after

he is gone. His presence renders it impossible for me to explain farther.'

'After he is gone may be too late,' said the lady; 'and what is his presence to me when your safety is at stake? He is the heretic lawyer whom those silly fools, the Arthurets, admitted into this house at a time when they should have let their own father knock at the door in vain, though the night had been a wild one. You will not surely dismiss him?'

'Your own impatience can alone make that step perilous,' said the father. 'I have resolved to take it; do not let your indiscreet zeal, however excellent its motive, add any unnecessary risk to the transaction.'

'Even so?' said the lady, in a tone of reproach, yet mingled with respect and apprehension. 'And thus you will still go forward, like a stag upon the hunter's snares, with undoubting confidence, after all that has happened?'

'Peace, madam,' said Father Buonaventure, rising up: 'be silent, or quit the apartment; my designs do not admit of female criticism.'

To this peremptory command the lady seemed about to make a sharp reply; but she checked herself, and pressing her lips strongly together, as if to secure the words from bursting from them which were already formed upon her tongue, she made a deep reverence, partly as it seemed in reproach, partly in respect, and left the room as suddenly as she had entered it.

The father looked disturbed at this incident, which he seemed sensible could not but fill Fairford's imagination with an additional throng of bewildering suspicions: he bit his lip, and muttered something to himself as he walked through the apartment; then suddenly turned to his visitor with a smile of much sweetness, and a countenance in which every rougher expression was exchanged for those of courtesy and kindness.

'The visit we have just been honoured with, my young friend, has given you,' he said, 'more secrets to keep than I would have wished you burdened with. The lady is a person of condition — of rank and fortune; but, nevertheless, is so circumstanced that the mere fact of her being known to be in this country would occasion many evils. I should wish you to observe secrecy on this subject, even to Redgauntlet or Maxwell, however much I trust them in all that concerns my own affairs.'

'I can have no occasion,' replied Fairford, 'for holding any discussion with these gentlemen, or with any others, on the

circumstance which I have just witnessed; it could only have become the subject of my conversation by mere accident, and I will now take care to avoid the subject entirely.'

'You will do well, sir, and I thank you,' said the father, throwing much dignity into the expression of obligation which he meant to convey. 'The time may perhaps come when you will learn what it is to have obliged one of my condition. As to the lady, she has the highest merit, and nothing can be said of her justly which would not redound to her praise. Nevertheless—in short, sir, we wander at present as in a morning mist; the sun will, I trust, soon rise and dispel it, when all that now seems mysterious will be fully revealed; or it will sink into rain,' he added, in a solemn tone, 'and then explanation will be of little consequence. Adieu, sir; I wish you well.'

He made a graceful obeisance, and vanished through the same side-door by which the lady had entered; and Alan thought he heard their voices high in dispute in the adjoining apartment.

Presently afterwards, Ambrose entered, and told him that a horse and guide waited him beneath the terrace.

'The good Father Buonaventure,' added the butler, 'has been graciously pleased to consider your situation, and desired me to inquire whether you have any occasion for a supply of money?'

'Make my respects to his reverence,' answered Fairford, 'and assure him I am provided in that particular. I beg you also to make my acknowledgments to the Miss Arthurets, and assure them that their kind hospitality, to which I probably owe my life, shall be remembered with gratitude as long as that life lasts. You yourself, Mr. Ambrose, must accept of my kindest thanks for your skill and attention.'

Mid these acknowledgments they left the house, descended the terrace, and reached the spot where the gardener, Fairford's old acquaintance, waited for him, mounted upon one horse and leading another.

Bidding adieu to Ambrose, our young lawyer mounted, and rode down the avenue, often looking back to the melancholy and neglected dwelling in which he had witnessed such strange scenes, and musing upon the character of its mysterious inmates, especially the noble and almost regal seeming priest, and the beautiful but capricious dame, who, if she was really Father Buonaventure's penitent, seemed less docile to the authority of the church than, as Alan conceived, the Catholic discipline

permitted. He could not indeed help being sensible that the whole deportment of these persons differed much from his preconceived notions of a priest and devotee. Father Buonaventure, in particular, had more natural dignity and less art and affectation in his manner than accorded with the idea which Calvinists were taught to entertain of that wily and formidable person, a Jesuitical missionary.

While reflecting on these things, he looked back so frequently at the house that Dick Gardener, a forward, talkative fellow, who began to tire of silence, at length said to him, 'I think you will know Fairladies when you see it again, sir.'

'I daresay I shall, Richard,' answered Fairford, good-humouredly. 'I wish I knew as well where I am to go next. But you can tell me, perhaps?'

'Your worship should know better than I,' said Dick Gardener; 'nevertheless, I have a notion you are going where all you Scotsmen should be sent, whether you will or no.'

'Not to the devil, I hope, good Dick?' said Fairford.


'Why, no. That is a road which you may travel as heretics; but, as Scotsmen, I would only send you three-fourths of the way, and that is back to Scotland again — always craving your honour's pardon?'

'Does our journey lie that way?' said Fairford.

'As far as the water-side,' said Richard. 'I am to carry you to old Father Crackenthorp's, and then you are within a spit and a stride of Scotland, as the saying is. But mayhap you may think twice of going thither, for all that; for Old England is fat feeding-ground for north-country cattle.'

CHAPTER XVII

Narrative of Darsie Latimer

UR history must now, as the old romancers wont to say, 'leave to tell' of the quest of Alan Fairford, and instruct our readers of the adventures which befell Darsie Latimer, left as he was in the precarious custody of his self-named tutor, the Laird of the Lochs of Solway, to whose arbitrary pleasure he found it necessary for the present to conform himself.

In consequence of this prudent resolution, and although he did not assume such a disguise without some sensations of shame and degradation, Darsie permitted Cristal Nixon to place over his face, and secure by a string, one of those silk masks which ladies frequently wore to preserve their complexions, when exposed to the air during long journeys on horseback. He remonstrated somewhat more vehemently against the long riding-skirt, which converted his person from the waist into the female guise, but was obliged to concede this point also.

The metamorphosis was then complete; for the fair reader must be informed that in those rude times the ladies, when they honoured the masculine dress by assuming any part of it, wore just such hats, coats, and waistcoats as the male animals themselves made use of, and had no notion of the elegant compromise betwixt male and female attire which has now acquired, *par excellence*, the name of a 'habit.' Trolloping things our mothers must have looked, with long, square-cut coats, lacking collars, and with waistcoats plentifully supplied with a length of pocket, which hung far downwards from the middle. But then they had some advantage from the splendid colours, lace, and gay embroidery which masculine attire then exhibited; and, as happens in many similar instances, the finery of the materials made amends for the want of symmetry and grace of form in the garments themselves. But this is a digression.

In the court of the old mansion, half manor-place, half farmhouse, or rather a decayed manor-house, converted into an abode for a Cumberland tenant, stood several saddled horses. Four or five of them were mounted by servants or inferior retainers, all of whom were well armed with sword, pistol, and carbine. But two had riding-furniture for the use of females — the one being accoutred with a side-saddle, the other with a pillion attached to the saddle.

Darsie's heart beat quicker within him; he easily comprehended that one of these was intended for his own use, and his hopes suggested that the other was designed for that of the fair Green Mantle, whom, according to his established practice, he had adopted for the queen of his affections, although his opportunities of holding communication with her had not exceeded the length of a silent supper¹ on one occasion, and the going down a country dance on another. This, however, was no unwonted mood of passion with Darsie Latimer, upon whom Cupid was used to triumph only in the degree of a Mahratta conqueror, who overruns a province with the rapidity of lightning, but finds it impossible to retain it beyond a very brief space. Yet this new love was rather more serious than the scarce skinned-up wounds which his friend Fairford used to ridicule. The damsel had shown a sincere interest in his behalf; and the air of mystery with which that interest was veiled gave her, to his lively imagination, the character of a benevolent and protecting spirit, as much as that of a beautiful female.

At former times, the romance attending his short-lived attachments had been of his own creating, and had disappeared [as] soon as ever he approached more closely to the object with which he had invested it. On the present occasion, it really flowed from external circumstances, which might have interested less susceptible feelings, and an imagination less lively, than that of Darsie Latimer, young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic as he was.

He watched, therefore, anxiously to whose service the palfrey bearing the lady's saddle was destined. But ere any female appeared to occupy it, he was himself summoned to take his seat on the pillion behind Cristal Nixon, amid the grins of his old acquaintance Jan, who helped him to horse, and the unrestrained laughter of Cicely [Dorcas], who displayed on the occasion a case of teeth which might have rivalled ivory.

¹ [Read 'short grace.' Compare p. 34.]

Latimer was at an age when being an object of general ridicule, even to clowns and milkmaids, was not a matter of indifference, and he longed heartily to have laid his horsewhip across Jan's shoulders. That, however, was a solacement of his feelings which was not at the moment to be thought of; and Cristal Nixon presently put an end to his unpleasant situation by ordering the riders to go on. He himself kept the centre of the troop, two men riding before and two behind him, always, as it seemed to Darsie, having their eye upon him, to prevent any attempt to escape. He could see from time to time, when the straight line of the road or the advantage of an ascent permitted him, that another troop of three or four riders followed them at about a quarter of a mile's distance, amongst whom he could discover the tall form of Redgauntlet, and the powerful action of his gallant black horse. He had little doubt that Green Mantle made one of the party, though he was unable to distinguish her from the others.

In this manner they travelled from six in the morning until nearly ten of the clock, without Darsie's exchanging a word with any one; for he loathed the very idea of entering into conversation with Cristal Nixon, against whom he seemed to feel an instinctive aversion; nor was that domestic's saturnine and sullen disposition such as to have encouraged advances, had he thought of making them.

At length the party halted for the purpose of refreshment; but as they had hitherto avoided all villages and inhabited places upon their route, so they now stopped at one of those large, ruinous Dutch barns which are sometimes found in the fields, at a distance from the farm-houses to which they belong. Yet in this desolate place some preparations had been made for their reception. There were in the end of the barn racks filled with provender for the horses, and plenty of provisions for the party were drawn from the trusses of straw, under which the baskets that contained them had been deposited. The choicest of these were selected and arranged apart by Cristal Nixon, while the men of the party threw themselves upon the rest, which he abandoned to their discretion. In a few minutes afterwards the rearward party arrived and dismounted, and Redgauntlet himself entered the barn with the green-mantled maiden by his side. He presented her to Darsie with these words:

'It is time you two should know each other better. I promised you my confidence, Darsie, and the time is come for

reposing it. But first we will have our breakfast; and then, when once more in the saddle, I will tell you that which it is necessary that you should know. Salute Liliás, Darsie.'

The command was sudden, and surprised Latimer, whose confusion was increased by the perfect ease and frankness with which Liliás offered at once her cheek and her hand, and pressing his, as she rather took it than gave her own, said very frankly, 'Dearest Darsie, how rejoiced I am that our uncle has at last permitted us to become acquainted!'

Darsie's head turned round; and it was perhaps well that Redgauntlet called on him to sit down, as even that movement served to hide his confusion. There is an old song which says —

When ladies are willing,
A man can but look like a fool.

And on the same principle Darsie Latimer's looks at this unexpected frankness of reception would have formed an admirable vignette for illustrating the passage. 'Dearest Darsie,' and such a ready, nay, eager salute of lip and hand! It was all very gracious, no doubt, and ought to have been received with much gratitude; but, constituted as our friend's temper was, nothing could be more inconsistent with his tone of feeling. If a hermit had proposed to him to club for a pot of beer, the illusion of his reverend sanctity could not have been dispelled more effectually than the divine qualities of Green Mantle faded upon the ill-imagined frank-heartedness of poor Liliás. Vexed with her forwardness, and affronted at having once more cheated himself, Darsie could hardly help muttering two lines of the song we have already quoted:—

'The fruit that must fall without shaking
Is rather too mellow for me.'

And yet it was pity of her too: she was a very pretty young woman, his fancy had scarce overrated her in that respect; and the slight derangement of the beautiful brown locks which escaped in natural ringlets from under her riding-hat, with the bloom which exercise had brought into her cheek, made her even more than usually fascinating. Redgauntlet modified the sternness of his look when it was turned towards her, and, in addressing her, used a softer tone than his usual deep bass. Even the grim features of Cristal Nixon relaxed when he attended on her, and it was then, if ever, that his misan-

thropical visage expressed some sympathy with the rest of humanity.

'How can she,' thought Latimer, 'look so like an angel, yet be so mere a mortal after all? How could so much seeming modesty have so much forwardness of manner, when she ought to have been most reserved? How can her conduct be reconciled to the grace and ease of her general deportment?'

The confusion of thoughts which occupied Darsie's imagination gave to his looks a disordered appearance, and his inattention to the food which was placed before him, together with his silence and absence of mind, induced Liliass solicitously to inquire whether he did not feel some return of the disorder under which he had suffered so lately. This led Mr. Redgauntlet, who seemed also lost in his own contemplations, to raise his eyes and join in the same inquiry with some appearance of interest. Latimer explained to both that he was perfectly well.

'It is well it is so,' answered Redgauntlet; 'for we have that before us which will brook no delay from indisposition: we have not, as Hotspur says, leisure to be sick.'

Liliass, on her part, endeavoured to prevail upon Darsie to partake of the food which she offered him, with a kindly and affectionate courtesy corresponding to the warmth of the interest she had displayed at their meeting, but so very natural, innocent, and pure in its character, that it would have been impossible for the vainest coxcomb to have mistaken it for coquetry, or a desire of captivating a prize so valuable as his affections. Darsie, with no more than the reasonable share of self-opinion common to most youths when they approach twenty-one, knew not how to explain her conduct.

Sometimes he was tempted to think that his own merits had, even during the short intervals when they had seen each other, secured such a hold of the affections of a young person who had probably been bred up in ignorance of the world and its forms that she was unable to conceal her partiality. Sometimes he suspected that she acted by her guardian's order, who, aware that he, Darsie, was entitled to a considerable fortune, might have taken this bold stroke to bring about a marriage betwixt him and so near a relative.

But neither of these suppositions was applicable to the character of the parties. Miss Liliass's manners, however soft and natural, displayed in their ease and versatility considerable acquaintance with the habits of the world, and in the few words she said during the morning repast there were mingled a

shrewdness and good sense which could scarce belong to a miss capable of playing the silly part of a love-smitten maiden so broadly. As for Redgauntlet, with his stately bearing, his fatal frown, his eye of threat and of command, it was impossible, Darsie thought, to suspect him of a scheme having private advantage for its object: he could as soon have imagined Cassius picking Cæsar's pocket, instead of drawing his poniard on the dictator.

While he thus mused, unable either to eat, drink, or answer to the courtesy of Lilius, she soon ceased to speak to him, and sat silent as himself.

They had remained nearly an hour in their halting-place, when Redgauntlet said aloud, 'Look out, Cristal Nixon. If we hear nothing from Fairladies, we must continue our journey.'

Cristal went to the door, and presently returned and said to his master, in a voice as harsh as his features, 'Gilbert Gregson is coming, his horse as white with foam as if a fiend had ridden him.'

Redgauntlet threw from him the plate on which he had been eating, and hastened towards the door of the barn, which the courier at that moment entered — a smart jockey with a black velvet hunting-cap, and a broad belt drawn tight round his waist, to which was secured his express-bag. The variety of mud with which he was splashed from cap to spur showed he had had a rough and rapid ride. He delivered a letter to Mr. Redgauntlet, with an obeisance, and then retired to the end of the barn, where the other attendants were sitting or lying upon the straw, in order to get some refreshment.

Redgauntlet broke the letter open with haste, and read it with anxious and discomposed looks. On a second perusal, his displeasure seemed to increase, his brow darkened, and was distinctly marked with the fatal sign peculiar to his family and house. Darsie had never before observed his frown bear such a close resemblance to the shape which tradition assigned it.

Redgauntlet held out the open letter with one hand, and struck it with the forefinger of the other, as, in a suppressed and displeased tone, he said to Cristal Nixon, 'Countermanded — ordered northward once more! Northward, when all our hopes lie to the south — a second Derby direction, when we turned our back on glory, and marched in quest of ruin!'

Cristal Nixon took the letter and ran it over, then returned it to his master with the cold observation 'A female influence predominates.'

'But it shall predominate no longer,' said Redgauntlet: 'it shall wane as ours rises in the horizon. Meanwhile, I will on before; and you, Cristal, will bring the party to the place assigned in the letter. You may now permit the young persons to have unreserved communication together; only mark that you watch the young man closely enough to prevent his escape, if he should be idiot enough to attempt it, but not approaching so close as to watch their free conversation.'

'I care nought about their conversation,' said Nixon, surlily.

'You hear my commands, Liliass,' said the Laird, turning to the young lady. 'You may use my permission and authority to explain so much of our family matters as you yourself know. At our next meeting I will complete the task of disclosure, and I trust I shall restore one Redgauntlet more to the bosom of our ancient family. Let Latimer, as he calls himself, have a horse to himself; he must for some time retain his disguise. My horse — my horse!'

In two minutes they heard him ride off from the door of the barn, followed at speed by two of the armed men of his party.

The commands of Cristal Nixon, in the meanwhile, put all the remainder of the party in motion, but the Laird himself was long out of sight ere they were in readiness to resume their journey. When at length they set out, Darsie was accommodated with a horse and side-saddle, instead of being obliged to resume his place on the pillion behind the detestable Nixon. He was obliged, however, to retain his riding-skirt, and to reassume his mask. Yet, notwithstanding this disagreeable circumstance, and although he observed that they gave him the heaviest and slowest horse of the party, and that, as a farther precaution against escape, he was closely watched on every side, yet riding in company with the pretty Liliass was an advantage which overbalanced these inconveniences.

It is true, that this society, to which that very morning he would have looked forward as a glimpse of heaven, had, now that it was thus unexpectedly indulged, something much less rapturous than he had expected.

It was in vain that, in order to avail himself of a situation so favourable for indulging his romantic disposition, he endeavoured to coax back, if I may so express myself, that delightful dream of ardent and tender passion; he felt only such a confusion of ideas at the difference between the being whom he had imagined and her with whom he was now in

contact, that it seemed to him like the effect of witchcraft. What most surprised him was, that this sudden flame should have died away so rapidly, notwithstanding that the maiden's personal beauty was even greater than he had expected, her demeanour, unless it should be deemed over kind towards himself, as graceful and becoming as he could have fancied it, even in his gayest dreams. It were judging hardly of him to suppose, that the mere belief of his having attracted her affections more easily than he expected was the cause of his ungratefully undervaluing a prize too lightly won, or that his transient passion played around his heart with the flitting radiance of a wintry sunbeam flashing against an icicle, which may brighten it for a moment, but cannot melt it. Neither of these was precisely the case, though such fickleness of disposition might also have some influence in the change.

The truth is, perhaps, that the lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase; and that the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the fairest flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt, there must be danger, there must be difficulty; and if, as the poet says, the course of ardent affection never does run smooth, it is perhaps because, without some intervening obstacle, that which is called the romantic passion of love, in its high poetical character and colouring, can hardly have an existence, any more than there can be a current in a river without the stream being narrowed by steep banks or checked by opposing rocks.

Let not those, however, who enter into a union for life without those embarrassments which delight a Darsie Latimer or a Lydia Languish, and which are perhaps necessary to excite an enthusiastic passion in breasts more firm than theirs, augur worse of their future happiness because their own alliance is formed under calmer auspices. Mutual esteem, an intimate knowledge of each other's character, seen, as in their case, undisguised by the mists of too partial passion, a suitable proportion of parties in rank and fortune, in taste and pursuits, are more frequently found in a marriage of reason than in a union of romantic attachment, where the imagination, which probably created the virtues and accomplishments with which it invested the beloved object, is frequently afterwards employed in magnifying the mortifying consequences of its own delusion, and exasperating all the stings of disappointment. Those who follow the banners of reason are like the

well-disciplined battalion which, wearing a more sober uniform, and making a less dazzling show, than the light troops commanded by imagination, enjoy more safety, and even more honour, in the conflicts of human life. All this, however, is foreign to our present purpose.

Uncertain in what manner to address her whom he had been lately so anxious to meet with, and embarrassed by a *tête-à-tête* to which his own timid inexperience gave some awkwardness, the party had proceeded more than a hundred yards before Darsie assumed courage to accost, or even to look at, his companion. Sensible, however, of the impropriety of his silence, he turned to speak to her; and observing that, although she wore her mask, there was something like disappointment and dejection in her manner, he was moved by self-reproach for his own coldness, and hastened to address her in the kindest tone he could assume.

'You must think me cruelly deficient in gratitude, Miss Liliás, that I have been thus long in your company without thanking you for the interest which you have deigned to take in my unfortunate affairs?'

'I am glad you have at length spoken,' she said, 'though I own it is more coldly than I expected. Miss Liliás! *Deign* to take interest! In whom, dear Darsie, *can* I take interest but in you? and why do you put this barrier of ceremony betwixt us, whom adverse circumstances have already separated for such a length of time?'

Darsie was again confounded at the extra candour, if we may use the term, of this frank avowal. 'One must love partridge very well,' thought he, 'to accept it when thrown in one's face: if this is not plain speaking, there is no such place as downright Dunstable in being!'

Embarrassed with these reflections, and himself of a nature fancifully, almost fastidiously, delicate, he could only in reply stammer forth an acknowledgment of his companion's goodness, and his own gratitude. She answered in a tone partly sorrowful and partly impatient, repeating, with displeased emphasis, the only distinct words he had been able to bring forth — 'Goodness — gratitude! O Darsie, should these be the phrases between you and me? Alas! I am too sure you are displeased with me, though I cannot even guess on what account. Perhaps you think I have been too free in venturing upon my visit to your friend. But then remember it was in your behalf, and that I knew no better way to put you on your

guard against the misfortunes and restraint which you have been subjected to, and are still enduring.'

'Dear lady ——' said Darsie, rallying his recollection, and suspicious of some error in apprehension — a suspicion which his mode of address seemed at once to communicate to Liliás, for she interrupted him —

'*Lady!* dear *lady!* For whom or for what, in Heaven's name, do you take me, that you address me so formally?'

Had the question been asked in that enchanted hall in Fairyland where all interrogations must be answered with absolute sincerity, Darsie had certainly replied that he took her for the most frank-hearted and ultra-liberal lass that had ever lived since Mother Eve eat the pippin without paring. But as he was still on middle-earth, and free to avail himself of a little polite deceit, he barely answered, that he believed he had the honour of speaking to the niece of Mr. Redgauntlet.

'Surely,' she replied; 'but were it not as easy for you to have said, to your own only sister?'

Darsie started in his saddle as if he had received a pistol-shot.

'My sister!' he exclaimed.

'And you did *not* know it, then?' said she. 'I thought your reception of me was cold and indifferent!'

A kind and cordial embrace took place betwixt the relatives; and so light was Darsie's spirit, that he really felt himself more relieved by getting quit of the embarrassments of the last half hour, during which he conceived himself in danger of being persecuted by the attachment of a forward girl, than disappointed by the vanishing of so many day-dreams as he had been in the habit of encouraging during the time when the green-mantled maiden was goddess of his idolatry. He had been already flung from his romantic Pegasus, and was too happy at length to find himself with bones unbroken, though with his back on the ground. He was, besides, with all his whims and follies; a generous, kind-hearted youth, and was delighted to acknowledge so beautiful and amiable a relative, and to assure her in the warmest terms of his immediate affection and future protection, so soon as they should be extricated from their present situation. Smiles and tears mingled on Liliás's cheeks, like showers and sunshine in April weather.

'Out on me,' she said, 'that I should be so childish as to

cry at what makes me so sincerely happy! since, God knows, family love is what my heart has most longed after, and to which it has been most a stranger. My uncle says that you and I, Darsie, are but half Redgauntlets, and that the metal of which our father's family was made has been softened to effeminacy in our mother's offspring.'

'Alas!' said Darsie, 'I know so little of our family story that I almost doubted that I belonged to the house of Redgauntlet, although the chief of the family himself intimated so much to me.'

'The chief of the family!' said Lillas. 'You must know little of your own descent indeed, if you mean my uncle by that expression. You yourself, my dear Darsie, are the heir and representative of our ancient house, for our father was the elder brother — that brave and unhappy Sir Henry Darsie Redgauntlet who suffered at Carlisle in the year 1746. He took the name of Darsie, in conjunction with his own, from our mother, heiress to a Cumberland family of great wealth and antiquity, of whose large estates you are the undeniable heir, although those of your father have been involved in the general doom of forfeiture. But all this must be necessarily unknown to you.'

'Indeed, I hear it for the first time in my life,' answered Darsie.

'And you knew not that I was your sister?' said Lillas. 'No wonder you received me so coldly. What a strange, wild, forward young person you must have thought me — mixing myself in the fortunes of a stranger whom I had only once spoken to — corresponding with him by signs. Good Heaven! what can you have supposed me?'

'And how should I have come to the knowledge of our connexion?' said Darsie. 'You are aware I was not acquainted with it when we danced together at Brokenburn.'

'I saw that with concern, and fain I would have warned you,' answered Lillas; 'but I was closely watched, and before I could find or make an opportunity of coming to a full explanation with you on a subject so agitating, I was forced to leave the room. What I did say was, you may remember, a caution to leave the southern border, for I foresaw what has since happened. But since my uncle has had you in his power, I never doubted he had communicated to you our whole family history.'

'He has left me to learn it from you, Lillas; and assure

yourself that I will hear it with more pleasure from your lips than from his. I have no reason to be pleased with his conduct towards me.'

'Of that,' said Liliás, 'you will judge better when you have heard what I have to tell you'; and she began her communication in the following manner.

CHAPTER XVIII

Narrative of Darsie Latimer, Continued

‘THE house of Redgauntlet,’ said the young lady, ‘has for centuries been supposed to lie under a doom, which has rendered vain their courage, their talents, their ambition, and their wisdom. Often making a figure in history, they have been ever in the situation of men striving against both wind and tide, who distinguish themselves by their desperate exertions of strength, and their persevering endurance of toil, but without being able to advance themselves upon their course, by either vigour or resolution. They pretend to trace this fatality to a legendary history, which I may tell you at a less busy moment.’

Darsie intimated that he had already heard the tragic story of Sir Alberick Redgauntlet.

‘I need only say, then,’ proceeded Lillas, ‘that our father and uncle felt the family doom in its full extent. They were both possessed of considerable property, which was largely increased by our father’s marriage, and were both devoted to the service of the unhappy house of Stuart; but, as our mother at least supposed, family considerations might have withheld her husband from joining openly in the affair of 1745, had not the high influence which the younger brother possessed over the elder, from his more decided energy of character, hurried him along with himself into that undertaking.’

‘When, therefore, the enterprise came to the fatal conclusion which bereaved our father of his life and consigned his brother to exile, Lady Redgauntlet fled from the north of England, determined to break off all communication with her late husband’s family, particularly his brother, whom she regarded as having, by their insane political enthusiasm, been the means of his untimely death, and determined that you, my brother, an infant, and that I, to whom she had just given birth, should be brought up as adherents of the present dynasty.’

Perhaps she was too hasty in this determination — too timidly anxious to exclude, if possible, from the knowledge of the very spot where we existed a relation so nearly connected with us as our father's only brother. But you must make allowance for what she had suffered. See, brother,' she said, pulling her glove off, 'these five blood-specks on my arm are a mark by which mysterious nature has impressed on an unborn infant a record of its father's violent death and its mother's miseries.'¹

'You were not, then, born when my father suffered?' said Darsie.

'Alas, no!' she replied; 'nor were you a twelvemonth old. It was no wonder that my mother, after going through such scenes of agony, became irresistibly anxious for the sake of her children — of her son in particular; the more especially as the late Sir Henry, her husband, had, by a settlement of his affairs, confided the custody of the persons of her children, as well as the estates which descended to them, independently of those which fell under his forfeiture, to his brother Hugh, in whom he placed unlimited confidence.'

'But my mother had no reason to fear the operation of such a deed, conceived in favour of an attainted man,' said Darsie.

'True,' replied Lilius; 'but our uncle's attainder might have been reversed, like that of so many other persons, and our mother, who both feared and hated him, lived in continual terror that this would be the case, and that she should see the author, as she thought him, of her husband's death come armed with legal powers, and in a capacity to use them, for the purpose of tearing her children from her protection. Besides, she feared, even in his incapacitated condition, the adventurous and pertinacious spirit of her brother-in-law, Hugh Redgauntlet, and felt assured that he would make some attempt to possess himself of the persons of the children. On the other hand, our uncle, whose proud disposition might, perhaps, have been soothed by the offer of her confidence, revolted against the distrustful and suspicious manner in which Lady Darsie Redgauntlet acted towards him. She basely abused, he said, the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed, in order to deprive him of his natural privilege of protecting and educating the infants whom nature and law, and the will of their father, had committed to his charge, and he swore solemnly he would not submit to such an injury. Report of his threats was made to Lady Redgauntlet, and tended to increase those fears, which

¹ See Prenatal Marks. Note 36.

proved but too well founded. While you and I, children at that time of two or three years old, were playing together in a walled orchard adjacent to our mother's residence, which she had fixed somewhere in Devonshire, my uncle suddenly scaled the wall with several men, and I was snatched up and carried off to a boat which waited for them. My mother, however, flew to your rescue, and as she seized on and held you fast, my uncle could not, as he has since told me, possess himself of your person without using unmanly violence to his brother's widow. Of this he was incapable; and, as people began to assemble upon my mother's screaming, he withdrew, after darting upon you and her one of those fearful looks which, it is said, remain with our family as a fatal bequest of Sir Alberick, our ancestor.'

'I have some recollection of the senfile which you mention,' said Darsie; 'and I think it was my uncle himself, since my uncle he is, who recalled the circumstance to my mind on a late occasion. I can now account for the guarded seclusion under which my poor mother lived, for her frequent tears, her starts of hysterical alarm, and her constant and deep melancholy. Poor lady! what a lot was hers, and what must have been her feelings when it approached to a close!'

'It was then that she adopted,' said Lillas, 'every precaution her ingenuity could suggest to keep your very existence concealed from the person whom she feared — nay, from yourself; for she dreaded, as she is said often to have expressed herself, that the wildfire blood of Redgauntlet would urge you to unite your fortunes to those of your uncle, who was well known still to carry on political intrigues, which most other persons had considered as desperate. It was also possible that he, as well as others, might get his pardon, as government showed every year more lenity towards the remnant of the Jacobites, and then he might claim the custody of your person as your legal guardian. Either of these events she considered as the direct road to your destruction.'

'I wonder she had not claimed the protection of Chancery for me,' said Darsie; 'or confided me to the care of some powerful friend.'

'She was on indifferent terms with her relations on account of her marriage with our father,' said Lillas, 'and trusted more to secreting you from your uncle's attempts than to any protection which law might afford against them. Perhaps she judged unwisely, but surely not unnaturally, for one rendered

irritable by so many misfortunes and so many alarms. Samuel Griffiths, an eminent banker, and a worthy clergyman now dead were, I believe, the only persons whom she entrusted with the execution of her last will ; and my uncle believes that she made them both swear to observe profound secrecy concerning your birth and pretensions until you should come to the age of majority, and, in the meantime, to breed you up in the most private way possible, and that which was most likely to withdraw you from my uncle's observation.'

'And I have no doubt,' said Darsie, 'that, betwixt change of name and habitation, they might have succeeded perfectly, but for the accident — lucky or unlucky, I know not which to term it — which brought me to Brokenburn, and into contact with Mr. Redgauntlet. I see also why I was warned against England, for in England——'

'In England alone, if I understand rightly,' said Miss Redgauntlet, 'the claims of your uncle to the custody of your person could have been enforced, in case of his being replaced in the ordinary rights of citizenship, either by the lenity of the government or by some change in it. In Scotland, where you possess no property, I understand his authority might have been resisted, and measures taken to put you under the protection of the law. But, pray, think it not unlucky that you have taken the step of visiting Brokenburn : I feel confident that the consequences must be ultimately fortunate, for, have they not already brought us into contact with each other ?'

So saying, she held out her hand to her brother, who grasped it with a fondness of pressure very different from the manner in which they first clasped hands that morning. There was a moment's pause, while the hearts of both were overflowing with a feeling of natural affection, to which circumstances had hitherto rendered them strangers.

At length Darsie broke silence. 'I am ashamed,' he said, 'my dearest Lillas, that I have suffered you to talk so long about matters concerning myself only, while I remain ignorant of your story and your present situation.'

'The former is none of the most interesting, nor the latter the most safe or agreeable,' answered Lillas ; 'but now, my dearest brother, I shall have the inestimable support of your countenance and affection ; and were I but sure that we could weather the formidable crisis which I find so close at hand, I should have little apprehensions for the future.'

'Let me know,' said Darsie, 'what our present situation is ;

and rely upon my utmost exertions both in your defence and my own. For what reason can my uncle desire to detain me a prisoner? If in mere opposition to the will of my mother, she has long been no more; and I see not why he should wish, at so much trouble and risk, to interfere with the free-will of one to whom a few months will give a privilege of acting for himself with which he will have no longer any pretence to interfere.'

'My dearest Arthur,' answered Liliás — 'for that name, as well as Darsie, properly belongs to you — it is the leading feature in my uncle's character that he has applied every energy of his powerful mind to the service of the exiled family of Stuart. The death of his brother, the dilapidation of his own fortunes, have only added to his hereditary zeal for the house of Stuart a deep and almost personal hatred against the present reigning family. He is, in short, a political enthusiast of the most dangerous character, and proceeds in his agency with as much confidence as if he felt himself the very Atlas who is alone capable of supporting a sinking cause.'

'And where or how did you, my Liliás, educated, doubtless, under his auspices, learn to have a different view of such subjects?'

'By a singular chance,' replied Liliás, 'in the nunnery where my uncle placed me. Although the abbess was a person exactly after his own heart, my education as a pensioner devolved much on an excellent old mother who had adopted the tenets of the Jansenists, with perhaps a still further tendency towards the Reformed doctrines than those of *Porte Royale*. The mysterious secrecy with which she inculcated these tenets gave them charms to my young mind, and I embraced them the rather that they were in direct opposition to the doctrines of the abbess, whom I hated so much for her severity that I felt a childish delight in setting her control at defiance, and contradicting in my secret soul all that I was openly obliged to listen to with reverence. Freedom of religious opinion brings on, I suppose, freedom of political creed; for I had no sooner renounced the Pope's infallibility than I began to question the doctrine of hereditary and indefeasible right. In short, strange as it may seem, I came out of a Parisian convent not indeed an instructed Whig and Protestant, but with as much inclination to be so as if I had been bred up, like you, within the Presbyterian sound of St. Giles's chimes.'

'More so, perhaps,' replied Darsie, 'for the nearer the church—— The proverb is somewhat musty. But how did these liberal opinions of yours agree with the very opposite prejudices of my uncle?'

'They would have agreed like fire and water,' answered Lilius, 'had I suffered mine to become visible; but as that would have subjected me to constant reproach and upbraiding, or worse, I took great care to keep my own secret; so that occasional censures for coldness and lack of zeal for the good cause were the worst I had to undergo, and these were bad enough.'

'I applaud your caution,' said Darsie.

'You have reason,' replied his sister; 'but I got so terrible a specimen of my uncle's determination of character, before I had been acquainted with him for much more than a week, that it taught me at what risk I should contradict his humour. I will tell you the circumstances; for it will better teach you to appreciate the romantic and resolved nature of his character than anything which I could state of his rashness and enthusiasm.'

'After I had been many a long year at the convent, I was removed from thence, and placed with a meagre old Scottish lady of high rank, the daughter of an unfortunate person whose head had in the year 1715 been placed on Temple Bar. She subsisted on a small pension from the French court, aided by an occasional gratuity from the Stuarts; to which the annuity [paid for my board formed a desirable addition. She was not ill-tempered, nor very covetous—neither beat me nor starved me; but she was so completely trammelled by rank and prejudices, so awfully profound in genealogy, and so bitterly keen, poor lady, in British politics, that I sometimes thought it pity that the Hanoverians, who murdered, as she used to tell me, her poor dear father, had left his dear daughter in the land of the living. Delighted, therefore, was I when my uncle made his appearance, and abruptly announced his purpose of conveying me to England. My extravagant joy at the idea of leaving Lady Rachel Rouge-dragon was somewhat qualified by observing the melancholy look, lofty demeanour, and commanding tone of my near relative. He held more communication with me on the journey, however, than consisted with his taciturn demeanour in general, and seemed anxious to ascertain my tone of character, and particularly in point of courage. Now, though I am

a tamed Redgauntlet, yet I have still so much of our family spirit as enables me to be as composed in danger as most of my sex; and upon two occasions in the course of our journey — a threatened attack by banditti and the overturn of our carriage — I had the fortune so to conduct myself as to convey to my uncle a very favourable idea of my intrepidity. Probably this encouraged him to put in execution the singular scheme which he had in agitation.

‘Ere we reached London we changed our means of conveyance, and altered the route by which we approached the city more than once; then, like a hare which doubles repeatedly at some distance from the seat she means to occupy, and at last leaps into her form from a distance as great as she can clear by a spring, we made a forced march, and landed in private and obscure lodgings in a little old street in Westminster, not far distant from the cloisters.

‘On the morning of the day on which we arrived my uncle went abroad, and did not return for some hours. Meantime, I had no other amusement than to listen to the tumult of noises which succeeded each other, or reigned in confusion together, during the whole morning. Paris I had thought the most noisy capital in the world, but Paris seemed midnight silence compared to London. Cannon thundered near and at a distance; drums, trumpets, and military music of every kind rolled, flourished, and pierced the clouds, almost without intermission. To fill up the concert, bells pealed incessantly from a hundred steeples. The acclamations of an immense multitude were heard from time to time, like the roaring of a mighty ocean, and all this without my being able to glean the least idea of what was going on, for the windows of our apartment looked upon a waste back-yard, which seemed totally deserted. My curiosity became extreme, for I was satisfied, at length, that it must be some festival of the highest order which called forth these incessant sounds.

‘My uncle at length returned, and with him a man of an exterior singularly unprepossessing. I need not describe him to you, for — do not look round — he rides behind us at this moment.’

‘That respectable person, Mr. Cristal Nixon, I suppose?’ said Darsie.

‘The same,’ answered Lillias; ‘make no gesture that may intimate we are speaking of him.’

Darsie signified that he understood her, and she pursued her relation.

‘They were both in full dress, and my uncle, taking a bundle from Nixon, said to me, “Lilias, I am come to carry you to see a grand ceremony; put on as hastily as you can the dress you will find in that parcel, and prepare to attend me.” I found a female dress, splendid and elegant, but somewhat bordering upon the antique fashion. It might be that of England, I thought, and I went to my apartment full of curiosity, and dressed myself with all speed.

‘My uncle surveyed me with attention. “She may pass for one of the flower-girls,” he said to Nixon, who only answered with a nod.

‘We left the house together, and such was their knowledge of the lanes, courts, and bye-paths that, though there was the roar of a multitude in the broad streets, those which we traversed were silent and deserted; and the strollers whom we met, tired of gazing upon gayer figures, scarcely honoured us with a passing look, although at any other time we should, among these vulgar suburbs, have attracted a troublesome share of observation. We crossed at length a broad street, where many soldiers were on guard, while others, exhausted with previous duty, were eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping beside their piled arms.

‘“One day, Nixon,” whispered my uncle, “we will make these redcoated gentry stand to their muskets more watchfully.”

‘“Or it will be the worse for them,” answered his attendant, in a voice as unpleasant as his physiognomy.

‘Unquestioned and unchallenged by any one, we crossed among the guards, and Nixon tapped thrice at a small postern door in a huge ancient building which was straight before us. It opened, and we entered without my perceiving by whom we were admitted. A few dark and narrow passages at length conveyed us into an immense Gothic hall, the magnificence of which baffles my powers of description.

‘It was illuminated by ten thousand wax lights, whose splendour at first dazzled my eyes, coming as we did from these dark and secret avenues. But when my sight began to become steady, how shall I describe what I beheld! Beneath were huge ranges of tables, occupied by princes and nobles in their robes of state; high officers of the crown, wearing their dresses and badges of authority; reverend prelates and judges, the sages of the church and law, in their more sombre, yet not less awful robes, with others whose antique and striking costume

announced their importance, though I could not even guess who they might be. But at length the truth burst on me at once: it was, and the murmurs around confirmed it, the coronation feast. At a table above the rest, and extending across the upper end of the hall, sat enthroned the youthful sovereign himself, surrounded by the princes of the blood and other dignitaries, and receiving the suit and homage of his subjects. Heralds and pursuivants, blazing in their fantastic yet splendid armorial habits, and pages of honour, gorgeously arrayed in the garb of other days, waited upon the princely banqueters. In the galleries with which this spacious hall was surrounded shone all, and more than all, that my poor imagination could conceive of what was brilliant in riches or captivating in beauty. Countless rows of ladies, whose diamonds, jewels, and splendid attire were their least powerful charms, looked down from their lofty seats on the rich scene beneath, themselves forming a show as dazzling and as beautiful as that of which they were spectators. Under these galleries, and behind the banqueting-tables, were a multitude of gentlemen, dressed as if to attend a court, but whose garb, although rich enough to have adorned a royal drawing-room, could not distinguish them in such a high scene as this. Amongst these we wandered for a few minutes, undistinguished and unregarded. I saw several young persons dressed as I was, so was under no embarrassment from the singularity of my habit, and only rejoiced, as I hung on my uncle's arm, at the magical splendour of such a scene, and at his goodness for procuring me the pleasure of beholding it.

'By and by, I perceived that my uncle had acquaintances among those who were under the galleries, and seemed, like ourselves, to be mere spectators of the solemnity. They recognised each other with a single word, sometimes only with a gripe of the hand — exchanged some private signs, doubtless — and gradually formed a little group, in the centre of which we were placed.

"Is it not a grand sight, Lilius?" said my uncle. "All the noble, and all the wise, and all the wealthy of Britain are there assembled."

"It is indeed," said I, "all that my mind could have fancied of regal power and splendour."

"Girl," he whispered — and my uncle can make his whispers as terribly emphatic as his thundering voice or his blighting look — "all that is noble and worthy in this fair land are there

assembled, but it is to bend like slaves and sycophants before the throne of a new usurper."

"I looked at him, and the dark hereditary frown of our unhappy ancestor was black upon his brow.

"For God's sake," I whispered, "consider where we are."

"Fear nothing," he said: "we are surrounded by friends." As he proceeded, his strong and muscular frame shook with suppressed agitation. "See," he said, "yonder bends Norfolk, renegade to his Catholic faith; there stoops the bishop of——, traitor to the Church of England; and—shame of shames! yonder the gigantic form of Errol bows his head before the grandson of his father's murderer! But a sign shall be seen this night amongst them: '*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*' shall be read on these walls as distinctly as the spectral handwriting made them visible on those of Belshazzar!"

"For God's sake," said I, dreadfully alarmed, "it is impossible you can meditate violence in such a presence!"

"None is intended, fool," he answered, "nor can the slightest mischance happen, provided you will rally your boasted courage and obey my directions. But do it coolly and quickly, for there are an hundred lives at stake."

"Alas! what can I do?" I asked in the utmost terror.

"Only be prompt to execute my bidding," said he; "it is but to lift a glove. Here, hold this in your hand—throw the train of your dress over it—be firm, composed, and ready—or, at all events, I step forward myself."

"If there is no violence designed," I said, taking, mechanically, the iron glove he put into my hand.

"I could not conceive his meaning; but, in the excited state of mind in which I beheld him, I was convinced that disobedience on my part would lead to some wild explosion. I felt, from the emergency of the occasion, a sudden presence of mind, and resolved to do anything that might avert violence and bloodshed. I was not long held in suspense. A loud flourish of trumpets, and the voice of heralds, were mixed with the clatter of horse's hoofs, while a champion armed at all points, like those I had read of in romances, attended by squires, pages, and the whole retinue of chivalry, pranced forward, mounted upon a barbed steed. His challenge, in defiance of all who dared impeach the title of the new sovereign, was recited aloud—once and again.

"Rush in at the third sounding," said my uncle to me; "bring me the parader's gage, and leave mine in lieu of it."

‘I could not see how this was to be done, as we were surrounded by people on all sides. But, at the third sounding of the trumpets, a lane opened, as if by word of command, betwixt me and the champion, and my uncle’s voice said, “Now, Liliās, now!”

‘With a swift and yet steady step, and with a presence of mind for which I have never since been able to account, I discharged the perilous commission. I was hardly seen, I believe, as I exchanged the pledges of battle, and in an instant retired. “Nobly done, my girl!” said my uncle, at whose side I found myself, shrouded as I was before, by the interposition of the bystanders. “Cover our retreat, gentlemen,” he whispered to those around him.

‘Room was made for us to approach the wall, which seemed to open, and we were again involved in the dark passages through which we had formerly passed. In a small ante-room, my uncle stopped, and hastily muffling me in a mantle which was lying there, we passed the guards, threaded the labyrinth of empty streets and courts, and reached our retired lodgings without attracting the least attention.’

‘I have often heard,’ said Darsie, ‘that a female, supposed to be a man in disguise — and yet, Liliās, you do not look very masculine — had taken up the champion’s gauntlet at the present king’s coronation, and left in its place a gage of battle, with a paper, offering to accept the combat, provided a fair field should be allowed for it. I have hitherto considered it as an idle tale. I little thought how nearly I was interested in the actors of a scene so daring. How could you have courage to go through with it?’¹

‘Had I had leisure for reflection,’ answered his sister, ‘I should have refused, from a mixture of principle and of fear. But, like many people who do daring actions, I went on because I had not time to think of retreating. The matter was little known, and it is said the king had commanded that it should not be farther inquired into — from prudence, as I suppose, and lenity, though my uncle chooses to ascribe the forbearance of the Elector of Hanover, as he calls him, sometimes to pusillanimity and sometimes to a presumptuous scorn of the faction who opposes his title.’

‘And have your subsequent agencies under this frantic enthusiast,’ said Darsie, ‘equalled this in danger?’

‘No, nor in importance,’ replied Liliās; ‘though I have

¹ See Coronation of George III. Note 37.

witnessed much of the strange and desperate machinations by which, in spite of every obstacle and in contempt of every danger, he endeavours to awaken the courage of a broken party. I have traversed in his company all England and Scotland, and have visited the most extraordinary and contrasted scenes; now lodging at the castles of the proud gentry of Cheshire and Wales, where the retired aristocrats, with opinions as antiquated as their dwellings and their manners, still continue to nourish Jacobitical principles; and the next week, perhaps, spent among outlawed smugglers or Highland banditti. I have known my uncle often act the part of a hero, and sometimes that of a mere vulgar conspirator, and turn himself, with the most surprising flexibility, into all sorts of shapes to attract proselytes to his cause.'

'Which, in the present day,' said Darsie, 'he finds, I presume, no easy task.'

'So difficult,' said Lilius, 'that I believe he has, at different times, disgusted with the total falling away of some friends and the coldness of others, been almost on the point of resigning his undertaking. How often have I known him affect an open brow and a jovial manner, joining in the games of the gentry, and even in the sports of the common people, in order to invest himself with a temporary degree of popularity, while, in fact, his heart was bursting to witness what he called the degeneracy of the times, the decay of activity among the aged, and the want of zeal in the rising generation. After the day has been passed in the hardest exercise, he has spent the night in pacing his solitary chamber, bewailing the downfall of the cause, and wishing for the bullet of Dundee or the axe of Balmerino.'

'A strange delusion,' said Darsie; 'and it is wonderful that it does not yield to the force of reality.'

'Ah, but,' replied Lilius, 'realities of late have seemed to flatter his hopes. The general dissatisfaction with the peace, the unpopularity of the minister, which has extended itself even to the person of his master, the various uproars which have disturbed the quiet of the metropolis, and a general state of disgust and dissatisfaction, which seems to affect the body of the nation, have given unwonted encouragement to the expiring hopes of the Jacobites, and induced many, both at the court of Rome and, if it can be called so, of the Pretender, to lend a more favourable ear than they had hitherto done to the insinuations of those who, like my uncle, hope when hope is

lost to all but themselves. Nay, I really believe that at this moment they meditate some desperate effort. My uncle has been doing all in his power of late to conciliate the affections of those wild communities that dwell on the Solway, over whom our family possessed a seigniorial interest before the forfeiture, and amongst whom, on the occasion of 1745, our unhappy father's interest, with his own, raised a considerable body of men. But they are no longer willing to obey his summons; and, as one apology among others, they allege your absence as their natural head and leader. This has increased his desire to obtain possession of your person, and, if he possibly can, to influence your mind, so as to obtain your authority to his proceedings.'

'That he shall never obtain,' answered Darsie: 'my principles and my prudence alike forbid such a step. Besides, it would be totally unavailing to his purpose. Whatever these people may pretend to evade your uncle's importunities, they cannot, at this time of day, think of subjecting their necks again to the feudal yoke, which was effectually broken by the Act of 1748, abolishing vassalage and hereditary jurisdictions.'

'Ay, but that my uncle considers as the act of a usurping government,' said Liliass.

'Like enough *he* may think so,' answered her brother, 'for he is a superior, and loses his authority by the enactment. But the question is, what the vassals will think of it, who have gained their freedom from feudal slavery, and have now enjoyed that freedom for many years? However, to cut the matter short, if five hundred men would rise at the wagging of my finger, that finger should not be raised in a cause which I disapprove of, and upon that my uncle may reckon.'

'But you may temporise,' said Liliass, upon whom the idea of her uncle's displeasure made evidently a strong impression — 'you may temporise, as most of the gentry in this country do, and let the bubble burst of itself; for it is singular how few of them venture to oppose my uncle directly. I entreat you to avoid direct collision with him. To hear you, the head of the house of Redgauntlet, declare against the family of Stuart would either break his heart or drive him to some act of desperation.'

'Yes, but, Liliass, you forget that the consequences of such an act of complaisance might be, that the house of Redgauntlet and I might lose both our heads at one blow.'

'Alas!' said she, 'I had forgotten that danger. I have

grown familiar with perilous intrigues, as the nurses in a pest-house are said to become accustomed to the air around them, till they forget even that it is noisome.'

'And yet,' said Darsie, 'if I could free myself from him without coming to an open rupture — Tell me, Liliass, do you think it possible that he can have any immediate attempt in view?'

'To confess the truth,' answered Liliass, 'I cannot doubt that he has. There has been an unusual bustle among the Jacobites of late. They have hopes, as I told you, from circumstances unconnected with their own strength. Just before you came to the country, my uncle's desire to find you out became, if possible, more eager than ever — he talked of men to be presently brought together, and of your name and influence for raising them. At this very time, your first visit to Brokenburn took place. A suspicion arose in my uncle's mind that you might be the youth he sought, and it was strengthened by papers and letters which the rascal Nixon did not hesitate to take from your pocket. Yet a mistake might have occasioned a fatal explosion; and my uncle therefore posted to Edinburgh to follow out the clue he had obtained, and fished enough of information from old Mr. Fairford to make him certain that you were the person he sought. Meanwhile, and at the expense of some personal, and perhaps too bold, exertion, I endeavoured, through your friend young Fairford, to put you on your guard.'

'Without success,' said Darsie, blushing under his mask, when he recollected how he had mistaken his sister's meaning.

'I do not wonder that my warning was fruitless,' said she: 'the thing was doomed to be. Besides, your escape would have been difficult. You were dogged the whole time you were at the Shepherd's Bush and at Mount Sharon by a spy who scarcely ever left you.'

'The wretch little Benjie!' exclaimed Darsie. 'I will wring the monkey's neck round the first time we meet.'

'It was he indeed who gave constant information of your motions to Cristal Nixon,' said Liliass.

'And Cristal Nixon — I owe him, too, a day's work in harvest,' said Darsie; 'for I am mistaken if he is not the person that struck me down when I was made prisoner among the rioters.'

'Like enough; for he has a head and hand for any villainy. My uncle was very angry about it; for though the riot was made to have an opportunity of carrying you off in the con-

fusion, as well as to put the fishermen at variance with the public law, it would have been his last thought to have injured a hair of your head. But Nixon has insinuated himself into all my uncle's secrets, and some of these are so dark and dangerous that, though there are few things he would *not* dare, I doubt if he dare quarrel with him. And yet I know that of Cristal would move my uncle to pass his sword through his body.'

'What is it, for Heaven's sake?' said Darsie; 'I have a particular desire for wishing to know.'

'The old brutal desperado, whose face and mind are a libel upon human nature, has had the insolence to speak to his master's niece as one whom he was at liberty to admire; and when I turned on him with the anger and contempt he merited, the wretch grumbled out something, as if he held the destiny of our family in his hand.'

'I thank you, Liliás,' said Darsie, eagerly — 'I thank you with all my heart for this communication. I have blamed myself as a Christian man for the indescribable longing I felt, from the first moment I saw that rascal, to send a bullet through his head; and now you have perfectly accounted for and justified this very laudable wish. I wonder my uncle, with the powerful sense you describe him to be possessed of, does not see through such a villain.'

'I believe he knows him to be capable of much evil,' answered Liliás — 'selfish, obdurate, brutal, and a man-hater. But then he conceives him to possess the qualities most requisite for a conspirator — undaunted courage, imperturbable coolness and address, and inviolable fidelity. In the last particular he may be mistaken. I have heard Nixon blamed for the manner in which our poor father was taken after Culloden.'

'Another reason for my innate aversion,' said Darsie; 'but I will be on my guard with him.'

'See, he observes us closely,' said Liliás. 'What a thing is conscience! He knows we are now speaking of him, though he cannot have heard a word that we have said.'

It seemed as if she had guessed truly; for Cristal Nixon at that moment rode up to them, and said, with an affectation of jocularly which sat very ill upon his sullen features, 'Come, young ladies, you have had time enough for your chat this morning, and your tongues, I think, must be tired. We are going to pass a village, and I must beg you to separate — you, Miss Liliás, to ride a little behind, and you, Mrs., or Miss, or

Master, whichever you choose to be called, to be jogging a little bit before.'

Lilias checked her horse without speaking, but not until she had given her brother an expressive look, recommending caution; to which he replied by a signal, indicating that he understood and would comply with her request.

CHAPTER XIX

Narrative of Darsie Latimer, Continued

LEFT to his solitary meditations, Darsie (for we will still term Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that Ilk by the name to which the reader is habituated) was surprised not only at the alteration of his own state and condition, but at the equanimity with which he felt himself disposed to view all these vicissitudes.

His fever-fit of love had departed like a morning's dream, and left nothing behind but a painful sense of shame, and a resolution to be more cautious ere he again indulged in such romantic visions. His station in society was changed from that of a wandering, unowned youth, in whom none appeared to take an interest, excepting the strangers by whom he had been educated, to the heir of a noble house, possessed of such influence and such property that it seemed as if the progress or arrest of important political events was likely to depend upon his resolution. Even this sudden elevation, the more than fulfilment of those wishes which had haunted him ever since he was able to form a wish on the subject, was contemplated by Darsie, volatile as his disposition was, without more than a few thrills of gratified vanity.

It is true, there were circumstances in his present situation to counterbalance such high advantages. To be a prisoner in the hands of a man so determined as his uncle was no agreeable consideration, when he was calculating how he might best dispute his pleasure, and refuse to join him in the perilous enterprise which he seemed to meditate. Outlawed and desperate himself, Darsie could not doubt that his uncle was surrounded by men capable of anything, that he was restrained by no personal considerations; and therefore what degree of compulsion he might apply to his brother's son, or in what manner he might feel at liberty to punish his contumacy,

should he disavow the Jacobite cause, must depend entirely upon the limits of his own conscience ; and who was to answer for the conscience of a heated enthusiast, who considers opposition to the party he has espoused as treason to the welfare of his country ? After a short interval, Cristal Nixon was pleased to throw some light upon the subject which agitated him.

When that grim satellite rode up without ceremony close to Darsie's side, the latter felt his very flesh creep with abhorrence, so little was he able to endure his presence, since the story of Liliás had added to his instinctive hatred of the man. His voice, too, sounded like that of a screech-owl, as he said, 'So, my young cock of the North, you now know it all, and no doubt are blessing your uncle for stirring you up to such an honourable action.'

'I will acquaint my uncle with my sentiments on the subject, before I make them known to any one else,' said Darsie, scarcely prevailing on his tongue to utter even these few words in a civil manner.

'Umph,' murmured Cristal between his teeth. 'Close as wax, I see ; and perhaps not quite so pliable. But take care, my pretty youth,' he added, scornfully ; 'Hugh Redgauntlet will prove a rough colt-breaker : he will neither spare whipcord nor spur-rowel, I promise you.'

'I have already said, Mr. Nixon,' answered Darsie, 'that I will canvass those matters of which my sister has informed me with my uncle himself, and with no other person.'

'Nay, but a word of friendly advice would do you no harm, young master,' replied Nixon. 'Old Redgauntlet is apter at a blow than a word—likely to bite before he barks—the true man for giving Scarborough warning—first knock you down, then bid you stand. So, methinks, a little kind warning as to consequences were not amiss, lest they come upon you unawares.'

'If the warning is really kind, Mr. Nixon,' said the young man, 'I will hear it thankfully ; and, indeed, if otherwise, I must listen to it whether I will or no, since I have at present no choice of company or of conversation.'

'Nay, I have but little to say,' said Nixon, affecting to give to his sullen and dogged manner the appearance of an honest bluntness : 'I am as little apt to throw away words as any one. But here is the question—Will you join heart and hand with your uncle or no ?'

'What if I should say "Ay"?' said Darsie, determined, if possible, to conceal his resolution from this man.

'Why, then,' said Nixon, somewhat surprised at the readiness of his answer, 'all will go smooth, of course: you will take share in this noble undertaking, and, when it succeeds, you will exchange your open helmet for an earl's coronet perhaps.'

'And how if it fails?' said Darsie.

'Thereafter as it may be,' said Nixon: 'they who play at bowls must meet with rubbers.'

'Well, but suppose, then, I have some foolish tenderness for my windpipe, and that, when my uncle proposes the adventure to me, I should say "No" — how then, Mr. Nixon?'

'Why, then, I would have you look to yourself, young master. There are sharp laws in France against refractory pupils — *lettres de cachet* are easily come by, when such men as we are concerned with interest themselves in the matter.'

'But we are not in France,' said poor Darsie, through whose blood ran a cold shivering at the idea of a French prison.

'A fast-sailing lugger will soon bring you there though, snug stowed under hatches, like a cask of moonlight.'

'But the French are at peace with us,' said Darsie, 'and would not dare —'

'Why, who would ever hear of you?' interrupted Nixon. 'Do you imagine that a foreign court would call you up for judgment, and put the sentence of imprisonment in the *Courier de l'Europe*, as they do at the Old Bailey? No — no, young gentleman — the gates of the Bastille, and of Mont St. Michel, and the Castle of Vincennes move on d—d easy hinges when they let folk in: not the least jar is heard. There are cool cells there for hot heads — as calm, and quiet, and dark as you could wish in Bedlam; and the dismissal comes when the carpenter brings the prisoner's coffin, and not sooner.'

'Well, Mr. Nixon,' said Darsie, affecting a cheerfulness which he was far from feeling, 'mine is a hard case — a sort of hanging choice, you will allow — since I must either offend our own government here, and run the risk of my life for doing so, or be doomed to the dungeons of another country, whose laws I have never offended, since I have never trod its soil. Tell me what you would do if you were in my place.'

'I'll tell you that when I *am* there,' said Nixon, and, checking his horse, fell back to the rear of the little party.

'It is evident,' thought the young man, 'that the villain believes me completely noosed, and perhaps has the ineffable

impudence to suppose that my sister must eventually succeed to the possessions which have occasioned my loss of freedom, and that his own influence over the destinies of our unhappy family may secure him possession of the heiress; but he shall perish by my hand first! I must now be on the alert to make my escape, if possible, before I am forced on shipboard. Blind Willie will not, I think, desert me without an effort on my behalf, especially if he has learned that I am the son of his late unhappy patron. What a change is mine! Whilst I possessed neither rank nor fortune, I lived safely and unknown, under the protection of the kind and respectable friends whose hearts Heaven had moved towards me. Now that I am the head of an honourable house, and that enterprises of the most daring character wait my decision, and retainers and vassals seem ready to rise at my beck, my safety consists chiefly in the attachment of a blind stroller!’

While he was revolving these things in his mind, and preparing himself for the interview with his uncle, which could not but be a stormy one, he saw Hugh Redgauntlet come riding slowly back to meet them, without any attendants. Cristal Nixon rode up as he approached, and, as they met, fixed on him a look of inquiry.

‘The fool, Crackenthorp,’ said Redgauntlet, ‘has let strangers into his house. Some of his smuggling comrades, I believe; we must ride slowly to give him time to send them packing.’

‘Did you see any of your friends?’ said Cristal.

‘Three, and have letters from many more. They are unanimous on the subject you wot of; and the point must be conceded to them, or, far as the matter has gone, it will go no farther.’

‘You will hardly bring the Father to stoop to his flock,’ said Cristal, with a sneer.

‘He must and shall!’ answered Redgauntlet, briefly. ‘Go to the front, Cristal—I would speak with my nephew. I trust, Sir Arthur Redgauntlet, you are satisfied with the manner in which I have discharged my duty to your sister?’

‘There can be no fault found to her manners or sentiments,’ answered Darsie; ‘I am happy in knowing a relative so amiable.’

‘I am glad of it,’ answered Mr. Redgauntlet. ‘I am no nice judge of women’s qualifications, and my life has been dedicated to one great object; so that since she left France she has had but little opportunity of improvement. I have sub-

jected her, however, as little as possible to the inconveniences and privations of my wandering and dangerous life. From time to time he has resided for weeks and months with families of honour and respectability, and I am glad that she has, in your opinion, the manners and behaviour which become her birth.'

Darsie expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and there was a little pause, which Redgauntlet broke by solemnly addressing his nephew.

'For you, my nephew, I also hoped to have done much. The weakness and timidity of your mother sequestered you from my care, or it would have been my pride and happiness to have trained up the son of my unhappy brother in those paths of honour in which our ancestors have always trod.'

'Now comes the storm,' thought Darsie to himself, and began to collect his thoughts, as the cautious master of a vessel furls his sails and makes his ship snug when he discerns the approaching squall.

'My mother's conduct in respect to me might be misjudged,' he said, 'but it was founded on the most anxious affection.'

'Assuredly,' said his uncle, 'and I have no wish to reflect on her memory, though her mistrust has done so much injury, I will not say to me, but to the cause of my unhappy country. Her scheme was, I think, to have made you that wretched pettifogging being which they still continue to call in derision by the once respectable name of a Scottish advocate — one of those mongrel things that must creep to learn the ultimate decision of his causes to the bar of a foreign court, instead of pleading before the independent and august Parliament of his own native kingdom.'

'I did prosecute the study of law for a year or two,' said Darsie, 'but I found I had neither taste nor talents for the science.'

'And left it with scorn, doubtless,' said Mr. Redgauntlet. 'Well, I now hold up to you, my dearest nephew, a more worthy object of ambition. Look eastward — do you see a monument standing on yonder plain, near a hamlet?'

Darsie replied that he did.

'The hamlet is called Burgh-upon-Sands, and yonder monument is erected to the memory of the tyrant Edward I. The just hand of Providence overtook him on that spot, as he was leading his bands to complete the subjugation of Scotland, whose civil dissensions began under his accursed policy. The

glorious career of Bruce might have been stopped in its outset, the field of Bannockburn might have remained a bloodless turf, if God had not removed, in the very crisis, the crafty and bold tyrant who had so long been Scotland's scourge. Edward's grave is the cradle of our national freedom. It is within sight of that great landmark of our liberty that I have to propose to you an undertaking second in honour and importance to none since the immortal Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn, and grasped, with his yet bloody hand, the independent crown of Scotland.'

He paused for an answer; but Darsie, overawed by the energy of his manner, and unwilling to commit himself by a hasty explanation, remained silent.

'I will not suppose,' said Hugh Redgauntlet, after a pause, 'that you are either so dull as not to comprehend the import of my words, or so dastardly as to be dismayed by my proposal, or so utterly degenerate from the blood and sentiments of your ancestors as not to feel my summons as the horse hears the war-trumpet.'

'I will not pretend to misunderstand you, sir,' said Darsie; 'but an enterprise directed against a dynasty now established for three reigns requires strong arguments, both in point of justice and of expediency, to recommend it to men of conscience and prudence.'

'I will not,' said Redgauntlet, while his eyes sparkled with anger — 'I will not hear you speak a word against the justice of that enterprise for which your oppressed country calls with the voice of a parent, entreating her children for aid; or against that noble revenge which your father's blood demands from his dishonoured grave. His skull is yet standing over the Rikargate,¹ and even its bleak and mouldered jaws command you to be a man. I ask you, in the name of God and of your country, will you draw your sword and go with me to Carlisle, were it but to lay your father's head, now the perch of the obscene owl and carrion crow, and the scoff of every ribald clown, in consecrated earth, as befits his long ancestry?'

Darsie, unprepared to answer an appeal urged with so much passion, and not doubting a direct refusal would cost him his liberty or life, was again silent.

'I see,' said his uncle, in a more composed tone, 'that it is not deficiency of spirit, but the grovelling habits of a confined

¹ The northern gate of Carlisle was long garnished with the heads of the Scottish rebels executed in 1746.

education among the poor-spirited class you were condemned to herd with, that keeps you silent. You scarce yet believe yourself a Redgauntlet: your pulse has not yet learned the genuine throb that answers to the summons of honour and of patriotism.'

'I trust,' replied Darsie at last, 'that I shall never be found indifferent to the call of either; but to answer them with effect — even were I convinced that they now sounded in my ear — I must see some reasonable hope of success in the desperate enterprise in which you would involve me. I look around me, and I see a settled government — an established authority — a born Briton on the throne — the very Highland mountaineers, upon whom alone the trust of the exiled family reposed, assembled into regiments, which act under the orders of the existing dynasty.¹ France has been utterly dismayed by the tremendous lessons of the last war, and will hardly provoke another. All without and within the kingdom is adverse to encountering a hopeless struggle, and you alone, sir, seem willing to undertake a desperate enterprise.'

'And would undertake it were it ten times more desperate; and have agitated it when ten times the obstacles were interposed. Have I forgot my brother's blood? Can I — dare I even now repeat the paternoster, since my enemies and the murderers remain unforgiven? Is there an art I have not practised, a privation to which I have not submitted, to bring on the crisis which I now behold arrived? Have I not been a vowed and a devoted man, foregoing every comfort of social life, renouncing even the exercise of devotion, unless when I might name in prayer my prince and country, submitting to everything to make converts to this noble cause? Have I done all this, and shall I now stop short?' Darsie was about to interrupt him, but he pressed his hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and enjoining, or rather imploring, silence — 'Peace,' he said, 'heir of my ancestors' fame — heir of all my hopes and wishes! Peace, son of my slaughtered brother! I have sought for thee, and mourned for thee, as a mother for an only child. Do not let me again lose you in the moment when you are restored to my hopes. Believe me, I distrust so much my own impatient temper, that I entreat you, as the dearest boon, do nought to awaken it at this crisis.'

Darsie was not sorry to reply, that his respect for the person of his relation would induce him to listen to all which he had

¹ See Highland Regiments. Note 38.

to apprise him of before he formed any definite resolution upon the weighty subjects of deliberation which he proposed to him.

'Deliberation!' repeated Redgauntlet, impatiently; 'and yet it is not ill said. I wish there had been more warmth in thy reply, Arthur; but I must recollect were an eagle bred in a falcon's mew, and hooded like a reclaimed hawk, he could not at first gaze steadily on the sun. Listen to me, my dearest Arthur. The state of this nation no more implies prosperity than the florid colour of a feverish patient is a symptom of health. All is false and hollow: the apparent success of Chatham's administration has plunged the country deeper in debt than all the barren acres of Canada are worth, were they as fertile as Yorkshire; the dazzling lustre of the victories of Minden and Quebec have been dimmed by the disgrace of the hasty peace; by the war, England, at immense expense, gained nothing but honour, and that she has gratuitously resigned. Many eyes, formerly cold and indifferent, are now looking towards the line of our ancient and rightful monarchs, as the only refuge in the approaching storm; the rich are alarmed, the nobles are disgusted, the populace are inflamed, and a band of patriots, whose measures are more safe than their numbers are few, have resolved to set up King Charles's standard.'

'But the military,' said Darsie — 'how can you, with a body of unarmed and disorderly insurgents, propose to encounter a regular army? The Highlanders are now totally disarmed.'

'In a great measure, perhaps,' answered Redgauntlet; 'but the policy which raised the Highland regiments has provided for that. We have already friends in these corps; nor can we doubt for a moment what their conduct will be when the white cockade is once more mounted. The rest of the standing army has been greatly reduced since the peace; and we reckon confidently on our standard being joined by thousands of the disbanded troops.'

'Alas!' said Darsie, 'and is it upon such vague hopes as these, the inconstant humour of a crowd or of a disbanded soldiery, that men of honour are invited to risk their families, their property, their life?'

'Men of honour, boy,' said Redgauntlet, his eyes glancing with impatience, 'set life, property, family, and all at stake when that honour commands it. We are not now weaker than when seven men, landing in the wilds of Moidart, shook the throne of the usurper till it tottered, won two pitched fields, besides overrunning one kingdom and the half of another, and,

but for treachery, would have achieved what their venturous successors are now to attempt in their turn.'

'And will such an attempt be made in serious earnest?' said Darsie. 'Excuse me, my uncle, if I can scarce believe a fact so extraordinary. Will there really be found men of rank and consequence sufficient to renew the adventure of 1745?'

'I will not give you my confidence by halves, Sir Arthur,' replied his uncle. 'Look at that scroll — what say you to these names? Are they not the flower of the Western shires, of Wales, of Scotland?'

'The paper contains indeed the names of many that are great and noble,' replied Darsie, after perusing it; 'but——'

'But what?' asked his uncle impatiently. 'Do you doubt the ability of those nobles and gentlemen to furnish the aid in men and money at which they are rated?'

'Not their ability certainly,' said Darsie, 'for of that I am no competent judge; but I see in this scroll the name of Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that ilk rated at an hundred men and upwards — I certainly am ignorant how he is to redeem that pledge.'

'I will be responsible for the men,' replied Hugh Redgauntlet.

'But, my dear uncle,' added Darsie, 'I hope, for your sake, that the other individuals whose names are here written have had more acquaintance with your plan than I have been indulged with.'

'For thee and thine I can be myself responsible,' said Redgauntlet; 'for if thou hast not the courage to head the force of thy house, the leading shall pass to other hands, and thy inheritance shall depart from thee, like vigour and verdure from a rotten branch. For these honourable persons, a slight condition there is which they annex to their friendship — something so trifling that it is scarce worthy of mention. This boon granted to them by him who is most interested, there is no question they will take the field in the manner there stated.'

Again Darsie perused the paper, and felt himself still less inclined to believe that so many men of family and fortune were likely to embark in an enterprise so fatal. It seemed as if some rash plotter had put down at a venture the names of all whom common report tainted with Jacobitism; or, if it was really the act of the individuals named, he suspected they must be aware of some mode of excusing themselves from compliance with its purport. It was impossible, he thought, that Englishmen of large fortune, who had failed to join Charles when he

broke into England at the head of a victorious army, should have the least thoughts of encouraging a descent when circumstances were so much less propitious. He therefore concluded the enterprise would fall to pieces of itself, and that his best way was, in the meantime, to remain silent, unless the actual approach of a crisis (which might, however, never arrive) should compel him to give a downright refusal to his uncle's proposition; and if, in the interim, some door for escape should be opened, he resolved within himself not to omit availing himself of it.

Hugh Redgauntlet watched his nephew's looks for some time, and then, as if arriving from some other process of reasoning at the same conclusion, he said, 'I have told you, Sir Arthur, that I do not urge your immediate accession to my proposal; indeed, the consequences of a refusal would be so dreadful to yourself, so destructive to all the hopes which I have nursed, that I would not risk, by a moment's impatience, the object of my whole life. Yes, Arthur, I have been a self-denying hermit at one time, at another the apparent associate of outlaws and desperadoes, at another the subordinate agent of men whom I felt every way my inferiors — not for any selfish purpose of my own — no, not even to win for myself the renown of being the principal instrument in restoring my king and freeing my country. My first wish on earth is for that restoration and that freedom; my next, that my nephew, the representative of my house and of the brother of my love, may have the advantage and the credit of all my efforts in the good cause. But,' he added, darting on Darsie one of his withering frowns, 'if Scotland and my father's house cannot stand and flourish together, then perish the very name of Redgauntlet! perish the son of my brother, with every recollection of the glories of my family, of the affections of my youth, rather than my country's cause should be injured in the tithing of a barleycorn! The spirit of Sir Alberick is alive within me at this moment,' he continued, drawing up his stately form and sitting erect in his saddle, while he pressed his finger against his forehead; 'and if you yourself crossed my path in opposition, I swear, by the mark that darkens my brow, that a new deed should be done — a new doom should be deserved!'

He was silent, and his threats were uttered in a tone of voice so deeply resolute, that Darsie's heart sunk within him, when he reflected on the storm of passion which he must encounter if he declined to join his uncle in a project to which prudence

and principle made him equally adverse. He had scarce any hope left but in temporising until he could make his escape, and resolved to avail himself for that purpose of the delay which his uncle seemed not unwilling to grant. The stern, gloomy look of his companion became relaxed by degrees, and presently afterwards he made a sign to Miss Redgauntlet to join the party, and began a forced conversation on ordinary topics ; in the course of which Darsie observed that his sister seemed to speak under the most cautious restraint, weighing every word before she uttered it, and always permitting her uncle to give the tone to the conversation, though of the most trifling kind. This seemed to him, such an opinion had he already entertained of his sister's good sense and firmness, the strongest proof he had yet received of his uncle's peremptory character, since he saw it observed with so much deference by a young person whose sex might have given her privileges, and who seemed by no means deficient either in spirit or firmness.

The little cavalcade was now approaching the house of Father Crackenthorp, situated, as the reader knows, by the side of the Solway, and not far distant from a rude pier, near which lay several fishing-boats, which frequently acted in a different capacity. The house of the worthy publican was also adapted to the various occupations which he carried on, being a large scrambling assemblage of cottages attached to a house of two stories, roofed with flags of sandstone—the original mansion, to which the extension of Master Crackenthorp's trade had occasioned his making many additions. Instead of the single long watering-trough which usually distinguishes the front of the English public-house of the second class, there were three conveniences of that kind, for the use, as the landlord used to say, of the troop-horses, when the soldiers came to search his house ; while a knowing leer and a nod let you understand what species of troops he was thinking of. A huge ash-tree before the door, which had reared itself to a great size and height, in spite of the blasts from the neighbouring Solway, overshadowed, as usual, the ale-bench, as our ancestors called it, where, though it was still early in the day, several fellows, who seemed to be gentlemen's servants, were drinking beer and smoking. One or two of them wore liveries which seemed known to Mr. Redgauntlet, for he muttered between his teeth, 'Fools—fools! were they on a march to hell, they must have their rascals in livery with them, that the whole world might know who were going to be damned.'

As he thus muttered, he drew bridle before the door of the place, from which several other lounging guests began to issue, to look with indolent curiosity, as usual, upon an 'arrival.'

Redgauntlet sprung from his horse, and assisted his niece to dismount; but, forgetting, perhaps, his nephew's disguise, he did not pay him the attention which his female dress demanded.

The situation of Darsie was indeed something awkward; for Cristal Nixon, out of caution perhaps to prevent escape, had muffled the extreme folds of the riding-skirt with which he was accoutred around his ankles and under his feet, and there secured it with large corking-pins. We presume that gentlemen-cavaliers may sometimes cast their eyes to that part of the person of the fair equestrians whom they chance occasionally to escort; and if they will conceive their own feet, like Darsie's, muffled in such a labyrinth of folds and amplitude of robe as modesty doubtless induces the fair creatures to assume upon such occasions, they will allow that, on a first attempt, they might find some awkwardness in dismounting. Darsie, at least, was in such a predicament, for, not receiving adroit assistance from the attendant of Mr. Redgauntlet, he stumbled as he dismounted from the horse, and might have had a bad fall, had it not been broken by the gallant interposition of a gentleman, who probably was, on his part, a little surprised at the solid weight of the distressed fair one whom he had the honour to receive in his embrace. But what was his surprise to that of Darsie's, when the hurry of the moment and of the accident permitted him to see that it was his friend Alan Fairford in whose arms he found himself! A thousand apprehensions rushed on him, mingled with the full career of hope and joy, inspired by the unexpected appearance of his beloved friend at the very crisis, it seemed, of his fate.

He was about to whisper in his ear, cautioning him at the same time to be silent; yet he hesitated for a second or two to effect his purpose, since, should Redgauntlet take the alarm from any sudden exclamation on the part of Alan, there was no saying what consequences might ensue.

Ere he could decide what was to be done, Redgauntlet, who had entered the house, returned hastily, followed by Cristal Nixon. 'I'll release you of the charge of this young lady, sir,' he said, haughtily, to Alan Fairford, whom he probably did not recognise.

'I had no desire to intrude, sir,' replied Alan; 'the lady's

situation seemed to require assistance, and — but have I not the honour to speak to Mr. Herries of Birrenswork ?’

‘You are mistaken, sir,’ said Redgauntlet, turning short off and making a sign with his hand to Cristal, who hurried Darsie, however unwillingly, into the house, whispering in his ear, ‘Come, miss, let us have no making of acquaintance from the windows. Ladies of fashion must be private. Show us a room, Father Crackenthorp.’

So saying, he conducted Darsie into the house, interposing at the same time his person betwixt the supposed young lady and the stranger of whom he was suspicious, so as to make communication by signs impossible. As they entered, they heard the sound of a fiddle in the stone-floored and well-sanded kitchen, through which they were about to follow their corpulent host, and where several people seemed engaged in dancing to its strains.

‘D—n thee,’ said Nixon to Crackenthorp, ‘would you have the lady go through all the mob of the parish ? Hast thou no more private way to our sitting-room ?’

‘None that is fit for my travelling,’ answered the landlord, laying his hand on his portly stomach. ‘I am not Tom Turnpenny, to creep like a lizard through keyholes.’

So saying, he kept moving on through the revellers in the kitchen ; and Nixon holding Darsie by his arm, as if to offer the lady support, but in all probability to frustrate any effort at escape, moved through the crowd, which presented a very motley appearance, consisting of domestic servants, country fellows, seamen, and other idlers, whom Wandering Willie was regaling with his music.

To pass another friend without intimation of his presence would have been actual pusillanimity ; and just when they were passing the blind man’s elevated seat, Darsie asked him, with some emphasis, whether he could not play a Scottish air ? The man’s face had been the instant before devoid of all sort of expression, going through his performance like a clown through a beautiful country, too much accustomed to consider it as a task to take any interest in the performance, and, in fact, scarce seeming to hear the noise that he was creating. In a word, he might at the time have made a companion to my friend Wilkie’s inimitable blind crowder. But with Wandering Willie this was only an occasional and a rare fit of dulness, such as will at times creep over all the professors of the fine arts, arising either from fatigue, or contempt of the present

audience, or that caprice which so often tempts painters and musicians and great actors in the phrase of the latter, to 'walk through' their part, instead of exerting themselves with the energy which acquired their fame. But when the performer heard the voice of Darsie, his countenance became at once illuminated, and showed the complete mistake of those who suppose that the principal point of expression depends upon the eyes. With his face turned to the point from which the sound came, his upper lip a little curved and quivering with agitation, and with a colour which surprise and pleasure had brought at once into his faded cheek, he exchanged the humdrum hornpipe which he had been sawing out with reluctant and lazy bow for the fine Scottish air,

'You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,'

which flew from his strings as if by inspiration, and, after a breathless pause of admiration among the audience, was received with a clamour of applause which seemed to show that the name and tendency, as well as the execution of the tune, was in the highest degree acceptable to all the party assembled.

In the meantime, Cristal Nixon, still keeping hold of Darsie, and following the landlord, forced his way with some difficulty through the crowded kitchen, and entered a small apartment on the other side of it, where they found Lilius Redgauntlet already seated. Here Nixon gave way to his suppressed resentment, and turning sternly on Crackenthorp, threatened him with his master's severest displeasure because things were in such bad order to receive his family, when he had given such special advice that he desired to be private. But Father Crackenthorp was not a man to be browbeaten.

'Why, brother Nixon, thou art angry this morning,' he replied: 'hast risen from thy wrong side, I think. You know as well as I that most of this mob is of the Squire's own making—gentlemen that come with their servants, and so forth, to meet him in the way of business, as old Tom Turnpenny says: the very last that came was sent down with Dick Gardener from Fairladies.'

'But the blind scraping scoundrel yonder,' said Nixon, 'how dared you take such a rascal as that across your threshold at such a time as this? If the Squire should dream you have a thought of peaching—I am only speaking for your good, Father Crackenthorp.'

'Why, look ye, brother Nixon,' said Crackenthorp, turning

his quid with great composure, 'the Squire is a very worthy gentleman, and I'll never deny it; but I am neither his servant nor his tenant, and so he need send me none of his orders till he hears I have put on his livery. As for turning away folks from my door, I might as well plug up the ale-tap and pull down the sign; and as for peaching and such-like, the Squire will find the folk here are as honest to the full as those he brings with him.'

'How, you impudent lump of tallow,' said Nixon, 'what do you mean by that?'

'Nothing,' said Crackenthorp, 'but that I can tour out as well as another — you understand me — keep good lights in my upper story — know a thing or two more than most folk in this country. If folk will come to my house on dangerous errands, egad they shall not find Joe Crackenthorp a cat's-paw. I'll keep myself clear, you may depend on it, and let every man answer for his own actions — that's my way. Anything wanted, Master Nixon?'

'No. Yes — begone!' said Nixon, who seemed embarrassed with the landlord's contumacy, yet desirous to conceal the effect it produced on him.

The door was no sooner closed on Crackenthorp than Miss Redgauntlet, addressing Nixon, commanded him to leave the room and go to his proper place.

'How, madam?' said the fellow sullenly, yet with an air of respect. 'Would you have your uncle pistol me for disobeying his orders?'

'He may perhaps pistol you for some other reason, if you do not obey mine,' said Liliass, composedly.

'You abuse your advantage over me, madam. I really dare not go: I am on guard over this other miss here; and if I should desert my post, my life were not worth five minutes' purchase.'

'Then know your post, sir,' said Liliass, 'and watch on the outside of the door. You have no commission to listen to our private conversation, I suppose? Begone, sir, without further speech or remonstrance, or I will tell my uncle that which you would have reason to repent he should know.'

The fellow looked at her with a singular expression of spite, mixed with deference. 'You abuse your advantages, madam,' he said, 'and act as foolishly in doing so as I did in affording you such a hank over me. But you are a tyrant, and tyrants have commonly short reigns.'

So saying, he left the apartment.

'The wretch's unparalleled insolence,' said Lilius to her brother, 'has given me one great advantage over him. For, knowing that my uncle would shoot him with as little remorse as a woodcock if he but guessed at his brazen-faced assurance towards me, he dares not since that time assume, so far as I am concerned, the air of insolent domination which the possession of my uncle's secrets, and the knowledge of his most secret plans, have led him to exert over others of his family.'

'In the meantime,' said Darsie, 'I am happy to see that the landlord of the house does not seem so devoted to him as I apprehended; and this aids the hope of escape which I am nourishing for you and for myself. O, Lilius! the truest of friends, Alan Fairford, is in pursuit of me, and is here at this moment. Another humble, but I think faithful, friend is also within these dangerous walls.'

Lilius laid her finger on her lips, and pointed to the door. Darsie took the hint, lowered his voice, and informed her in whispers of the arrival of Fairford, and that he believed he had opened a communication with Wandering Willie. She listened with the utmost interest, and had just begun to reply, when a loud noise was heard in the kitchen, caused by several contending voices, amongst which Darsie thought he could distinguish that of Alan Fairford.

Forgetting how little his own condition permitted him to become the assistant of another, Darsie flew to the door of the room, and finding it locked and bolted on the outside, rushed against it with all his force, and made the most desperate efforts to burst it open, notwithstanding the entreaties of his sister that he would compose himself, and recollect the condition in which he was placed. But the door, framed to withstand attacks from excisemen, constables, and other personages, considered as worthy to use what are called the king's keys, 'and therewith to make lockfast places open and patent,' set his efforts at defiance. Meantime, the noise continued without, and we are to give an account of its origin in our next chapter.

CHAPTER XX

Narrative of Darsie Latimer, Continued

JOE CRACKENTHORP'S public-house had never, since it first reared its chimneys on the banks of the Solway, been frequented by such a miscellaneous group of visitors as had that morning become its guests. Several of them were persons whose quality seemed much superior to their dresses and modes of travelling. The servants who attended them contradicted the inferences to be drawn from the garb of their masters, and, according to the custom of the knights of the rainbow, gave many hints that they were not people to serve any but men of first-rate consequence. These gentlemen, who had come thither chiefly for the purpose of meeting with Mr. Redgauntlet, seemed moody and anxious, conversed and walked together, apparently in deep conversation, and avoided any communication with the chance travellers whom accident brought that morning to the same place of resort.

As if Fate had set herself to confound the plans of the Jacobite conspirators, the number of travellers was unusually great, their appearance respectable, and they filled the public tap-room of the inn, where the political guests had already occupied most of the private apartments.

Amongst others, honest Joshua Geddes had arrived, travelling, as he said, in the sorrow of the soul, and mourning for the fate of Darsie Latimer as he would for his first-born child. He had skirted the whole coast of the Solway, besides making various trips into the interior, not shunning, on such occasions, to expose himself to the laugh of the scorner, nay, even to serious personal risk, by frequenting the haunts of smugglers, horse-jockeys, and other irregular persons, who looked on his intrusion with jealous eyes, and were apt to consider him as an exciseman in the disguise of a Quaker. All this labour and peril, however, had been undergone in vain. No search he

could make obtained the least intelligence of Latimer, so that he began to fear the poor lad had been spirited abroad — for the practice of kidnapping was then not infrequent, especially on the western coasts of Britain — if indeed he had escaped a briefer and more bloody fate.

With a heavy heart he delivered his horse, even Solomon, into the hands of the hostler, and walking into the inn, demanded from the landlord breakfast and a private room. Quakers and such hosts as old Father Crackenthorp are no congenial spirits; the latter looked askew over his shoulder, and replied, 'If you would have breakfast here, friend, you are like to eat it where other folk eat theirs.'

'And wherefore can I not,' said the Quaker, 'have an apartment to myself for my money?'

'Because, Master Jonathan, you must wait till your betters be served, or else eat with your equals.'

Joshua Geddes argued the point no farther, but sitting quietly down on the seat which Crackenthorp indicated to him, and calling for a pint of ale, with some bread, butter, and Dutch cheese, began to satisfy the appetite which the morning air had rendered unusually alert.

While the honest Quaker was thus employed, another stranger entered the apartment, and sat down near to the table on which his victuals were placed. He looked repeatedly at Joshua, licked his parched and chapped lips as he saw the good Quaker masticate his bread and cheese, and sucked up his thin chops when Mr. Geddes applied the tankard to his mouth, as if the discharge of these bodily functions by another had awakened his sympathies in an uncontrollable degree. At last, being apparently unable to withstand his longings, he asked, in a faltering tone, the huge landlord, who was tramping through the room in all corpulent impatience, 'Whether he could have a plack-pie?'

'Never heard of such a thing, master,' said the landlord, and was about to trudge onward, when the guest, detaining him, said, in a strong Scottish tone, 'Ye will maybe have nae whey then, nor buttermilk, nor ye couldna exhibit a souter's clod?'

'Can't tell what ye are talking about, master,' said Crackenthorp.

'Then ye will have nae breakfast that will come within the compass of a shilling Scots?'

'Which is a penny sterling,' answered Crackenthorp, with a

sneer. 'Why, no, Sawney, I can't say as we have — we can't afford it; but you shall have a bellyful for love, as we say in the bull-ring.'

'I shall never refuse a fair offer,' said the poverty-stricken guest; 'and I will say that for the English, if they were deils, that they are a ceeveleesed people to gentlemen that are under a cloud.'

'Gentlemen! — humph!' said Crackenthorp — 'not a blue-cap among them but halts upon that foot.' Then seizing on a dish which still contained a huge cantle of what had been once a princely mutton pasty, he placed it on the table before the stranger, saying, 'There, master gentleman — there is what is worth all the black pies, as you call them, that were ever made of sheep's head.'

'Sheep's head is a gude thing for a' that,' replied the guest; but, not being spoken so loud as to offend his hospitable entertainer, the interjection might pass for a private protest against the scandal thrown out against the standing dish of Caledonia.

This premised, he immediately began to transfer the mutton and pie-crust from his plate to his lips, in such huge gobbets as if he was refreshing after a three days' fast, and laying in provisions against a whole Lent to come.

Joshua Geddes in his turn gazed on him with surprise, having never, he thought, beheld such a gaunt expression of hunger in the act of eating. 'Friend,' he said, after watching him for some minutes, 'if thou gorgest thyself in this fashion thou wilt assuredly choke. Wilt thou not take a draught out of my cup to help down all that dry meat?'

'Troth,' said the stranger, stopping and looking at the friendly propounder, 'that's nae bad overture, as they say in the General Assembly. I have heard waur motions than that frae wiser counsel.'

Mr. Geddes ordered a quart of home-brewed to be placed before our friend Peter Peebles; for the reader must have already conceived that this unfortunate litigant was the wanderer in question.

The victim of Themis had no sooner seen the flagon than he seized it with the same energy which he had displayed in operating upon the pie, puffed off the froth with such emphasis that some of it lighted on Mr. Geddes's head, and then said, as if with a sudden recollection of what was due to civility, 'Here's to ye, friend. What! are ye ower grand to give me an answer, or are ye dull o' hearing?'

'I prithee drink thy liquor, friend,' said the good Quaker; 'thou meanest it in civility, but we care not for these idle fashions.'

'What! ye are a Quaker, are ye?' said Peter; and without further ceremony reared the flagon to his head, from which he withdrew it not while a single drop of 'barley-broo' remained. 'That's done you and me muckle gude,' he said, sighing as he set down his pot; 'but twa mutchkins o' yill between twa folk is a drappie ower little measure. What say ye to anither pot? or shall we cry in a blythe Scots pint at ance? The yill is no amiss.'

'Thou mayst call for what thou wilt on thine own charges, friend,' said Geddes; 'for myself, I willingly contribute to the quenching of thy natural thirst; but I fear it were no such easy matter to relieve thy acquired and artificial drouth.'

'That is to say, in plain terms, ye are for withdrawing your caution with the folk of the house? You Quaker folk are but fause comforters; but since ye have garred me drink sae muckle could yill — me that am no used to the like of it in the forenoon — I think ye might as weel have offered me a glass of brandy or usquabae. I'm nae nice body: I can drink onything that's wet and toothsome.'

'Not a drop at my cost, friend,' quoth Geddes. 'Thou art an old man, and hast, perchance, a heavy and long journey before thee. Thou art, moreover, my countryman, as I judge from thy tongue, and I will not give thee the means of dishonouring thy grey hairs in a strange land.'

'Grey hairs, neighbour!' said Peter, with a wink to the bystanders, whom this dialogue began to interest, and who were in hopes of seeing the Quaker played off by the crazed beggar, for such Peter Peebles appeared to be — 'grey hairs! The Lord mend your eyesight, neighbour, that disna ken grey hairs frae a tow wig!'

This jest procured a shout of laughter, and, what was still more acceptable than dry applause, a man who stood beside called out, 'Father Crackenthorp, bring a nipperkin of brandy. I'll bestow a dram on this fellow, were it but for that very word.'

The brandy was immediately brought by a wench who acted as barmaid; and Peter, with a grin of delight, filled a glass, quaffed it off, and then saying, 'God bless me! I was so unmannerly as not to drink to ye: I think the Quaker has smitten me wi' his ill-bred havings,' he was about to fill

another, when his hand was arrested by his new friend, who said at the same time, 'No — no, friend, fair play's a jewel — time about, if you please,' and filling a glass for himself, emptied it as gallantly as Peter could have done. 'What say you to that, friend?' he continued, addressing the Quaker.

'Nay, friend,' answered Joshua, 'it went down thy throat, not mine, and I have nothing to say about what concerns me not; but if thou art a man of humanity, thou wilt not give this poor creature the means of debauchery. Bethink thee that they will spurn him from the door as they would do a houseless and masterless dog, and that he may die on the sands or on the common. And if he has through thy means been rendered incapable of helping himself, thou shalt not be innocent of his blood.'

'Faith, broadbrim, I believe thou art right, and the old gentleman in the flaxen jazy shall have no more of the comforter. Besides, we have business in hand to-day, and this fellow, for as mad as he looks, may have a nose on his face after all. Harkye, father, what is your name, and what brings you into such an out-of-the-way corner?'

'I am not just free to condescend on my name,' said Peter; 'and as for my business — there is a wee dribble of brandy in the stoup, it would be wrang to leave it to the lass: it is learning her bad usages.'

'Well, thou shalt have the brandy, and be d—d to thee, if thou wilt tell me what you are making here.'

'Seeking a young advocate chap that they ca' Alan Fairford, that has played me a slippery trick, an ye maun ken a' about the cause,' said Peter.

'An advocate, man!' answered the captain of the 'Jumping Jenny,' for it was he, and no other, who had taken compassion on Peter's drought. 'Why, Lord help thee, thou art on the wrong side of the firth to seek advocates, whom I take to be Scottish lawyers, not English.'

'English lawyers, man!' exclaimed Peter; 'the deil a lawyer's in a' England.'

'I wish from my soul it were true,' said Ewart; 'but what the devil put that in your head?'

'Lord, man, I got a grip of ane of their attorneys in Carlisle, and he tauld me that there wasna a lawyer in England, ony mair than himsell, that kenn'd the nature of a multiplepointing! And when I tauld him how this loopy lad, Alan Fairford, had served me, he said I might bring an action on the case —

just as if the case hadna as mony actions already as one case can weel carry. By my word, it is a gude case, and muckle has it borne, in its day, of various procedure; but it's the barley-pickle breaks the naig's back, and wi' my consent it shall not hae ony mair burden laid upon it.'

'But this Alan Fairford,' said Nanty — 'come, sip up the drop of brandy, man, and tell me some more about him, and whether you are seeking him for good or for harm.'

'For my ain gude, and for his harm, to be sure,' said Peter. 'Think of his having left my cause in the dead-thraw between the tyneing and the winning, and capering off into Cumberland here after a wild loup-the-tether lad they ca' Darsie Latimer.'

'Darsie Latimer!' said Mr. Geddes, hastily. 'Do you know anything of Darsie Latimer?'

'Maybe I do and maybe I do not,' answered Peter; 'I am no free to answer everybody's interrogatory, unless it is put judicially and by form of law, specially where folk think so much of a caup of sour yill or a thimblefu' of brandy. But as for this gentleman, that has shown himself a gentleman at breakfast, and will show himself a gentleman at the meridian, I am free to condescend upon any points in the cause that may appear to bear upon the question at issue.'

'Why, all I want to know from you, my friend, is whether you are seeking to do this Mr. Alan Fairford good or harm; because, if you come to do him good, I think you could maybe get speech of him; and if to do him harm, I will take the liberty to give you a cast across the firth, with fair warning not to come back on such an errand, lest worse come of it.'

The manner and language of Ewart were such that Joshua Geddes resolved to keep cautious silence till he could more plainly discover whether he was likely to aid or impede him in his researches after Darsie Latimer. He therefore determined to listen attentively to what should pass between Peter and the seaman, and to watch for an opportunity of questioning the former, so soon as he should be separated from his new acquaintance.

'I wad by no means,' said Peter Peebles, 'do any substantial harm to the poor lad Fairford, who has had mony a gowd guinea of mine, as weel as his father before him; but I wad hae him brought back to the minding of my business and his ain; and maybe I wadna insist farther in my action of damages against him than for refunding the fees, and for some annual

rent on the principal sum, due frae the day on which he should have recovered it for me, plack and bawbee, at the great advising; for, ye are aware, that is the least that I can ask *nomine damni*; and I have nae thought to break down the lad bodily a'thegither: we maun live and let live, forgie and forget.'

'The deuce take me, friend broadbrim,' said Nanty Ewart, looking to the Quaker, 'if I can make out what this old scarecrow means. If I thought it was fitting that Master Fairford should see him, why, perhaps it is a matter that could be managed. Do you know anything about the old fellow? You seemed to take some charge of him just now.'

'No more than I should have done by any one in distress,' said Geddes, not sorry to be appealed to; 'but I will try what I can do to find out who he is, and what he is about in this country. But are we not a little too public in this open room?'

'It's well thought of,' said Nanty; and at his command the barmaid ushered the party into a side-booth, Peter attending them, in the instinctive hope that there would be more liquor drank among them before parting. They had scarce sat down in their new apartment when the sound of a violin was heard in the room which they had just left.

'I'll awa' back yonder,' said Peter, rising up again; 'yon's the sound of a fiddle, and when there is music there's aye something ganging to eat or drink.'

'I am just going to order something here,' said the Quaker; 'but, in the meantime, have you any objection, my good friend, to tell us your name?'

'None in the world, if you are wanting to drink to me by name and surname,' answered Peebles; 'but, otherwise, I would rather evite your interrogatories.'

'Friend,' said the Quaker, 'it is not for thine own health, seeing thou hast drunk enough already; however — Here, handmaiden, bring me a gill of sherry.'

'Sherry's but shilpit drink, and a gill's a sma' measure for twa gentlemen to crack ower at their first acquaintance. But let us see your sneaking gill of sherry,' said Poor Peter, thrusting forth his huge hand to seize on the diminutive pewter measure, which, according to the fashion of the time, contained the generous liquor freshly drawn from the butt.

'Nay, hold, friend,' said Joshua, 'thou hast not yet told me what name and surname I am to call thee by.'

'D—d sly in the Quaker,' said Nanty, apart, 'to make him pay for his liquor before he gives it him. Now, I am such a fool, that I should have let him get too drunk to open his mouth, before I thought of asking him a question.'

'My name is Peter Peebles, then,' said the litigant, rather sulkily, as one who thought his liquor too sparingly meted out to him; 'and what have you to say to that?'

'Peter Peebles!' repeated Nanty Ewart, and seemed to muse upon something which the words brought to his remembrance, while the Quaker pursued his examination.

'But I prithee, Peter Peebles, what is thy further designation? Thou knowest, in our country, that some men are distinguished by their craft and calling, as cordwainers, fishers, weavers, or the like, and some by their titles as proprietors of land — which savours of vanity — now, how may you be distinguished from others of the same name?'

'As Peter Peebles of the great plea of Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones, *et per contra*; if I am laird of naething else, I am aye a *dominus litis*.'

'It's but a poor lairdship, I doubt,' said Joshua.

'Pray, Mr. Peebles,' said Nanty, interrupting the conversation abruptly, 'were not you once a burgess of Edinburgh?'

'Was I a burgess!' said Peter, indignantly, 'and am I not a burgess even now? I have done nothing to forfeit my right, I trow — once provost and aye "my lord."'

'Well, Mr. Burgess, tell me farther, have you not some property in the Gude Town?' continued Ewart.

'Troth have I — that is, before my misfortunes, I had twa or three bonny bits of mailings amang the closes and wynds, forbye the shop and the story abune it. But Plainstones has put me to the causeway now. Never mind, though, I will be upsides with him yet.'

'Had not you once a tenement in the Covenant Close?' again demanded Nanty.

'You have hit it, lad, though ye look not like a Covenanter,' said Peter; 'we'll drink to its memory — Hout! the heart's at the mouth o' that ill-faur'd bit stoup already! — it brought a rent, reckoning from the crawstep to the groundsill, that ye might ca' fourteen pund a-year, forbye the laigh cellar that was let to Luckie Littleworth.'

'And do you not remember that you had a poor old lady for your tenant, Mrs. Cantrips of Kittlebasket?' said Nanty, suppressing his emotion with difficulty.

'Remember! G—d, I have gude cause to remember her,' said Peter, 'for she turned a dyvour on my hands, the auld besom! and, after a' that the law could do to make me satisfied and paid, in the way of poinding and distrenyieing, and sae forth, as the law will, she ran awa, to the charity workhouse, a matter of twenty pund Scots in my debt; it's a great shame and oppression that charity workhouse, taking in bankrupt dyvours that canna pay their honest creditors.'

'Methinks, friend,' said the Quaker, 'thine own rags might teach thee compassion for other people's nakedness.'

'Rags!' said Peter, taking Joshua's words literally. 'Does ony wise body put on their best coat when they are travelling, and keeping company with Quakers and such other cattle as the road affords?'

'The old lady *died*, I have heard,' said Nanty, affecting a moderation which was belied by accents that faltered with passion.

'She might live or die, for what I care,' answered Peter the Cruel; 'what business have folk to do to live, that canna live as law will, and satisfy their just and lawful creditors?'

'And you—you that are now yourself trodden down in the very kennel, are you not sorry for what you have done? Do you not repent having occasioned the poor widow-woman's death?'

'What for should I repent?' said Peter. 'The law was on my side—a decret of the bailies, followed by poinding and an act of warding, a suspension intended, and the letters found orderly proceeded. I followed the auld rudas through twa courts; she cost me mair money than her lugs were worth.'

'Now, by Heaven!' said Nanty, 'I would give a thousand guineas, if I had them, to have you worth my beating! Had you said you repented, it had been between God and your conscience; but to hear you boast of your villainy! Do you think it little to have reduced the aged to famine, and the young to infamy—to have caused the death of one woman, the ruin of another, and to have driven a man to exile and despair? By Him that made me, I can scarce keep hands off you!'

'Off me! I defy ye,' said Peter. 'I take this honest man to witness that, if ye stir the neck of my collar, I will have my action for stouthreif, spulzie, oppression, assault and battery. Here's a bra' din, indeed, about an auld wife gaun to the grave, a young limmer to the close-heads and causeway, and a sticket stibbler to the sea instead of the gallows!'

'Now, by my soul,' said Nanty, 'this is too much ! and since you can feel no otherwise, I will try if I cannot beat some humanity into your head and shoulders.'

He drew his hanger as he spoke, and although Joshua, who had in vain endeavoured to interrupt the dialogue, to which he foresaw a violent termination, now threw himself between Nanty and the old litigant, he could not prevent the latter from receiving two or three sound slaps over the shoulder with the flat side of the weapon.

Poor Peter Peebles, as inglorious in his extremity as he had been presumptuous in bringing it on, now ran and roared, and bolted out of the apartment and house itself, pursued by Nanty, whose passion became high in proportion to his giving way to its dictates, and by Joshua, who still interfered at every risk, calling upon Nanty to reflect on the age and miserable circumstances of the offender, and upon Poor Peter to stand and place himself under his protection. In front of the house, however, Prown, Peebles found a more efficient protector than the worthy delivered.

Redgaunt
contents,
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CHAPTER XXI

Narrative of Alan Fairford

OUR readers may recollect that Fairford had been conducted by Dick Gardener from the house of Fairladies to the inn of old Father Crackenthorp, in order, as he had been informed by the mysterious Father Buondenture, that he might have the meeting which he desired with Redgauntlet, to treat with him for the liberation of Darsie. His guide, by the special direction, had introduced him into the public-house by a room recommended to the landlord to accommodate him in the private apartment, and to treat him with all civility, but in other respects to keep his eye on him, and even to secure his person, if he saw any reason to suspect him to be a spy. He was not, however, subjected to any direct restraint, but was ushered into an apartment, where he was requested to await the arrival of the gentleman with whom he wished to have an interview, and who, as Crackenthorp assured him with a significant nod, would be certainly there in the course of an hour. In the meanwhile, he recommended to him, with another significant sign, to keep his apartment, 'as there were people in the house who were apt to busy themselves about other folks' matters.'

Alan Fairford complied with the recommendation, so long as he thought it reasonable; but when, among a large party riding up to the house, he discerned Redgauntlet, whom he had seen under the name of Mr. Herries of Birrenswark, and whom, by his height and strength, he easily distinguished from the rest, he thought it proper to go down to the front of the house, in hopes that, by more closely reconnoitring the party, he might discover if his friend Darsie was among them.

The reader is aware that, by doing so, he had an opportunity of breaking Darsie's fall from his side-saddle, although his disguise and mask prevented his recognising his friend. It

may be also recollected that, while Nixon hurried Miss Redgauntlet and her brother into the house, their uncle, somewhat chafed at an unexpected and inconvenient interruption, remained himself in parley with Fairford, who had already successively addressed him by the names of Herries and Redgauntlet; neither of which, any more than the acquaintance of the young lawyer, he seemed at the moment willing to acknowledge, though an air of haughty indifference which he assumed could not conceal his vexation and embarrassment.

'If we must needs be acquainted, sir,' he said at last — 'for which I am unable to see any necessity, especially as I am now particularly disposed to be private — I must entreat you will tell me at once what you have to say, and permit me to attend to matters of more importance.'

'My introduction,' said Fairford, 'is contained in this letter (delivering that of Maxwell). I am convinced that, under whatever name it may be your pleasure for the present to be known, it is into your hands, and yours only, that it should be delivered.'

Redgauntlet turned the letter in his hand, then read the contents, then again looked upon the letter, and sternly observed, 'The seal of the letter has been broken. Was this the case, sir, when it was delivered into your hand?' >

Fairford despised a falsehood as much as any man, unless, perhaps, as Tom Turnpenny might have said, 'in the way of business.' He answered readily and firmly, 'The seal was whole when the letter was delivered to me by Mr. Maxwell of Summertrees.'

'And did you dare, sir, to break the seal of a letter addressed to me?' said Redgauntlet, not sorry, perhaps, to pick a quarrel upon a point foreign to the tenor of the epistle.

'I have never broken the seal of any letter committed to my charge,' said Alan; 'not from fear of those to whom such letter might be addressed, but from respect to myself.'

'That is well worded,' said Redgauntlet; 'and yet, young Mr. Counsellor, I doubt whether your delicacy prevented your reading my letter, or listening to the contents as read by some other person after it was opened.'

'I certainly did hear the contents read over,' said Fairford; 'and they were such as to surprise me a good deal.'

'Now that,' said Redgauntlet, 'I hold to be pretty much the same, *in foro conscientiae*, as if you had broken the seal yourself. I shall hold myself excused from entering upon

farther discourse with a messenger so faithless ; and you may thank yourself if your journey has been fruitless.'

'Stay, sir,' said Fairford ; 'and know that I became acquainted with the contents of the paper without my consent — I may even say against my will ; Mr. Buonaventure —'

'Who?' demanded Redgauntlet, in a wild and alarmed manner — '*whom* was it you named?'

'Father Buonaventure,' said Alan — 'a Catholic priest, as I apprehend, whom I saw at the Miss Arthurets' house, called Fairladies.'

'Miss Arthurets ! Fairladies ! A Catholic priest ! Father Buonaventure !' said Redgauntlet, repeating the words of Alan with astonishment. 'Is it possible that human rashness can reach such a point of infatuation ? Tell me the truth, I conjure you, sir. I have the deepest interest to know whether this is more than an idle legend, picked up from hearsay about the country. You are a lawyer, and know the risk incurred by the Catholic clergy whom the discharge of their duty sends to these bloody shores.'

'I am a lawyer, certainly,' said Fairford ; 'but my holding such a respectable condition in life warrants that I am neither an informer nor a spy. Here is sufficient evidence that I have seen Father Buonaventure.'

He put Buonaventure's letter into Redgauntlet's hand, and watched his looks closely while he read it. 'Double-dyed infatuation !' he muttered, with looks in which sorrow, displeasure, and anxiety were mingled. '"Save me from the indiscretion of my friends," says the Spaniard ; "I can save myself from the hostility of my enemies."'

He then read the letter attentively, and for two or three minutes was lost in thought, while some purpose of importance seemed to have gathered and sit brooding upon his countenance. He held up his finger towards his satellite, Cristal Nixon, who replied to his signal with a prompt nod ; and with one or two of the attendants approached Fairford in such a manner as to make him apprehensive they were about to lay hold of him.

At this moment a noise was heard from within of the house, and presently rushed forth Peter Peebles, pursued by Nanty Ewart with his drawn hanger, and the worthy Quaker, who was endeavouring to prevent mischief to others, at some risk of bringing it on himself.

A wilder and yet a more absurd figure can hardly be

imagined than that of Poor Peter clattering along as fast as his huge boots would permit him, and resembling nothing so much as a flying scarecrow; while the thin emaciated form of Nanty^E Ewart, with the hue of death on his cheek, and the fire of vengeance glancing from his eye, formed a ghastly contrast with the ridiculous object of his pursuit.

Redgauntlet threw himself between them. 'What extravagant folly is this?' he said. 'Put up your weapon, captain. Is this a time to indulge in drunken brawls, or is such a miserable object as that a fitting antagonist for a man of courage?'

'I beg pardon,' said the captain, sheathing his weapon. 'I was a little bit out of the way, to be sure; but to know the provocation, a man must read my heart, and that I hardly dare to do myself. But the wretch is safe from me. Heaven has done its own vengeance on us both.'

While he spoke in this manner, Peter Peebles, who had at first crept behind Redgauntlet in bodily fear, began now to reassume his spirits. Pulling his protector by the sleeve, 'Mr. Herries — Mr. Herries,' he whispered, eagerly, 'ye have done me mair than ae gude turn, and if ye will but do me anither at this dead pinch, I'll forgie the girded keg of brandy that you and Captain Sir Harry Redgimlet drank out yon time. Ye sall hae an ample discharge and renunciation, and though I should see you walking at the Cross of Edinburgh, or standing at the bar of the Court of Justiciary, no the very thumbikins themselves should bring to my memory that ever I saw you in arms yon day.'

He accompanied this promise by pulling so hard at Redgauntlet's cloak that he at last turned round. 'Idiot! speak in a word what you want.'

'Aweel — aweel! in a word then,' said Peter Peebles, 'I have a warrant on me to apprehend that man that stands there, Alan Fairford by name, and advocate by calling. I bought it from Maister Justice Foxley's clerk, Maister Nicholas Faggot, wi' the guinea that you gied me.'

'Ha!' said Redgauntlet, 'hast thou really such a warrant? Let me see it. Look sharp that no one escape, Cristal Nixon.'

Peter produced a huge, greasy, leathern pocket-book, too dirty to permit its original colour to be visible, filled with scrolls of notes, memorials to counsel, and Heaven knows what besides. From amongst this precious mass he culled forth a paper, and placed it in the hands of Redgauntlet or Herries, as he continued to call him, saying, at the same time, 'It's a

formal and binding warrant, proceeding on my affidavit made, that the said Alan Fairford, being lawfully engaged in my service, had slipped the tether and fled over the Border, and was now lurking there and thereabouts, to elude and evade the discharge of his bounden duty to me; and therefore granting warrant to constables and others to seek for, take, and apprehend him, that he may be brought before the honourable Justice Foxley for examination, and, if necessary, for commitment. Now, though a' this be fairly set down as I tell ye, yet where am I to get an officer to execute this warrant in sic a country as this, where swords and pistols flee out at a word's speaking, and folk care as little for the peace of King George as the peace of Auld King Coul? There's that drunken skipper and that wet Quaker enticed me into the public this morning, and because I wadna gie them as much brandy as wad have made them blind-drunk, they baith fell on me, and were in the way of guiding me very ill.'

While Peter went on in this manner, Redgauntlet glanced his eye over the warrant, and immediately saw that it must be a trick passed by Nicholas Faggot to cheat the poor insane wretch out of his solitary guinea. But the Justice had actually subscribed it, as he did whatever his clerk presented to him, and Redgauntlet resolved to use it for his own purposes.

Without making any direct answer, therefore, to Peter Peebles, he walked up gravely to Fairford, who had waited quietly for the termination of a scene in which he was not a little surprised to find his client, Mr. Peebles, a conspicuous actor.

'Mr. Fairford,' said Redgauntlet, 'there are many reasons which might induce me to comply with the request, or rather the injunctions, of the excellent Father Buonaventure, that I should communicate with you upon the present condition of my ward, whom you know under the name of Darsie Latimer; but no man is better aware than you that the law must be obeyed, even in contradiction to our own feelings; now, this poor man has obtained a warrant for carrying you before a magistrate and I am afraid there is a necessity of your yielding to it, although to the postponement of the business which you may have with me.'

'A warrant against me!' said Alan, indignantly; 'and at that poor miserable wretch's instance? Why, this is a trick—a mere and most palpable trick!'

'It may be so,' replied Redgauntlet, with great equanimity,

'doubtless you know best; only the writ appears regular, and with that respect for the law which has been,' he said, with hypocritical formality, 'a leading feature of my character through life, I cannot dispense with giving my poor aid to the support of a legal warrant. Look at it yourself, and be satisfied it is no trick of mine.'

Fairford ran over the affidavit and the warrant, and then exclaimed once more that it was an impudent imposition, and that he would hold those who acted upon such a warrant liable in the highest damages. 'I guess at your motive, Mr. Redgauntlet,' he said, 'for acquiescing in so ridiculous a proceeding. But be assured you will find that in this country one act of illegal violence will not be covered or atoned for by practising another. You cannot, as a man of sense and honour, pretend to say you regard this as a legal warrant.'

'I am no lawyer, sir,' said Redgauntlet; 'and pretend not to know what is or is not law: the warrant is quite formal, and that is enough for me.'

'Did ever any one hear,' said Fairford, 'of an advocate being compelled to return to his task, like a collier or a salter¹ who has deserted his master?'

'I see no reason why he should not,' said Redgauntlet, drily, 'unless on the ground that the services of the lawyer are the most expensive and least useful of the two.'

'You cannot mean this in earnest,' said Fairford — 'you cannot really mean to avail yourself of so poor a contrivance to evade the word pledged by your friend, your ghostly father, in my behalf? I may have been a fool for trusting it too easily, but think what you must be if you can abuse my confidence in this manner. I entreat you to reflect that this usage releases me from all promises of secrecy or connivance at what I am apt to think are very dangerous practices, and that —'

'Harkye, Mr. Fairford,' said Redgauntlet, 'I must' here interrupt you for your own sake. One word of betraying what you may have seen, or what you may have suspected, and your seclusion is like to have either a very distant or a very brief termination — in either case a most undesirable one. At present, you are sure of being at liberty in a very few days, perhaps much sooner.'

'And my friend,' said Alan Fairford, 'for whose sake I have run myself into this danger, what is to become of him? Dark

¹ [See Note 25.]

and dangerous man!' he exclaimed, raising his voice, 'I will not be again cajoled by deceitful promises——'

'I give you my honour that your friend is well,' interrupted Redgauntlet; 'perhaps I may permit you to see him, if you will but submit with patience to a fate which is inevitable.'

But Alan Fairford, considering his confidence as having been abused, first by Maxwell and next by the priest, raised his voice, and appealed to all the king's lieges within hearing, against the violence with which he was threatened. He was instantly seized on by Nixon and two assistants, who, holding down his arms and endeavouring to stop his mouth, were about to hurry him away.

The honest Quaker, who had kept out of Redgauntlet's presence, now came boldly forward.

'Friend,' said he, 'thou dost more than thou canst answer. Thou knowest me well, and thou art aware that in me thou hast a deeply-injured neighbour, who was dwelling beside thee in the honesty and simplicity of his heart.'

'Tush, Jonathan,' said Redgauntlet — 'talk not to me, man: it is neither the craft of a young lawyer nor the *simplicity* of an old hypocrite can drive me from my purpose.'

'By my faith,' said the captain, coming forward in his turn, 'this is hardly fair, General; and I doubt,' he added, 'whether the will of my owners can make me a party to such proceedings. Nay, never fumble with your sword-hilt, but out with it like a man, if you are for a tilting.' He unsheathed his hanger, and continued — 'I will neither see my comrade Fairford nor the old Quaker abused. D—n all warrants, false or true — curse the justice — confound the constable! and here stands little Nanty Ewart to make good what he says against gentle and simple, in spite of horseshoe or horseradish either.'

The cry of 'Down with all warrants!' was popular in the ears of the militia of the inn, and Nanty Ewart was no less so. Fishers, hostlers, seamen, smugglers began to crowd to the spot. Crackenthorp endeavoured in vain to mediate. The attendants of Redgauntlet began to handle their firearms; but their master shouted to them to forbear, and, unsheathing his sword as quick as lightning, he rushed on Ewart in the midst of his bravade, and struck his weapon from his hand with such address and force that it flew three yards from him. Closing with him at the same moment, he gave him a severe fall, and waved his sword over his head, to show he was absolutely at his mercy.

'There, you drunken vagabond,' he said, 'I give you your life; you are no bad fellow, if you could keep from brawling among your friends. But we all know Nanty Ewart,' he said to the crowd around, with a forgiving laugh, which, joined to the awe his prowess had inspired, entirely confirmed their wavering allegiance.

They shouted, 'The Laird for ever!' while poor Nanty, rising from the earth, on whose lap he had been stretched so rudely, went in quest of his hanger, lifted it, wiped it, and, as he returned the weapon to the scabbard, muttered between his teeth, 'It is true they say of him, and the devil will stand his friend till his hour come; I will cross him no more.'

So saying, he slunk from the crowd, cowed and disheartened by his defeat.

'For you, Joshua Geddes,' said Redgauntlet, approaching the Quaker, who, with lifted hands and eyes, had beheld the scene of violence, 'I shall take the liberty to arrest thee for a breach of the peace altogether unbecoming thy pretended principles; and I believe it will go hard with thee both in a Court of Justice and among thine own Society of Friends, as they call themselves, who will be but indifferently pleased to see the quiet tenor of their hypocrisy insulted by such violent proceedings.'

'I violent!' said Joshua — 'I do aught unbecoming the principles of the Friends! I defy thee, man, and I charge thee, as a Christian, to forbear vexing my soul with such charges: it is grievous enough to me to have seen violences which I was unable to prevent.'

'Oh, Joshua — Joshua!' said Redgauntlet, with a sardonic smile, 'thou light of the faithful in the town of Dumfries and the places adjacent, wilt thou thus fall away from the truth? Hast thou not, before us all, attempted to rescue a man from the warrant of law? Didst thou not encourage that drunken fellow to draw his weapon; and didst thou not thyself flourish thy cudgel in the cause? Think'st thou that the oaths of the injured Peter Peebles and the conscientious Cristal Nixon, besides those of such gentlemen as look on this strange scene, who not only put on swearing as a garment, but to whom, in custom-house matters, oaths are literally meat and drink — dost thou not think, I say, that these men's oaths will go farther than thy "Yea" and "Nay" in this matter?'

'I will swear to anything,' said Peter: 'all is fair when it comes to an oath *ad litem*.'

'You do me foul wrong,' said the Quaker, undismayed by the general laugh. 'I encouraged no drawing of weapons, though I attempted to move an unjust man by some use of argument; I brandished no cudgel, although it may be that the ancient Adam struggled within me, and caused my hand to grasp mine oaken staff firmer than usual, when I saw innocence borne down with violence. But why talk I what is true and just to thee, who hast been a man of violence from thy youth upwards? Let me rather speak to thee such language as thou canst comprehend. Deliver these young men up to me,' he said, when he had led Redgauntlet a little apart from the crowd, 'and I will not only free thee from the heavy charge of damages which thou hast incurred by thine outrage upon my property, but I will add ransom for them and for myself. What would it profit thee to do the youths wrong, by detaining them in captivity?'

'Mr. Geddes,' said Redgauntlet, in a tone more respectful than he had hitherto used to the Quaker, 'your language is disinterested, and I respect the fidelity of your friendship. Perhaps we have mistaken each other's principles and motives; but if so, we have not at present time for explanation. Make yourself easy. I hope to raise your friend Darsie Latimer to a pitch of eminence which you will witness with pleasure—nay, do not attempt to answer me. The other young man shall suffer restraint a few days, probably only a few hours; it is not more than due for his pragmatistical interference in what concerned him not. Do you, Mr. Geddes, be so prudent as to take your horse and leave this place, which is growing every moment more unfit for the abode of a man of peace. You may wait the event in safety at Mount Sharon.'

'Friend,' replied Joshua, 'I cannot comply with thy advice: I will remain here, even as thy prisoner, as thou didst but now threaten, rather than leave the youth, who hath suffered by and through me and my misfortunes, in his present state of doubtful safety. Wherefore, I will not mount my steed Solomon, neither will I turn his head towards Mount Sharon, until I see an end of this matter.'

'A prisoner, then, you must be,' said Redgauntlet. 'I have no time to dispute the matter farther with you. But tell me for what you fix your eyes so attentively on yonder people of mine?'

'To speak the truth,' said the Quaker, 'I admire to behold among them a little wretch of a boy called Benjie, to whom I

think Satan has given the power of transporting himself where-soever mischief is going forward, so that it may be truly said, there is no evil in this land wherein he hath not a finger, if not a whole hand.'

The boy, who saw their eyes fixed on him as they spoke, seemed embarrassed, and rather desirous of making his escape ; but at a signal from Redgauntlet he advanced, assuming the sheepish look and rustic manner with which the jackanapes covered much acuteness and roguery.

'How long have you been with the party, sirrah,' said Redgauntlet.

'Since the raid on the stake-nets,' said Benjie, with his finger in his mouth.

'And what made you follow us?'

'I dauredna stay at hame for the constables,' replied the boy.

'And what have you been doing all this time?'

'Doing, sir! I dinna ken what ye ca' doing—I have been doing naething,' said Benjie; then seeing something in Redgauntlet's eye which was not to be trifled with, he added, 'Naething but waiting on Maister Cristal Nixon.'

'Hum!—ay—indeed?' muttered Redgauntlet. 'Must Master Nixon bring his own retinue into the field? This must be seen to.'

He was about to pursue his inquiry, when Nixon himself came to him with looks of anxious haste. 'The Father is come,' he whispered, 'and the gentlemen are getting together in the largest room of the house, and they desire to see you. Yonder is your nephew, too, making a noise like a man in Bedlam.'

'I will look to it all instantly,' said Redgauntlet. 'Is the Father lodged as I directed?'

Cristal nodded.

'Now, then, for the final trial,' said Redgauntlet. He folded his hands, looked upwards, crossed himself, and after this act of devotion (almost the first which any one had observed him make use of), he commanded Nixon to keep good watch, have his horses and men ready for every emergence, look after the safe custody of the prisoners, but treat them at the same time well and civilly. And these orders given, he darted hastily into the house.

CHAPTER XXII

Narrative Continued

REDGAUNTLET'S first course was to the chamber of his nephew. He unlocked the door, entered the apartment, and asked what he wanted, that he made so much noise.

'I want my liberty,' said Darsie, who had wrought himself up to a pitch of passion in which his uncle's wrath had lost its terrors — 'I desire my liberty, and to be assured of the safety of my beloved friend, Alan Fairford, whose voice I heard but now.'

'Your liberty shall be your own within half an hour from this period; your friend shall be also set at freedom in due time, and you yourself be permitted to have access to his place of confinement.'

'This does not satisfy me,' said Darsie: 'I must see my friend instantly; he is here, and he is here endangered on my account only. I have heard violent exclamations — the clash of swords. You will gain no point with me unless I have ocular demonstration of his safety.'

'Arthur — dearest nephew,' answered Redgauntlet, 'drive me not mad! Thine own fate — that of thy house — that of thousands — that of Britain herself, are at this moment in the scales; and you are only occupied about the safety of a poor insignificant pettifogger!'

'He has sustained injury at your hands, then?' said Darsie, fiercely. 'I know he has; but if so, not even our relationship shall protect you.'

'Peace, ungrateful and obstinate fool!' said Redgauntlet. 'Yet stay. Will you be satisfied if you see this Alan Fairford, the bundle of bombazine — this precious friend of yours — well and sound? Will you, I say, be satisfied with seeing him in perfect safety, without attempting to speak to or converse with him?' Darsie signified his assent. 'Take hold of my arm,

then,' said Redgauntlet; 'and do you, niece Liliass, take the other; and beware, Sir Arthur, how you bear yourself.'

Darsie was compelled to acquiesce, sufficiently aware that his uncle would permit him no interview with a friend whose influence would certainly be used against his present earnest wishes, and in some measure contented with the assurance of Fairford's personal safety.

Redgauntlet led them through one or two passages (for the house, as we have before said, was very irregular, and built at different times), until they entered an apartment where a man with shouldered carabine kept watch at the door, but readily turned the key for their reception. In this room they found Alan Fairford and the Quaker, apparently in deep conversation with each other. They looked up as Redgauntlet and his party entered; and Alan pulled off his hat and made a profound reverence, which the young lady, who recognised him — though, masked as she was, he could not know her — returned with some embarrassment, arising probably from the recollection of the bold step she had taken in visiting him.

Darsie longed to speak, but dared not. His uncle only said, 'Gentlemen, I know you are as anxious on Mr. Darsie Latimer's account, as he is upon yours. I am commissioned by him to inform you that he is as well as you are. I trust you will all meet soon. Meantime, although I cannot suffer you to be at large, you shall be as well treated as is possible under your temporary confinement.'

He passed on, without pausing to hear the answers which the lawyer and the Quaker were hastening to prefer; and only waving his hand by way of adieu, made his exit with the real and the seeming lady whom he had under his charge through a door at the upper end of the apartment, which was fastened and guarded like that by which they entered.

Redgauntlet next led the way into a very small room, adjoining which, but divided by a partition, was one of apparently larger dimensions; for they heard the trampling of the heavy boots of the period, as if several persons were walking to and fro, and conversing in low and anxious whispers.

'Here,' said Redgauntlet to his nephew, as he disencumbered him from the riding-skirt and the mask, 'I restore you to yourself, and trust you will lay aside all effeminate thoughts with this feminine dress. Do not blush at having worn a disguise to which kings and heroes have been reduced. It is when

female craft or female cowardice find their way into a manly bosom that he who entertains these sentiments should take eternal shame to himself for thus having resembled woman-kind. Follow me, while Lilius remains here. I will introduce you to those whom I hope to see associated with you in the most glorious cause that hand ever drew sword in.'

Darsie paused. 'Uncle,' he said, 'my person is in your hands; but remember, my will is my own. I will not be hurried into any resolution of importance. Remember what I have already said — what I now repeat — that I will take no step of importance but upon conviction.'

'But canst thou be convinced, thou foolish boy, without hearing and understanding the grounds on which we act?'

So saying, he took Darsie by the arm and walked with him to the next room — a large apartment, partly filled with miscellaneous articles of commerce, chiefly connected with contraband trade; where, among bales and barrels, sat or walked to and fro several gentlemen, whose manners and looks seemed superior to the plain riding-dresses which they wore.

There was a grave and stern anxiety upon their countenances, when, on Redgauntlet's entrance, they drew from their separate coteries into one group around him, and saluted him with a formality which had something in it of ominous melancholy. As Darsie looked around the circle, he thought he could discern in it few traces of that adventurous hope which urges men upon desperate enterprises; and began to believe that the conspiracy would dissolve of itself, without the necessity of his placing himself in direct opposition to so violent a character as his uncle, and incurring the hazard with which such opposition must needs be attended.

Mr. Redgauntlet, however, did not, or would not, see any such marks of depression of spirit amongst his coadjutors, but met them with cheerful countenance and a warm greeting of welcome. 'Happy to meet you here, my lord,' he said, bowing low to a slender young man. 'I trust you come with the pledges of your noble father of B—— and all that loyal house. Sir Richard, what news in the west? I am told you had two hundred men on foot to have joined when the fatal retreat from Derby was commenced. When the White Standard is again displayed, it shall not be turned back so easily, either by the force of its enemies or the falsehood of its friends. Doctor Grumball, I bow to the representative of Oxford, the mother of learning and loyalty. Pengwinion, you Cornish chough, has

this good wind blown you north? Ah, my brave Cambro-Britons, when was Wales last in the race of honour?’

Such and such-like compliments he dealt around, which were in general answered by silent bows; but when he saluted one of his own countrymen by the name of MacKellar, and greeted Maxwell of Summertrees by that of Pate-in-Peril, the latter replied, ‘that if Pate were not a fool, he would be Pate-in-Safety’; and the former, a thin old gentleman, in tarnished embroidery, said bluntly, ‘Ay, troth, Redgauntlet, I am here just like yourself: I have little to lose; they that took my land the last time may take my life this, and that is all I care about it.’

The English gentlemen, who were still in possession of their paternal estates, looked doubtfully on each other, and there was something whispered among them of the fox which had lost his tail.

Redgauntlet hastened to address them. ‘I think, my lords and gentlemen,’ he said, ‘that I can account for something like sadness which has crept upon an assembly gathered together for so noble a purpose. Our numbers seem, when thus assembled, too small and inconsiderable to shake the firm-seated usurpation of a half-century. But do not count us by what we are in thew and muscle, but by what our summons can do among our countrymen. In this small party are those who have power to raise battalions, and those who have wealth to pay them. And do not believe our friends who are absent are cold or indifferent to the cause. Let us once light the signal, and it will be hailed by all who retain love for the Stuart, and by all — a more numerous body — who hate the Elector. Here I have letters from ——’

Sir Richard Glendale interrupted the speaker. ‘We all confide, Redgauntlet, in your valour and skill, we admire your perseverance, and probably nothing short of your strenuous exertions, and the emulation awakened by your noble and disinterested conduct, could have brought so many of us, the scattered remnant of a disheartened party, to meet together once again in solemn consultation — for I take it, gentlemen,’ he said, looking round, ‘this is only a consultation.’

‘Nothing more,’ said the young lord.

‘Nothing more,’ said Doctor Grumball, shaking his large academical peruke.

And ‘Only a consultation,’ was echoed by the others.

Redgauntlet bit his lip. ‘I had hopes,’ he said, ‘that the

discourses I have held with most of you, from time to time, had ripened into more maturity than your words imply, and that we were here to execute as well as to deliberate. And for this we stand prepared : I can raise five hundred men with my whistle.'

'Five hundred men!' said one of the Welsh squires. 'Cot bless us! and, pray you, what cood could five hundred men do?'

'All that the priming does for the cannon, Mr. Meredith,' answered Redgauntlet: 'it will enable us to seize Carlisle, and you know what our friends have engaged for in that case.'

'Yes, but,' said the young nobleman, 'you must not hurry us on too fast, Mr. Redgauntlet; we are all, I believe, as sincere and true-hearted in this business as you are, but we will not be driven forward blindfold. We owe caution to ourselves and our families, as well as to those whom we are empowered to represent on this occasion.'

'Who hurries you, my lord? Who is it that would drive this meeting forward blindfold? I do not understand your lordship,' said Redgauntlet.

'Nay,' said Sir Richard Glendale, 'at least do not let us fall under our old reproach of disagreeing among ourselves. What my lord means, Redgauntlet, is, that we have this morning heard it is uncertain whether you could even bring that body of men whom you count upon; your countryman, Mr. MacKellar, seemed, just before you came in, to doubt whether your people would rise in any force, unless you could produce the authority of your nephew.'

'I might ask,' said Redgauntlet, 'what right MacKellar, or any one, has to doubt my being able to accomplish what I stand pledged for? But our hopes consist in our unity. Here stands my nephew. Gentlemen, I present to you my kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet of that Ilk.'

'Gentlemen,' said Darsie, with a throbbing bosom, for he felt the crisis a very painful one, 'allow me to say that I suspend expressing my sentiments on the important subject under discussion until I have heard those of the present meeting.'

'Proceed in your deliberations, gentlemen,' said Redgauntlet; 'I will show my nephew such reasons for acquiescing in the result as will entirely remove any scruples which may hang around his mind.'

Dr. Grumball now coughed, 'shook his ambrosial curls,' and addressed the assembly.

'The principles of Oxford,' he said, 'are well understood. since she was the last to resign herself to the Arch-Usurper; since she has condemned, by her sovereign authority, the blasphemous, atheistical, and anarchical tenets of Locke and other deluders of the public mind. 'Oxford will give men, money, and countenance to the cause of the rightful monarch. But we have been often deluded by foreign powers, who have availed themselves of our zeal to stir up civil dissensions in Britain, not for the advantage of our blessed though banished monarch, but to engender disturbances by which they might profit, while we, their tools, are sure to be ruined. Oxford, therefore, will not rise unless our sovereign comes in person to claim our allegiance, in which case, God forbid we should refuse him our best obedience.'

'It is a very good advice,' said Mr. Meredith.

'In troth,' said Sir Richard Glendale, 'it is the very keystone of our enterprise, and the only condition upon which I myself and others could ever have dreamt of taking up arms. No insurrection which has not Charles Edward himself at its head will ever last longer than till a single foot-company of redcoats march to disperse it.'

'This is my own opinion, and that of all my family,' said the young nobleman already mentioned; 'and I own I am somewhat surprised at being summoned to attend a dangerous rendezvous such as this, before something certain could have been stated to us on this most important preliminary point.'

'Pardon me, my lord,' said Redgauntlet; 'I have not been so unjust either to myself or my friends — I had no means of communicating to our distant confederates, without the greatest risk of discovery, what is known to some of my honourable friends. As courageous and as resolved as when, twenty years since, he threw himself into the wilds of Moidart, Charles Edward has instantly complied with the wishes of his faithful subjects. Charles Edward is in this country — Charles Edward is in this house! Charles Edward waits but your present decision, to receive the homage of those who have ever called themselves his loyal liegemen. He that would now turn his coat and change his note must do so under the eye of his sovereign.'

There was a deep pause. Those among the conspirators whom mere habit or a desire of preserving consistency had engaged in the affair now saw with terror their retreat cut off; and others, who at a distance had regarded the proposed enter-

prise as hopeful, trembled when the moment of actually embarking in it was thus unexpectedly and almost inevitably precipitated.

‘How now, my lords and gentlemen!’ said Redgauntlet. ‘Is it delight and rapture that keep you thus silent? Where are the eager welcomes that should be paid your rightful king, who a second time confides his person to the care of his subjects, undeterred by the hairbreadth escapes and severe privations of his former expedition? I hope there is no gentleman here that is not ready to redeem, in his prince’s presence, the pledge of fidelity which he offered in his absence?’

‘I, at least,’ said the young nobleman, resolutely, and laying his hand on his sword, ‘will not be that coward. If Charles is come to these shores, I will be the first to give him welcome, and to devote my life and fortune to his service.’

‘Before Cot,’ said Mr. Meredith, ‘I do not see that Mr. Redcantlet has left us anything else to do.’

‘Stay,’ said Summertrees, ‘there is yet one other question. Has he brought any of those Irish rapparees with him, who broke the neck of our last glorious affair?’

‘Not a man of them,’ said Redgauntlet.

‘I trust,’ said Dr. Grumball, ‘that there are no Catholic priests in his company? I would not intrude on the private conscience of my sovereign, but, as an unworthy son of the Church of England, it is my duty to consider her security.’

‘Not a Popish dog or cat is there, to bark or mew about his Majesty,’ said Redgauntlet. ‘Old Shaftesbury himself could not wish a prince’s person more secure from Popery — which may not be the worst religion in the world, notwithstanding. Any more doubts, gentlemen? can no more plausible reasons be discovered for postponing the payment of our duty, and discharge of our oaths and engagements? Meantime your king waits your declaration — by my faith, he hath but a frozen reception!’

‘Redgauntlet,’ said Sir Richard Glendale, calmly, ‘your reproaches shall not goad me into anything of which my reason disapproves. That I respect my engagement as much as you do is evident, since I am here, ready to support it with the best blood in my veins. But has the King really come hither entirely unattended?’

‘He has no man with him but young —, as aid-de-camp, and a single valet-de-chambre.’

‘No *man*—but, Redgauntlet, as you are a gentleman, has he no *woman* with him?’

Redgauntlet cast his eyes on the ground and replied, ‘I am sorry to say—he has.’

The company looked at each other, and remained silent for a moment. At length Sir Richard proceeded. ‘I need not repeat to you, Mr. Redgauntlet, what is the well-grounded opinion of his Majesty’s friends concerning that most unhappy connexion: there is but one sense and feeling amongst us upon the subject. I must conclude that our humble remonstrances were communicated by you, sir, to the King?’

‘In the same strong terms in which they were couched,’ replied Redgauntlet. ‘I love his Majesty’s cause more than I fear his displeasure.’

‘But, apparently, our humble expostulation has produced no effect. This lady, who has crept into his bosom, has a sister in the Elector of Hanover’s court, and yet we are well assured that every point of our most private communication is placed in her keeping.’

‘*Varium et mutabile semper femina,*’ said Dr. Grumball.

‘She puts his secrets into her work-bag,’ said Maxwell, ‘and out they fly whenever she opens it. If I must hang, I would wish it to be in somewhat a better rope than the string of a lady’s hussy.’

‘Are you, too, turning dastard, Maxwell?’ said Redgauntlet, in a whisper.

‘Not I,’ said Maxwell; ‘let us fight for it, and let them win and wear us; but to be betrayed by a brimstone like that——’

‘Be temperate, gentlemen,’ said Redgauntlet; ‘the foible of which you complain so heavily has always been that of kings and heroes, which I feel strongly confident the King will surmount, upon the humble entreaty of his best servants, and when he sees them ready to peril their all in his cause, upon the slight condition of his resigning the society of a female favourite, of whom I have seen reason to think he hath been himself for some time wearied. But let us not press upon him rashly with our well-meant zeal. He has a princely will, as becomes his princely birth, and we, gentlemen, who are royalists, should be the last to take advantage of circumstances to limit its exercise. I am as much surprised and hurt as you can be to find that he has made her the companion of this journey, increasing every chance of treachery and detection.

But do not let us insist upon a sacrifice so humiliating, while he has scarce placed a foot upon the beach of his kingdom. Let us act generously by our sovereign; and when we have shown what we will do for him, we shall be able, with better face, to state what it is we expect him to concede.'

'Indeed, I think it is but a pity,' said MacKellar, 'when so many pretty gentlemen are got together, that they should part without the flash of a sword among them.'

'I should be of that gentleman's opinion,' said Lord —, 'had I nothing to lose but my life; but I frankly own that the conditions on which our family agreed to join having been, in this instance, left unfulfilled, I will not peril the whole fortunes of our house on the doubtful fidelity of an artful woman.'

'I am sorry to see your lordship,' said Redgauntlet, 'take a course which is more likely to secure your house's wealth than to augment its honours.'

'How am I to understand your language, sir?' said the young nobleman, haughtily.

'Nay, gentlemen,' said Dr. Grumball, interposing, 'do not let friends quarrel; we are all zealous for the cause, but truly, although I know the license claimed by the great in such matters, and can, I hope, make due allowance, there is, I may say, an indecorum in a prince who comes to claim the allegiance of the Church of England arriving on such an errand with such a companion — *si non caste, caute tamen*.'

'I wonder how the Church of England came to be so heartily attached to his merry old namesake,' said Redgauntlet.

Sir Richard Glendale then took up the question, as one whose authority and experience gave him right to speak with much weight.

'We have no leisure for hesitation,' he said: 'it is full time that we decide what course we are to hold. I feel as much as you, Mr. Redgauntlet, the delicacy of capitulating with our sovereign in his present condition. But I must also think of the total ruin of the cause, the confiscation and bloodshed which will take place among his adherents, and all through the infatuation with which he adheres to a woman who is the pensionary of the present minister, as she was for years Sir Robert Walpole's. Let his Majesty send her back to the continent, and the sword on which I now lay my hand shall instantly be unsheathed, and, I trust, many hundred others at the same moment.'

The other persons present testified their unanimous acquiescence in what Sir Richard Glendale had said.

‘I see you have taken your resolutions, gentlemen,’ said Redgauntlet — ‘unwisely, I think, because I believe that, by softer and more generous proceedings, you would have been more likely to carry a point which I think as desirable as you do. But what is to be done if Charles should refuse, with the inflexibility of his grandfather, to comply with this request of yours? Do you mean to abandon him to his fate?’

‘God forbid!’ said Sir Richard, hastily; ‘and God forgive you, Mr. Redgauntlet, for breathing such a thought. No; I for one will, with all duty and humility, see him safe back to his vessel, and defend him with my life against whoever shall assail him. But when I have seen his sails spread, my next act will be to secure, if I can, my own safety by retiring to my house; or, if I find our engagement, as is too probable, has taken wind, by surrendering myself to the next justice of peace, and giving security that hereafter I shall live quiet and submit to the ruling powers.’

Again the rest of the persons present intimated their agreement in opinion with the speaker.

‘Well, gentlemen,’ said Redgauntlet, ‘it is not for me to oppose the opinion of every one; and I must do you the justice to say, that the King has, in the present instance, neglected a condition of your agreement which was laid before him in very distinct terms. The question now is, who is to acquaint him with the result of this conference? for I presume you would not wait on him in a body to make the proposal that he should dismiss a person from his family as the price of your allegiance.’

‘I think Mr. Redgauntlet should make the explanation,’ said Lord —. ‘As he has, doubtless, done justice to our remonstrances by communicating them to the King, no one can, with such propriety and force, state the natural and inevitable consequence of their being neglected.’

‘Now, I think,’ said Redgauntlet, ‘that those who make the objection should state it; for I am confident the King will hardly believe, on less authority than that of the heir of the loyal house of B——, that he is the first to seek an evasion of his pledge to join him.’

‘An evasion, sir!’ repeated Lord —, fiercely. ‘I have borne too much from you already, and this I will not endure. Favour me with your company to the downs yonder.’

Redgauntlet laughed scornfully, and was about to follow the fiery young man, when Sir Richard again interposed. 'Are we to exhibit,' he said, 'the last symptoms of the dissolution of our party, by turning our swords against each other? Be patient, Lord —; in such conferences as this, much must pass unquestioned which might brook challenge elsewhere. There is a privilege of party as of parliament; men cannot, in emergency, stand upon picking phrases. Gentlemen, if you will extend your confidence in me so far, I will wait upon his Majesty, and I hope my Lord — and Mr. Redgauntlet will accompany me. I trust the explanation of this unpleasant matter will prove entirely satisfactory, and that we shall find ourselves at liberty to render our homage to our sovereign without reserve, when I for one will be the first to peril all in his just quarrel.'

Redgauntlet at once stepped forward. 'My lord,' he said, 'if my zeal made me say anything in the slightest degree offensive, I wish it unsaid, and ask your pardon. A gentleman can do no more.'

'I could not have asked Mr. Redgauntlet to do so much,' said the young nobleman, willingly accepting the hand which Redgauntlet offered. 'I know no man living from whom I could take so much reproof without a sense of degradation as from himself.'

'Let me then hope, my lord, that you will go with Sir Richard and me to the presence. Your warm blood will heat our zeal; our colder resolves will temper yours.'

The young lord smiled and shook his head. 'Alas! Mr. Redgauntlet,' he said, 'I am ashamed to say that in zeal you surpass us all. But I will not refuse this mission, provided you will permit Sir Arthur, your nephew, also to accompany us.'

'My nephew!' said Redgauntlet, and seemed to hesitate; then added, 'Most certainly. I trust,' he said, looking at Darsie, 'he will bring to his prince's presence such sentiments as fit the occasion.'

It seemed, however, to Darsie that his uncle would rather have left him behind, had he not feared that he might in that case have been influenced by, or might perhaps himself influence, the unresolved confederates with whom he must have associated during his absence.

'I will go,' said Redgauntlet, 'and request admission.'

In a moment after he returned, and, without speaking,

motioned for the young nobleman to advance. He did so, followed by Sir Richard Glendale and Darsie, Redgauntlet himself bringing up the rear. A short passage and a few steps brought them to the door of the temporary presence-chamber, in which the Royal Wanderer was to receive their homage. It was the upper loft of one of those cottages which made additions to the old inn, poorly furnished, dusty, and in disorder; for, rash as the enterprise might be considered, they had been still careful not to draw the attention of strangers by any particular attentions to the personal accommodation of the Prince. He was seated when the deputies, as they might be termed, of his remaining adherents entered; and as he rose and came forward and bowed in acceptance of their salutation, it was with a dignified courtesy which at once supplied whatever was deficient in external pomp, and converted the wretched garret into a saloon worthy of the occasion.

It is needless to add, that he was the same personage already introduced in the character of Father Buonaventure, by which name he was distinguished at Fairladies. His dress was not different from what he then wore, excepting that he had a loose riding-coat of camlet, under which he carried an efficient cut-and-thrust sword, instead of his walking rapier, and also a pair of pistols.

Redgauntlet presented to him successively the young Lord — and his kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, who trembled as, bowing and kissing his hand, he found himself surprised into what might be construed an act of high treason, which yet he saw no safe means to avoid.

Sir Richard Glendale seemed personally known to Charles Edward, who received him with a mixture of dignity and affection, and seemed to sympathise with the tears which rushed into that gentleman's eyes as he bid his Majesty welcome to his native kingdom.

'Yes, my good Sir Richard,' said the unfortunate prince, in a tone melancholy yet resolved, 'Charles Edward is with his faithful friends once more — not, perhaps, with his former gay hopes which undervalued danger, but with the same determined contempt of the worst which can befall him in claiming his own rights and those of his country.'

'I rejoice, sire — and yet, alas! I must also grieve — to see you once more on the British shores,' said Sir Richard Glendale, and stopped short, a tumult of contradictory feelings preventing his farther utterance.

'It is the call of my faithful and suffering people which alone could have induced me to take once more the sword in my hand. For my own part, Sir Richard, when I have reflected how many of my loyal and devoted friends perished by the sword and by proscription, or died indigent and neglected in a foreign land, I have often sworn that no view to my personal aggrandisement should again induce me to agitate a title which has cost my followers so dear. But since so many men of worth and honour conceive the cause of England and Scotland to be linked with that of Charles Stuart, I must follow their brave example, and, laying aside all other considerations, once more stand forward as their deliverer. I am, however, come hither upon your invitation; and as you are so completely acquainted with circumstances to which my absence must necessarily have rendered me a stranger, I must be a mere tool in the hands of my friends. I know well I never can refer myself implicitly to more loyal hearts or wiser heads than Herries Redgauntlet and Sir Richard Glendale. Give me your advice, then, how we are to proceed, and decide upon the fate of Charles Edward.'

Redgauntlet looked at Sir Richard, as if to say, 'Can you press an additional or unpleasant condition at a moment like this?' And the other shook his head and looked down, as if his resolution was unaltered, and yet as feeling all the delicacy of the situation.

There was a silence, which was broken by the unfortunate representative of an unhappy dynasty with some appearance of irritation. 'This is strange, gentlemen,' he said: 'you have sent for me from the bosom of my family to head an adventure of doubt and danger, and when I come, your own minds seem to be still irresolute. I had not expected this on the part of two such men.'

'For me, sire,' said Redgauntlet, 'the steel of my sword is not truer than the temper of my mind.'

'My Lord ——'s and mine are equally so,' said Sir Richard; 'but you had in charge, Mr. Redgauntlet, to convey our request to his Majesty, coupled with certain conditions.'

'And I discharged my duty to his Majesty and to you,' said Redgauntlet.

'I looked at no condition, gentlemen,' said their king, with dignity, 'save that which called me here to assert my rights in person. *That* I have fulfilled at no common risk. Here I stand to keep my word, and I expect of you to be true to yours.'

'There was, or should have been, something more than that in our proposal, please your Majesty,' said Sir Richard. 'There was a condition annexed to it.'

'I saw it not,' said Charles, interrupting him. 'Out of tenderness towards the noble hearts of whom I think so highly, I would neither see nor read anything which could lessen them in my love and my esteem. Conditions can have no part betwixt prince and subject.'

'Sire,' said Redgauntlet, kneeling on one knee, 'I see from Sir Richard's countenance he deems it my fault that your Majesty seems ignorant of what your subjects desired that I should communicate to your Majesty. For Heaven's sake! for the sake of all my past services and sufferings, leave not such a stain upon my honour! The note Number D., of which this is a copy, referred to the painful subject to which Sir Richard again directs your attention.'

'You press upon me, gentlemen,' said the Prince, colouring highly, 'recollections which, as I hold them most alien to your character, I would willingly have banished from my memory. I did not suppose that my loyal subjects would think so poorly of me as to use my depressed circumstances as a reason for forcing themselves into my domestic privacies, and stipulating arrangements with their king regarding matters in which the meanest hinds claim the privilege of thinking for themselves. In affairs of state and public policy, I will ever be guided, as becomes a prince, by the advice of my wisest counsellors; in those which regard my private affections and my domestic arrangements I claim the same freedom of will which I allow to all my subjects, and without which a crown were less worth wearing than a beggar's bonnet.'

'May it please your Majesty,' said Sir Richard Glendale, 'I see it must be my lot to speak unwilling truths, but, believe me, I do so with as much profound respect as deep regret. It is true we have called you to head a mighty undertaking, and that your Majesty, preferring honour to safety, and the love of your country to your own ease, has condescended to become our leader. But we also pointed out as a necessary and indispensable preparatory step to the achievement of our purpose — and, I must say, as a positive condition of our engaging in it — that an individual, supposed — I presume not to guess how truly — to have your Majesty's more intimate confidence, and believed — I will not say on absolute proof, but upon the most pregnant suspicion — to be capable of betraying that confidence

to the Elector of Hanover, should be removed from your royal household and society.'

'This is too insolent, Sir Richard!' said Charles Edward. 'Have you inveigled me into your power to bait me in this unseemly manner? And you, Redgauntlet, why did you suffer matters to come to such a point as this without making me more distinctly aware what insults were to be practised on me?'

'My gracious prince,' said Redgauntlet, 'I am so far to blame in this, that I did not think so slight an impediment as that of a woman's society could have really interrupted an undertaking of this magnitude. I am a plain man, sire, and speak but bluntly—I could not have dreamt but what, within the first five minutes of this interview, either Sir Richard and his friends would have ceased to insist upon a condition so ungrateful to your Majesty, or that your Majesty would have sacrificed this unhappy attachment to the sound advice, or even to the over-anxious suspicions, of so many faithful subjects. I saw no entanglement in such a difficulty which on either side might not have been broken through like a cobweb.'

'You were mistaken, sir,' said Charles Edward—'entirely mistaken, as much so as you are at this moment, when you think in your heart my refusal to comply with this insolent proposition is dictated by a childish and romantic passion for an individual. I tell you, sir, I could part with that person to-morrow without an instant's regret—that I have had thoughts of dismissing her from my court, for reasons known to myself; but that I will never betray my rights as a sovereign and a man by taking this step to secure the favour of any one, or to purchase that allegiance which, if you owe it to me at all, is due to me as my birthright.'

'I am sorry for this,' said Redgauntlet; 'I hope both your Majesty and Sir Richard will reconsider your resolutions, or forbear this discussion in a conjuncture so pressing. I trust your Majesty will recollect that you are on hostile ground; that our preparations cannot have so far escaped notice as to permit us now with safety to retreat from our purpose; inso-much, that it is with the deepest anxiety of heart I foresee even danger to your own royal person, unless you can generously give your subjects the satisfaction which Sir Richard seems to think they are obstinate in demanding.'

'And deep indeed your anxiety ought to be,' said the

Prince. 'Is it in these circumstances of personal danger in which you expect to overcome a resolution which is founded on a sense of what is due to me as a man or a prince? If the axe and scaffold were ready before the windows of Whitehall, I would rather tread the same path with my great-grandfather than concede the slightest point in which my honour is concerned.'

He spoke these words with a determined accent, and looked around him on the company, all of whom (excepting Darsie, who saw, he thought, a fair period to a most perilous enterprise) seemed in deep anxiety and confusion. At length Sir Richard spoke in a solemn and melancholy tone.

'If the safety,' he said, 'of poor Richard Glendale were alone concerned in this matter, I have never valued my life enough to weigh it against the slightest point of your Majesty's service. But I am only a messenger—a commissioner, who must execute my trust, and upon whom a thousand voices will cry "Curse and woe" if I do it not with fidelity. All of your adherents, even Redgauntlet himself, see certain ruin to this enterprise, the greatest danger to your Majesty's person, the utter destruction of all your party and friends, if they insist not on the point which, unfortunately, your Majesty is so unwilling to concede. I speak it with a heart full of anguish, with a tongue unable to utter my emotions; but it must be spoken—the fatal truth that, if your royal goodness cannot yield to us a boon which we hold necessary to our security and your own, your Majesty with one word disarms ten thousand men, ready to draw their swords in your behalf; or, to speak yet more plainly, you annihilate even the semblance of a royal party in Great Britain.'

'And why do you not add,' said the Prince, scornfully, 'that the men who have been ready to assume arms in my behalf will atone for their treason to the Elector by delivering me up to the fate for which so many proclamations have destined me? Carry my head to St. James's, gentlemen; you will do a more acceptable and a more honourable action than, having inveigled me into a situation which places me so completely in your power, to dishonour yourselves by propositions which dishonour me.'

'My God, sire!' exclaimed Sir Richard, clasping his hands together in impatience, 'of what great and inexpiable crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty, that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their

whole generation! Come, my Lord ——, we must to our friends.

‘By your leave, Sir Richard,’ said the young nobleman, ‘not till we have learned what measures can be taken for his Majesty’s personal safety.’

‘Care not for me, young man,’ said Charles Edward; ‘when I was in the society of Highland robbers and cattle-drovers, I was safer than I now hold myself among the representatives of the best blood in England. Farewell, gentlemen — I will shift for myself.’

‘This must never be,’ said Redgauntlet. ‘Let me, that brought you to the point of danger, at least provide for your safe retreat.’

So saying, he hastily left the apartment, followed by his nephew. The Wanderer, averting his eyes from Lord —— and Sir Richard Glendale, threw himself into a seat at the upper end of the apartment, while they, in much anxiety, stood together at a distance from him and conversed in whispers.

CHAPTER XXIII

Narrative Continued

WHEN Redgauntlet left the room, in haste and discomposure, the first person he met on the stair, and indeed so close by the door of the apartment that Darsie thought he must have been listening there, was his attendant Nixon.

'What the devil do you here?' he said, abruptly and sternly.

'I wait your orders,' said Nixon. 'I hope all's right?—excuse my zeal.'

'All is wrong, sir. Where is the seafaring fellow—Ewart—what do you call him?'

'Nanty Ewart, sir. I will carry your commands,' said Nixon.

'I will deliver them myself to him,' said Redgauntlet. 'Call him hither.'

'But should your honour leave the presence?' said Nixon, still lingering.

'Sdeath, sir, do you prate to me?' said Redgauntlet, bending his brows. 'I, sir, transact my own business; you, I am told, act by a ragged deputy.'

Without farther answer, Nixon departed, rather disconcerted, as it seemed to Darsie.

'That dog turns insolent and lazy,' said Redgauntlet; 'but I must bear with him for a while.'

A moment after, Nixon returned with Ewart.

'Is this the smuggling fellow?' demanded Redgauntlet.

Nixon nodded.

'Is he sober now? he was brawling anon.'

'Sober enough for business,' said Nixon.

'Well then, hark ye, Ewart—man your boat with your best hands, and have her by the pier; get your other fellows on board the brig; if you have any cargo left, throw it overboard—it shall be all paid, five times over; and be ready for a start to Wales or the Hebrides, or perhaps for Sweden or Norway.'

Ewart answered sullenly enough, 'Ay—ay, sir.'

'Go with him, Nixon,' said Redgauntlet, forcing himself to speak with some appearance of cordiality to the servant with whom he was offended; 'see he does his duty.'

Ewart left the house sullenly, followed by Nixon. The sailor was just in that species of drunken humour which made him jealous, passionate, and troublesome, without showing any other disorder than that of irritability. As he walked towards the beach he kept muttering to himself, but in such a tone that his companion lost not a word, "Smuggling fellow"—ay, smuggler—and, "start your cargo into the sea—and be ready to start for the Hebrides, or Sweden"—or the devil, I suppose. Well, and what if I said in answer—"Rebel—Jacobite—traitor—I'll make you and your d—d confederates walk the plank." I have seen better men do it—half a score of a morning—when I was across the Line.'

'D—d unhandsome terms those Redgauntlet used to you, brother,' said Nixon.

'Which do you mean?' said Ewart, starting, and recollecting himself. 'I have been at my old trade of thinking aloud, have I?'

'No matter,' answered Nixon, 'none but a friend heard you. You cannot have forgotten how Redgauntlet disarmed you this morning?'

'Why, I would bear no malice about that, only he is so cursedly high and saucy,' said Ewart.

'And then,' said Nixon, 'I know you for a true-hearted Protestant.'

'That I am, by G—,' said Ewart. 'No, the Spaniards could never get my religion from me.'

'And a friend to King George and the Hanover line of succession,' said Nixon, still walking, and speaking very slow.

'You may swear I am, excepting in the way of business, as Turnpenny says. I like King George, but I can't afford to pay duties.'

'You are outlawed, I believe?' said Nixon.

'Am I?—faith, I believe I am,' said Ewart. 'I wish I were "inlawed" again with all my heart. But come along, we must get all ready for our peremptory gentleman, I suppose.'

'I will teach you a better trick,' said Nixon. 'There is a bloody pack of rebels yonder.'

'Ay, we all know that,' said the smuggler; 'but the snowball's melting, I think.'

'There is some one yonder, whose head is worth — thirty — thousand — pounds — of sterling money,' said Nixon, pausing between each word, as if to enforce the magnificence of the sum.

'And what of that?' said Ewart, quickly.

'Only that if, instead of lying by the pier with your men on their oars, if you will just carry your boat on board just now, and take no notice of any signal from the shore, by G—d, Nanty Ewart, I will make a man of you for life!'

'Oh, ho! then the Jacobite gentry are not so safe as they think themselves?' said Nanty.

'In an hour or two,' replied Nixon, 'they will be made safer in Carlisle Castle.'

'The devil they will!' said Ewart; 'and you have been the informer, I suppose?'

'Yes; I have been ill paid for my service among the Redgauntlets — have scarce got dog's wages, and been treated worse than ever dog was used. I have the old fox and his cubs in the same trap now, Nanty; and we'll see how a certain young lady will look then. You see I am frank with you, Nanty.'

'And I will be as frank with you,' said the smuggler. 'You are a d—d old scoundrel — traitor to the man whose bread you eat! Me help to betray poor devils, that have been so often betrayed myself! Not if they were a hundred Popes, Devils, and Pretenders. I will back and tell them their danger; they are part of cargo, regularly invoiced, put under my charge by the owners — I'll back —'

'You are not stark mad?' said Nixon, who now saw he had miscalculated in supposing Nanty's wild ideas of honour and fidelity could be shaken even by resentment, or by his Protestant partialities. 'You shall not go back; it is all a joke.'

'I'll back to Redgauntlet, and see whether it is a joke he will laugh at.'

'My life is lost if you do,' said Nixon; 'hear reason.'

They were in a clump or cluster of tall furze at the moment they were speaking, about half-way between the pier and the house, but not in a direct line, from which Nixon, whose object it was to gain time, had induced Ewart to diverge insensibly. He now saw the necessity of taking a desperate resolution. 'Hear reason,' he said; and added, as Nanty still endeavoured to pass him, 'Or else hear this!' discharging a pocket-pistol into the unfortunate man's body.

Nanty staggered, but kept his feet. 'It has cut my backbone asunder,' he said : 'you have done me the last good office, and I will not die ungrateful.'

As he uttered the last words, he collected his remaining strength, stood firm for an instant, drew his hanger, and fetching a stroke with both hands, cut Cristal Nixon down. The blow, struck with all the energy of a desperate and dying man, exhibited a force to which Ewart's exhausted frame might have seemed inadequate : it cleft the hat which the wretch wore, though secured by a plate of iron within the lining, bit deep into his skull, and there left a fragment of the weapon, which was broke by the fury of the blow.

One of the seamen of the lugger, who strolled up, attracted by the firing of the pistol, though, being a small one, the report was very trifling, found both the unfortunate men stark dead. Alarmed at what he saw, which he conceived to have been the consequence of some unsuccessful engagement betwixt his late commander and a revenue officer (for Nixon chanced not to be personally known to him), the sailor hastened back to the boat, in order to apprise his comrades of Nanty's fate, and to advise them to take off themselves and the vessel.

Meantime, Redgauntlet, having, as we have seen, despatched Nixon for the purpose of securing a retreat for the unfortunate Charles in case of extremity, returned to the apartment where he had left the Wanderer. He now found him alone.

'Sir Richard Glendale,' said the unfortunate prince, 'with his young friend, has gone to consult their adherents now in the house. Redgauntlet, my friend, I will not blame you for the circumstances in which I find myself, though I am at once placed in danger and rendered contemptible. But you ought to have stated to me more strongly the weight which these gentlemen attached to their insolent proposition. You should have told me that no compromise would have any effect — that they desired, not a prince to govern them, but one, on the contrary, over whom they were to exercise restraint on all occasions, from the highest affairs of the state down to the most intimate and closest concerns of his own privacy, which the most ordinary men desire to keep secret and sacred from interference.'

'God knows,' said Redgauntlet, in much agitation, 'I acted for the best when I pressed your Majesty to come hither : I never thought that your Majesty, at such a crisis, would have scrupled, when a kingdom was in view, to sacrifice an attachment which ——'

'Peace, sir!' said Charles; 'it is not for you to estimate my feelings upon such a subject.'

Redgauntlet coloured high, and bowed profoundly. 'At least,' he resumed, 'I hoped that some middle way might be found, and it shall — and must. Come with me, nephew. We will to these gentlemen, and I am confident I shall bring back heart-stirring tidings.'

'I will do much to comply with them, Redgauntlet. I am loth, having again set my foot on British land, to quit it without a blow for my right. But this which they demand of me is a degradation, and compliance is impossible.'

Redgauntlet, followed by his nephew, the unwilling spectator of this extraordinary scene, left once more the apartment of the adventurous Wanderer, and was met on the top of the stairs by Joe Crackenthorp. 'Where are the other gentlemen?' he said.

'Yonder, in the west barrack,' answered Joe; 'but, Master Ingoldsby' — that was the name by which Redgauntlet was most generally known in Cumberland — 'I wished to say to you that I must put yonder folk together in one room.'

'What folk?' said Redgauntlet, impatiently.

'Why, them prisoner stranger folk, as you bid Cristal Nixon look after. Lord love you! this is a large house enow, but we cannot have separate lock-ups for folk, as they have in Newgate or in Bedlam. Yonder's a mad beggar that is to be a great man when he wins a lawsuit, Lord help him! yonder's a Quaker and a lawyer charged with a riot; and, ecod, I must make one key and one lock keep them, for we are chokeful, and you have sent off old Nixon, that could have given one some help in this confusion. Besides, they take up every one a room, and call for noughts on earth — excepting the old man, who calls lustily enough, but he has not a penny to pay shot.'

'Do as thou wilt with them,' said Redgauntlet, who had listened impatiently to his statement; 'so thou dost but keep them from getting out and making some alarm in the country, I care not.'

'A Quaker and a lawyer!' said Darsie. 'This must be Fairford and Geddes. Uncle, I must request of you ——'

'Nay, nephew,' interrupted Redgauntlet, 'this is no time for asking questions. You shall yourself decide upon their fate in the course of an hour; no harm whatever is designed them.'

So saying, he hurried towards the place where the Jacobite

gentlemen were holding their council, and Darsie followed him, in the hope that the obstacle which had arisen to the prosecution of their desperate adventure would prove unsurmountable, and spare him the necessity of a dangerous and violent rupture with his uncle. The discussions among them were very eager; the more daring part of the conspirators, who had little but life to lose, being desirous to proceed at all hazards, while the others, whom a sense of honour and a hesitation to disavow long-cherished principles had brought forward, were perhaps not ill satisfied to have a fair apology for declining an adventure into which they had entered with more of reluctance than zeal.

Meanwhile, Joe Crackenthorp, availing himself of the hasty permission obtained from Redgauntlet, proceeded to assemble in one apartment those whose safe custody had been thought necessary; and without much considering the propriety of the matter, he selected for the common place of confinement the room which Lilius had since her brother's departure occupied alone. It had a strong lock, and was double-hinged, which probably led to the preference assigned to it as a place of security.

Into this, Joe, with little ceremony and a good deal of noise, introduced the Quaker and Fairford; the first descanting on the immorality, the other on the illegality, of his proceedings, and he turning a deaf ear both to the one and the other. Next he pushed in, almost in headlong fashion, the unfortunate litigant, who, having made some resistance at the threshold, had received a violent thrust in consequence, and came rushing forward, like a ram in the act of charging, with such impetus as must have carried him to the top of the room, and struck the cocked hat which sat perched on the top of his tow wig against Miss Redgauntlet's person, had not the honest Quaker interrupted his career by seizing him by the collar and bringing him to a stand. 'Friend,' said he, with the real good-breeding which so often subsists independently of ceremonial, 'thou art no company for that young person; she is, thou seest, frightened at our being so suddenly thrust in hither; and although that be no fault of ours, yet it will become us to behave civilly towards her. Wherefore, come thou with me to this window, and I will tell thee what it concerns thee to know.'

'And what for should I no speak to the leddy, friend?' said Peter, who was now about half seas over. 'I have spoke to leddies before now, man. What for should she be frightened at

me? I am nae bogle, I ween. What are ye pooin me that gate for? Ye will rive my coat, and I will have a good action for having myself made *sartum atque tectum* at your expenses.'

Notwithstanding this threat, Mr. Geddes, whose muscles were as strong as his judgment was sound and his temper sedate, led Poor Peter, under the sense of a control against which he could not struggle, to the farther corner of the apartment, where, placing him, whether he would or no, in a chair, he sat down beside him, and effectually prevented his annoying the young lady, upon whom he had seemed bent on conferring the delights of his society.

If Peter had immediately recognised his counsel learned in the law, it is probable that not even the benevolent efforts of the Quaker could have kept him in a state of restraint; but Fairford's back was turned towards his client, whose optics, besides being somewhat dazzled with ale and brandy, were speedily engaged in contemplating a half-crown which Joshua held between his finger and his thumb, saying, at the same time, 'Friend, thou art indigent and improvident. This will, well employed, procure thee sustentation of nature for more than a single day; and I will bestow it on thee if thou wilt sit here and keep me company; for neither thou nor I, friend, are fit company for ladies.'

'Speak for yourself, friend,' said Peter, scornfully; 'I was aye kenn'd to be agreeable to the fair sex; and when I was in business I served the leddies wi' anither sort of decorum than Plainstones, the d—d awkward scoundrel! It was one of the articles of dittay between us.'

'Well, but, friend,' said the Quaker, who observed that the young lady still seemed to fear Peter's intrusion, 'I wish to hear thee speak about this great lawsuit of thine, which has been matter of such celebrity.'

'Celebrity! Ye may swear that,' said Peter, for the string was touched to which his crazy imagination always vibrated. 'And I dinna wonder that folk that judge things by their outward grandeur should think me something worth their envying. It's very true that it is grandeur upon earth to hear ane's name thunnered out along the long-arched roof of the Outer House — "*Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones, et per contra*"; a' the best lawyers in the house fleeing like eagles to the prey — some because they are in the cause, and some because they want to be thought engaged, for there are tricks in other trades bye selling muslins; to see the reporters mending their pens to

take down the debate; the Lords themselves pooin' in their chairs, like folk sitting down to a gude dinner, and crying on the clerks for parts and pendicles of the process, who, puir bodies, can do little mair than cry on their closet-keepers to help them. 'To see a' this,' continued Peter, in a tone of sustained rapture, 'and to ken that naething will be said or dune amang a' thae grand folk, for maybe the feck of three hours, saving what concerns you and your business. O, man, nae wonder that ye judge this to be earthly glory! And yet, neighbour, as I was saying, there be unco drawbacks: I whiles think of my bit house, where dinner, and supper, and breakfast used to come without the crying for, just as if fairies had brought it, and the gude bed at e'en, and the needfu' penny in the pouch. And then to see a' ane's warldly substance capering in the air in a pair of weigh-bauks, now up, now down, as the breath of judge or counsel inclines it for pursuer or defender — troth, man, there are times I rue having ever begun the plea wark, though, maybe, when ye consider the renown and credit I have by it, ye will hardly believe what I am saying.'

'Indeed, friend,' said Joshua, with a sigh, 'I am glad thou hast found anything in the legal contention which compensates thee for poverty and hunger; but I believe, were other human objects of ambition looked upon as closely, their advantages would be found as chimerical as those attending thy protracted litigation.'

'But never mind, friend,' said Peter, 'I'll tell you the exact state of the conjunct processes, and make you sensible that I can bring mysell round with a wet finger, now I have my finger and my thumb on this loop-the-dyke loon, the lad Fairford.'

Alan Fairford was in the act of speaking to the masked lady, for Miss Redgauntlet had retained her riding-vizard, endeavouring to assure her, as he perceived her anxiety, of such protection as he could afford, when his own name, pronounced in a loud tone, attracted his attention. He looked round, and, seeing Peter Peebles, as hastily turned to avoid his notice, in which he succeeded, so earnest was Peter upon his colloquy with one of the most respectable auditors whose attention he had ever been able to engage. And by this little motion, momentary 'as it was, Alan gained an unexpected advantage; for while he looked round, Miss Lillas, I could never ascertain why, took the moment to adjust her mask, and did it so awkwardly that, when her companion again turned his head, he

recognised as much of her features as authorised him to address her as his fair client, and to press his offers of protection and assistance with the boldness of a former acquaintance.

Lilias Redgauntlet withdrew the mask from her crimsoned cheek. 'Mr. Fairford,' she said, in a voice almost inaudible, 'you have the character of a young gentleman of sense and generosity; but we have already met in one situation which you must think singular, and I must be exposed to misconception, at least, for my forwardness, were it not in a cause in which my dearest affections were concerned.'

'Any interest in my beloved friend Darsie Latimer,' said Fairford, stepping a little back and putting a marked restraint upon his former advances, 'gives me a double right to be useful to ——' He stopped short.

'To his sister, your goodness would say,' answered Lilias.

'His sister, madam!' replied Alan, in the extremity of astonishment. 'Sister, I presume, in affection only?'

'No, sir; my dear brother Darsie and I are connected by the bonds of actual relationship, and I am not sorry to be the first to tell this to the friend he most values.'

Fairford's first thought was on the violent passion which Darsie had expressed towards the fair unknown. 'Good God!' he exclaimed, 'how did he bear the discovery?'

'With resignation, I hope,' said Lilias, smiling. 'A more accomplished sister he might easily have come by, but scarcely could have found one who could love him more than I do.'

'I meant—I only meant to say,' said the young counsellor, his presence of mind failing him for an instant—'that is, I meant to ask where Darsie Latimer is at this moment.'

'In this very house, and under the guardianship of his uncle, whom I believe you knew as a visitor of your father, under the name of Mr. Herries of Birrenswork.'

'Let me hasten to him,' said Fairford. 'I have sought him through difficulties and dangers; I must see him instantly.'

'You forget you are a prisoner,' said the young lady.

'True—true; but I cannot be long detained: the cause alleged is too ridiculous.'

'Alas!' said Lilias, 'our fate—my brother's and mine, at least—must turn on the deliberations perhaps of less than an hour. For you, sir, I believe and apprehend nothing but some restraint: my uncle is neither cruel nor unjust, though few will go farther in the cause which he has adopted.'

'Which is that of the Pretend——'

'For God's sake, speak lower!' said Lilius, approaching her hand as if to stop him. 'The word may cost you your life. You do not know — indeed you do not — the terrors of the situation in which we at present stand, and in which I fear you also are involved by your friendship for my brother.'

'I do not indeed know the particulars of our situation,' said Fairford; 'but, be the danger what it may, I shall not grudge my share of it for the sake of my friend, or,' he added, with more timidity, 'of my friend's sister. Let me hope,' he said, 'my dear Miss Latimer, that my presence may be of some use to you; and that it may be so, let me entreat a share of your confidence, which I am conscious I have otherwise no right to ask.'

He led her, as he spoke, towards the recess of the farther window of the room, and observing to her that, unhappily, he was particularly exposed to interruption from the mad old man whose entrance had alarmed her, he disposed of Darsie Latimer's riding-skirt, which had been left in the apartment, over the back of two chairs, forming thus a sort of screen, behind which he ensconced himself with the maiden of the green mantle; feeling at the moment that the danger in which he was placed was almost compensated by the intelligence which permitted those feelings towards her to revive which justice to his friend had induced him to stifle in the birth.

The relative situation of adviser and advised, of protector and protected, is so peculiarly suited to the respective condition of man and woman, that great progress towards intimacy is often made in very short space; for the circumstances call for confidence on the part of the gentleman, and forbid coyness on that of the lady, so that the usual barriers against easy intercourse are at once thrown down.

Under these circumstances, securing themselves as far as possible from observation, conversing in whispers, and seated in a corner, where they were brought into so close contact that their faces nearly touched each other, Fairford heard from Lilius Redgauntlet the history of her family, particularly of her uncle, his views upon her brother, and the agony which she felt, lest at that very moment he might succeed in engaging Darsie in some desperate scheme, fatal to his fortune, and perhaps to his life.

Alan Fairford's acute understanding instantly connected what he had heard with the circumstances he had witnessed at Fairladies. His first thought was to attempt, at all risks, his

instant escape, and procure assistance powerful enough to crush, in the very cradle, a conspiracy of such a determined character. This he did not consider as difficult; for, though the door was guarded on the outside, the window, which was not above ten feet from the ground, was open for escape, the common on which it looked was uninclosed, and profusely covered with furze. There would, he thought, be little difficulty in effecting his liberty, and in concealing his course after he had gained it.

But Liliás exclaimed against this scheme. Her uncle, she said, was a man who, in his moments of enthusiasm, knew neither remorse nor fear. He was capable of visiting upon Darsie any injury which he might conceive Fairford had rendered him; he was her near kinsman also, and not an unkind one, and she deprecated any effort, even in her brother's favour, by which his life must be exposed to danger. Fairford himself remembered Father Buonaventure, and made little question but that he was one of the sons of the old Chevalier de St. George; and with feelings which, although contradictory of his public duty, can hardly be much censured, his heart recoiled from being the agent by whom the last scion of such a long line of Scottish princes should be rooted up. He then thought of obtaining an audience, if possible, of this devoted person, and explaining to him the utter hopelessness of his undertaking, which he judged it likely that the ardour of his partizans might have concealed from him. But he relinquished this design as soon as formed. He had no doubt that any light which he could throw on the state of the country would come too late to be serviceable to one who was always reported to have his own full share of the hereditary obstinacy which had cost his ancestors so dear, and who, in drawing the sword, must have thrown from him the scabbard.

Liliás suggested the advice which, of all others, seemed most suited to the occasion, that yielding, namely, to the circumstances of their situation, they should watch carefully when Darsie should obtain any degree of freedom, and endeavour to open a communication with him, in which case their joint flight might be effected, and without endangering the safety of any one.

Their youthful deliberation had nearly fixed in this point, when Fairford, who was listening to the low sweet whispering tones of Liliás Redgauntlet, rendered yet more interesting by some slight touch of foreign accent, was startled by a heavy

hand which descended with full weight on his shoulder, while the discordant voice of Peter Peebles, who had at length broken loose from the well-meaning Quaker, exclaimed in the ear of his truant counsel — ‘Aha, lad! I think ye are catched. An’ so ye are turned chamber-counsel, are ye? And ye have drawn up wi’ clients in scarfs and hoods? But bide a wee, billie, and see if I dinna sort ye when my petition and complaint comes to be discussed, with or without answers, under certification.’

Alan Fairford had never more difficulty in his life to subdue a first emotion than he had to refrain from knocking down the crazy blockhead who had broke in upon him at such a moment. But the length of Peter’s address gave him time, fortunately perhaps for both parties, to reflect on the extreme irregularity of such a proceeding. He stood silent, however, with vexation, while Peter went on.

‘Weel, my bonnie man, I see ye are thinking shame o’ yoursell, and nae great wonder. Ye maun leave this quean; the like of her is ower light company for you. I have heard honest Mr. Pest say, that the gown grees ill wi’ the petticoat. But come awa’ hame to your puir father, and I’ll take care of you the haill gate, and keep you company, and deil a word we will speak about, but just the state of the conjoined processes of the great cause of Poor Peebles against Plainstaness.’

‘If thou canst endure to hear as much of that suit, friend,’ said the Quaker, ‘as I have heard out of mere compassion for thee, I think verily thou wilt soon be at the bottom of the matter, unless it be altogether bottomless.’

Fairford shook off, rather indignantly, the large bony hand which Peter had imposed upon his shoulder, and was about to say something peevish upon so unpleasant and insolent a mode of interruption, when the door opened, a treble voice saying to the sentinel, ‘I tell you I maun be in, to see if Mr. Nixon’s here’; and Little Benjie thrust in his mop-head and keen black eyes. Ere he could withdraw it, Peter Peebles sprang to the door, seized on the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward into the room.

‘Let me see it,’ he said, ‘ye ne’er-do-weel limb of Satan. I’ll gar you satisfy the production, I trow: I’ll hae first and second diligence against you, ye deevil’s buckie!’

‘What dost thou want?’ said the Quaker, interfering. ‘Why dost thou frighten the boy, friend Peebles?’

‘I gave the bastard a penny to buy me snuff,’ said the

pauper, 'and he has rendered no account of his intromissions; but I'll gar him as gude.'

So saying, he proceeded forcibly to rifle the pockets of Benjie's ragged jacket of one or two snares for game, marbles, a half-bitten apple, two stolen eggs (one of which Peter broke in the eagerness of his research), and various other unconsidered trifles, which had not the air of being very honestly come by. The little rascal, under this discipline, bit and struggled like a fox-cub, but, like that vermin, uttered neither cry nor complaint, till a note, which Peter tore from his bosom, flew as far as Liliás Redgauntlet and fell at her feet. It was addressed to 'C. N.'

'It is for the villain Nixon,' she said to Alan Fairford; 'open it without scruple: that boy is his emissary. We shall now see what the miscreant is driving at.'

Little Benjie now gave up all farther struggle, and suffered Peebles to take from him, without resistance, a shilling, out of which Peter declared he would pay himself principal and interest, and account for the balance. The boy, whose attention seemed fixed on something very different, only said, 'Maister Nixon will murder me!'

Alan Fairford did not hesitate to read the little scrap of paper, on which was written, 'All is prepared; keep them in play until I come up. You may depend on your reward. — C. C.'

'Alas! my uncle — my poor uncle!' said Liliás, 'this is the result of his confidence! Methinks, to give him instant notice of his confidant's treachery is now the best service we can render all concerned. If they break up their undertaking, as they must now do, Darsie will be at liberty.'

In the same breath, they were both at the half-opened door of the room, Fairford entreating to speak with the Father Buonaventure, and Liliás, equally vehemently, requesting a moment's interview with her uncle. While the sentinel hesitated what to do, his attention was called to a loud noise at the door, where a crowd had been assembled in consequence of the appalling cry that the enemy were upon them, occasioned, as it afterwards proved, by some stragglers having at length discovered the dead bodies of Nanty Ewart and of Nixon.

Amid the confusion occasioned by this alarming incident, the sentinel ceased to attend to his duty; and, accepting Alan Fairford's arm, Liliás found no opposition in penetrating even to the inner apartment, where the principal persons in the

enterprise, whose conclave had been disturbed by this alarming incident, were now assembled in great confusion, and had been joined by the Chevalier himself.

‘Only a mutiny among these smuggling scoundrels,’ said Redgauntlet.

‘*Only* a mutiny, do you say?’ said Sir Richard Glendale; ‘and the lugger, the last hope of escape for’ — he looked towards Charles — ‘stands out to sea under a press of sail!’

‘Do not concern yourself about me,’ said the unfortunate prince; ‘this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gentlemen.’

‘No, never!’ said the young Lord —. ‘Our only hope now is in an honourable resistance.’

‘Most true,’ said Redgauntlet; ‘let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and — How now?’ he concluded, sternly, as Lilius, first soliciting his attention by pulling his cloak, put into his hand the scroll, and added, it was designed for that of Nixon.

Redgauntlet read, and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying, ‘Now all is indeed over,’ handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, ‘Black Colin Campbell, by G—d! I heard he had come post from London last night.’

As if in echo to his thoughts, the violin of the blind man was heard playing with spirit, ‘The Campbells are coming,’ a celebrated clan-march.

‘The Campbells are coming in earnest,’ said MacKellar: ‘they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle.’

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord — spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. ‘If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warranty; let us save him at least.’

‘True — most true,’ answered Sir Richard Glendale. ‘Let the King be first cared for.’

‘That shall be my business,’ said Redgauntlet. ‘If we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well; I will instantly despatch a party in a fishing-skiff to bring her to.’ He gave his commands to two or three of the most active

among his followers. 'Let him be once on board,' he said, 'and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat.'

'Right — right,' said Sir Richard, 'and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall. Redgauntlet,' continued he, 'I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance.'

'It is the way of our house,' said Redgauntlet: 'our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first,' he said, addressing Charles, 'see your Majesty's sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then —'

'You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen,' again repeated Charles: 'yon mountain of Criffel shall fly as soon as I will.'

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment, and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford drew together, and held each other by the hands, as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding-habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau-de-chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood almost unarmed among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

'You look coldly on me, gentlemen,' he said. 'Sir Richard Glendale — my Lord —, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? And you, too, Ingoldsby — I must not call you by any other name — why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand.'

'And are prepared for it, General,' said Redgauntlet: 'we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter.'

'Pshaw! you take it too seriously; let me speak but one word with you.'

'No words can shake our purpose,' said Redgauntlet, 'were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house.'

'I am certainly not unsupported,' said the General; 'but if you would hear me ——'

'Hear *me*, sir,' said the Wanderer, stepping forward. 'I suppose I am the mark you aim at. I surrender myself willingly, to save these gentlemen's danger; let this at least avail in their favour.'

An exclamation of 'Never — never!' broke from the little body of partizans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment's silence. 'I do not,' he said, 'know this gentleman (making a profound bow to the unfortunate prince) — I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us.'

'Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted,' said Charles, unable to suppress, even in that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.

'In one word, General Campbell,' said Redgauntlet, 'is it to be peace or war? You are a man of honour, and we can trust you.'

'I thank you, sir,' said the General; 'and I reply that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was perhaps no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner, for a bear-bait or a cock-fight, or whatever other amusement you may have intended; but it was a little imprudent, considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops, in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry to do whatever might be necessary; but my commands are — and I am sure they agree with my inclination — to make no arrests, nay, to make no farther inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interest so far as to give

up their immediate purpose and return quietly home to their own houses.'

'What! — all?' exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale — 'all, without exception?'

'All, without one single exception,' said the General; 'such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so, and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all.'

'His Majesty's kind purposes!' said the Wanderer. 'Do I hear you aright, sir?'

'I speak the King's very words, from his very lips,' replied the General. "'I will," said his Majesty, "deserve the confidence of my subjects by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title — in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it." His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken, men in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the continent; and his Majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so.'

'Is this real?' said Redgauntlet. 'Can you mean this? Am I — are all — are any of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?'

'You, sir — all — any of the gentlemen present,' said the General — 'all whom the vessel can contain, are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons, unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one.'

'Then, gentlemen,' said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, 'the cause is lost for ever!'

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

'We have your word of honour for our protection,' said Sir Richard Glendale, 'if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?'

'You have, Sir Richard,' answered the General.

'And I also have your promise,' said Redgauntlet, 'that I may go on board yonder vessel with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?'

'Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby — or I *will* call you Redgauntlet once more — you may stay in the offing for a tide, until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fair-ladies. After that, there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous.'

'Perilous it should not be, General Campbell,' said Redgauntlet, 'or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity.'

'You forget yourself, my friend,' said the unhappy adventurer: 'you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the copestone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bull-fight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends; I bid *you* farewell (bowing to the General), my friendly foe: I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone, and to return no more!'

'Not alone,' said Redgauntlet, 'while there is blood in the veins of my father's son.'

'Not alone,' said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. 'We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered.'

'If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach,' said General Campbell, 'I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons.'

'Be it so,' said the Adventurer, with the air of a prince to a subject, not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment — they left the house; an unauthenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the

origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who, for one reason or other, were most of them amenable to the arm of power, had either shrunk into stables or corners or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape, excepting the small party which now moved towards the rude pier, where a boat lay manned, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stuarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked towards the beach; for the ground was rough; and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a Highland hill, as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indifference, but watching, at the same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Darsie and his sister naturally followed their uncle, whose violence they no longer feared, while his character attracted their respect; and Alan Fairford accompanied them from interest in their fate, unnoticed in a party where all were too much occupied with their own thoughts and feelings, as well as with the impending crisis, to attend to his presence.

Half-way betwixt the house and the beach, they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

'That was your informer?' said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent. 'Caitiff wretch!' exclaimed Redgauntlet; 'and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee.'

'That sound broadsword cut,' said the General, 'has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor.'

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The Prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands; he looked at it, and said, 'I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprised of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which you have acted?'

'Certainly not,' answered General Campbell; 'they shall have all facility to join you.'

'I wish, then,' said Charles, 'only another companion. Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you — come you, and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again; but we will talk of them, and of our disconcerted bull-fight.'

'I follow you, sire, through life,' said Redgauntlet, 'as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment.'

The Prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground, he hastened to say, 'Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account and on that of your country than from selfish apprehensions.'

He stepped from one to another, and, amid sobs and bursting tears, received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection.

The General drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. 'It is now all over,' he said, 'and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto.'

'And now I shall not need it,' said Redgauntlet. 'I leave England for ever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus. Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you that, though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance — a change, however,' he added, looking around him, 'which sits more easy on honourable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on the sleeve, and others in the heart. You will from henceforth be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father — of all that belonged to him — excepting this, his good sword (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with

you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point—God knows, with no selfish purpose—and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views for having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them. Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!’

‘No, sir,’ said Lilius, seizing his hand eagerly. ‘You have been hitherto my protector; you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and your comforter in exile!’

‘I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection; but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another. If I leave it before I quit the earth, it shall be only for the house of God. Once more, farewell both! The fatal doom,’ he said, with a melancholy smile, ‘will, I trust, now depart from the house of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side. I am convinced he will not change it, should it in turn become the losing one.’

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance, the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

‘You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy,’ said the Chevalier; ‘and, on my part, I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner. Farewell!’

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time or to remember afterwards; nay, it is said that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal ‘Amen!’ which resounded from the shore.

CONCLUSION

BY

DOCTOR DRYASDUST

IN A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF *WAVERLEY*

I AM truly sorry, my worthy and much-respected sir, that my anxious researches have neither in the form of letters, nor of diaries, or other memoranda been able to discover more than I have hitherto transmitted of the history of the Redgauntlet family. But I observe in an old newspaper called the *Whitehall Gazette*, of which I fortunately possess a file for several years, that Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet was presented to his late Majesty at the drawing-room by Lieut.-General Campbell; upon which the editor observes, in the way of comment, that we were going *remis atque velis* into the interests of the Pretender, since a Scot had presented a Jacobite at court. I am sorry I have not room (the frank being only uncial) for his farther observations, tending to show the apprehensions entertained by many well-instructed persons of the period, that the young king might himself be induced to become one of the Stuarts' faction—a catastrophe from which it has pleased Heaven to preserve these kingdoms.

I perceive also, by a marriage contract in the family repositories, that Miss Lilius Redgauntlet of Redgauntlet, about eighteen months after the transactions you have commemorated, intermarried with Alan Fairford, Esq., advocate, of Clinkdollar, who, I think, we may not unreasonably conclude to be the same person whose name occurs so frequently in the pages of your narration. In my last excursion to Edinburgh, I was fortunate enough to discover an old cadie, from whom, at the expense of a bottle of whisky and half a pound of tobacco, I extracted the important information that he knew Peter Peebles very well, and had drunk many a mutchkin with him in Cadie Fraser's

time. He said that he lived ten years after King George's accession, in the momentary expectation of winning his cause every day in the session time, and every hour in the day, and at last fell down dead, in what my informer called a 'perplexity fit,' upon a proposal for a composition being made to him in the Outer House. I have chosen to retain my informer's phrase, not being able justly to determine whether it is a corruption of the word apoplexy, as my friend Mr. Oldbuck supposes, or the name of some peculiar disorder incidental to those who have concern in the courts of law, as many callings and conditions of men have diseases appropriate to themselves. The same cadie also remembered Blind Willie Stevenson, who was called Wandering Willie, and who ended his days 'unco beinly, in Sir Arthur Redgauntlet's ha' neuk.' 'He had done the family some good turn,' he said, 'specially when ane of the Argyle gentlemen was coming down on a wheen of them that had the "auld leven" about them, and wad hae ta'en every man of them, and nae less nor headed and hanged them. But Willie, and a friend they had, called Robin the Rambler, gae them warning, by playing tunes such as "The Campbells are coming," and the like, whereby they got timeous warning to take the wing.' I need not point out to your acuteness, my worthy sir, that this seems to refer to some inaccurate account of the transactions in which you seem so much interested.

Respecting Redgauntlet, about whose subsequent history you are more particularly inquisitive, I have learned from an excellent person, who was a priest in the Scottish monastery of Ratisbon before its suppression, that he remained for two or three years in the family of the Chevalier, and only left it at last in consequence of some discords in that melancholy household. As he had hinted to General Campbell, he exchanged his residence for the cloister, and displayed in the latter part of his life a strong sense of the duties of religion, which in his earlier days he had too much neglected, being altogether engaged in political speculations and intrigues. He rose to the situation of prior in the house which he belonged to, and which was of a very strict order of religion. He sometimes received his countrymen whom accident brought to Ratisbon, and curiosity induced to visit the monastery of——. But it was remarked, that though he listened with interest and attention when Britain, or particularly Scotland, became the subject of conversation, yet he never either introduced or prolonged the subject, never used the English language, never inquired about English

affairs, and, above all, never mentioned his own family. His strict observation of the rules of his order gave him, at the time of his death, some pretensions to be chosen a saint, and the brethren of the monastery of —— made great efforts for that effect, and brought forward some plausible proofs of miracles. But there was a circumstance which threw a doubt over the subject, and prevented the consistory from acceding to the wishes of the worthy brethren. Under his habit, and secured in a small silver box, he had worn perpetually around his neck a lock of hair, which the fathers avouched to be a relic. But the *avocato del diablo*, in combating, as was his official duty, the pretensions of the candidate for sanctity, made it at least equally probable that the supposed relic was taken from the head of a brother of the deceased prior, who had been executed for adherence to the Stuart family in 1745-46; and the motto, *Haud obliviscendum*, seemed to intimate a tone of mundane feeling and recollection of injuries which made it at least doubtful whether, even in the quiet and gloom of the cloister, Father Hugo had forgotten the sufferings and injuries of the house of Redgauntlet.

NOTES TO REDGAUNTLET

NOTE 1. — PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LOVE OF MONEY, p. xv

THE reproach is thus expressed by Dr. King, who brings the charge:— 'But the most odious part of his character is his love of money — a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication that a prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; but, nevertheless, his purse should be always open as long as there is anything in it, to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents. King Charles II., during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman, with two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong-box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded.' [*Anecdotes of his own Times*, 1818, pp. 201-203.]

NOTE 2. — KITTLE NINE STEPS, p. 3

A pass on the very brink of the Castle rock to the north, by which it is just possible for a goat, or a High School boy, to turn the corner of the building where it rises from the edge of the precipice. This was so favourite a feat with the 'hell and neck boys' of the higher classes, that at one time sentinels were posted to prevent its repetition. One of the nine steps was rendered more secure because the climber could take hold of the root of a nettle, so precarious were the means of passing this celebrated spot. The Manning the Cowgate Port, especially in snowball time, was also a choice amusement, as it offered an inaccessible station for the boys who used these missiles to the annoyance of the passengers. The gateway is now demolished; and probably most of its garrison lie as low as the fortress. To recollect that the Author himself, however naturally disqualified, was one of those juvenile dread-noughts is a sad reflection to one who cannot now step over a brook without assistance.

NOTE 3. — PARLIAMENT HOUSE, EDINBURGH, p. 3

The Hall of the Parliament House of Edinburgh was, in former days, divided into two unequal portions by a partition, the inner side of which was consecrated to the use of the Courts of Justice and the gentlemen of the law; while the outer division was occupied by the stalls of stationers, toymen, and the like, as in a modern bazaar. From the old play of the *Plain Dealer*, it seems such was formerly the case with Westminster Hall. Minos has now purified his courts in both cities from all traffic but his own.

NOTE 4. — DIRLETON'S *DOUBTS*, p. 4

Sir John Nisbet of Dirleton's *Doubts and Questions upon the Law, especially of Scotland* [1698], and Sir James Stewart's *Dirleton's Doubts and Questions on the Law of Scotland Resolved and Answered*, are works of authority in Scottish jurisprudence. As is generally the case, the *Doubts* are held more in respect than the solution.

NOTE 5. — CRAMP-SPEECH, p. 4

Till of late years, every advocate who entered at the Scottish bar made a Latin address to the court, faculty, and audience, in set terms, and said a few words upon a text of the civil law, to show his Latinity and jurisprudence. He also wore his hat for a minute, in order to vindicate his right of being covered before the court, which is said to have originated from the celebrated lawyer, Sir Thomas Hoope, having two sons on the bench while he himself remained at the bar. Of late this ceremony has been dispensed with, as occupying the time of the court unnecessarily. The entrant lawyer merely takes the oaths to government, and swears to maintain the rules and privileges of his order.

NOTE 6. — FRANKING LETTERS, p. 7

It is well known and remembered that, when Members of Parliament enjoyed the unlimited privilege of franking by the mere writing the name on the cover, it was extended to the most extraordinary occasions. One noble lord, to express his regard for a particular regiment, franked a letter for every rank and file. It was customary also to save the covers and return them, in order that the correspondence might be carried on as long as the envelopes could hold together.

NOTE 7. — *SCOTS MAGAZINE*, p. 7

The *Scots Magazine*, commenced in 1739, was really not connected with the Ruddimans. Walter Ruddiman, junior, nephew of Thomas the Grammarian, who died in 1757, started an opposition periodical in 1768, called *The Weekly Magazine or Edinburgh Amusement*. It was carried on till 1784 (*Laing*).

NOTE 8. — 'THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEAD,' p. 8

Alluding, as all Scotsmen know, to the humorous old song:

The auld man's mare's dead,
The puir man's mare's dead,
The auld man's mare's dead,
A mile aboon Dundee.

— Both the words and air of this popular song are attributed to Patie Birnie, the famous fiddler of Kinghorn, celebrated by Allan Ramsay. See Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (*Laing*).

NOTE 9. — DR. RUTHERFORD, p. 13

Probably Dr. John Rutherford, the Author's uncle. He was a professor in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the founders of the Medical School. Scott's father removed from near the top of the College Wynd to George Square soon after Sir Walter's birth (*Laing*).

NOTE 10. — BROWN'S SQUARE, EDINBURGH, p. 13

The diminutive and obscure place called Brown's Square was hailed about the time of its erection as an extremely elegant improvement upon the style of designing and erecting Edinburgh residences. Each house was, in the phrase used by appraisers, 'finished within itself,' or, in the still newer phraseology, 'self-contained.' It was built about the year 1763-64; and the old part of the city being near and accessible, this square soon received many inhabitants, who ventured to remove to so moderate a distance from the High Street. —

The north side of the square now forms part of Chambers Street (*Laing*).

NOTE 11. — AUTHOR'S RESIDENCE WITH QUAKERS, p. 74

In explanation of this circumstance, I cannot help adding a note not very necessary for the reader, which yet I record with pleasure, from recollection of the kindness which it evinces. In early youth I resided for a considerable time in the vicinity of the beautiful village of Kelso, where my life passed in a very solitary manner. I had few acquaintances, scarce any companions, and books, which were at the time almost essential to my happiness, were difficult to come by. It was then that I was particularly indebted to the liberality and friendship of an old lady of the Society of Friends, eminent for her benevolence and charity. Her deceased husband had been a medical man of eminence, and left her, with other valuable property, a small and well-selected library. This the kind old lady permitted me to rummage at pleasure, and carry home what volumes I chose, on condition that I should take, at the same time, some of the tracts printed for encouraging and extending the doctrines of her own sect. She did not even exact any assurance that I would read these performances, being too justly afraid of involving me in a breach of promise, but was merely desirous that I should have the chance of instruction within my reach, in case whim, curiosity, or accident might induce me to have recourse to it.

NOTE 12. — GREEN MANTLE, p. 78

This scene would almost appear to have been founded on an incident in the Author's own experience, and which is referred to in the following passage from a letter addressed to him about 1790 by an intimate friend: — 'Your Quixotism, dear Walter, was highly characteristic. From the description of the blooming fair, as she appeared when she lowered her *man-teau vert*, I am hopeful you have not dropt the acquaintance. At least I am certain some of our more rakish friends would have been glad enough of such an introduction.' In referring to this letter, Mr. Lockhart says, 'Scott's friends discovered that he had, from almost the dawn of the passions, cherished a secret attachment, which continued, through all the most perilous stage of life, to act as a romantic charm in safeguard of virtue. This was the early and innocent affection, however he may have disguised the story, to which we owe the tenderest pages of *Redgauntlet*, and where the heroine has certain distinctive features drawn from one and the same haunting dream of his manly adolescence.'

NOTE 13. — ALAN'S THESIS, p. 87

Mr. Lockhart, referring to the above, says it is easy for us to imagine who the original of the Alan in this letter was. He also informs us, that,

when the Author 'passed' advocate, the real Darsle (William Clerk) was present at the real Alan's 'bit chack of dinner,' and the real Alexander Fairford, W.S. (Scott's father), was very joyous on the occasion. Scott's thesis, on the same occasion, was, in fact, on the Title of the Pandects, 'Concerning the disposal of the dead bodies of criminals.' See the reference to Voet, p. 12 (*Laing*).

NOTE 14. — 'ALL OUR MEN WERE VERY, VERY MERRY,' p. 91

The original of this catch is to be found in Cowley's witty comedy of *The Guardian*, the first edition [Act ii. sc. 9]. It does not exist in the second and revised edition, called the *Cutter of Coleman Street*.

CAPTAIN BLADE. Ha, ha, boys, another catch.
 And all our men were very, very merry,
 And all our men were drinking.
 CUTTER. One man of mine.
 DOGBEL. Two men of mine.
 BLADE. Three men of mine.
 CUTTER. And one man of mine.
 OMNES. As we went by the way
 We were drunk, drunk, damnably drunk.
 And all our men were very, very merry, etc.

Such are the words, which are somewhat altered and amplified in the text. The play was acted in presence of Charles II., then Prince of Wales, in 1641. The catch in the text has been happily set to music.

NOTE 15. — FACULTIES OF THE BLIND, p. 98

It is certain that in many cases the blind have, by constant exercise of their other organs, learned to overcome a defect which one would think incapable of being supplied. Every reader must remember the celebrated Blind Jack of Knaresborough, who lived by laying out roads. —

This remarkable character, John Metcalf, called the Road-Maker, was born at Knaresborough in 1717. He lost his sight when six years old. An account of his life and undertakings forms an interesting chapter in the *Lives of the Engineers*, by S. Smiles, vol. i. 1861 (*Laing*).

NOTE 16. — WILLIAM III. AND THE COVENANTERS, p. 103

The caution and moderation of King William III., and his principles of unlimited toleration, deprived the Cameronians of the opportunity they ardently desired to retaliate the injuries which they had received during the reign of prelacy, and purify the land, as they called it, from the pollution of blood. They esteemed the Revolution, therefore, only a half measure, which neither comprehended the rebuilding the kirk in its full splendour nor the revenge of the death of the saints on their persecutors.

NOTE 17. — PERSECUTORS OF THE COVENANTERS, p. 112

The personages here mentioned are most of them characters of historical fame; but those less known and remembered may be found in the tract entitled, *The Judgment and Justice of God Exemplified; or, a Brief Historical Account of some of the Wicked Lives and Miserable Deaths of some of the most Remarkable Apostates and Bloody Persecutors, from the Reformation till after the Revolution*. This constitutes a sort of postscript or

appendix to John Howie of Lochgoin's *Account of the Lives of the most eminent Scots Worthies*. The author has, with considerable ingenuity, reversed his reasoning upon the inference to be drawn from the prosperity or misfortunes which befall individuals in this world, either in the course of their lives or in the hour of death. In the account of the martyrs' sufferings such inflictions are mentioned only as trials permitted by Providence, for the better and brighter display of their faith and constancy of principle. But when similar afflictions befell the opposite party, they are imputed to the direct vengeance of Heaven upon their impiety. If, indeed, the life of any person obnoxious to the historian's censures happened to have passed in unusual prosperity, the mere fact of its being finally concluded by death is assumed as an undeniable token of the judgment of Heaven, and, to render the conclusion inevitable, his last scene is generally garnished with some singular circumstances. Thus the Duke of Lauderdale is said, through old age but immense corpulence, to have become so sunk in spirits 'that his heart was not the bigness of a walnut.'

NOTE 18. — EXCESSIVE LAMENTATION, p. 118

I have heard in my youth some such wild tale as that placed in the mouth of the blind fiddler, of which, I think, the hero was Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, the famous persecutor. But the belief was general throughout Scotland that the excessive lamentation over the loss of friends disturbed the repose of the dead, and broke even the rest of the grave. There are several instances of this in tradition, but one struck me particularly, as I heard it from the lips of one who professed receiving it from those of a ghost-seer. This was a Highland lady named Mrs. C—— of B——, who probably believed firmly in the truth of an apparition which seems to have originated in the weakness of her nerves and strength of her imagination. She had been lately left a widow by her husband, with the office of guardian to their only child. The young man added to the difficulties of his charge by an extreme propensity for a military life, which his mother was unwilling to give way to, while she found it impossible to repress it. About this time the Independent Companies, formed for the preservation of the peace of the Highlands, were in the course of being levied; and as a gentleman named Cameron, nearly connected with Mrs. C——, commanded one of those companies, she was at length persuaded to compromise the matter with her son, by permitting him to enter this company in the capacity of a cadet; thus gratifying his love of a military life without the dangers of foreign service, to which no one then thought these troops were at all liable to be exposed, while even their active service at home was not likely to be attended with much danger. She readily obtained a promise from her relative that he would be particular in his attention to her son, and therefore concluded she had accommodated matters between her son's wishes and his safety in a way sufficiently attentive to both. She set off to Edinburgh to get what was wanting for his outfit, and shortly afterwards received melancholy news from the Highlands. The Independent Company into which her son was to enter had a skirmish with a party of caterans engaged in some act of spoil, and her friend the captain being wounded, and out of the reach of medical assistance, died in consequence. This news was a thunderbolt to the poor mother, who was at once deprived of her kinsman's advice and assistance, and instructed by his fate of the unexpected danger to which her son's new calling exposed him. She remained also in great sorrow for her relative, whom she loved with sisterly affection. These conflicting causes of anxiety, together with her uncertainty whether to continue or change her son's destination, were terminated in the following manner: — The house in which Mrs. C—— resided in the old town of Edinburgh was a flat or story of a land, accessible, as was then universal, by a common stair.

The family who occupied the story beneath were her acquaintances, and she was in the habit of drinking tea with them every evening. It was accordingly about six o'clock, when, recovering herself from a deep fit of anxious reflection, she was about to leave the parlour in which she sat in order to attend this engagement. The door through which she was to pass opened, as was very common in Edinburgh, into a dark passage. In this passage, and within a yard of her when she opened the door, stood the apparition of her kinsman, the deceased officer, in his full tartan, and wearing his bonnet. Terrified at what she saw, or thought she saw, she closed the door hastily, and, sinking on her knees by a chair, prayed to be delivered from the horrors of the vision. She remained in that posture till her friends below tapped on the floor to intimate that tea was ready. Recalled to herself by the signal, she arose, and, on opening the apartment door, again was confronted by the visionary Highlander, whose bloody brow bore token, on this second appearance, to the death he had died. Unable to endure this repetition of her terrors, Mrs. C—— sunk on the floor in a swoon. Her friends below, startled with the noise, came upstairs, and, alarmed at the situation in which they found her, insisted on her going to bed and taking some medicine, in order to compose what they took for a nervous attack. They had no sooner left her in quiet than the apparition of the soldier was once more visible in the apartment. This time she took courage and said, 'In the name of God, Donald, why do you haunt one who respected and loved you when living?' To which he answered readily, in Gaelic, 'Cousin, why did you not speak sooner? My rest is disturbed by your unnecessary lamentation — your tears scald me in my shroud. I come to tell you that my untimely death ought to make no difference in your views for your son; God will raise patrons to supply my place, and he will live to the fulness of years, and die honoured and at peace.' The lady of course followed her kinsman's advice; and as she was accounted a person of strict veracity, we may conclude the first apparition an illusion of the fancy, the final one a lively dream suggested by the other two.

NOTE 19. — PETER PEEBLES, p. 135

This unfortunate litigant (for a person named Peter Peebles actually flourished) frequented the courts of justice in Scotland about the year 1792, and the sketch of his appearance is given from recollection. The Author is of opinion that he himself had at one time the honour to be counsel for Peter Peebles, whose voluminous course of litigation served as a sort of assay-plates to most young men who were called to the bar. The scene of the consultation is entirely imaginary. —

Another character of the same kind, by name Andrew Nicol, who flourished about this time, was probably well known to the Author. He was a weaver of Kinross, who, after years of litigation, neglecting his business, died a pauper in the jail of Cupar-Fife in 1817. See *Kay's Portraits*, vol. i. Nos. 118 and 119. The first represents him with a plan of his middenstead, dated 1804; the other, in 1802, consulting a lawyer [listening to John Skene and Mary Walker] (*Laing*).

NOTE 20. — OLD-FASHIONED SCOTTISH CIVILITY, p. 145

Such were literally the points of politeness observed in general society during the Author's youth, where it was by no means unusual in a company assembled by chance to find individuals who had borne arms on one side or other in the civil broils of 1745. Nothing, according to my recollection, could be more gentle and decorous than the respect these old enemies paid to each other's prejudices. But in this I speak generally. I have witnessed one or two explosions.

NOTE 21. — SWINE IN HANKS OF YARN, p. 150

The simile is obvious, from the old manufacture of Scotland, when the 'guldwife's' thrift, as the yarn wrought in the winter was called, when laid down to bleach by the burn-side, was peculiarly exposed to the inroads of the pigs, seldom well regulated about a Scottish farm-house.

NOTE 22. — JOHN'S COFFEE-HOUSE, p. 151

This small dark coffee-house, now burnt down, was the resort of such writers and clerks belonging to the Parliament House above thirty years ago as retained the ancient Scottish custom of a meridian, as it was called, or noontide dram of spirits. If their proceedings were watched, they might be seen to turn sidgely about the hour of noon, and exchange looks with each other from their separate desks, till at length some one of formal and dignified presence assumed the honour of leading the band, when away they went, threading the crowd like a string of wild-fowl, crossed the square or close, and following each other into the coffee-house, received in turn from the hand of the waiter the meridian, which was placed ready at the bar. This they did day by day; and though they did not speak to each other, they seemed to attach a certain degree of sociability to performing the ceremony in company.

NOTE 23. — TITLES OF SCOTTISH JUDGES, p. 163

The Scottish judges are distinguished by the title of 'lord' prefixed to their own territorial designation. As the ladies of these official dignitaries do not bear any share in their husbands' honours, they are distinguished only by their lords' family name. They were not always contented with this species of Salique law, which certainly is somewhat inconsistent. But their pretensions to title are said to have been long since repelled by James V., the sovereign who founded the College of Justice. 'I,' said he, 'made the earles lords, but who the devil made the earlines ladies?'

NOTE 24. — ATTACK UPON THE DAM-DIKE, p. 177

It may be here mentioned that a violent and popular attack upon what the country people of this district considered as an invasion of their fishing right is by no means an improbable fiction. Shortly after the close of the American war, Sir James Graham of Netherby constructed a dam-dike, or cauld, across the Esk, at a place where it flowed through his estate, though it has its origin, and the principal part of its course, in Scotland. The new barrier at Netherby was considered as an encroachment calculated to prevent the salmon from ascending into Scotland; and the right of erecting it being an international question of law betwixt the sister kingdoms, there was no court in either competent to its decision. In this dilemma, the Scots people assembled in numbers by signal of rocket-lights, and, rudely armed with fowling-pieces, fish-spears, and such rustic weapons, marched to the banks of the river for the purpose of pulling down the dam-dike objected to. Sir James Graham armed many of his own people to protect his property, and had some military from Carlisle for the same purpose. A renewal of the Border wars had nearly taken place in the 18th century, when prudence and moderation on both sides saved much tumult, and perhaps some bloodshed. The English proprietor consented that a breach should

be made in his dam-dike sufficient for the passage of the fish, and thus removed the Scottish grievance. I believe the river has since that time taken the matter into its own disposal, and entirely swept away the dam-dike in question.

NOTE 25. — COLLIER AND SALTER, p. 206

The persons engaged in these occupations were at this time bondsmen; and in case they left the ground of the farm to which they belonged, and as pertaining to which their services were bought or sold, they were liable to be brought back by a summary process. The existence of this species of slavery being thought irreconcilable with the spirit of liberty, colliers and salters were declared free, and put upon the same footing with other servants, by the Act 15 Geo. III. chap. 28th. They were so far from desiring or prizing the blessing conferred on them, that they esteemed the interest taken in their freedom to be a mere decree on the part of the proprietors to get rid of what they called head and herezeld money, payable to them when a female of their number, by bearing a child, made an addition to the live stock of their master's property.

NOTE 26. — TUNES AND TOASTS, p. 232

Every one must remember instances of this festive custom, in which the adaptation of the tune to the toast was remarkably felicitous. Old Nell Gow and his son Nathaniel were peculiarly happy on such occasions. [See *St. Ronan's Well*, Glossary, under 'Gow.']

NOTE 27. — TREPANNING AND CONCEALMENT, p. 245

Scotland, in its half-civilised state, exhibited too many examples of the exertion of arbitrary force and violence, rendered easy by the dominion which lairds exerted over their tenants, and chiefs over their clans. The captivity of Lady Grange,¹ in the desolate cliffs of St. Kilda, is in the recollection of every one. At the supposed date of the novel also, a man of the name of Merrilees, a tanner in Leith, absconded from his country to escape his creditors; and after having slain his own mastiff dog, and put a bit of red cloth in its mouth, as if it had died in a contest with soldiers, and involved his own existence in as much mystery as possible, made his escape into Yorkshire. Here he was detected by persons sent in search of him, to whom he gave a portentous account of his having been carried off and concealed in various places. Mr. Merrilees was, in short, a kind of male Elizabeth Canning,² but did not trespass on the public credulity quite so long.

¹ [Lady Grange was the wife of a Scottish judge, Lord Grange. When she was on the eve of separating from him after twenty years of married life, she was, on 22d January 1732, carried off from her home by violence by a party of Highlanders, instigated by her husband. She was kept in close confinement for ten years, the last eight of the period in the lonely island of St. Kilda, far out in the Atlantic.]

² [Elizabeth Canning was a London domestic servant, who disappeared suddenly, and without known cause, from her mistress's house in that city, in January 1753. But after a week's absence she returned in a wretched plight, and told a remarkable story of having been kidnapped, forcibly detained, and robbed by persons unknown to her. Two women, whom she pointed out, were arrested and tried for the alleged offence. One of them was sentenced to death; the other to be branded on the hand and imprisoned for six months. Canning was subsequently charged with being an impostor, as indeed many suspected all along, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. The affair created great commotion in London for a time.]

NOTE 28. — MAILS TO EDINBURGH, p. 248

Not much in those days, for within my recollection the London post was brought north in a small mail-cart; and men are yet alive who recollect when it came down with only one single letter for Edinburgh, addressed to the manager of the British Linen Company.

NOTE 29. — ESCAPE OF PATE-IN-PERIL, p. 256

The escape of a Jacobite gentleman, while on the road to Carlisle to take his trial for his share in the affair of 1745, took place at Errickstane Brae, in the singular manner ascribed to the laird of Summertrees in the text. The Author has seen in his youth the gentleman to whom the adventure actually happened. The distance of time makes some indistinctness of recollection, but it is believed the real name was MacEwen or MacMillan.

NOTE 30. — ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY, p. 256

An old gentleman of the Author's name was engaged in the affair of 1715, and with some difficulty was saved from the gallows by the intercession of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. Her Grace, who maintained a good deal of authority over her clan, sent for the object of her intercession, and warning him of the risk which he had run, and the trouble she had taken on his account, wound up her lecture by intimating that, in case of such disloyalty again, he was not to expect her interest in his favour. 'An it please your Grace,' said the stout old Tory, 'I fear I am too old to see another opportunity.'

NOTE 31. — BRAXY MUTTON, p. 257

The flesh of sheep that has died of disease, not by the hand of the butcher. In pastoral countries it is used as food with little scruple.

NOTE 32. — CONCEALMENTS FOR THEFT AND SMUGGLING, p. 278

I am sorry to say, that the modes of concealment described in the imaginary premises of Mr. Trumbull are of a kind which have been common on the frontiers of late years. The neighbourhood of two nations having different laws, though united in government, still leads to a multitude of transgressions on the Border, and extreme difficulty in apprehending delinquents. About twenty years since, as far as my recollection serves, there was along the frontier an organised gang of coiners, forgers, smugglers, and other malefactors, whose operations were conducted on a scale not inferior to what is here described. The chief of the party was one Richard Mendham, a carpenter, who rose to opulence, although ignorant even of the arts of reading and writing. But he had found a short road to wealth, and had taken singular measures for conducting his operations. Amongst these, he found means to build, in a suburb of Berwick called Spittal, a street of small houses, as if for the investment of property. He himself inhabited one of these; another, a species of public-house, was open to his confederates, who held secret and unsuspected communication with him by crossing the roofs of the intervening houses, and descending by a trap-stair, which admitted them into the alcove of the dining-room of Dick Mendham's private mansion. A vault, too, beneath Mendham's stable, was accessible in the manner mentioned in the novel. The post of one of the stalls turned

round on a bolt being withdrawn, and gave admittance to a subterranean place of concealment for contraband and stolen goods, to a great extent. Richard Mendham, the head of this very formidable conspiracy, which involved malefactors of every kind, was tried and executed at Jedburgh, where the Author was present as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. Mendham had previously been tried, but escaped by want of proof and the ingenuity of his counsel.

NOTE 33. — PINT MEASURE, p. 281

The Scottish pint of liquid measure comprehends four English measures of the same denomination. The jest is well known of my poor countryman, who, driven to extremity by the raillery of the Southern on the small denomination of the Scottish coin, at length answered, 'Ay — ay! but the dell tak them that has the *least pint-stoup*.'

NOTE 34. — TRANSLATIONS FROM SALLUST, p. 286

The translation of these passages is thus given by Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton. 'The youth, taught to look up to riches as the sovereign good, became apt pupils in the school of luxury. Avarice and pride supplied their precepts. Rapacity and profusion went hand in hand. Careless of their own fortunes, and eager to possess those of others, shame and remorse, modesty and moderation, every principle gave way.' — *Works of Sallust, with Original Essays*, vol. ii. p. 17.

After enumerating the evil qualities of Catiline's associates, the author adds, 'If it happened that any as yet uncontaminated by vice were fatally drawn into his friendship, the effects of intercourse and snares artfully spread subdued every scruple, and early assimilated them to their corruptors.' — *Ibidem*, p. 19.

NOTE 35. — OLD AVERY, p. 295

Captain Avery, a noted and successful pirate, who married a daughter of the Great Mogul, according to his biographer Charles Johnson; see his *History of Highwaymen, Pyrates*, etc., 1734, and his earlier *History of the Pyrates* (Laing).

NOTE 36. — PRENATAL MARKS, p. 343

Several persons have brought down to these days the impressions which nature had thus recorded when they were yet babes unborn. One lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death posterior to the rebellion, was marked on the back of the neck by the sign of a broad axe. Another, whose kinsmen had been slain in battle and died on the scaffold to the number of seven, bore a child spattered on the right shoulder and down the arm with scarlet drops, as if of blood. Many other instances might be quoted.

NOTE 37. — CORONATION OF GEORGE III., p. 352

The particulars here given are of course entirely imaginary; that is, they have no other foundation than what might be supposed probable had such a circumstance actually taken place. Yet a report to such an effect was long and generally current, though now having wholly lost its linger-

ing credit, those who gave it currency, if they did not originate it, being, with the tradition itself, now mouldered in the dust. The attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart among its adherents continued to exist and to be fondly cherished longer perhaps than in any similar case in any other country; and when reason was baffled, and all hope destroyed, by repeated frustration, the mere dreams of imagination were summoned in to fill up the dreary blank left in so many hearts. Of the many reports set on foot and circulated from this cause, the tradition in question, though amongst the least authenticated, is not the least striking; and, in excuse of what may be considered as a violent infraction of probability in chapter xviii., the Author is under the necessity of quoting it. It was always said, though with very little appearance of truth, that, upon the coronation of George III., when the Champion of England, Dymock, or his representative, appeared in Westminster Hall, and, in the language of chivalry, solemnly wagered his body to defend in single combat the right of the young king to the crown of these realms, at the moment when he flung down his gauntlet as the gage of battle, an unknown female stepped from the crowd and lifted the pledge, leaving another gage in room of it, with a paper expressing that, if a fair field of combat should be allowed, a champion of rank and birth would appear with equal arms to dispute the claim of King George to the British kingdoms. The story, as we have said, is probably one of the numerous fictions which were circulated to keep up the spirits of a sinking faction. The incident was, however, possible, if it could be supposed to be attended by any motive adequate to the risk, and might be imagined to occur to a person of Redgauntlet's enthusiastic character. George III., it is said, had a police of his own, whose agency was so efficient, that the sovereign was able to tell his prime minister upon one occasion, to his great surprise, that the Pretender was in London. The prime minister began immediately to talk of measures to be taken, warrants to be procured, messengers and guards to be got in readiness. 'Pooh—pooh,' said the good-natured sovereign, 'since I have found him out, leave me alone to deal with him.' 'And what,' said the minister, 'is your Majesty's purpose in so important a case?' 'To leave the young man to himself,' said George III.; 'and when he tires he will go back again.' The truth of this story does not depend on that of the lifting of the gauntlet; and while the latter could be but an idle bravado, the former expresses George III.'s goodness of heart and soundness of policy.

NOTE 38.—HIGHLAND REGIMENTS, p. 364

The Highland regiments were first employed by the celebrated Earl of Chatham, who assumed to himself no small degree of praise for having called forth to the support of the country and the government the valour which had been too often directed against both.



GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

AEUNE, ABOON, above
ACCOUNT, WENT ON THE,
took part in piratical ex-
peditions

AD LITEM, in a law-suit
ADUST, parched, sunburnt
AD VINDICTAM PUBLICAM, in
the public defence

AGÉ AS ACCORDS, to do what
is fitting—a Scots law
phrase

AILSAT, or AILSA, CRAIG, a
rocky island in the Firth
of Clyde

AIX, OWN
AJET, to direct

ALEXANDER, an ancient
Greek soothsayer, the son
of Munichus, king of the
Molossi

**ALDIEORONTIPHOSCOPHOR-
NIO**, the humorous name
given by Scott to James Bal-
lentyne, is borrowed from
H. Carey's *Chrononkolon-
thologus* (1734)

ALQUIFE, a famous enchanter
in the mediæval romances
of the *Amadis of Gaul*
cycle

AMADIS, a celebrated hero
in the mediæval romances
of chivalry

AMAIST, almost

ANCE, ANES, once; **ANCE WUD
AND AYE WAUE**, once he
was mad, he would get
worse instead of better

ANE, ONE
ANES ERRAND, for that very
purpose

ANOTHER-GUESS, another
sort of

APPROBATE AND REPROBATE,
to approve and reject, ex-
ercise choice

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM,
personal recrimination to
a man, **AD FEMINAM**, to a
lady

ARLES, earnest-money
ARNISTON, probably Robert
Dundas of Arniston, the
Younger (1713-87), Lord
President of the Scottish
courts

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS, art
or work is long and life is
short

ARS MEDENDI, art of healing,
medicine

ATLANTES, a magician in
Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

ATTOUR. See *Bye* and *at-
tour*, under *Bye*

AUGHT, to own, possess, be
chiefly concerned in

AULD REEKIE, 'Old Smoky,'
a popular name for Edin-
burgh

AULD-WARLD, olden times,
days that are gone

AVOCATO, or **AVVOCATO, DEL
DIABLO**, Devil's advocate,
the official pleader ap-
pointed by the Roman
Catholic Church to dis-
pute a proposal of canon-
isation

BACK-GANGING, behind-hand
in paying, getting into
debt

BACK-SANDS (p. 205). Horse-
races were held on Leith
sands for many years pre-
vious to their transference
to Musselburgh in 1816

BACK-SPAULD, the back part
of the shoulder

BALLANT, ballad

BALMERINO, LORD, beheaded
for participating in the
Jacobite rebellion of 1745
**BANKTON, ANDREW MAC-
DONALL, LORD**, Scottish
lawyer and judge, author
of *Institute of the Laws of
Scotland* (1751-53)

BAREFORD'S PARKS, now
George Street, Edinburgh
BARLEY-PICLE barley-corn,
the last straw

**BARNCEIDE'S FEAST TO AL-
NASCHAR**. See *Arabian
Nights*, tale of 'Barber's
Sixth Brother'

BARON-OFFICER, the police
officer of the estate

BAULD, bold

BEARMEAL, barley meal

BEIN, snug, comfortable

BELFORD, friend of Lovelace,
in Richardson's *Clarissa
Harlowe* (1749)

BELISARIUS, general of the
Roman emperor Justinian,
lost favour in his old age
(548) through the malice
of his enemies

BEN, within; **OWER PAR BEN**,
too far in, too intimate

BENEDICITE, my blessing be
with you

BICKER, a drinking-bowl

BILLIE, brother, comrade—
a term of familiarity

BINK, dresser for plates

BIRKIE, a smart fellow

BIRLING, merry-making,
drinking

BISHOP'S SUMMONER, perhaps
William Carmichael, an
agent of Archbishop
Sharpe's

BLACK-FASTING, being long
without food

BLACK-FISHER, a salmon-poacher who fished by night

BLACK-JACK, a jug of waxed leather for holding ale

BLATE, bashful

BLAUD, a large piece, several verses

BLAW IN (THE) LUGS, to blow in the ears, flatter, cajole

BLEEZING, blazing, making an ostentatious show

BLUV-CAP, a Scotsman

BLUE JACKET AND WHITE LAPELLE, the uniform of officers in the royal navy

BLUIDY ADVOCATE MAC-KENYIE, or **MACKENZIE**, Lord Advocate of Scotland under Charles II., and an active persecutor of the Cameronians

BODDLE, a Scotch coin = $\frac{1}{4}$ th penny English

BOGLE, bogie, ghost; scarecrow

BOMBAZINE, a stuff of wool and silk, of which a barrister's gown was made

BONA ROBA, courtesan, mistress

BONSHAW, JAMES IRVINE OF, captured Cargill (*q. v.*) at Covington Mill in 1681

BONUS SOCIUS, good comrade, good fellow

BORREL, common, simple

BOURD. See *Sooth bourd*, etc.

BRASH, brush, attack

BRATTLE, clattering noise, of a horse going at great speed

BRENT BROO, high, smooth brow

BROCARD, maxim

BROCK, a badger

BROGUE, a light rough leather shoe, worn by Highlanders

BROSE, oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured

BROWN'S IMITATIONS OF NATURE. Lancelot Brown, known as 'Capability Brown' (1715-83), a celebrated landscape-gardener, fond of formal arrangements and artificial ornaments, caused a small stream, 'a rival to the Thames,' to flow through the grounds of Blenheim House

BROWST, a brewing

BUCEPHALUS, the favourite horse of Alexander the Great

BUCKLE, imp

BUFF NOR STYE, neither one thing nor another

BUMBAZED, stupefied, astonished

BURGH, or **BURGH BY SANDS**, a village on the Solway, five miles from Carlisle

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR, the title of an old Scottish song. The 'bush' itself was pointed out in the grounds of Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair in Peeblesshire

BYE, besides; **BYE AND ATTOUR**, over and above; **BY ORDINAR**, uncommon, unusual; **BYE-TIME**, now and then, occasionally

CADIE, a messenger, errand-boy

CAIRN, POINT OF. See *Point of Cairn*

CALLANT, lad

CALLER, fresh, crisp

CAMBRIDGE BIBLE, printed by Buck and Daniel, folio, 1638

CANNING, ELIZABETH. See *Elizabeth Canning*

CANNY, CANNILY, quiet, quietly

CANTLE, fragment

CAPERNOITED, cantankerous, crabbed, irritable

CARGILL, DONALD, or **DANIEL**, founder, with Richard Cameron, of the Cameronians, a Covenanting sect, executed in 1681

CARLE, fellow

CARLINE, witch, old woman

CARRIFRA GAUNS, or **CARRIFRAN GAUNS**, the precipitous side of a mountain in Moffatdale, Dumfries

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam, king of Troy, and possessed of the power of prophecy

CAST, lift, short ride

CATERAN, freebooter, robber

CAULD, cold

CAUP, or **CAP**, a cup or wooden bowl

CAVALIERE SERVENTE, an attentive beau

CAYE NE LITERAS, etc. (*p. 319*), beware of carrying Bellerophon's letters (letters unfavourable to the bearer)

CELSITUDE, loftiness, height

CETERA PRORSUS IGNORO, as for the rest, in short, I know nothing

CHACK, a slight repast

CHAMBER OF DAIS, the best bedroom, state bedroom

CHANGE-HOUSE, inn, wayside inn

CHAPE, the metal mounting of a scabbard; the scabbard itself

CHAPEAU BRAS, a low-crowned, three-cornered hat

CHEAT-THE-WOODIE, cheat-the-gallows

CHIEL, fellow

CLAYERS, idle talk, gossip

CLEEK, or **CLEIK**, to lay hold upon; **CLEIK IN WITH**, to hook on to, join company with

CLEUGH, a steep descent

CLOSE-HEAD, the top of a narrow side-street or passage, a favourite place for gossips to gather at

CLOUR, to strike heavily

COCKADE, WHITE. See *White cockade*

COCKERNONY, top-knot of hair

COCKING-SEASON, the time for shooting woodcock

COGIE, or **COGGIE**, small wooden bowl

COMMUNE FORUM, etc. (*p. 142*), the common court is a common domicile

CORDWAIN, or **CORDOVAN**, Spanish leather used for shoes

CORELLI, ARCHANGELO, celebrated Italian violinist and musical composer (1653-1713). The *Devil's Sonata* was composed, not by Corelli, but by Tartini (1692-1770), even more famous as a violinist and composer

CORIOLANUS, C. MARCIUS, a famous old Roman patrician and soldier (5th century), was banished from Rome, and sought shelter at the hearthstone of his enemy, Tullus Aufidius, the Volscian chief

CORKING-PIN, the largest kind of pin in use

CORPORAL NYM'S PHILOSOPHY, in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, Act ii. sc. 1

CORYDON, a rustic swain in Virgil's *Eclagues*

COTTON, CHARLES, a friend of Izaak Walton, and writer of the second part of *The Complete Angler* (1676)

COUNCILLOR PEST, ought

- probably to be Councillor Peat, according to J. G. Lockhart, in *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 251
- COWP, or COWP, to tumble over, upset
- COUTEAU DE CHASSE, hanger, hunting-knife
- COVINE, or COVINE, artifice
- CRACK, gossip, chat, talk
- CRAWSTEP, the step-like edges of a house gable
- CREELFU', basketful
- CREMONY, Cremona in Italy, where the celebrated violin-makers, the Amati family, lived in the 16th and 17th centuries
- CRIFFELL, a conspicuous mountain in Kirkcudbright, overlooking the estuary of the Nith
- CRISPUS, that is, Sallust, the Roman historian
- CROWDER, fiddler
- CROWDERO, a lame fiddler in Butler's *Hudibras*
- CRUISE, a lamp
- CRUMMIE, a cow
- CUR ME EXANIMAS, etc. (p. 1), Why do you kill me with your complaints?
- CURN, a grain, particle
- DAFFING, frolicking, jesting
- DAFT, crazy; GAEN DAFT, gone crazy
- DAIS, CHAMBER OF. See Chamber of dais
- DALYELL. See Tam Dalyell
- DANG, knocked over
- DANIEL. See Cambridge Bible
- DARGLE. Compare The Dargle, a wooded glen in Wicklow, Ireland. Perhaps, however, the word is a slip of the pen for 'dingle,' a small valley or dell
- DAURED, dared
- DAURG, or DARG, a day's work, task
- DAVID'S SOW, the wife of a Welshman, David Lloyd, who was found lying dead drunk beside the sow, when David brought a visitor to see the animal, which had six legs. See Glossary to *The Pirate*, 'Drunk as Davy's sow'
- DAVIE LINDSAY, or SIR DAVID LINDSAY OF THE MOUNT, the most popular poet (c. 1490 to c. 1555) of Scotland antecedent to Burns
- DAY'S WORK IN HARVEST, OWE ONE A, to owe a good deed in a time of special need — of course used ironically on p. 355
- DEAD-THRAW, death-agony
- DE APICIBUS JURIS, from ticklish points or delicate distinctions of the law
- 'DEATH . . . NOTHING COULD HAVE,' etc. (p. 204), from *King Lear*, Act iii. sc. 4
- DEAVE, to deafen
- DEULATE, to accuse
- DELICT, misdemeanour
- DEN, a dell or hollow
- DE PERICULO ET COMMODO REI VENDITÆ, concerning the risk and profit of things that are sold
- DERAY, mirthful noise, disorder
- DERNIER RESSORT, last remedy, resource
- DÉSORIENTÉ, having lost all bearings
- DILIGENCE, a writ of execution—a Scots law term
- DING, to knock
- DIRDUM, uproar, disturbance
- DITTAJ, indictment
- DIVOT, thin flat turf used for thatching
- DOCH AN DORROCH, a drink taken standing, for which nothing is paid; a stirrup-cup. See *Waverley*, Note 10, p. 473
- DOCTOR PITCAIRN, or PITCAIRNE, a celebrated Edinburgh doctor (1652-1713), who had a turn for writing Latin verse
- DOMINUS LITIS, one of the principals in a law-suit
- DONALD OF THE ISLES, a powerful chief of the western isles (Hebrides, etc.) of Scotland in the 15th century
- DOOL, sad consequences
- DOOR-CHEEK, door-post
- DOUCE, quiet, sensible
- DOUR, stubborn, obstinate
- DOWNRIGHT DUNSTABLE, a proverbial expression for plain, straightforward speech or action. Dunstable is a town in Bedfordshire
- DRAFFIE, drop
- DRAFFT EGG, an egg dropped in gravy
- DUB, a pool, puddle
- DUMBARTON DOUGLAS, Thomas Douglas, a Covenanting minister, an associate of Cameron and Cargill (q.v.)
- DUNDEE, JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, Viscount, was shot whilst urging on the Highlanders for James II. at Killiecrankie in 1689
- DYVOUR, bankrupt
- EARL OF DOUGLAS (p. 114). See MacLellan of Bombie
- EARLSHALL, BRUCE OF, Claverhouse's lieutenant in his campaigns against the Cameronians in the south-west of Scotland
- EAST NOOK, a cape or promontory of Fifeshire
- EE, eye; EEN, eyes
- EFFUSA EST, etc. (p. 11), He is poured out like water, he shall not increase
- EKE, addition
- ELIZABETH CANNING. See footnote to Note 27, p. 442
- ERRICKSTANE BRAE, a steep hillside, or gully, at the head of the River Annan, in Dumfriesshire
- ERROL, JAMES, FOURTEENTH EARL OF, who officiated as constable at the coronation of George III., was the grandson of Lord Kilmarnock, who was beheaded in 1746
- ERSKINE, JOHN, professor of law in Edinburgh University, and author of *Principles of the Law of Scotland* (1754), and *Institutes of the Law of Scotland* (1773), both very important works
- EVEN'D, compared
- EXCEPTIO FIRMAT REGULAM, the exception confirms the rule
- EX COMITATE, out of courtesy
- EX MISERICORDIA, out of compassion
- FACARDIN OF TREEBIZOND, an allusion to Count Anthony Hamilton's story of *Les Quatre Facardins* (1749)
- FACTOR LOCO TUTORIS, an agent acting in the place of a guardian
- FALKIRK, FLIGHT OF. See Flight of Falkirk
- FARDEL, bundle, pack, burden
- FASH, FASHERIE, trouble; FASHIOUS, troublesome
- FAULDING, folding
- FAUR'D, favoured
- FAUSE, false
- FECK, space, greater part
- FEROE, ISLE OF, or THE FÆRØE ISLANDS, North of

Scotland, present steep, rugged cliffs to the sea
FIELDING, SIR JOHN, half-brother of Henry Fielding, the novelist, was, as justice of Westminster, a terror to evil-doers, in spite of his being blind from his youth
FIERI, (yet) to be made
FIFISH, a little deranged, cracked; on p. 207 there is a sly allusion to the county of Fife
FLAÇON, a smelling-bottle
FLEECING, flattery, cajolery
FLIGHT OF FALKIRK, General Hawley's defeat by the Highlanders of the Pretender's army on 17th January 1746
FLIP, ale or cider, sweetened and spiced, and heated by plunging a hot iron into the liquor
FLORY, frothy, empty
FOOTMAN IN THE SHILLING GALLERY. In the 18th century, footmen, after keeping their master's or mistress's place in the boxes, were allowed to go up to the second or shilling gallery. The withdrawal of this privilege at Drury Lane, in 1737, in consequence of their bad behaviour, occasioned a riot
FOOT OUT OF THE SNARE, a tract against the Quakers, by John Tolderry, Thomas Brooks, and seven others (1656)
FORFOUGHTEN, or FORFOUCHTEN, out of breath, distressed
FORLEET, leave off, forsake
FORPIT, or FORPET, the fourth part of a peck
FOU, full
FOUR-POTTLE, a gallon
FOX, GEORGE. See **George Fox**
FRIEND, SIR JOHN. See **Sir John Friend**
FRISTED, postponed
FUGIE WARRANT, to apprehend a debtor who is presumed to be about to flee
FUNCTUS OFFICIO, in the position of one whose duty is completed and cannot be performed again
FURNISH, stop a bit, stay a while
FURS, FURROWS
FUSTIAN, bombastic and empty language

GABERLUNZIE, a beggar
GAEN DAFT, gone out of his mind
GAITS', or GYTES', CLASS, the elementary class, boobies' class
GALLOWAY, a horse bred in the old Scotch county of Galloway
GANGREL, wandering, vagrant
GAR, to force, make
GASH, ghastly, deathlike
GATE, way, road
GAUN, going
GEAR, property, thing, goods
GENTRICE, honourable birth, gentle blood
GEORGE FOX, the founder (1624-90) of the Quakers
GEX, pretty (as an adverb), moderately
GIE, give; **GIED**, gave
GIEFF-GAFF, give and take, mutual obligation
GIL BLAS IN THE ROBBERS' CAYE. See *Lesage, Gil Blas*, Bk. I. chap. x.
GIRDED, hooped with twigs, like a barrel
GIRN, to grin, cry
GLAIKET, giddy, rash
GLARAMARA, a mountain in the west of Cumberland, 2560 feet high
GLENCAIRN, WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, LORD, tried to raise the Highlands for Charles (II.) in 1653
GLIFF, an instant
GOBBET, a lump, piece
'GOD BLESS THE KING,' etc. (p. 215), slightly altered from an extempore piece by Dr. John Byrom (1691-1763)
GOWFF BA', golf ball
GRANA INVECTA ET ILLATA, grain brought in and imported
GRANGE, LADY. See *Lady Grange*
GRAT NOR GRANED, wept nor groaned
GREYFRIARS' CHURCHYARD, in Edinburgh, contains the graves of George Heriot, George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Sir George Mackenzie, and many other distinguished Scotsmen
GRILLADE, a broiled dish
GROSSART, gooseberry
GRUVE, to creep (of the flesh), shiver
GUDEMAN, husband, head of the family
GUDESIRE, grandfather

GUIDING, treating, behaving to
GUMFLE-FOISTED, sulky, sullen
GUNNER'S DAUGHTER, KISS THE, be flogged whilst laid along the breech of a gun
GYTE, or GAIT, contemptuous name for a child, a brat

HAFFLINS, half-grown
HALL, the whole; **HAILL GATE**, the whole way
HAIRDEE, or HARRABY, HILL, close to Carlisle, where criminals were executed, especially several of the Jacobites of 1745
HAIRST, harvest
HALLAN, partition in a cottage
HAMESUCKEN, the crime of assaulting a man in his own house
HA' NEUK, a cosy corner beside the hall fireplace
HANK OVER, an advantage over, ground for compelling obedience
HAPPED, hopped
HARPOCRATES, an Egyptian god, (erroneously) conceived by the ancient Greeks to be the God of Silence
HARVEST, OWE A DAY'S WORK IN. See *Day's work, etc.*
HAUD OBLIVISCENDUM, never to be forgotten
HAUGH, a holm, low ground beside a river
HAULD, habitation
HAVERS, nonsense
HAVINGS, behaviour, manners
HEAD-BOROUGH, petty constable, the head of a borough
HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, the ancient jail of Edinburgh, stood close beside St. Giles' Cathedral
HELLICAT, wild, giddy
HEMPY, a rogue
HEREZELD, or HERREYELD, a fine payable to a feudal superior on the death of a tenant. See *Guy Mannering*, Note 15, p. 431
HERITOR, landowner of a Scottish parish
HESP, hank of yarn
HET, hot
HEUCK, sickle, reaping-hook
HILL-FOLK, Covenanters, so called from their seeking refuge in the hills

HINC ILLE LACHRYMÆ, hence these tears, that's where the shoe pinches

HINNE, honey, a term of endearment

HIRNIE-GIRDIE, topsy-turvy
HODDEN-GREY, cloth manufactured from undyed wool

HODDLED, waddled

HOMOLOGATING, ratifying, approving

HOSE-NET, a small net like a stocking, affixed to a stick and used in rivulets

HOSTING, mustering of armed men

HUNKS, a miser, niggard

HUSSY, lady's needlecase

ILK, ILKA, every, each

ILL-DEEDIE, or **ILL-DEEDY**, mischievous

ILL-FAURED, ugly, ill-favoured

INCEDIT SICUT LEO VORANS, walketh about like a devouring lion

IN CIVILIBUS VEL CRIMINALIBUS, in civil or criminal matters

IN PRO CONSCIENTIE, before one's conscience

IN MEDITATIONE FUGÆ, meditating flight

IN PRESENTIA DOMINORUM, before the (law) lords

INVITA, unwilling; **INVITA MINERVA**, against my own natural inclination

IRON MASK. See *Man in the Iron Mask*

ITHUREL. See *Milton's Paradise Lost*, Bk. iv.

JANSENISTS, a 17th century party in the Roman Catholic Church, who opposed certain of the Jesuits' doctrines in religion and morality

JAUD, jade

JAZE, or **JASEY**, a wig, originally made of worsted

JET D'EAU, jet or upward stream of water

JOHN SCOT OF AMWELL, a Quaker (1739-83) of Southwark, wrote *Elegies* and the poem *Amwell*, descriptive of his estate in Hertfordshire

JORUM, a drinking-vessel; the liquor it contains

JOWS IN, ceases tolling

JUNE, 10TH OF, the birthday, in 1688, of James, the Old Pretender

JUNK, old cable and cordage, often cut to pieces to make mats, etc., of

KATTERFELTO, GUSTAVUS, a well-known conjurer and quack doctor in London (1782-1784), advertised in the newspapers under the heading 'Wonders! Wonders! Wonders! Wonders!'

KEEK, look, glance

KEFFEL, or **KEFFLE**, an inferior horse

KENNEL, gutter

KENNINGTON COMMON, on the south side of London, where many who had taken part in the Young Pretender's rebellion of 1745 were executed in the following year

KING'S KEYS, crowbar and hatchet

KITTEL, ticklish, difficult; **KITTLED**, tickled

KNIGHTS OF THE RAINBOW, lackeys, liveried servants

LADY GRANGE. See footnote to Note 27, p. 442

LAUGH, low

LAITH, loth, unwilling

LANCE, to make delicate and lively strokes on the violin

LAND, a house or building containing several tenements or flats

LANDLOVER, adventurer, gad-about

LANDWARD, country, rural, as opposed to town or urban

LAP, leaped

LARES, the guardian deities of the family

LAUDERDALE, JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF, Secretary of State for Charles II. in Scotland (1660-80)

LAVE, the remainder

LAWING, inn reckoning

LEASING-MAKING, slander; literally, seditious words

LEASOWES, the house and estate (converted into a landscape-garden) of the poet, William Shenstone, in Worcestershire, which the bookseller, R. Dodsley, described in an essay prefixed to his edition of Shenstone's *Works* (1764-69)

LEESOME LANE, alone with his own dear self

LETTERS DE CACHET, sealed letters, conferring the most extensive power over

the personal liberty of others

LEX AQUARUM, the law of the waters, water rights

LIMMER, a loose woman, jade

LINDSAY, DAVIE. See *Davie Lindsay*

LOANING, an uncultivated tract, near the homestead, where the cows were pastured, and frequently milked

LOBSTERS, redcoats, soldiers

LOE, to love

LOON, fellow, rogue (humorously)

LOOPY, crafty, deceitful

LORD BURLEIGH in *THE CRIZZO*, Sheridan's play; see Act iii. sc. 1

LORD STAIR, James Dalrymple, Viscount of Stair, a celebrated Scottish lawyer, and author of *The Institutes of the Law of Scotland* (1681)

LOUIS-D'OR, a French gold coin worth from 16s. 6d. to 18s. 9d.

LOUP, to leap; **LOUP-THE-DYKE**, runaway; **LOUP-THE-TETHER**, breaking loose from restraint

LOVELACE, friend of Belford, in Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* (1749)

LUCKENBOOTHs, a block of shops and houses formerly in the middle of High Street, Edinburgh, beside St. Giles' Cathedral

LUCKIE, a title of honour given to an elderly dame

LUM, chimney

LYDIA LANGUAGE, one of the characters in Sheridan's *Rivals*

MACKENYIE, ADVOCATE. See *Bluddy Advocate MacKenzie*

MACKLIN, CHARLES, an Irish actor (1697?-1797), who excelled as *Shylock*

MACLELLAN OF BOMBIE, or **BUNBY**, was put to death by Earl Douglas, whilst the messenger, who brought the order for his release, was detained to take refreshment after his journey. See *Scott's Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. xxi.

MAILING, a small farm, rented property; **MAILS**, rents

MAIST, almost; most

MAN IN THE IRON MASK, a mysterious state prisoner of France, confined in the Bastille and other prisons for thirty years in the reign of Louis XIV. He was a person of not the highest rank, but who is not yet clearly ascertained, in spite of several identifications—a new one even in 1893

MARCH, border, boundary

MARE MAGNUM, vast ocean

MARIUS, CAIUS, a famous old Roman soldier (157-86 B.C.), who, being once a fugitive, took refuge amongst the ruins of Carthage

MAUN, must; **MAUNNA**, must not

MAUNDERING, talking incoherently, mumbling

MAUT ABUNE THE MEAL, hilarious, when the ale or wine has taken effect

MEADOWS, a sort of park on the south side of Edinburgh

MEAR, mare

MENXIE, retinue

MERIDIAN, a mid-day dram

MERE, a Scotch silver coin = 1s. 1½d.

MESSAN DOGGIES, dogs of inferior breed

MIDDENSTEAD, the place where the dunghill stands

MIDDLETON, EARL OF, an unscrupulous soldier, and commissioner of Charles II. in Scotland

MIFED, piqued

MILLAR, or MILLER, PHILIP, gardener (1691-1771) to the Apothecaries Company at Chelsea, and author of several books for gardeners

MINDEN, 40 miles west of Hanover; there, in 1759, during the Seven Years War, the Anglo-Hanoverian army defeated the French

MINNE, mamma, mother

MINOS, in ancient Greek mythology, judge of the lower world

MISCHANTER, mischief

MISS NICKIE MURRAY, sister of the Earl of Mansfield, was the presiding genius of the Edinburgh assemblies (public balls) during the middle of the 18th century

MOIDART, or KINLOCH

a district in the south-west corner of Inverness-shire, between Skye and Mull, where the Young Pretender landed in 1745 with only seven followers

MOIDORE, a gold coin of Portugal = 27s.

MONTH'S MIND, constant prayer for a deceased person during the month immediately following his death—a service in the Roman Catholic Church

MONT ST. MICHEL, an island fortress close to the north coast of France, east of St. Malo, was used as a state-prison from the Revolution until 1863

MOONLIGHT (cask of), more usually **MOONSHINE**, smuggled spirits

MORE SOLITO, in the usual way; **MORE TUO**, in your own way

MUCKLE, much, large, great
MUCKLE TIKES, big wigs, great folks

MULLS, or MULLIS, a kind of slippers, made of cloth or velvet and embroidered

MUISTED, scented

MULL, a snuff-box

MULTIPLEPOINDING, a Scottish legal process for enforcing settlement of competing claims to the same fund, the English interpleader

MURRAY, MISS NICKIE. See Miss Nickie Murray

NEGATUR, I deny it

NEGOTORIUM GESTOR, manager of affairs

NEIST, next

NE QUID NIMIS, not too much

NEVOX, nephew

NICOL, or NICHOL, FOREST, a border township of Cumberland

NIGRI SUNT HYACINTHI, there are black hyacinths

NIHL NOVIT IN CAUSA, he knows nothing of the case

NIPPERKIN, a small measure for ale or spirits

NOM DE GUERRE, professional nickname

NOMINE DAMNI, in name of damages

NOSCITUR A SOCIO, known by his associate

NOVITER REPERTUM, more newly discovered

ONE, JAM SATIS, ho! enough
OMNE IGNOTUM PRO TERRIBILI, the unknown is always taken to be something terrible

OMNI SUSPICIONE MAJOR, above all suspicion

ORIGO MALI, the cause of the evil

ORRA, odd, occasional; **ORRA SOUGH**, an occasional whiff, breath

OSWALD, JAMES, author of *The Caledonian Pocket Companion* (1750, etc.), a collection of Scottish musical airs. The tune of 'Roslin Castle' is attributed to him

OWE A DAY'S WORK IN HARVEST. See Day's work, etc.

OWERLAY, a neckcloth, cravat

OYE, or OE, grandson

PAGE, Easter

PACK or PEEL (PEULE), said of a burgh freeman who lends his name for trading purposes to one who has not the freedom of the burgh

PANDE MANUM, hold out your hand

PARAFFE, ostentatious display

PARMA NON BENE SELECTA, a defence not well chosen

PAROCHINE, parish

PAR ORDONNANCE DU MEDECIN, by the doctor's orders

PATRIA POTESTAS, paternal authority

PAWME, a stroke on the palm of the hand

PEEL-HOUSE, a small square tower, used as a place of refuge and defence on the Scottish borders.

PENDENTE LITE, whilst the case is proceeding

PER AMBAGES, by circumlocution, in an ambiguous or indirect way

PER CONTRA, on the other part

PERDU, concealed, lying in wait

PESSIMI EXEMPLI, a very bad example

PEST, COUNCILLOR. See Councillor Pest

PETTLE, a stick with which the ploughman removes the soil from his plough

PHALARIS'S BULL, a furnace shaped like a bull, into which the tyrant Phalaris,

- ruler of Agrigentum in ancient Sicily, used to cast his victims
PICK OUT, pick out
PINT-STOUP, a pint measure, containing 4 pints English. See Note 33, p. 444
PISCATOR, fisherman
PISTOLE, a gold coin worth about 16s.
PLACK AND BAWBEE, to the last farthing; **PLACK-PIE**, a pie sold for a plack = 4d. English
PLAIN-DEALER, a comedy (1677) by Wycherley
PLEACHED, plashed and woven together
PLEUGH-STILT, plough-handle
PLOR, a harmless frolic, sport, fête
POCK, or **POKE**, bag, process-bag
POCK-PUDDING, a contemptuous term applied to an Englishman
POINDING AND DISTREYNIEING, distraining, seizing upon and taking possession of a debtor's goods
POINT D'ESPAGNE, Spanish lace
POINT OF CAIRN, or **CAIRN HEAD**, a promontory in the south-east of Wigtownshire
POINT OF WAR, a signal by trumpet or drum
POIN'N, pulling
PORTE ROYALE, a Cistercian abbey, 8 miles southwest of Versailles, gave its name to a body of men and women whose aims were closely identified with those of the Jansenists (q. v.)
POSSE, or **POSSE COMITATUS**, the sheriff's levy of citizens to enable him to execute the law
POTTLE, a measure containing 2 quarts
POUND SCOTS = 1s. 8d. English
POWDERED (BEEF), pickled, sprinkled with salt, spices, etc.
POWDER-LOT BOYS. Catesby and his fellow-conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot fought most desperately against the government force sent to take them
PRAWN DUB, the puddle or pool in which prawns could be caught
PRIE, or **FREE**, to taste
PROCURATOR-FISCAL, public prosecutor for a Scotch county
PUND SCOTS = 1s. 8d. English
QUEAN, woman, lass, wench
QUEBEC, the battle by which General James Wolfe won (1759) Canada for the English
QUEENSFERRY, the passage of the Firth of Forth where the great Forth Bridge now stands
QUID TIBI CUM LYRA? What would you do with poetry?
QUIN, JAMES, an English actor (1693-1766), at the head of his profession until supplanted by Garrick
RAFF, worthless character, rabble, scum
RAINBOW, KNIGHTS OF THE. See Knights of the rainbow
RAMPAUGING, raging, violent
RANT, a noisy dance-tune; **RANTING**, larking and toying, with dancing and drinking
RAPPAREE, an Irish plunderer, armed with a rappary or half-pike, a worthless fellow
RATIONE OFFICII, by virtue of his position
RAXED, stretched
REAMING, frothing, foaming
REDD, arranged, managed
REGIAM MAJESTATEM, an ancient collection of Scottish laws
REIVER, robber, forayer
REMEDIUM JURIS, remedy at law
REMIS ATQUE VELIS, with might and main
RHINO, money, cash
RICHARD AND RICHMOND, an allusion to Shakespeare's *Richard III.*
RIGDUMFURNIDOS, the humorous name given by Scott to John Ballantyne, is borrowed from H. Carey's *Chronophotolithologus* (1734)
RIGGING, ridge (of a building)
RIPED, searched
ROTHERS, JOHN, EARL OF, a supporter of Lauderdale (q. v.)
ROW, to roll
RUDAS, a jade, scold
RUE, TAKE THE, to repent of
RUG, a good share, good thing (out of)
RUMBLE, a shaking roll, tumble, fall
RUMBO, rum, spirits
SACK-DOUDLING, hugging and squeezing the bagpipes, in order to play the instrument
SACQUE, or **SACK**, a lady's gown, which had a long loose back depending from the collar-band
SAE, so
ST. GILES'S, the principal Presbyterian church in Edinburgh, situated on the High Street
ST. NINIAN'S OF WHITEHERNE, in Wigtownshire, now called Whithorn, anciently *Candida Ca'sa* (White House), was sacred to the memory of St. Ninian from the 4th century
ST. WINIFRED'S WELL IN WALES, at Holywell in Flintshire
SAIR, very, much
SALVAGES, savages, rude, uncouth creatures
SANCHO'S DOCTOR. See *Don Quixote*, Part II. chap. xlvii., where the doctor is styled Pedro Rezio de Agüero, a native of Tirteafuera
SANCTA WINIFREDA, ORA PRO NOBIS, St. Winifred, pray for us
SARTUM ATQUE TECTUM, repaired and covered
SATT, salt
SCARBOROUGH WARNING, first a blow, then a warning, a phrase traced to a practice that prevailed in that town of lynching robbers; another origin is found in the sudden seizure of the castle at Scarborough by Thomas Stafford in the reign of Queen Mary
SCAUDING, scalding
SCOT OF AMWELL. See John Scot of Amwell
SCOTS MILE = nearly 9 furlongs; **SCOTS PINT** = three, sometimes four, pints English; **SCOTS PUND**, see Pund Scots; **SCOTS SHILLING**, see Shilling Scots
SCOWP, or **SCOUR**, to leap or run from one place to another; to drink off

- SCRIVE**, writing
SCRUB, a footman in George Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* (1707)
SCULDUDDERY, loose, immoral
SEALCH, or **SEALOH**, seal
SECUNDUM ARTEM, according to the recognised rules of the art
SEDERUNT DAY, day on which the law courts sit
SE'ENTEN HUNDRED LINEN, had the web 1700 threads broad. *Compare Burns, Tam O'Shanter*
SEMPLE, a common, ordinary man
SHAFTESBURY, ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF, took dexterous advantage of the Popish Plot of Titus Oates
SHEEP'S-HEAD BETWEEN A PAIR OF TANGS, held over the fire in order to have the wool singed off
SHILLING-SCOTS = 1d. English
SHLEPP, weak, insipid
SNOON, shoes
SIB, related
SIC, such
SIGMA, the Greek letter of the alphabet answering to 's'
SIN, since
SINNING MY MERCIES, a peculiar Scottish phrase expressive of ingratitude for the favours of Providence
SIRON CASTE, CAUTE TAMEN, if not modest, yet (be) prudent
SIR JOHN FRIEND, a wealthy London brewer, executed for treason in 1696. In the text (p. 224) read 'Fenwick' instead of 'Friend'
SKELLOCH, screech
SKINKER, one who serves out drink, tapster
SKIRL, to scream
SKIVE, harebrained
SKYE. Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and MacLeod of MacLeod, the principal chiefs in Skye, held aloof from the Young Pretender when he landed in Scotland in 1745
SLAINT AN REY, or **RIGH**, the king's health!
SLEEKIT, smooth
SLOKEN, quench
SLUG, a swallow, mouthful, dram
SMALL SWIFFS, thin drink, weak stuff
SNAKE IN THE GRASS (1696), an attack upon the Quakers by Charles Leslie, an Anglo-Irish nonjuror (1650-1722)
SNEESHING, snuff
SNELL, sharp, terrible
SNOW, a vessel rigged very much like a brig
SOCIETAS EST MATER DISCORDIARUM, partnership breeds disagreements
SOLOD, the statesman and law-giver of the ancient Athenians
SOMEBODY'S ORDERS (p. 234), the orders of the Duke of Cumberland to show no mercy after the battle of Culloden
SONEX, good-humoured
SOOTH BOUND IS KAE BOUND, a true joke is no joke
SORTES VIRGILIANÆ, telling fortunes by opening the *Æneid* of Virgil at random and reading the passage that first catches the eye
SOMONS, summons
SOUPLE, supple, agile; cunning
SOUTER'S CLOD, a kind of coarse black bread
SOFT, a spoonful
SPEER, inquire, ask; **SPEERINGS**, tidings, intelligence
SPORE, a spree, frolic
SPRATTLE, struggle, scramble
SPRUSH, spruce
SPULE-BLADE, shoulder-blade
SPULZIE, illegal removal of another man's goods
SPUNK, a sort of match
SPUNK OUT, get wind, leak out
STANESHAU BANK FAIR, was held on the bank of the river Eden, not far from Carlisle
STATESMAN, a small landed proprietor of Cumberland
STEND, to leap, spring, take long steps
STEWARTY, the territory over which the peculiar jurisdiction of the officer called a 'steward' extended, in Scotland
STIBBLER, a ludicrous name for a probationer, or Scotch divinity student;
TICKET STIBBLER, a student of divinity who has not been able to complete (stuck in) his studies
STOCKING, cattle and implements on a farm
STOUR, a liquid measure
STOUTHRIEF, robbery with violence
STUNKARD, sullen, obstinate
SUA QUÆQUE TRAHIT VOLUNTAS, every one has his own way of pleasure
SUMMAR-ROLL, the list of summary cases
TACE, be silent. 'Tace is Latin for a candle' is a proverbial expression enjoining silence and caution
TACITURN, SECRETARY. *See* Facardin of Trebizond
TACK, lease; **TACKSMAN**, tenant, lessee
TAKE THE RUT, repent of a proposal or undertaking
TALIS QUALIS, of some kind
TAM DALYELL. *See Old Mortality*, Note 29, p. 424, and Note 33, p. 425
TAM MARTE QUAM MERCURIO, a soldier as well as a pleader
TANGS. *See* Sheep's-head, etc.
TASS, a glass
TAU, the Greek letter of the alphabet answering to 't'
TEXT, notice, care
TESTE ME, etc. (p. 40), I can testify by being kept awake the whole night
THAIRN, catgut
THEMIS, the ancient Greek goddess of justice
THIRLAGE, feudal servitude to a particular mill
THREAP, to aver, maintain
THREAVE CASTLE. *See* MacLellan of Bombie
THUMBIRKS, thumbscrew, an instrument of torture
TIMOTHEUS, an ancient Greek musician, made many innovations in playing. *See also* Pope's *Essay on Criticism*
TINWALD, a seat in Dumfriesshire
TIPPENNY, twopenny ale
TIRTEA FUERA. *See* Sancho's doctor
TOD, fox
TONGUE OF THE TRUMP, the speaking part of the instrument (Jews'-harp)
TOOM, empty
TOUR OUT, to look about one, keep one's weather-eye open

TOWN, the house and its outbuildings

TOY, a linen or woollen head-dress hanging down over the shoulders

TRANCE, passage

TRITICISM, a trite, hackneyed expression, phrase

TUPTOWING, declining the Greek verb *tupto*, which means 'I strike, I beat'

TWA, two; TWASOM, by a couple or pair

TWALPENNY, twelve-pence Scotch = one penny English

TYNES, gets lost

TYRONES (sing. TYRO), beginners, apprentices, novices

UNCHANCY, unlucky

UNCO, uncommon, strange; particularly

UPCOME, literally, promise for the future; here (at the) pinch

UPHAUD, to uphold, maintain

UPSIDES, quits, evens

URGANDA, an enchantress in the mediæval romance, *Amadis of Gaul*

USQUEBAUGH, or USQUEBAE, whisky

VADE RETRO, get thee behind me

VALE, SIS MEMOR MEI, farewell, remember me

VARIVM ET MUTABILE SEMPER FEMINA, woman was always capricious and changeable

VERBUM SACERDOTIS, a priest's word

VIA FACIL, by personal act, by force

VINCENNES, CASTLE OF, about 4 miles east of Paris, sometimes used as a state-prison

VINCO VINCENTEM, etc. (p. 80), If I beat your opponent in competition at law, I beat you; VINCERE VINCENTEM, to beat the winning (counsel)

VIR SAPIENTIA ET PIETATE GRAVIS, a man full of wisdom and piety

VIS ANIMI, force of the spirit
VOET, JAN, Dutch law professor, wrote a *Commentarium* (1693) on the *Pandects*. See Note 13, p. 437

WAD, would

WADE AND THE DUKE, Marshal Wade and the Duke of Cumberland, the royal commanders against the Young Pretender in 1745

WAE'S ME, woe's me! alack the pity!

WALING, choosing

WALLACE, GEORGE, an Edinburgh advocate, author of *Principles of the Law of Scotland* (1760)

WAME, belly, womb

WANCHANCIE, unlucky

WARDING, ACT OF, warrant for imprisonment

WARE, to expend

WARLOCK, wizard

WARREN, a well-known manufacturer of blacking

WAUR, worse

WHEEL-FREENDED, had good friends

WEEN, to guess

WEEFERS, strips of muslin or cambric, stitched to the ends of the sleeves as a sign of mourning

WEFT, a signal by waving

WEIGH-BAUK, scales

WEST PORT, the western city gate of Edinburgh

WET FINGER, WITH A, very easily

WHEEN, a few, small number

WHILLY-WHAW, wheedling, cajoling

WHITE COCKADE, the badge of the Jacobites

WILKIE'S BLIND CROWDER, an allusion to the picture 'The Blind Fiddler,' by Sir David Wilkie

WILLIAM OF NASSAU, or KING WILLIAM III., is said to have been riding a horse that had belonged to Sir John Fenwick (not Sir John Friend, as on p. 224), executed for Jacobite conspiracy in 1697, when the animal stumbled over a molehill, and threw its rider, and the fall occasioned the king's death

WINDY, boastful, bragging
WITHERSHINS, backwards in their courses, in the contrary direction

WITHERS WERE NOT UNWRUNG (p. 239), from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 2. The meaning is, he showed no signs of giving way or yielding

WOUNDY, very, exceedingly
WOWF, a little deranged, half-cracked

WRITER TO HIS MAJESTY'S SIGNET, a member of a privileged body of Scottish lawyers

W. S., Writer to the Signet. See above

WUD, mad

WUNKA, will not

WUSS, to wish

YARDS, the playgrounds of the High School, Edinburgh

YALUD, active, sprightly

YELLOCH, yell, scream

YETT, gate

YILL, ale

YOWLING, howling

YULE, Christmas

INDEX

- ADAM, Dr., 5
 'All our men were very, very merry,' 91, 438
 Ambrose, Mr., 311
 Arthuret, Miss Angelica, 305, 311, 313
 Arthuret, Miss Seraphina, 305; receives Alan Fairford, 309; unwillingness to let him depart, 313
 'As lords their labourers' hire delay,' 235
 Author's Introduction, ix; intercourse with Quakers, 437
 Avery, the pirate, 295, 444
- BENJIE (Coltherd), angling, 22, 55; run away with by Solomon, 59; with Wandering Willie, 92; questioned by Redgauntlet, 393; loses General Campbell's letter, 423
 Birrenswork. *See* Redgauntlet, Hugh
 Birth-marks, 343, 444
 Bladderskate, Lord, 136, 152
 Blind, faculties of the, 98, 438
 Braxy mutton, 257, 443
 Brokenburn, glen of, 28, 48; dance at, 120
 Brown's Square, Edinburgh, 13, 437
 Buonaventure, Father. *See* Charles Edward
- CAMERON, Dr. Archibald, xi
 Campbell, General, 425
 Cantrips, Jess, 291
 Cantrips, Mrs., 291; evicted by Peter Peebles, 381
 Charles Edward, Prince, ix; his love of money, xiv, 435; later history, xvi; interviews with Alan Fairford, 315, 324; breaks open the letter, 319; interrupted by Mrs. Walkinshaw, 326; receives his Jacobite adherents, 405; his departure from Scotland, 429
 Collier and salter, bondsmen, 206, 442
 Coltherd. *See* Benjie
 Covenanters, and William III.'s policy, 102, 438; persecutors of, 112, 438
 Cowley, his *Guardian* quoted, 91, 438
 Crackenthorp, Joe, described by Nanty Ewart, 302; meets the 'Jumping Jenny,' 303; his house, 368; altercation with Nixon, 371; gives food to Peter Peebles, 375; puts all the prisoners together, 415
- Cramp-speech, 4, 436
 Crosbie, Mrs., 249
 Crosbie, Provost, his letter to Mr. Fairford, 157; interrogated by Alan Fairford, 238; his dinner, 248; warns Alan, 264
 Crossbite, the advocate, 42
- DAM-DIKE, Sir James Graham's, 441
 Davies, John, 171
 Dirleton's *Doubts*, 4, 436
 Dorcas, the milkmaid, 188; baffles Darsie Latimer's inquiries, 190; dances with Jan, 232
 Drudgeit, Peter, law-clerk, 136; decoys away Peter Peebles, 150
 Dryasdust, Dr., Conclusion by, 432
 Dumfries, 21
 Dumtoustie, the runaway counsel, 136
- EDINBURGH, Kittle Nine Steps, 2, 435; Parliament House, 3, 435; Brown's Square, 13, 437; Old Assembly Close, 41; John's Coffee-house, 151, 441; mails to, 248, 442
 Errickstane Brae, 255
 Ewart, Nanty, 276, 281; reads Sallust, 286; history of his life, 291; opinion of the Stuart cause, 298; describes Father Crackenthorp, 302; takes Alan to Fairladies, 304; gives brandy to Peter Peebles, 377; beats him, 383; intervenes in behalf of Alan, 390; shot by Nixon, 413
- Faggot, Nicholas, justice's clerk, 196; produces the warrant, 210; accepts a bribe, 215
 Fairford, Alan, as Darsie's champion, 2, 9; chafes under his father's discipline, 8; destined for the law, 13; twits Darsie with romancing, 39; prepares for his first client, 76; interview with Green Mantle, 77; letter from her, 80; his thesis, 87, 438; has Peter Peebles's cause forced upon him, 134; pleads for him, 152; his sudden flight, 155; letter of explanation, 160; his character, 237; interrogates Provost Crosbie, 238; visits Mount Sharon, 245; at Provost Crosbie's dinner, 248;

questions Maxwell, 259; warned by Pro-
 vest Crosbie, 264; visit to Tom Trumbull,
 270; taken to the ale-house, 280; on
 board the 'Jumping Jenny,' 284; conver-
 sations with Nanty Ewart, 286, 289; put
 ashore, 301; received at Fairladies, 309;
 interviews with Father Buonaventure,
 315, 324; opening of Maxwell's letter,
 319; receives a letter from Father Buona-
 venture, 325; assists Darsie to dismount,
 363; delivers the letter to Redgauntlet,
 385; detained by him, 359; conversation
 with Green Mantle, 418; recognised by
 Peter Peebles, 422; his marriage, 432
 Fairford, Mr. Alexander, 3, 8; rates Alan,
 9; his conduct in the Forty-five, 19; vis-
 ited by Herries, 43; his letter to Darsie
 Latimer, 85; prejudice against Quakers,
 86; forces Alan to take up Peter Peebles's
 cause, 134; states the case to Alan, 140;
 his character and habits, 145; reads
 Alan's letter, 160; bitter reflections
 thereon, 161
 Fairladies, 305
 Foxley, Justice, 196; interrogates Darsie
 Latimer, 197; embarrassed with regard
 to Redgauntlet, 212
 Franking letters, 7, 436
 GARDENER, Dick, 307, 329
 Gardening, 68
 Geddes, Joshua, 49; altercation with Red-
 gauntlet, 50; takes Darsie Latimer home
 with him, 52; entrusts Solomon to Benjie,
 56; his home, 56; his fondness for Solo-
 mon, 56, 62; his ancestry, 62; his care
 for game animals, 72; sees the signals,
 170; his fishing-station, 171; attack on it,
 175; at Crackenthorp's, 374; intercedes
 for Alan, 391; keeps Peter Peebles's
 attention, 417
 Geddes, Rachel, 65; shows Darsie round
 the gardens, 67; her account of the Laird,
 69; her anxiety on seeing the rockets,
 170; is called upon by Alan Fairford, 245
 George III., his message to Oliphant of
 Gask, xvii; scene at his coronation, 349,
 444; and the Pretender, 445
 Glendale, Sir Richard, at the Jacobite
 council, 397; interview with Prince
 Charles Edward, 405
 Glossary, 447
 'God bless the king,' 215
 Gows, Scottish fiddlers, 442
 Graham, Sir James, attack upon his dam-
 dike, 441
 Grange, Lady, 442
 Green Mantle, says grace, 34; interview
 with Alan Fairford, 77; her letter to him,
 80; attends the dance at Brokenburn,
 123; warns Darsie Latimer, 128; verses
 to him, 235; introduced to him, 332; tells
 him the family history, 342; at George
 III.'s coronation, 349; discloses Nixon's
 character, 356; crows Nixon, 372; her talk
 with Alan Fairford, 418; marriage, 432;
 note on, 437
 Griffiths, Samuel, of London, 2
 Grumball, Dr., of Oxford, 397

HADAWAY, Jack, 292, 297
 Hanks of yarn, swine in, 150, 441
 Hastie, Robin, Annan innkeeper, 280
 Herries family, 44
 Herries of Birrenswork. *See* Redgauntlet,
 Hugh
 Highlanders, in the Forty-five, ix; formed
 into regiments, 364, 444
 High School, Edinburgh, reminiscences of, 2
 Horse-shoe, the Redgauntlet mark, 105, 201,
 221
 Hutcheon, the serving-man, 106, 115

INTRODUCTION, Author's, ix

JACK of Knaresborough, 438
 Jacobites, x; plottings of, 298, 353; meet-
 ing of, at Crackenthorp's, 336
 Jan, servant, 188; dances with Dorcas, 232
 Jephson, the smuggler, 304, 308
 John's Coffee-house, Edinburgh, 151, 441
 Judges, Scottish, titles of, 163, 441
 'Jumping Jenny,' the smugglers' brig, 284,
 288

KAINES, Lord, language of, 156
 King, Dr., his *Anecdotes* quoted, xii, xiii,
 435
 Kittlebasket, Lady. *See* Cantrips, Mrs.
 Kittle Nine Steps, Edinburgh Castle, 2, 435
 Knaresborough, Blind Jack of, 438

LAIRD of the Solway Lakes. *See* Redgaunt-
 let, Hugh
 Lamentation, excessive, 118, 439
 Latimer, Darsie, his isolation, 1; protected
 by Alan Fairford, 2, 9; prohibited from
 visiting England, 20; taught angling by
 Benjie, 22; rescued from the Solway, 26;
 in the Laird's cottage, 29; taken home by
 Joshua Geddes, 52; falls in with Wan-
 dering Willie, 91; accompanies him to
 Brokenburn, 98; dances with Green
 Mantle, 124; is warned by her, 128;
 dances with Dame Martin, 129; journal
 of his adventures, 166-236; accompanies
 Geddes to the fishery-station, 171;
 knocked down and stunned, 177; carried
 off by the rioters, 179; rescued a second
 time, 183; tries to bribe Nixon, 184; a
 prisoner in the farm-house, 187; de-
 mands an interview with Redgauntlet,
 193; taken before Justice Foxley, 194;
 recognised by Peter Peebles, 206; de-
 livered to Redgauntlet, 214; is told the
 history of his family, 218; his reflections
 thereon, 229; hears Wandering Willie in
 the courtyard, 231; finds verses from
 Green Mantle, 235; disguised in female
 attire, 330; introduced to his sister, 332;
 learns more of his family, 342; questioned
 by Nixon, 359; sounded by Redgauntlet,
 361; helped down by Alan Fairford, 369;
 gives a signal to Wandering Willie, 370;
 released, 394; at the Jacobite council,



THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
VOLUME XXIII



ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

398; in presence of Prince Charles Edward, 405; presented at court, 432
Letters, franking of, 7, 436
Lord —, Jacobite, 396

MACCALLUM, Dougal, the butler, 103, 112
MacKellar, Jacobite, 397
Major Weir, the jacksnape, 104, 116
Martin, Dame, 122; dances with Darsie, 129
Mask, use of, by ladies, 236, 330
Matheson, Dr. Alexander, 5
Maxwell of Summertrees, at Provost Crossbie's dinner, 248; story of his escape, 253, 443; questioned by Alan Fairford, 259; his letter to Redgauntlet, 320; at Father Crackenthorp's, 397
Mendham, Richard, smuggler, 444
Meredith, Jacobite, 398
Merrilees, Leith tanner, 442
Mount Sharon, 61; gardens at, 67
'My heart's in the Highlands,' 234

NICOL, Andrew, litigant, 440
Nixon, Cristal, 33; scorns Darsie's bribes, 184; his proposals to Green Mantle, 356; questions Darsie, 359; keeps guard over him, 370; caught eavesdropping, 411; his treachery, 412; cut down by Nanty Ewart, 414
Noble House, on the Moffat road, 1

'Oh I loe weel my Charlie's name,' 250
Old Assembly Close, Edinburgh, 41
Oliphant of Gask, anecdote of, xvii
Opportunity, another, anecdote of, 256, 443
Owen. *See* Sam

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, Edinburgh, 4, 435
Pate-in-Peril. *See* Maxwell of Summertrees
Peebles, Peter, 138; his cases stated, 140; on the day of hearing, 148; induced to leave the court, 150; his indignation at Alan Fairford's flight, 164; bursts in upon Justice Foxley, 204; recognises Darsie Latimer, 206; and Herries, 208; at Crackenthorp's, 375; beaten by Nanty Ewart, 383; produces a warrant against Alan Fairford, 387; kept in talk by Geddes, 417; recognises Alan, 422; his end, 433; note on, 440
Pint measure, Scots, 281, 443
Prenatal marks, 343, 444
Prince Charles. *See* Charles Edward

QUAKERS, their courage, 51; views on sport, 56, 72; Mr. Fairford's prejudice against, 86; Author's intercourse with, 437. *See also* Geddes, Joshua and Rachel

REDGAUNTLET, Edward, 220
Redgauntlet, Hugh, or Herries of Birrenswark, rescues Darsie Latimer, 26; his

cottage, 29; personal appearance, 32; calls upon Mr. Fairford, 43; threatens Joshua Geddes, 59; Rachel Geddes's account of him, 69; Mr. Fairford's, 85; rescues Darsie a second time, 183; takes him before Justice Foxley, 193; the mark on his forehead, 201; recognised by Peter Peebles, 208; burns the warrant, 211; tells Darsie the Redgauntlet's history, 218; his relations with Lady Redgauntlet, 343; at the coronation, 349; his political intrigues, 353, 366; sounds Darsie, 361; quarrels with Alan Fairford, 385; uses the warrant against him, 387; disarms Nanty Ewart, 390; releases Darsie, 394; at the Jacobite council, 396; interview with Prince Charles Edward, 405; departure from Scotland, 430; enters a cloister, 433

Redgauntlet, Lady, 343
Redgauntlet, Lillias. *See* Green Mantle
Redgauntlet, Sir Alberick, 219
Redgauntlet, Sir Arthur Darsie. *See* Latimer, Darsie
Redgauntlet, Sir Henry, 253, 340
Redgauntlet, Sir John, 107
Redgauntlet, Sir Robert, Wandering Willie's tale of, 101-118
Redgauntlet, the novel, ix
Riding-habits of ladies, 330
Roberts, John, smuggler, 299
Rougedragon, Lady Rachel, 347
Rutherford, Dr., 13, 436
Rutledge, Job, smuggler, 275, 277

SALLUST, translations from, by Sir Henry Steuart, 443
Salmon-fishing, in the Solway, 24
Salter and collier, bondsmen, 206, 442
Sam (Owen), Darsie Latimer's groom, 6
Scots Magazine, 7, 436
Scottish civility, 145, 440; judges, 163, 441; songs, 232
Skelton, Sam, smuggler, 306, 308
Smugglers, of the Solway, 274, 303; concealments of, 288, 443
Solomon, Joshua Geddes's pony, 56, 59, 62
Solway, salmon-spearing in, 24; tides of, 26; passage of, 180
Steenison, Maggie, 93; laments the broken fiddle, 178
Steenison, Steenie, story of, 102-118
Steenison, Willie. *See* Wandering Willie
Steuart, Sir Henry, translations of Sallust, 443
Summertrees, Maxwell of. *See* Maxwell of Summertrees
Swine in yarn, 150, 441

'The auld man's mare's dead,' 8, 436
Tough, Counsellor, 154
Trepanning and concealment, 442
Trumbull, Tom, smuggler, 270; conducts Alan Fairford to the ale-house, 280; his drunken mood, 283; his hymn-book, 286
Tunes and toasts, 232, 442

- WALKENSHAW, or Walkenshaw, Mrs., xiii;
at Fairladies, 326; Jacobites' demand re-
specting her, 401, 407
Wampool river, 301
Wandering Willie, 92; takes Darsie Latimer
with him, 93; his tale, 101; at Broken-
burn, 121; communicates with Darsie by
tunes, 232; at Crackenthorp's, 370; plays
'The Campbells are coming,' 424
Weir, Major, the jackanape, 104, 116
Wilkinson, James, 8; tells Alan Fairford of
the lady visitor, 75; announces the judges'
messengers, 162
William III., and the Covenanters, 103,
438; death of, 223
YARN, swine in, 150, 441



INTRODUCTION TO ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

THIS novel was written at a time when circumstances did not place within my reach the stores of a library tolerably rich in historical works, and especially the memoirs of the middle ages, amidst which I had been accustomed to pursue the composition of my fictitious narratives. In other words, it was chiefly the work of leisure hours in Edinburgh, not of quiet mornings in the country. In consequence of trusting to a memory strongly tenacious certainly, but not less capricious in its efforts, I have to confess on this occasion more violations of accuracy in historical details than can perhaps be alleged against others of my novels. In truth, often as I have been complimented on the strength of my memory, I have through life been entitled to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer to his parish minister, when eulogising him with respect to the same faculty. 'No, doctor,' said the honest border-laird, 'I have no command of my memory : it only retains what happens to hit my fancy, and like enough, sir, if you were to preach to me for a couple of hours on end, I might be unable at the close of the discourse to remember one word of it.' Perhaps there are few men whose memory serves them with equal fidelity as to many different classes of subjects ; but I am sorry to say that, while mine has rarely failed me as to any snatch of verse or trait of character that had once interested my fancy, it has generally been a frail support, not only as to names, and dates, and other minute technicalities of history, but as to many more important things.

I hope this apology will suffice for one mistake which has been pointed out to me by the descendant of one of the persons introduced in this story, and who complains with reason that I have made a peasant deputy of the ancestor of a distinguished and noble family, none of whom ever declined from the high rank to which, as far as my pen trenched on it, I now beg leave to restore them. The name of the person who figures as

deputy of Soleure in these pages was always, it seems, as it is now, that of a patrician house. I am reminded by the same correspondent of another slip, probably of less consequence. The Emperor of the days my novel refers to, though the representative of that Leopold who fell in the great battle of Sempach, never set up any pretensions against the liberties of the gallant Swiss, but, on the contrary, treated with uniform prudence and forbearance such of that nation as had established their independence, and with wise, as well as generous, kindness others who still continued to acknowledge fealty to the imperial crown. Errors of this sort, however trivial, ought never, in my opinion, to be pointed out to an author without meeting with a candid and respectful acknowledgment.

With regard to a general subject of great curiosity and interest, in the eyes at least of all antiquarian students, upon which I have touched at some length in this narrative, I mean the Vehmic tribunals of Westphalia, a name so awful in men's ears during many centuries, and which, through the genius of Goethe, has again been revived in public fancy with a full share of its ancient terrors, I am bound to state my opinion that a wholly new and most important light has been thrown upon this matter since *Anne of Geierstein* first appeared, by the elaborate researches of my ingenious friend, Mr. Francis Palgrave, whose proof-sheets, containing the passages I allude to, have been kindly forwarded to me, and whose complete work will be before the public ere this Introduction can pass through the press.

In Germany, says this very learned writer, there existed a singular jurisdiction, which claimed a *direct descent from the pagan policy and mystic ritual of the earliest Teutons*.

We learn from the historians of Saxony, that the *freifeldgericht* [or Free Field Court] of Corbey was, in pagan times, under the supremacy of the priests of the Eresburgh, the temple which contained the Irminsule, or pillar of Irmin. After the conversion of the people, the possessions of the temple were conferred by Louis the Pious upon the abbey which arose upon its site. The court was composed of sixteen persons, who held their offices for life. The senior member presided as the *gerefa* or *graff*; the junior performed the humbler duties of *frohner*, or summoner; the remaining fourteen acted as the *échevins*, and by them all judgments were pronounced or declared. When any one of these died, a new member was elected by the priests, from amongst the twenty-two septs or families inhabiting the *gau* or district, and who included all the hereditary occupants of the soil. Afterwards, the selection was made by the monks, but always with the assent of the *graff* and of the *frohner*.

The seat of judgment, the king's seat, or *königsstuhl*, was always established on the greensward; and we collect from the context, that the tribunal was also raised or appointed in the common fields of the *gau*, for

the purpose of deciding disputes relating to the land within its precinct. Such a 'king's seat' was a plot sixteen feet in length and sixteen feet in breadth; and when the ground was first consecrated, the frohner dug a grave in the centre, in which each of the free échevins threw a handful of ashes, a coal, and a tile. If any doubt arose whether a place of judgment had been duly hallowed, the judges sought for the tokens. If they were not found, then all the judgments which had been given became null and void. It was also of the very essence of the court, that it should be held beneath the sky, and by the light of the sun. All the ancient Teutonic judicial assemblies were held in the open air; but some relic of solar worship may perhaps be traced in the usage and in the language of this tribunal. The forms adopted in the Free Field Court also betray a singular affinity to the doctrines of the British bards respecting their *gorseddau*, or conventions, which were 'always held in the open air, in the eye of the light, and in the face of the sun.'¹

When a criminal was to be judged, or a cause to be decided, the graff and the free échevins assembled around the königsstuhl; and the frohner, having proclaimed silence, opened the proceedings by reciting the following rhymes:

Sir graff, with permission,
I beg you to say,
According to law, and without delay,
If I, your knave,
Who judgment crave,
With your good grace,
Upon the king's seat this seat may place.

To this address the graff replied :

While the sun shines with even light
Upon masters and knaves, I shall declare
The law of might, according to right.
Place the king's seat true and square,
Let even measure, for justice' sake,
Be given in sight of God and man,
That the plaintiff his complaint may make,
And the defendant answer, — if he can.

In conformity to this permission, the frohner placed the seat of judgment in the middle of the plot, and then he spake for the second time :

Sir graff, master brave,
I remind you of your honour, here,
And moreover that I am your knave ;
Tell me, therefore, for law sincere,
If these mete-wands are even and sure,
Fit for the rich and fit for the poor,
Both to measure land and condition ;
Tell me as you would eschew perdition.

And so speaking, he laid the mete-wand on the ground. The graff then began to try the measure, by placing his right foot against the wand, and he was followed by the other free échevins in rank and order, according to seniority. The length of the mete-wand being thus proved, the frohner spake for the third time :

¹ Owen Pugh's *Elegies of Llewarch Hen*, Pref., p. 46. The place of these meetings was set apart by forming a circle of stones round the *macn Gorsedd*, or stone of the Gorsedd.

INTRODUCTION TO

Sir graff, I ask by permission,
 If I, with your mete-wand may mete
 Openly, and without displeasure,
 Here the king's free judgment seat?

And the graff replied :

I permit right,
 And I forbid wrong,
 Under the pains and penalties
 That to the old known laws belong.

Now was the time of measuring the mystic plot ; it was measured by the mete-wand along and athwart, and when the dimensions were found to be true, the graff placed himself in the seat of judgment, and gave the charge to the assembled free échevins, warning them to pronounce judgment according to right and justice.

On this day, with common consent,
 And under the clear firmament,
 A free field court is established here,
 In the open eye of day ;
 Enter soberly, ye who may.
 The seat in its place is pight,
 The mete-wand is found to be right ;
 Declare your judgments without delay :
 And let the doom be truly given,
 Whilst yet the sun shines bright in heaven.

Judgment was given by the free échevins according to plurality of voices.

After observing that the Author of *Anne of Geierstein* had, by what he calls a 'very excusable poetical license,' transferred something of these judicial rhymes from the Free Field Court of the abbey of Corbey to the free Vehmlic tribunals of Westphalia, Mr. Palgrave proceeds to correct many vulgar errors, in which the novel he remarks on no doubt had shared, with respect to the actual constitution of those last named courts. 'The protocols of their proceedings,' he says, 'do not altogether realise the popular idea of their terrors and tyranny.' It may be allowed to me to question whether the mere protocols of such tribunals are quite enough to annul all the import of tradition respecting them ; but in the following details there is no doubt much that will instruct the antiquarian, as well as amuse the popular reader :—

The court, says Mr. Palgrave, was held with known and notorious publicity beneath the 'eye of light' ; and the sentences, though speedy and severe, were founded upon a regular system of established jurisprudence, not so strange, even to England, as it may at first sight appear.

Westphalia, according to its ancient constitution, was divided into districts called *freigraftschaften*, each of which usually contained one,

and sometimes many, Vehmlic tribunals, whose boundaries were accurately defined. The right of the *stuhlherr*, or lord, was of a feudal nature, and could be transferred by the ordinary modes of alienation; and if the lord did not choose to act in his own person, he nominated a *freigraf* to execute the office in his stead. The court itself was composed of *freyschöppen*, *scabini*, or *scherens*, nominated by the graf, and who were divided into two classes: the ordinary and the *wissenden* or 'witan,' who were admitted under a strict and singular bond of secrecy.

The initiation of these, the participators in all the mysteries of the tribunal, could only take place upon the 'red earth,' or within the limits of the ancient duchy of Westphalia. Bareheaded and ungirt, the candidate is conducted before the dread tribunal. He is interrogated as to his qualifications, or rather as to the absence of any disqualification. He must be free born, a Teuton, and clear of any accusation cognisable by the tribunal of which he is to become a member. If the answers are satisfactory, he then takes the oath, swearing by the Holy Law that he will conceal the secrets of the Holy Vehme from wife and child, from father and mother, from sister and brother, from fire and water, from every creature upon which the sun shines, or upon which the rain falls, from every being between earth and heaven.

Another clause relates to his active duties. He further swears, that he will 'say forth' to the tribunal all crimes or offences which fall beneath the secret ban of the Emperor, which he knows to be true, or which he has heard from trustworthy report; and that he will not forbear to do so, for love nor for loathing, for gold nor for silver nor precious stones. This oath being imposed upon him, the new freischopff was then intrusted with the secrets of the Vehmlic tribunal. He received the password by which he was to know his fellows, and the grip or sign by which they recognised each other in silence; and he was warned of the terrible punishment awaiting the perjured brother.—If he discloses the secrets of the court, he is to expect that he will be suddenly seized by the ministers of vengeance. His eyes are bound, he is cast down on the soil, his tongue is torn out through the back of his neck, and he is then to be hanged seven times higher than any other criminal. And, whether restrained by the fear of punishment or by the stronger ties of mystery, no instance was ever known of any violation of the secrets of the tribunal.

Thus connected by an invisible bond, the members of the Holy Vehme became extremely numerous. In the 14th century, the league contained upwards of one hundred thousand members. Persons of every rank sought to be associated to this powerful community, and to participate in the immunities which the brethren possessed. Princes were eager to allow their ministers to become the members of this mysterious and holy alliance; and the cities of the Empire were equally anxious to enrol their magistrates in the Vehmlic union.

The supreme government of the Vehmlic tribunals was vested in the great or general chapter, composed of the freegraves and all the other initiated members, high and low. Over this assembly the Emperor might preside in person, but more usually by his deputy, the stadtholder of the ancient duchy of Westphalia—an office which, after the fall of Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick [Saxony], was annexed to the archbishopric of Cologne.

Before the general chapter, all the members were liable to account for their acts. And it appears that the freegraves reported the proceedings

which had taken place within their jurisdictions in the course of the year. Unworthy members were expelled, or sustained a severer punishment. Statutes, or 'reformations,' as they were called, were here enacted for the regulation of the courts, and the amendment of any abuses; and new and unforeseen cases, for which the existing laws did not provide a remedy, received their determination in the Vehmlic Parliament.

As the *échevins* were of two classes, uninitiated and initiated, so the Vehmlic courts had also a twofold character: the *offenbare ding* was an open court or folkmoot; but the *heimliche acht* was the far-famed secret tribunal.

The first was held three times in each year. According to the ancient Teutonic usage, it usually assembled on Tuesday, anciently called *dings-tag*, or court-day, as well as *dienstag*, or serving-day, the first open or working day after the two great weekly festivals of sun-day and moon-day. Here all the householders of the district, whether free or bond, attended as suitors. The *offenbare ding* exercised a civil jurisdiction; and in this folkmoot appeared any complainant or appellant who sought to obtain the aid of the Vehmlic tribunal, in those cases when it did not possess that summary jurisdiction from which it has obtained such fearful celebrity. Here also the suitors of the district made presentments or *wroge*, as they are termed, of any offences committed within their knowledge, and which were to be punished by the *graff* and *échevins*.

The criminal jurisdiction of the Vehmlic tribunal took the widest range. The Vehme could punish mere slander and contumely. Any violation of the Ten Commandments was to be restrained by the *échevins*. Secret crimes, not to be proved by the ordinary testimony of witnesses, such as magic, witchcraft, and poison, were particularly to be restrained by the Vehmlic judges; and they sometimes designated their jurisdiction as comprehending every offence against the honour of man or the precepts of religion. Such a definition, if definition it can be called, evidently allowed them to bring every action of which an individual might complain within the scope of their tribunals. The forcible usurpation of land became an offence against the Vehme. And if the property of a humble individual was occupied by the proud burghers of the Hanse, the power of the defendants might afford a reasonable excuse for the interference of the Vehmlic power.

The *échevins*, as conservators of the ban of the Empire, were bound to make constant circuits within their districts, by night and by day. If they could apprehend a thief, a murderer, or the perpetrator of any other heinous crime in possession of the *mainour*, or in the very act, or if his own mouth confessed the deed, they hung him upon the next tree. But to render this execution legal, the following requisites were necessary: fresh suit, or the apprehension and execution of the offender before day-break or nightfall; the visible evidence of the crime; and lastly, that three *échevins*, at least, should seize the offender, testify against him, and judge of the recent deed.

If, without any certain accuser, and without the indication of crime, an individual was strongly and vehemently suspected, or when the nature of the offence was such as that its proof could only rest upon opinion and presumption, the offender then became subject to what the German jurists term the inquisitorial proceeding: it became the duty of the *échevin* to denounce the *leumund*, or manifest evil fame, to the secret tribunal. If the *échevins* and the *freygraff* were satisfied with the presentment, either from their own knowledge or from the information of their compeer, the

offender was said to be *verfämbt*—his life was forfeited; and wherever he was found by the brethren of the tribunal, they executed him without the slightest delay or mercy. An offender who had escaped from the *échevins* was liable to the same punishment; and such also was the doom of the party who, after having been summoned pursuant to an appeal preferred in open court, made default in appearing. But one of the *wissenden* was in no respect liable to the summary process or to the inquisitorial proceeding, unless he had revealed the secrets of the court. He was presumed to be a true man; and if accused upon vehement suspicion, or *leumund*, the same presumption or evil repute which was fatal to the uninitiated might be entirely rebutted by the compurgatory oath of the free *échevin*. If a party, accused by appeal, did not shun investigation, he appeared in the open court, and defended himself according to the ordinary rules of law. If he absconded, or if the evidence or presumptions were against him, the accusation then came before the judges of the secret court, who pronounced the doom. The accusatorial process, as it was termed, was also, in many cases, brought in the first instance before the *heimliche acht*. Proceeding upon the examination of witnesses, it possessed no peculiar character, and its forms were those of the ordinary courts of justice. It was only in this manner that one of the *wissenden* or *witan* could be tried; and the privilege of being exempted from the summary process, or from the effects of the *leumund*, appears to have been one of the reasons which induced so many of those who did not tread the 'red earth' to seek to be included in the *Vehmic* bond.

There was no mystery in the assembly of the *heimliche acht*. Under the oak, or under the lime-tree, the judges assembled in broad daylight, and before the eye of heaven; but the tribunal derived its name from the precautions which were taken for the purpose of preventing any disclosure of its proceedings which might enable the offender to escape the vengeance of the *Vehme*. Hence the fearful oath of secrecy which bound the *échevins*. And if any stranger was found present in the court, the unlucky intruder instantly forfeited his life as a punishment for his temerity. If the presentment or denunciation did chance to become known to the offender, the law allowed him a right of appeal. But the permission was of very little utility, it was a profitless boon, for the *Vehmic* judges always laboured to conceal the judgment from the hapless criminal, who seldom was aware of his sentence until his neck was encircled by the halter.

Charlemagne, according to the traditions of Westphalia, was the founder of the *Vehmic* tribunal; and it was supposed that he instituted the court for the purpose of coercing the Saxons, ever ready to relapse into the idolatry from which they had been reclaimed, not by persuasion, but by the sword. This opinion, however, is not confirmed either by documentary evidence or by contemporary historians. And if we examine the proceedings of the *Vehmic* tribunal, we shall see that, in principle, it differs in no essential character from the summary jurisdiction exercised in the townships and hundreds of Anglo-Saxon England. Amongst us, the thief or the robber was equally liable to summary punishment, if apprehended by the men of the township; and the same rules disqualified them from proceeding to summary execution. An English outlaw was exactly in the situation of him who had escaped from the hands of the *échevins*, or who had failed to appear before the *Vehmic* court: he was condemned unheard, nor was he confronted with his accusers. The inquisitorial proceedings, as they are termed by the German jurists, are identical with our ancient pre-

sentments. Presumptions are substituted for proofs, and general opinion holds the place of a responsible accuser. He who was untrue to all the people in the Saxon age, or liable to the malecidence of the inquest at a subsequent period, was scarcely more fortunate than he who was branded as leumund by the Vehmlic law.

In cases of open delict and of outlawry, there was substantially no difference whatever between the English and the Vehmlic proceedings. But in the inquisitorial process, the delinquent was allowed, according to our older code, to run the risk of the ordeal. He was accused by or before the hundred, or the thanes of the wapentake; and his own oath cleared him, if a true man; but he 'bore the iron' if unable to avail himself of the credit derived from a good and fair reputation. The same course may have been originally adopted in Westphalia; for the wissend, when accused, could exculpate himself by his compurgatory oath, being presumed to be of good fame; and it is, therefore, probable that an uninitiated offender, standing a stage lower in character and credibility, was allowed the last resort of the ordeal. But when the 'judgment of god' was abolished by the decrees of the Church, it did not occur to the Vehmlic judges to put the offender upon his second trial by the visne, which now forms the distinguishing characteristic of the English law, and he was at once considered as condemned. The heimliche acht is a presentment not traversable by the offender.

The Vehmlic tribunals can only be considered as the original jurisdictions of the Old Saxons, which survived the subjugation of their country. The singular and mystic forms of initiation, the system of enigmatical phrases, the use of the signs and symbols of recognition, may probably be ascribed to the period when the whole system was united to the worship of the deities of vengeance, and when the sentence was promulgated by the doomsmen, assembled, like the Asi of old, before the altars of Thor or Woden. Of this connexion with ancient pagan policy, so clearly to be traced in the Icelandic courts, the English territorial jurisdictions offer some very faint vestiges; but the mystery had long been dispersed, and the whole system passed into the ordinary machinery of the law.

As to the Vehmlic tribunals, it is acknowledged that, in a truly barbarous age and country, their proceedings, however violent, were not without utility. Their severe and secret vengeance often deterred the rapacity of the noble robber, and protected the humble suppliant; the extent, and even the abuse, of their authority was in some measure justified in an Empire divided into numerous independent jurisdictions, and not subjected to any paramount tribunal, able to administer impartial justice to the oppressed. But as the times improved, the Vehmlic tribunals degenerated. The échevins, chosen from the inferior ranks, did not possess any personal consideration. Opposed by the opulent cities of the Hanse, and objects of the suspicion and the enmity of the powerful aristocracy, the tribunals of some districts were abolished by law, and others took the form of ordinary territorial jurisdictions; the greater number fell into desuetude. Yet as late as the middle of the 18th century, a few Vehmlic tribunals existed in name, though, as it may be easily supposed, without possessing any remnant of their pristine power. — PALGRAVE *on the Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth: Proofs and Illustrations*, pp. cxliv.-clvii.

I have marked by italic letters the most important passage of the above quotation. The view it contains seems to me to

have every appearance of truth and justice ; and if such should, on maturer investigation, turn out to be the fact, it will certainly confer no small honour on an English scholar to have discovered the key to a mystery which had long exercised in vain the laborious and profound students of German antiquity.

There are probably several other points on which I ought to have embraced this opportunity of enlarging ; but the necessity of preparing for an excursion to foreign countries, in quest of health and strength, that have been for some time sinking, makes me cut short my address upon the present occasion.

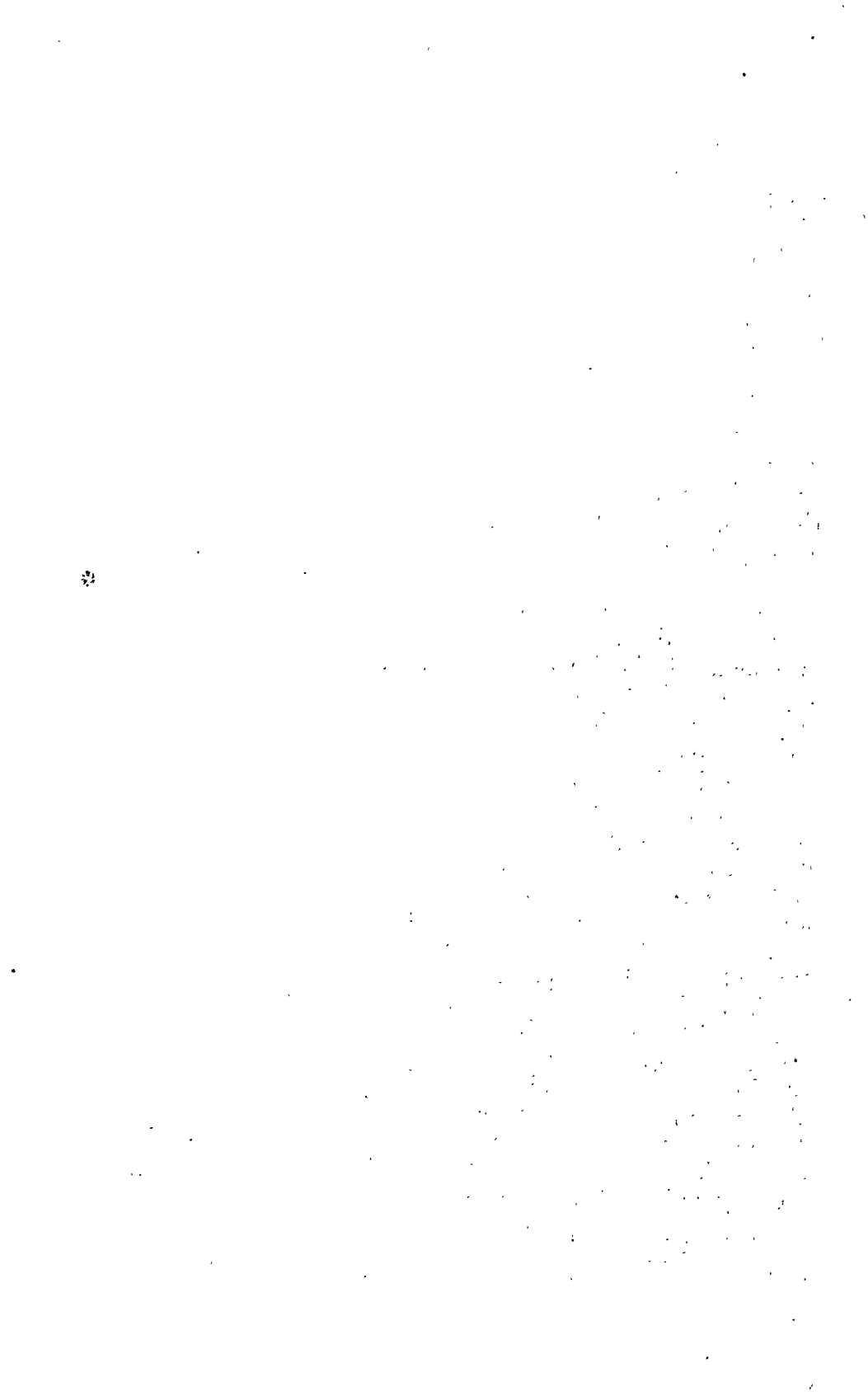
Although I had never been in Switzerland, and numerous mistakes must of course have occurred in my attempts to describe the local scenery of that romantic region, I must not conclude without a statement highly gratifying to myself, that the work met with a reception of more than usual cordiality among the descendants of the Alpine heroes whose manners I had ventured to treat of ; and I have in particular to express my thanks to the several Swiss gentlemen who have, since the novel was published, enriched my little collection of armour with specimens of the huge weapon that sheared the lances of the Austrian chivalry at Sempach, and was employed with equal success on the bloody days of Granson and Morat. Of the ancient double-handed *espadons* of the Switzer, I have, in this way, received, I think, not less than six, in excellent preservation, from as many different individuals, who thus testified their general approbation of these pages. They are not the less interesting, that gigantic swords of nearly the same pattern and dimensions were employed, in their conflicts with the bold knights and men-at-arms of England, by Wallace and the sturdy foot-soldiers who, under his guidance, laid the foundations of Scottish independence.

The reader who wishes to examine with attention the historical events of the period which the novel embraces, will find ample means of doing so in the valuable works of Zschokke and M. de Barante—which last author's account of the Dukes of Burgundy is among the most valuable of recent accessions of European literature—and in the new Parisian edition of Froissart, which has not as yet attracted so much attention in this country as it well deserves to do.¹

W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, Sept. 17, 1831.

¹ [See J. G. Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, vol. ix. pp. 321-323.]



ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

OR THE MAIDEN OF THE MIST

CHAPTER I

The mists boil up around the glaciers ; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphurous,
Like foam from the roused ocean.

I am giddy.

Manfred.

THE course of four centuries has wellnigh elapsed since the series of events which are related in the following chapters took place on the Continent. The records which contained the outlines of the history, and might be referred to as proof of its veracity, were long preserved in the superb library of the monastery of St. Gall, but perished, with many of the literary treasures of that establishment, when the convent was plundered by the French revolutionary armies. The events are fixed, by historical date, to the middle of the 15th century — that important period when chivalry still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured, in some countries by the establishment of free institutions, in others by that of arbitrary power, which alike rendered useless the interference of those self-endowed redressers of wrongs whose only warrant of authority was the sword.

Amid the general light which had recently shone upon Europe, France, Burgundy, and Italy, but more especially Austria, had been made acquainted with the character of a people of whose very existence they had before been scarcely conscious. It is true that the inhabitants of those countries

which lie in the vicinity of the Alps, that immense barrier, were not ignorant, that, notwithstanding their rugged and desolate appearance, the secluded valleys which winded among those gigantic mountains nourished a race of hunters and shepherds—men who, living in a state of primeval simplicity, compelled from the soil a subsistence gained by severe labour, followed the chase over the most savage precipices and through the darkest pine forests, or drove their cattle to spots which afforded them a scanty pasturage, even in the vicinage of eternal snows. But the existence of such a people, or rather of a number of small communities who followed nearly the same poor and hardy course of life, had seemed to the rich and powerful princes in the neighbourhood a matter of as little consequence as it is to the stately herds which repose in a fertile meadow that a few half-starved goats find their scanty food among the rocks which overlook their rich domain.

But wonder and attention began to be attracted towards these mountaineers about the middle of the 14th century, when reports were spread abroad of severe contests, in which the German chivalry, endeavouring to suppress insurrections among their Alpine vassals, had sustained repeated and bloody defeats, although having on their side numbers and discipline, and the advantage of the most perfect military equipment then known and confided in. Great was the wonder that cavalry, which made the only efficient part of the feudal armies of these ages, should be routed by men on foot; that warriors sheathed in complete steel should be overpowered by naked peasants who wore no defensive armour, and were irregularly provided with pikes, halberts, and clubs, for the purpose of attack; above all, it seemed a species of miracle that knights and nobles of the highest birth should be defeated by mountaineers and shepherds. But the repeated victories of the Swiss at Laupen, Sempach, and on other less distinguished occasions, plainly intimated that a new principle of civil organisation, as well as of military movements, had arisen amid the stormy regions of Helvetia.

Still, although the decisive victories which obtained liberty for the Swiss cantons, as well as the spirit of resolution and wisdom with which the members of the little confederation had maintained themselves against the utmost exertions of Austria, had spread their fame abroad through all the neighbouring countries, and although they themselves were conscious of the character and actual power which repeated victories had

acquired for themselves and their country, yet down to the middle of the 15th century, and at a later date, the Swiss retained in a great measure the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were entrusted with the command of the troops of the republic in battle were wont to resume the shepherd's staff when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow-citizens from the eminence of military command to which their talents, and the call of their country, had raised them.

It is, then, in the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, in the autumn of 1474, while these districts were in the rude and simple state we have described, that our tale opens.

Two travellers, one considerably past the prime of life, the other probably two or three and twenty years old, had passed the night at the little town of Lucerne, the capital of the Swiss state of the same name, and beautifully situated on the Lake of the Four Cantons. Their dress and character seemed those of merchants of a higher class, and while they themselves journeyed on foot, the character of the country rendering that by far the most easy mode of pursuing their route, a young peasant lad, from the Italian side of the Alps, followed them with a sumpter mule, laden apparently with their wares and baggage, which he sometimes mounted, but more frequently led by the bridle.

The travellers were uncommonly fine-looking men, and seemed connected by some very near relationship — probably that of father and son; for at the little inn where they lodged on the preceding evening the great deference and respect paid by the younger to the elder had not escaped the observation of the natives, who, like other sequestered beings, were curious in proportion to the limited means of information which they possessed. They observed also that the merchants, under pretence of haste, declined opening their balès or proposing traffic to the inhabitants of Lucerne, alleging in excuse that they had no commodities fitted for the market. The females of the town were the more displeased with the reserve of the mercantile travellers, because they were given to understand that it was occasioned by the wares in which they dealt being too costly to find customers among the Helvetian mountains; for

it had transpired, by means of their attendant, that the strangers had visited Venice, and had there made many purchases of rich commodities, which were brought from India and Egypt to that celebrated emporium, as to the common mart of the Western World, and thence dispersed into all quarters of Europe. Now the Swiss maidens had of late made the discovery that gauds and gems were fair to look upon, and, though without the hope of being able to possess themselves of such ornaments, they felt a natural desire to review and handle the rich stores of the merchants, and some displeasure at being prevented from doing so.

It was also observed that, though the strangers were sufficiently courteous in their demeanour, they did not evince that studious anxiety to please displayed by the travelling pedlars or merchants of Lombardy or Savoy, by whom the inhabitants of the mountains were occasionally visited; and who had been more frequent in their rounds of late years, since the spoils of victory had invested the Swiss with some wealth, and had taught many of them new wants. Those peripatetic traders were civil and assiduous, as their calling required; but the new visitors seemed men who were indifferent to traffic, or at least to such slender gains as could be gathered in Switzerland.

Curiosity was further excited by the circumstance that they spoke to each other in a language which was certainly neither German, Italian, nor French, but from which an old man serving in the cabaret, who had once been as far as Paris, supposed they might be English — a people of whom it was only known in these mountains that they were a fierce insular race, at war with the French for many years, and a large body of whom had long since invaded the Forest Cantons, and sustained such a defeat in the valley of Russwyl as was well remembered by the grey-haired men of Lucerne, who received the tale from their fathers.

The lad who attended the strangers was soon ascertained to be a youth from the Grison country, who acted as their guide, so far as his knowledge of the mountains permitted. He said they designed to go to Bâle, but seemed desirous to travel by circuitous and unfrequented routes. The circumstances just mentioned increased the general desire to know more of the travellers and of their merchandise. Not a bale, however, was unpacked, and the merchants, leaving Lucerne next morning, resumed their toilsome journey, preferring a circuitous route

and bad roads through the peaceful cantons of Switzerland to encountering the exactions and rapine of the robber chivalry of Germany, who, like so many sovereigns, made war each at his own pleasure, and levied tolls and taxes on every one who passed their domains of a mile's breadth, with all the insolence of petty tyranny.

For several hours after leaving Lucerne, the journey of our travellers was successfully prosecuted. The road, though precipitous and difficult, was rendered interesting by those splendid phenomena which no country exhibits in a more astonishing manner than the mountains of Switzerland, where the rocky pass, the verdant valley, the broad lake, and the rushing torrent, the attributes of other hills as well as these, are interspersed with the magnificent and yet fearful horrors of the glaciers, a feature peculiar to themselves.

It was not an age in which the beauties or grandeur of a landscape made much impression either on the minds of those who travelled through the country or who resided in it. To the latter, the objects, however dignified, were familiar, and associated with daily habits and with daily toil; and the former saw, perhaps, more terror than beauty in the wild region through which they passed, and were rather solicitous to get safe to their night's quarters than to comment on the grandeur of the scenes which lay between them and their place of rest. Yet our merchants, as they proceeded on their journey, could not help being strongly impressed by the character of the scenery around them. Their road lay along the side of the lake, at times level and close on its very margin, at times rising to a great height on the side of the mountain, and winding along the verge of precipices which sunk down to the water as sharp and sheer as the wall of a castle descending upon the ditch which defends it. At other times it traversed spots of a milder character — delightful green slopes, and lowly retired valleys, affording both pasturage and arable ground, sometimes watered by small streams, which winded by the hamlet of wooden huts with their fantastic little church and steeple, meandered round the orchard and the mount of vines, and, murmuring gently as they flowed, found a quiet passage into the lake.

‘That stream, Arthur,’ said the elder traveller, as with one consent they stopped to gaze on such a scene as I have described, ‘resembles the life of a good and a happy man.’

‘And the brook, which hurries itself headlong down yon

distant hill, marking its course by a streak of white foam,' answered Arthur, 'what does that resemble?'

'That of a brave and unfortunate one,' replied his father.

'The torrent for me,' said Arthur: 'a headlong course which no human force can oppose, and then let it be as brief as it is glorious.'

'It is a young man's thought,' replied his father; 'but I am well aware that it is so rooted in thy heart that nothing but the rude hand of adversity can pluck it up.'

'As yet the root clings fast to my heart's strings,' said the young man; 'and methinks adversity's hand hath had a fair grasp of it.'

'You speak, my son, of what you little understand,' said his father. 'Know that, till the middle of life be passed, men scarce distinguish true prosperity from adversity, or rather they court as the favours of fortune what they should more justly regard as the marks of her displeasure. Look at yonder mountain, which wears on its shaggy brow a diadem of clouds, now raised and now depressed, while the sun glances upon but is unable to dispel it; a child might believe it to be a crown of glory, a man knows it to be the signal of tempest.'

Arthur followed the direction of his father's eye to the dark and shadowy eminence of Mount Pilatre [Pilatus].

'Is the mist on yonder wild mountain so ominous, then?' asked the young man.

'Demand of Antonio,' said his father; 'he will tell you the legend.'

The young merchant addressed himself to the Swiss lad who acted as their attendant, desiring to know the name of the gloomy height, which, in that quarter, seems the leviathan of the huge congregation of mountains assembled about Lucerne.

The lad crossed himself devoutly, as he recounted the popular legend, that the wicked Pontius Pilate, Proconsul of Judea, had here found the termination of his impious life; having, after spending years in the recesses of that mountain which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit. Whether water refused to do the executioner's duty upon such a wretch, or whether, his body being drowned, his vexed spirit continued to haunt the place where he committed suicide, Antonio did not pretend to explain. But a form was often, he said, seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go



MOUNT PILATUS AND LUCERNE.

From a recent photograph.

through the action of one washing his hands; and when he did so, dark clouds of mist gathered first round the bosom of the Infernal Lake (such it had been styled of old), and then, wrapping the whole upper part of the mountain in darkness, presaged a tempest or hurricane, which was sure to follow in a short space. He added, that the evil spirit was peculiarly exasperated at the audacity of such strangers as ascended the mountain to gaze at his place of punishment, and that, in consequence, the magistrates of Lucerne had prohibited any one from approaching Mount Pilatre, under severe penalties. Antonio once more crossed himself as he finished his legend; in which act of devotion he was imitated by his hearers, too good Catholics to entertain any doubt of the truth of the story.

‘How the accursed heathen scowls upon us!’ said the younger of the merchants, while the cloud darkened and seemed to settle on the brow of Mount Pilatre. ‘*Vade retro* — be thou defied, sinner!’

A rising wind, rather heard than felt, seemed to groan forth, in the tone of a dying lion, the acceptance of the suffering spirit to the rash challenge of the young Englishman. The mountain was seen to send down its rugged sides thick wreaths of heaving mist, which, rolling through the rugged chasms that seamed the grisly hill, resembled torrents of rushing lava pouring down from a volcano. The ridgy precipices, which formed the sides of these huge ravines, showed their splintery and rugged edges over the vapour, as if dividing from each other the descending streams of mist which rolled around them. As a strong contrast to this gloomy and threatening scene, the more distant mountain range of Righi shone brilliant with all the hues of an autumnal sun.

While the travellers watched this striking and varied contrast, which resembled an approaching combat betwixt the powers of light and darkness, their guide, in his mixed jargon of Italian and German, exhorted them to make haste on their journey. The village to which he proposed to conduct them, he said, was yet distant, the road bad and difficult to find, and if the Evil One (looking to Mount Pilatre and crossing himself) should send his darkness upon the valley, the path would be both doubtful and dangerous. The travellers, thus admonished, gathered the capes of their cloaks close round their throats, pulled their bonnets resolutely over their brows, drew the buckle of the broad belts which fastened their mantles,

and each with a mountain staff in his hand, well shod with an iron spike, they pursued their journey with unabated strength and undaunted spirit.

With every step the scenes around them appeared to change. Each mountain, as if its firm and immutable form were flexible and varying, altered in appearance, like that of a shadowy apparition, as the position of the strangers relative to them changed with their motions, and as the mist, which continued slowly though constantly to descend, influenced the rugged aspect of the hills and valleys which it shrouded with its vapoury mantle. The nature of their progress, too, never direct, but winding by a narrow path along the sinuosities of the valley, and making many a circuit round precipices and other obstacles which it was impossible to surmount, added to the wild variety of a journey in which at last the travellers totally lost any vague idea which they had previously entertained concerning the direction in which the road led them.

'I would,' said the elder, 'we had that mystical needle which mariners talk of, that points ever to the north, and enables them to keep their way on the waters, when there is neither cape nor headland, sun, moon, nor stars, nor any mark in heaven or earth, to tell them how to steer.'

'It would scarce avail us among these mountains,' answered the youth; 'for, though that wonderful needle may keep its point to the northern pole-star, when it is on a flat surface like the sea, it is not to be thought it would do so when these huge mountains arise like walls betwixt the steel and the object of its sympathy.'

'I fear me,' replied the father, 'we shall find our guide, who has been growing hourly more stupid since he left his own valley, as useless as you suppose the compass would be among the hills of this wild country. Canst tell, my boy,' said he, addressing Antonio in bad Italian, 'if we be in the road we purposed?'

'If it please St. Antonio,' said the guide, who was obviously too much confused to answer the question directly.

'And that water, half covered with mist, which glimmers through the fog, at the foot of this huge black precipice, is it still a part of the Lake of Lucerne, or have we lighted upon another since we ascended that last hill?'

Antonio could only answer that they ought to be on the Lake of Lucerne still, and that he hoped that what they saw below them was only a winding branch of the same sheet of water. But he could say nothing with certainty.

'Dog of an Italian!' exclaimed the younger traveller, 'thou deservest to have thy bones broken, for undertaking a charge which thou art as incapable to perform as thou art to guide us to Heaven!'

'Peace, Arthur,' said his father; 'if you frighten the lad, he runs off, and we lose the small advantage we might have by his knowledge; if you use your baton, he rewards you with the stab of a knife, for such is the humour of a revengeful Lombard. Either way, you are marred instead of helped. Hark thee hither, my boy,' he continued, in his indifferent Italian, 'be not afraid of that hot youngster, whom I will not permit to injure thee; but tell me, if thou canst, the names of the villages by which we are to make our journey to-day?'

The gentle mode in which the elder traveller spoke reassured the lad, who had been somewhat alarmed at the harsh tone and menacing expressions of his younger companion; and he poured forth, in his patois, a flood of names, in which the German guttural sounds were strangely intermixed with the soft accents of the Italian, but which carried to the hearer no intelligible information concerning the object of his question; so that, at length, he was forced to conclude, 'Even lead on, in Our Lady's name, or in St. Antonio's, if you like it better; we shall but lose time, I see, in trying to understand each other.'

They moved on as before, with this difference, that the guide, leading the mule, now went first, and was followed by the other two, whose motions he had formerly directed by calling to them from behind. The clouds meantime became thicker and thicker, and the mist, which had at first been a thin vapour, began now to descend in the form of a small thick rain, which gathered like dew upon the capotes of the travellers. Distant rustling and groaning sounds were heard among the remote mountains, similar to those by which the Evil Spirit of Mount Pilatre had seemed to announce the storm. The boy again pressed his companions to advance, but at the same time threw impediments in the way of their doing so, by the slowness and indecision which he showed in leading them on.

Having proceeded in this manner for three or four miles, which uncertainty rendered doubly tedious, the travellers were at length engaged in a narrow path, running along the verge of a precipice. Beneath was water, but of what description they could not ascertain. The wind, indeed, which began to be felt in sudden gusts, sometimes swept aside the mist so completely as to show the waves glimmering below; but

whether they were those of the same lake on which their morning journey had commenced, whether it was another and separate sheet of water of a similar character, or whether it was a river or large brook, the view afforded was too indistinct to determine. Thus far was certain, that they were not on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, where it displays its usual expanse of waters; for the same hurricane gusts which showed them water in the bottom of the glen gave them a transient view of the opposite side, at what exact distance they could not well discern, but near enough to show tall abrupt rocks and shaggy pine trees, here united in groups, and there singly anchored among the cliffs which overhung the water. This was a more distinct landscape than the farther side of the lake would have offered, had they been on the right road.

Hitherto the path, though steep and rugged, was plainly enough indicated, and showed traces of having been used both by riders and foot passengers. But suddenly, as Antonio with the loaded mule had reached a projecting eminence, around the peak of which the path made a sharp turn, he stopped short, with his usual exclamation, addressed to his patron saint. It appeared to Arthur that the mule shared the terrors of the guide; for it started back, put forwards its fore feet separate from each other, and seemed, by the attitude which it assumed, to intimate a determination to resist every proposal to advance, at the same time expressing horror and fear at the prospect which lay before it.

Arthur pressed forward, not only from curiosity, but that he might if possible bear the brunt of any danger before his father came up to share it. In less time than we have taken to tell the story, the young man stood beside Antonio and the mule, upon a platform of rock on which the road seemed absolutely to terminate, and from the farther side of which a precipice sunk sheer down, to what depth the mist did not permit him to discern, but certainly uninterrupted for more than three hundred feet.

The blank expression which overcast the visage of the younger traveller, and traces of which might be discerned in the physiognomy of the beast of burden, announced alarm and mortification at this unexpected, and, as it seemed, insurmountable, obstacle. Nor did the looks of the father, who presently after came up to the same spot, convey either hope or comfort. He stood with the others gazing on the misty gulf beneath them, and looking all around, but in vain, for some continuation

of the path, which certainly had never been originally designed to terminate in this summary manner. As they stood uncertain what to do next, the son in vain attempting to discover some mode of passing onward, and the father about to propose that they should return by the road which had brought them hither, a loud howl of the wind, more wild than they had yet heard, swept down the valley. All being aware of the danger of being hurled from the precarious station which they occupied, snatched at bushes and rocks by which to secure themselves, and even the poor mule seemed to steady itself in order to withstand the approaching hurricane. The gust came with such unexpected fury, that it appeared to the travellers to shake the very rock on which they stood, and would have swept them from its surface like so many dry leaves, had it not been for the momentary precautions which they had taken for their safety. But as the wind rushed down the glen, it completely removed for the space of three or four minutes the veil of mist which former gusts had only served to agitate or discompose, and showed them the nature and cause of the interruption which they had met with so unexpectedly.

The rapid but correct eye of Arthur was then able to ascertain that the path, after leaving the platform of rock on which they stood, had originally passed upwards in the same direction along the edge of a steep bank of earth, which had then formed the upper covering of a stratum of precipitous rocks. But it had chanced, in some of the convulsions of nature which take place in those wild regions, where she works upon a scale so formidable, that the earth had made a slip, or almost a precipitous descent, from the rock, and been hurled downwards with the path, which was traced along the top, and with bushes, trees, or whatever grew upon it, into the channel of the stream; for such they could now discern the water beneath them to be, and not a lake, or an arm of a lake, as they had hitherto supposed.

The immediate cause of this phenomenon might probably have been an earthquake, not unfrequent in that country. The bank of earth, now a confused mass of ruins inverted in its fall, showed some trees growing in a horizontal position, and others, which, having pitched on their heads in their descent, were at once inverted and shattered to pieces, and lay a sport to the streams of the river which they had heretofore covered with gloomy shadow. The gaunt precipice which remained behind, like the skeleton of some huge monster divested

of its flesh, formed the wall of a fearful abyss, resembling the face of a newly-wrought quarry, more dismal of aspect from the rawness of its recent formation, and from its being as yet uncovered with any of the vegetation with which nature speedily mantles over the bare surface even of her sternest crags and precipices.

Besides remarking these appearances, which tended to show that this interruption of the road had been of recent occurrence, Arthur was able to observe, on the further side of the river, higher up the valley, and rising out of the pine forests, interspersed with rocks, a square building of considerable height, like the ruins of a Gothic tower. He pointed out this remarkable object to Antonio, and demanded if he knew it, justly conjecturing that, from the peculiarity of the site, it was a landmark not easily to be forgotten by any who had seen it before. Accordingly, it was gladly and promptly recognised by the lad, who called cheerfully out that the place was Geierstein—that is, as he explained it, the Rock of the Vultures. He knew it, he said, by the old tower, as well as by a huge pinnacle of rock which arose near it, almost in the form of a steeple, to the top of which the lammergeier (one of the largest birds of prey known to exist) had in former days transported the child of an ancient lord of the castle. He proceeded to recount the vow which was made by the knight of Geierstein to Our Lady of Einsiedlen; and, while he spoke, the castle, rocks, woods, and precipices again faded in mist. But as he concluded his wonderful narrative with the miracle which restored the infant again to its father's arms, he cried out suddenly, 'Look to yourselves—the storm! — the storm!' It came accordingly, and, sweeping the mist before it, again bestowed on the travellers a view of the horrors around them.

'Ay!' quoth Antonio, triumphantly, as the gust abated, 'old Pontius loves little to hear of Our Lady of Einsiedlen; but she will keep her own with him. Ave Maria!'

'That tower,' said the young traveller, 'seems uninhabited. I can descry no smoke, and the battlement appears ruinous.'

'It has not been inhabited for many a day,' answered the guide. 'But I would I were at it, for all that. Honest Arnold Biederman, the *landamman* (chief magistrate) of the canton of Unterwalden, dwells near, and I warrant you distressed strangers will not want the best that cupboard and cellar can find them wherever he holds rule.'

'I have heard of him,' said the elder traveller, whom

Antonio had been taught to call Seignor Philipson — ‘a good and hospitable man, and one who enjoys deserved weight with his countrymen.’

‘You have spoken him right, seignor,’ answered the guide; ‘and I would we could reach his house, where you should be sure of hospitable treatment, and a good direction for your next day’s journey. But how we are to get to the Vulture’s Castle, unless we had wings like the vulture, is a question hard to answer.’

Arthur replied by a daring proposal, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II

Away with me.
The clouds grow thicker — there — now lean on me.
Place your foot here — here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub — now, give me your hand.

The chalet will be gained in half an hour.

Manfred.

AFTER surveying the desolate scene as accurately as the stormy state of the atmosphere would permit, the younger of the travellers observed, 'In any other country I should say the tempest begins to abate, but what to expect in this land of desolation it were rash to decide. If the apostate spirit of Pilate be actually on the blast, these lingering and more distant howls seem to intimate that he is returning to his place of punishment. The pathway has sunk with the ground on which it was traced : I can see part of it lying down in the abyss, marking, as with a streak of clay, yonder mass of earth and stone. But I think it possible, with your permission, my father, that I could still scramble forward along the edge of the precipice, till I come in sight of the habitation which the lad tells us of. If there be actually such a one, there must be an access to it somewhere ; and if I cannot find the path out, I can at least make a signal to those who dwell near the Vulture's Nest yonder, and obtain some friendly guidance.'

'I cannot consent to your incurring such a risk,' said his father ; 'let the lad go forward, if he can and will. He is mountain-bred, and I will reward him richly.'

But Antonio declined the proposal absolutely and decidedly. 'I am mountain-bred,' he said, 'but I am no chamois-hunter ; and I have no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff, like a raven — gold is not worth life.'

'And God forbid,' said Signor Philipson, 'that I should

tempt thee to weigh them against each other! Go on, then, my son — I follow thee.'

'Under your favour, dearest sir, no,' replied the young man; 'it is enough to endanger the life of one, and mine, far the most worthless, should, by all the rules of wisdom as well as nature, be put first in hazard.'

'No, Arthur,' replied his father, in a determined voice — 'no, my son: I have survived much, but I will not survive thee.'

'I fear not for the issue, father, if you permit me to go alone; but I cannot — dare not — undertake a task so perilous, if you persist in attempting to share it, with no better aid than mine. While I endeavoured to make a new advance, I should be ever looking back to see how you might attain the station which I was about to leave. And bethink you, dearest father, that, if I fall, I fall an unregarded thing, of as little moment as the stone or tree which has toppled headlong down before me. But you — should your foot slip or your hand fail, bethink you what and how much must needs fall with you!'

'Thou art right, my child,' said the father. 'I still have that which binds me to life, even though I were to lose in thee all that is dear to me. Our Lady and Our Lady's knight bless thee and prosper thee, my child! Thy foot is young, thy hand is strong; thou hast not climbed Plynlimmon in vain. Be bold, but be wary; remember there is a man who, failing thee, has but one act of duty to bind him to the earth, and, that discharged, who will soon follow thee.'

The young man accordingly prepared for his journey, and, stripping himself of his cumbrous cloak, showed his well-proportioned limbs in a jerkin of grey cloth, which sat close to his person. The father's resolution gave way when his son turned round to bid him farewell. He recalled his permission, and in a peremptory tone forbade him to proceed. But without listening to the prohibition, Arthur had commenced his perilous adventure. Descending from the platform on which he stood, by the boughs of an old ash-tree which thrust itself out of the cleft of a rock, the youth was enabled to gain, though at great risk, a narrow ledge, the very brink of the precipice, by creeping along which he hoped to pass on till he made himself heard or seen from the habitation, of whose existence the guide had informed him. His situation, as he pursued this bold purpose, appeared so precarious, that even the hired attendant hardly dared to draw breath as he gazed on him. The ledge which supported him seemed to grow so narrow as he passed

along it as to become altogether invisible, while sometimes with his face to the precipice, sometimes looking forward, sometimes glancing his eyes upward, but never venturing to cast a look below, lest his brain should grow giddy at a sight so appalling, he wound his way onward. To his father and the attendant, who beheld his progress, it was less that of a man advancing in the ordinary manner, and resting by aught connected with the firm earth, than that of an insect crawling along the face of a perpendicular wall, of whose progressive movement we are indeed sensible, but cannot perceive the means of its support. And bitterly, most bitterly, did the miserable parent now lament that he had not persisted in his purpose to encounter the baffling, and even perilous, measure of retracing his steps to the habitation of the preceding night. He should then, at least, have partaken the fate of the son of his love.

Meanwhile, the young man's spirits were strongly braced for the performance of his perilous task. He laid a powerful restraint on his imagination, which in general was sufficiently active, and refused to listen, even for an instant, to any of the horrible insinuations by which fancy augments actual danger. He endeavoured manfully to reduce all around him to the scale of right reason, as the best support of true courage. 'This ledge of rock,' he urged to himself, 'is but narrow, yet it has breadth enough to support me; these cliffs and crevices in the surface are small and distant, but the one affords as secure a resting-place to my feet, the other as available a grasp to my hands, as if I stood on a platform of a cubit broad, and rested my arm on a balustrade of marble. My safety, therefore, depends on myself. If I move with decision, step firmly, and hold fast, what signifies how near I am to the mouth of an abyss?'

Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like

subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led, by the existence of shrubs, grass, and even stunted trees, to believe that this rock marked the farthest extent of the slip or slide of earth, and that, could he but turn round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of passing either under or around it; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and wood, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed even by the addition of the young man's weight.

Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt at self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his head back as if spellbound, to watch the descent of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him headlong down into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty ton, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent, with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with emulative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally

insensible to terrestrial sounds and unfavourable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice.

What, in the meanwhile, were the thoughts of the distracted father, who saw the ponderous rock descend, but could not mark whether his only son had borne it company in its dreadful fall! His first impulse was to rush forward along the face of the precipice which he had seen Arthur so lately traverse; and when the lad Antonio withheld him, by throwing his arms around him, he turned on the guide with the fury of a bear which had been robbed of her cubs.

'Unhand me, base peasant,' he exclaimed, 'or thou diest on the spot!'

'Alas!' said the poor boy, dropping on his knees before him, 'I too have a father!'

The appeal went to the heart of the traveller, who instantly let the lad go, and, holding up his hands and lifting his eyes towards heaven, said, in accents of the deepest agony, mingled with devout resignation, '*Fiat voluntas tua!* He was my last, and loveliest, and best beloved, and most worthy of my love; and yonder,' he added — 'yonder over the glen soar the birds of prey who are to feast on his young blood. But I will see him once more,' exclaimed the miserable parent, as the huge carrion vulture floated past him on the thick air — 'I will see my Arthur once more, ere the wolf and the eagle mangle him — I will see all of him that earth still holds. Detain me not; but abide here, and watch me as I advance. If I fall, as is most likely, I charge you to take the sealed papers which you will find in the valise, and carry them to the person to whom they are addressed, with the least possible delay. There is money enough in the purse to bury me with my poor boy, and to cause masses be said for our souls, and yet leave you a rich recompense for your journey.'

The honest Swiss lad, obtuse in his understanding, but kind and faithful in his disposition, blubbered as his employer spoke, and, afraid to offer farther remonstrance or opposition, saw his temporary master prepare himself to traverse the same fatal precipice over the verge of which his ill-fated son had seemed to pass to the fate which, with all the wildness of a parent's anguish, his father was hastening to share.

Suddenly there was heard, from beyond the fatal angle from which the mass of stone had been displaced by Arthur's rash ascent, the loud hoarse sound of one of those huge horns made

out of the spoils of the urus, or wild bull, of Switzerland, which in ancient times announced the terrors of the charge of these mountaineers, and, indeed, served them in war instead of all musical instruments.

'Hold, sir — hold !' exclaimed the Grison, 'yonder is a signal from Geierstein. Some one will presently come to our assistance, and show us the safer way to seek for your son. And look you — at yon green bush that is glimmering through the mist, St. Antonio preserve me, as I see a white cloth displayed there ! It is just beyond the point where the rock fell.'

The father endeavoured to fix his eyes on the spot, but they filled so fast with tears, that they could not discern the object which the guide pointed out. 'It is all in vain,' he said, dashing the tears from his eyes : 'I shall never see more of him than his lifeless remains.'

'You will — you will see him in life,' said the Grison. 'St. Antonio wills it so. See, the white cloth waves again.'

'Some remnant of his garments,' said the despairing father — 'some wretched memorial of his fate. No, my eyes see it not. I have beheld the fall of my house ; would that the vultures of these crags had rather torn them from their sockets !'

'Yet look again,' said the Swiss ; 'the cloth hangs not loose upon a bough : I can see that it is raised on the end of a staff, and is distinctly waved to and fro. Your son makes a signal that he is safe.'

'And if it be so,' said the traveller, clasping his hands together, 'blessed be the eyes that see it, and the tongue that tells it ! If we find my son, and find him alive, this day shall be a lucky one for thee too.'

'Nay,' answered the lad, 'I only ask that you will abide still, and act by counsel, and I will hold myself quit for my services. Only, it is not creditable to an honest lad to have people lose themselves by their own wilfulness ; for the blame, after all, is sure to fall upon the guide, as if he could prevent old Pontius from shaking the mist from his brow, or banks of earth from slipping down into the valley at a time, or young hare-brained gallants from walking upon precipices as narrow as the edge of a knife, or madmen, whose grey hairs might make them wiser, from drawing daggers like bravos in Lombardy.'

Thus the guide ran on, and in that vein he might have long continued, for Seignor Philipson heard him not. Each throb of his pulse, each thought of his heart, was directed towards the object which the lad referred to as a signal of his son's

safety. He became at length satisfied that the signal was actually waved by a human hand; and, as eager in the glow of reviving hope as he had of late been under the influence of desperate grief, he again prepared for the attempt of advancing towards his son, and assisting him, if possible, in regaining a place of safety. But the entreaties and reiterated assurances of his guide induced him to pause.

'Are you fit,' he said, 'to go on the crag? Can you repeat your credo and ave without missing or misplacing a word? for without that our old men say your neck, had you a score of them, would be in danger. Is your eye clear, and your feet firm? I trow the one streams like a fountain, and the other shakes like the aspen which overhangs it! Rest here till those arrive who are far more able to give your son help than either you or I are. I judge, by the fashion of his blowing, that yonder is the horn of the goodman of Geierstein, Arnold Biederman. He hath seen your son's danger, and is even now providing for his safety and ours. There are cases in which the aid of one stranger, well acquainted with the country, is worth that of three brothers who know not the crags.'

'But if yonder horn really sounded a signal,' said the traveller, 'how chanced it that my son replied not?'

'And if he did so, as is most likely he did,' rejoined the Grison, 'how should we have heard him? The bugle of Uri itself sounded amid these horrible dins of water and tempest like the reed of a shepherd boy; and how think you we should hear the halloo of a man?'

'Yet, methinks,' said Signor Philipson, 'I do hear something amid this roar of elements which is like a human voice; but it is not Arthur's.'

'I wot well, no,' answered the Grison: 'that is a woman's voice. The maidens will converse with each other in that manner, from cliff to cliff, through storm and tempest, were there a mile between.'

'Now, Heaven be praised for this providential relief!' said Signor Philipson; 'I trust we shall yet see this dreadful day safely ended. I will halloo in answer.'

He attempted to do so, but, inexperienced in the art of making himself heard in such a country, he pitched his voice in the same key with that of the roar of wave and wind; so that, even at twenty yards from the place where he was speaking, it must have been totally indistinguishable from that of the elemental war around them. The lad smiled at his patron's

ineffectual attempts, and then raised his voice himself in a high, wild, and prolonged scream, which, while produced with apparently much less effort than that of the Englishman, was, nevertheless, a distinct sound, separated from others by the key to which it was pitched, and was probably audible to a very considerable distance. It was presently answered by distant cries of the same nature, which gradually approached the platform, bringing renovated hope to the anxious traveller.

If the distress of the father rendered his condition an object of deep compassion, that of the son, at the same moment, was sufficiently perilous. We have already stated that Arthur Philipson had commenced his precarious journey along the precipice with all the coolness, resolution, and unshaken determination of mind which was most essential to a task where all must depend upon firmness of nerve. But the formidable accident which checked his onward progress was of a character so dreadful as made him feel all the bitterness of a death instant, horrible, and, as it seemed, inevitable. The solid rock had trembled and rent beneath his footsteps, and although, by an effort rather mechanical than voluntary, he had withdrawn himself from the instant ruin attending its descent, he felt as if the better part of him, his firmness of mind and strength of body, had been rent away with the descending rock, as it fell thundering, with clouds of dust and smoke, into the torrents and whirlpools of the vexed gulf beneath. In fact, the seaman swept from the deck of a wrecked vessel, drenched in the waves, and battered against the rocks on the shore, does not differ more from the same mariner when, at the commencement of the gale, he stood upon the deck of his favourite ship, proud of her strength and his own dexterity, than Arthur, when commencing his journey, from the same Arthur, while clinging to the decayed trunk of an old tree, from which, suspended between heaven and earth, he saw the fall of the crag which he had so nearly accompanied. The effects of his terror, indeed, were physical as well as moral, for a thousand colours played before his eyes; he was attacked by a sick dizziness, and deprived at once of the obedience of those limbs which had hitherto served him so admirably; his arms and hands, as if no longer at his own command, now clung to the branches of the tree, with a cramp-like tenacity over which he seemed to possess no power, and now trembled in a state of such complete nervous relaxation as led him to fear that they were becoming unable to support him longer in his position.

An incident, in itself trifling, added to the distress occasioned by this alienation of his powers. All living things in the neighbourhood had, as might be supposed, been startled by the tremendous fall to which his progress had given occasion. Flights of owls, bats, and other birds of darkness, compelled to betake themselves to the air, had lost no time in returning into their bowers of ivy, or the harbour afforded them by the rifts and holes of the neighbouring rocks. One of this ill-omened flight chanced to be a lammergeier, or Alpine vulture, a bird larger and more voracious than the eagle himself, and which Arthur had not been accustomed to see, or at least to look upon closely. With the instinct of most birds of prey, it is the custom of this creature, when gorged with food, to assume some station of inaccessible security, and there remain stationary and motionless for days together, till the work of digestion has been accomplished, and activity returns with the pressure of appetite. Disturbed from such a state of repose, one of these terrific birds had risen from the ravine to which the species gives its name, and having circled unwillingly round, with a ghastly scream and a flagging wing, it had sunk down upon the pinnacle of a crag, not four yards from the tree in which Arthur held his precarious station. Although still in some degree stupified by torpor, it seemed encouraged by the motionless state of the young man to suppose him dead or dying, and sat there and gazed at him, without displaying any of that apprehension which the fiercest animals usually entertain from the vicinity of man.

As Arthur, endeavouring to shake off the incapacitating effects of his panic fear, raised his eyes to look gradually and cautiously around, he encountered those of the voracious and obscene bird, whose head and neck denuded of feathers, her eyes surrounded by an iris of an orange-tawny colour, and a position more horizontal than erect, distinguished her as much from the noble carriage and graceful proportions of the eagle as those of the lion place him in the ranks of creation above the gaunt, ravenous, grisly, yet dastard wolf.

As if arrested by a charm, the eyes of young Philipson remained bent on this ill-omened and ill-favoured bird, without his having the power to remove them. The apprehension of dangers, ideal as well as real, weighed upon his weakened mind, disabled as it was by the circumstances of his situation. The near approach of a creature not more loathsome to the human race than averse to come within their reach seemed as ominous

as it was unusual. Why did it gaze on him with such glaring earnestness, projecting its disgusting form, as if presently to alight upon his person? The foul bird, was she the demon of the place to which her name referred, and did she come to exult that an intruder on her haunts seemed involved amid their perils, with little hope or chance of deliverance? Or was it a native vulture of the rocks, whose sagacity foresaw that the rash traveller was soon destined to become its victim? Could the creature, whose senses are said to be so acute, argue from circumstances the stranger's approaching death, and wait, like a raven or hooded crow by a dying sheep, for the earliest opportunity to commence her ravenous banquet? Was he doomed to feel its beak and talons before his heart's blood should cease to beat? Had he already lost the dignity of humanity, the awe which the being formed in the image of his Maker inspires into all inferior creatures?

Apprehensions so painful served more than all that reason could suggest to renew in some degree the elasticity of the young man's mind. By waving his handkerchief, using, however, the greatest precaution in his movements, he succeeded in scaring the vulture from his vicinity. It rose from its resting-place, screaming harshly and dolefully, and sailed on its expanded pinions to seek a place of more undisturbed repose, while the adventurous traveller felt a sensible pleasure at being relieved of its disgusting presence.

With more collected ideas, the young man, who could obtain, from his position, a partial view of the platform he had left, endeavoured to testify his safety to his father, by displaying, as high as he could, the banner by which he had chased off the vulture. Like them, too, he heard, but at a less distance, the burst of the great Swiss horn, which seemed to announce some near succour. He replied by shouting and waving his flag, to direct assistance to the spot where it was so much required; and, recalling his faculties, which had almost deserted him, he laboured mentally to recover hope, and with hope the means and motive for exertion.

A faithful Catholic, he eagerly recommended himself in prayer to Our Lady of Einsiedlen, and, making vows of propitiation, besought her intercession that he might be delivered from his dreadful condition. 'Or, gracious Lady,' he concluded his orison, 'if it is my doom to lose my life like a hunted fox amidst this savage wilderness of tottering crags, restore at least my natural sense of patience and courage, and

let not one who has lived like a man, though a sinful one, meet death like a timid hare!’

Having devoutly recommended himself to that protectress, of whom the legends of the Catholic Church form a picture so amiable, Arthur, though every nerve still shook with his late agitation, and his heart throbbed with a violence that threatened to suffocate him, turned his thoughts and observation to the means of effecting his escape. But, as he looked around him, he became more and more sensible how much he was enervated by the bodily injuries and the mental agony which he had sustained during his late peril. He could not, by any effort of which he was capable, fix his giddy and bewildered eyes on the scene around him: they seemed to reel till the landscape danced along with them, and a motley chaos of thickets and tall cliffs, which interposed between him and the ruinous Castle of Geierstein, mixed and whirled round in such confusion, that nothing save the consciousness that such an idea was the suggestion of partial insanity prevented him from throwing himself from the tree, as if to join the wild dance to which his disturbed brain had given motion.

‘Heaven be my protection!’ said the unfortunate young man, closing his eyes, in hopes, by abstracting himself from the terrors of his situation, to compose his too active imagination, ‘my senses are abandoning me!’

He became still more convinced that this was the case, when a female voice, in a high-pitched but eminently musical accent, was heard at no great distance, as if calling to him. He opened his eyes once more, raised his head, and looked towards the place from whence the sounds seemed to come, though far from being certain that they existed saving in his own disordered imagination. The vision which appeared had almost confirmed him in the opinion that his mind was unsettled, and his senses in no state to serve him accurately.

Upon the very summit of a pyramidal rock that rose out of the depth of the valley was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist that only the outline could be traced. The form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light, and scarcely more opaque, than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur’s first belief was that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria, when the voice again called to him with the singular

shrill modulation of the mountain halloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width.

While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it at first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of these mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder.

'Stranger,' she at length said, 'who are you, and whence come you?'

'I am a stranger, maiden, as you justly term me,' answered the young man, raising himself as well as he could. 'I left Lucerne this morning, with my father and a guide. I parted with them not three furlongs from hence. May it please you, gentle maiden, to warn them of my safety, for I know my father will be in despair upon my account?'

'Willingly,' said the maiden; 'but I think my uncle, or some one of my kinsmen, must have already found them, and will prove faithful guides. Can I not aid you? Are you wounded — are you hurt? We were alarmed by the fall of a rock — ay, and yonder it lies, a mass of no ordinary size.'

As the Swiss maiden spoke thus, she approached so close to the verge of the precipice, and looked with such indifference into the gulf, that the sympathy which connects the actor and spectator upon such occasions brought back the sickness and vertigo from which Arthur had just recovered, and he sunk back into his former more recumbent posture with something like a faint groan.

'You are then ill?' said the maiden, who observed him turn pale. 'Where and what is the harm you have received?'

'None, gentle maiden, saving some bruises of little import; but my head turns, and my heart grows sick, when I see you so near the verge of the cliff.'

'Is that all?' replied the Swiss maiden. 'Know, stranger, that I do not stand on my uncle's hearth with more security than I have stood upon precipices compared to which this is a child's leap. You too, stranger, if, as I judge from the traces, you have come along the edge of the precipice which the earth-

slide hath laid bare, ought to be far beyond such weakness, since surely you must be well entitled to call yourself a cragsman.'

'I might have called myself so half an hour since,' answered Arthur; 'but I think I shall hardly venture to assume the name in future.'

'Be not downcast,' said his kind adviser, 'for a passing qualm, which will at times cloud the spirit and dazzle the eyesight of the bravest and most experienced. Raise yourself upon the trunk of the tree, and advance closer to the rock out of which it grows. Observe the place well. It is easy for you, when you have attained the lower part of the projecting stem, to gain by one bold step the solid rock upon which I stand, after which there is no danger or difficulty worthy of mention to a young man whose limbs are whole and whose courage is active.'

'My limbs are indeed sound,' replied the youth; 'but I am ashamed to think how much my courage is broken. Yet I will not disgrace the interest you have taken in an unhappy wanderer by listening longer to the dastardly suggestions of a feeling which till to-day has been a stranger to my bosom.'

The maiden looked on him anxiously, and with much interest, as, raising himself cautiously, and moving along the trunk of the tree, which lay nearly horizontal from the rock, and seemed to bend as he changed his posture, the youth at length stood upright within what, on level ground, had been but an extended stride to the cliff on which the Swiss maiden stood. But, instead of being a step to be taken on the level and firm earth, it was one which must cross a dark abyss, at the bottom of which a torrent surged and boiled with incredible fury. Arthur's knees knocked against each other, his feet became of lead, and seemed no longer at his command; and he experienced, in a stronger degree than ever, that unnerving influence which those who have been overwhelmed by it in a situation of like peril never can forget, and which others, happily strangers to its power, may have difficulty even in comprehending.

The young woman discerned his emotion, and foresaw its probable consequences. As the only mode in her power to restore his confidence, she sprung lightly from the rock to the stem of the tree, on which she alighted with the ease and security of a bird, and in the same instant back to the cliff; and extending her hand to the stranger, 'My arm,' she said,

'is but a slight balustrade; yet do but step forward with resolution, and you will find it as secure as the battlement of Berne.' But shame now overcame terror so much, that Arthur, declining assistance which he could not have accepted without feeling lowered in his own eyes, took heart of grace, and successfully achieved the formidable step which placed him upon the same cliff with his kind assistant.

To seize her hand and raise it to his lips, in affectionate token of gratitude and respect, was naturally the youth's first action; nor was it possible for the maiden to have prevented him from doing so without assuming a degree of prudery foreign to her character, and occasioning a ceremonious debate upon a matter of no great consequence, where the scene of action was a rock scarce five feet long by three in width, and which looked down upon a torrent roaring some hundred feet below.

CHAPTER III

Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
Weak man to follow far fatiguing trade.
The lily, peace, outshines the silver store ;
And life is dearer than the golden ore.
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Hassan, or, the Camel-driver.

ARTHUR PHILIPSON and Anne of Geierstein, thus placed together in a situation which brought them into the closest possible contiguity, felt a slight degree of embarrassment; the young man, doubtless, from the fear of being judged a poltroon in the eyes of the maiden by whom he had been rescued, and the young woman, perhaps, in consequence of the exertion she had made, or a sense of being placed suddenly in a situation of such proximity to the youth whose life she had probably saved.

‘And now, maiden,’ said Arthur, ‘I must repair to my father. The life which I owe to your assistance can scarce be called welcome to me unless I am permitted to hasten to his rescue.’

He was here interrupted by another bugle-blast, which seemed to come from the quarter in which the elder Philipson and his guide had been left by their young and daring companion. Arthur looked in that direction; but the platform, which he had seen but imperfectly from the tree, when he was perched in that place of refuge, was invisible from the rock on which they now stood.

‘It would cost me nothing to step back on yonder root,’ said the young woman, ‘to spy from thence whether I could see aught of your friends. But I am convinced they are under safer guidance than either yours or mine; for the horn announces that my uncle, or some of my young kinsmen, have reached them. They are by this time on their way to the Geierstein, to which, with your permission, I will become your

guide; for you may be assured that my uncle Arnold will not allow you to pass farther to-day; and we shall but lose time by endeavouring to find your friends, who, situated where you say you left them, will reach the Geierstein sooner than we shall. Follow me, then, or I must suppose you weary of my guidance.'

'Sooner suppose me weary of the life which your guidance has in all probability saved,' replied Arthur, and prepared to attend her, at the same time taking a view of her dress and person which confirmed the satisfaction he had in following such a conductor, and which we shall take the liberty to detail somewhat more minutely than he could do at that time.

An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person, a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton, nor so loose as to be an incumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings which secured it on the front of the leg were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of party-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold; while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air, by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression implied at once a character of gentleness and of the self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most beseeching ornament — or rather, I should say, amongst them — was placed the small bonnet, which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and

thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal.

I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva rather than the proud beauties of Juno or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step, above all, the total absence of anything resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had nothing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity.

The road which the young Englishman pursued, under the guidance of this beautiful young woman, was difficult and unequal, but could not be termed dangerous, at least in comparison to those precipices over which Arthur had recently passed. It was, in fact, a continuation of the path which the slip or slide of earth, so often mentioned, had interrupted; and although it had sustained damage in several places at the period of the same earthquake, yet there were marks of these having been already repaired in such a rude manner as made the way sufficient for the necessary intercourse of a people so indifferent as the Swiss to smooth or level paths. The maiden also gave Arthur to understand that the present road took a circuit for the purpose of gaining that on which he was lately travelling, and that, if he and his companions had turned off at the place where this new track united with the old pathway, they would have escaped the danger which had attended their keeping the road by the verge of the precipice.

The path which they now pursued was rather averted from the torrent, though still within hearing of its sullen thunders, which seemed to increase as they ascended parallel to its course, till suddenly the road, turning short, and directing itself straight upon the old castle, brought them within sight of one of the most splendid and awful scenes of that mountainous region.

The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which, just at the angle of the rock on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade

of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the defile, through a trough of living rock, which perhaps its waves have been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon, this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower, built so close to the verge of the precipice, that the buttresses with which the architect had strengthened the foundation seemed a part of the solid rock itself, and a continuation of its perpendicular ascent. As usual throughout Europe in the feudal times, the principal part of the building was a massive square pile, the decayed summit of which was rendered picturesque by flanking turrets of different sizes and heights, some round, some angular, some ruinous, some tolerably entire, varying the outline of the building as seen against the stormy sky.

A projecting sallyport, descending by a flight of steps from the tower, had in former times given access to a bridge connecting the castle with that side of the stream on which Arthur Philipson and his fair guide now stood. A single arch, or rather one rib of an arch, consisting of single stones, still remained, and spanned the river immediately in front of the waterfall. In former times this arch had served for the support of a wooden drawbridge, of more convenient breadth, and of such length and weight as must have been rather unmanageable, had it not been lowered on some solid resting-place. It is true, the device was attended with this inconvenience, that, even when the drawbridge was up, there remained a possibility of approaching the castle gate by means of this narrow rib of stone. But, as it was not above eighteen inches broad, and could only admit the daring foe who should traverse it to a doorway regularly defended by gate and portcullis, and having flanking turrets and projections, from which stones, darts, melted lead, and scalding water might be poured down on the soldiery who should venture to approach Geierstein by this precarious access, the possibility of such an attempt was not considered as diminishing the security of the garrison.

In the time we treat of, the castle being entirely ruined and dismantled, and the door, drawbridge, and portcullis gone, the dilapidated gateway, and the slender arch which connected the two sides of the stream, were used as a means of communication between the banks of the river by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, whom habit had familiarised with the dangerous nature of the passage.

Arthur Philipson had, in the meantime, like a good bow

when new strung, regained the elasticity of feeling and character which was natural to him. It was not, indeed, with perfect composure that he followed his guide, as she tripped lightly over the narrow arch, composed of rugged stones, and rendered wet and slippery with the perpetual drizzle of the mist issuing from the neighbouring cascade. Nor was it without apprehension that he found himself performing this perilous feat in the neighbourhood of the waterfall itself, whose deafening roar he could not exclude from his ears, though he took care not to turn his head towards its terrors, lest his brain should again be dizzyed by the tumult of the waters as they shot forward from the precipice above, and plunged themselves into what seemed the fathomless gulf below. But, notwithstanding these feelings of agitation, the natural shame to show cowardice where a beautiful young female exhibited so much indifference, and the desire to regain his character in the eyes of his guide, prevented Arthur from again giving way to the appalling feelings by which he had been overwhelmed a short time before. Stepping firmly on, yet cautiously supporting himself with his piked staff, he traced the light footsteps of his guide along the bridge of dread, and followed her through the ruined sallyport, to which they ascended by stairs which were equally dilapidated.

The gateway admitted them into a mass of ruins, formerly a sort of courtyard to the donjon, which rose in gloomy dignity above the wreck of what had been works destined for external defence, or buildings for internal accommodation. They quickly passed through these ruins, over which vegetation had thrown a wild mantle of ivy and other creeping shrubs, and issued from them through the main gate of the castle into one of those spots in which nature often embosoms her sweetest charms, in the midst of districts chiefly characterised by waste and desolation.

The castle in this aspect also rose considerably above the neighbouring ground, but the elevation of the site, which towards the torrent was an abrupt rock, was on this side a steep eminence, which had been scarped like a modern glacis, to render the building more secure. It was now covered with young trees and bushes, out of which the tower itself seemed to rise in ruined dignity. Beyond this hanging thicket the view was of a very different character. A piece of ground, amounting to more than a hundred acres, seemed scooped out of the rocks and mountains, which, retaining the same savage character with the tract in which the travellers had been that



EPPSTEIN CASTLE.

morning bewildered, inclosed, and as it were defended, a limited space of a mild and fertile character. The surface of this little domain was considerably varied, but its general aspect was a gentle slope to the south-west.

The principal object which it presented was a large house composed of huge logs, without any pretence to form or symmetry, but indicating, by the smoke which arose from it, as well as the extent of the neighbouring offices, and the improved and cultivated character of the fields around, that it was the abode, not of splendour certainly, but of ease and competence. An orchard of thriving fruit-trees extended to the southward of the dwelling. Groves of walnut and chestnut grew in stately array, and even a vineyard, of three or four acres, showed that the cultivation of the grape was understood and practised. It is now universal in Switzerland, but was, in those early days, almost exclusively confined to a few more fortunate proprietors, who had the rare advantage of uniting intelligence with opulent, or at least easy, circumstances.

There were fair ranges of pasture-fields, into which the fine race of cattle which constitute the pride and wealth of the Swiss mountaineers had been brought down from the more Alpine grazings where they had fed during the summer, to be near shelter and protection when the autumnal storms might be expected. On some selected spots, the lambs of the last season fed in plenty and security, and in others huge trees, the natural growth of the soil, were suffered to remain, from motives of convenience probably, that they might be at hand when timber was required for domestic use, but giving, at the same time, a woodland character to a scene otherwise agricultural. Through this mountain paradise the course of a small brook might be traced, now showing itself to the sun, which had by this time dispelled the fogs, now intimating its course by its gently sloping banks, clothed in some places with lofty trees, or concealing itself under thickets of hawthorn and nut bushes. This stream, by a devious and gentle course, which seemed to indicate a reluctance to leave this quiet region, found its way at length out of the sequestered domain, and, like a youth hurrying from the gay and tranquil sports of boyhood into the wild career of active life, finally united itself with the boisterous torrent, which, breaking down tumultuously from the mountains, shook the ancient tower of Geierstein as it rolled down the adjacent rock, and then rushed howling through the defile in which our youthful traveller had wellnigh lost his life.

Eager as the younger Philipson was to rejoin his father, he could not help pausing for a moment to wonder how so much beauty should be found amid such scenes of horror, and to look back on the tower of Geierstein, and on the huge cliff from which it derived its name, as if to ascertain, by the sight of these distinguished landmarks, that he was actually in the neighbourhood of the savage wild where he had encountered so much danger and terror. Yet so narrow were the limits of this cultivated farm, that it hardly required such a retrospect to satisfy the spectator that the spot susceptible of human industry, and on which it seemed that a considerable degree of labour had been bestowed, bore a very small proportion to the wilderness in which it was situated. It was on all sides surrounded by lofty hills, in some places rising into walls of rock, in others clothed with dark and savage forests of the pine and the larch, of primeval antiquity. Above these, from the eminence on which the tower was situated, could be seen the almost rosy hue in which an immense glacier threw back the sun; and, still higher over the frozen surface of that icy sea, arose, in silent dignity, the pale peaks of those countless mountains on which the snow eternally rests.

What we have taken some time to describe, occupied young Philipson only for one or two hurried minutes; for on a sloping lawn, which was in front of the farm-house, as the mansion might be properly styled, he saw five or six persons, the foremost of whom, from his gait, his dress, and the form of his cap, he could easily distinguish as the parent whom he hardly expected at one time to have again beheld.

He followed, therefore, his conductress with a glad step, as she led the way down the steep ascent on which the ruined tower was situated. They approached the group whom Arthur had noticed, the foremost of which was his father, who hastily came forward to meet him, in company with another person, of advanced age, and stature wellnigh gigantic, and who, from his simple yet majestic bearing, seemed the worthy countryman of William Tell, Stauffacher, Winkelried, and other Swiss worthies, whose stout hearts and hardy arms had, in the preceding age, vindicated against countless hosts their personal liberty and the independence of their country.

With a natural courtesy, as if to spare the father and son many witnesses to a meeting which must be attended with emotion, the Landamman himself, in walking forward with the elder Philipson, signed to those by whom he was attended, all

of whom seemed young men, to remain behind. They remained accordingly, examining, as it seemed, the guide Antonio, upon the adventures of the strangers. Anne, the conductress of Arthur Philipson, had but time to say to him, 'Yonder old man is my uncle, Arnold Biederman, and these young men are my kinsmen,' when the former, with the elder traveller, was close before them. The Landamman, with the same propriety of feeling which he had before displayed, signed to his niece to move a little aside; yet, while requiring from her an account of her morning's expedition, he watched the interview of the father and son with as much curiosity as his natural sense of complaisance permitted him to testify. It was of a character different from what he had expected.

We have already described the elder Philipson as a father devotedly attached to his son, ready to rush on death when he had expected to lose him, and equally overjoyed at heart, doubtless, to see him again restored to his affections. It might have been therefore expected that the father and son would have rushed into each other's arms, and such probably was the scene which Arnold Biederman expected to have witnessed.

But the English traveller, in common with many of his countrymen, covered keen and quick feelings with much appearance of coldness and reserve, and thought it a weakness to give unlimited sway even to the influence of the most amiable and most natural emotions. Eminently handsome in youth, his countenance, still fine in his more advanced years, had an expression which intimated an unwillingness either to yield to passion or encourage confidence. His pace, when he first beheld his son, had been quickened by the natural wish to meet him; but he slackened it as they drew near to each other, and when they met, said in a tone rather of censure and admonition than affection — 'Arthur, may the saints forgive the pain thou hast this day given me.'

'Amen,' said the youth. 'I must need pardon since I have given you pain. Believe, however, that I acted for the best.'

'It is well, Arthur, that in acting for the best, according to your forward will, you have not encountered the worst.'

'That I have not,' answered the son, with the same devoted and patient submission, 'is owing to this maiden,' pointing to Anne, who stood at a few paces' distance, desirous, perhaps, of avoiding to witness the reproof of the father, which might seem to her rather ill-timed and unreasonable.

'To the maiden my thanks shall be rendered,' said his

father, 'when I can study how to pay them in an adequate manner; but is it well or comely, think you, that you should receive from a maiden the succour which it is your duty as a man to extend to the weaker sex?'

Arthur held down his head and blushed deeply, while Arnold Biederman, sympathising with his feelings, stepped forward and mingled in the conversation.

'Never be abashed, my young guest, that you have been indebted for aught of counsel or assistance to a maiden of Unterwalden. Know that the freedom of their country owes no less to the firmness and wisdom of her daughters than to that of her sons. And you, my elder guest, who have, I judge, seen many years, and various lands, must have often known examples how the strong are saved by the help of the weak, the proud by the aid of the humble.'

'I have at least learned,' said the Englishman, 'to debate no point unnecessarily with the host who has kindly harboured me'; and after one glance at his son, which seemed to kindle with the fondest affection, he resumed, as the party turned back towards the house, a conversation which he had been maintaining with his new acquaintance before Arthur and the maiden had joined them.

Arthur had in the meantime an opportunity of observing the figure and features of their Swiss landlord, which, I have already hinted, exhibited a primeval simplicity mixed with a certain rude dignity, arising out of its masculine and unaffected character. The dress did not greatly differ in form from the habit of the female which we have described. It consisted of an upper frock, shaped like the modern shirt, and only open at the bosom, worn above a tunic or under doublet. But the man's vest was considerably shorter in the skirts, which did not come lower down than the kilt of the Scottish Highlander; a species of boots or buskins rose above the knee, and the person was thus entirely clothed. A bonnet made of the fur of the marten, and garnished with a silver medal, was the only part of the dress which displayed anything like ornament; the broad belt which gathered the garment together was of buff leather, secured by a large brass buckle.

But the figure of him who wore this homely attire, which seemed almost wholly composed of the fleeces of the mountain sheep and the spoils of animals of the chase, would have commanded respect wherever the wearer had presented himself, especially in those warlike days, when men were judged of

according to the promising or unpromising qualities of their thewes and sinews. To those who looked at Arnold Biederman in this point of view, he displayed the size and form, the broad shoulders and prominent muscles, of a Hercules. But to such as looked rather at his countenance, the steady, sagacious features, open front, large blue eyes, and deliberate resolution which it expressed more resembled the character of the fabled King of Gods and Men. He was attended by several sons and relatives, young men, among whom he walked, receiving, as his undeniable due, respect and obedience, similar to that which a herd of deer are observed to render to the monarch stag.

While Arnold Biederman walked and spoke with the elder stranger, the young men seemed closely to scrutinise Arthur, and occasionally interrogated in whispers their relation Anne, receiving from her brief and impatient answers, which rather excited than appeased the vein of merriment in which the mountaineers indulged, very much, as it seemed to the young Englishman, at the expense of their guest. To feel himself exposed to derision was not softened by the reflection, that in such a society it would probably be attached to all who could not tread on the edge of a precipice with a step as firm and undismayed as if they walked the street of a city. However unreasonable ridicule may be, it is always displeasing to be subjected to it, but more particularly is it distressing to a young man, where beauty is a listener. It was some consolation to Arthur that he thought the maiden certainly did not enjoy the jest, and seemed by word and look to reprove the rudeness of her companions; but this he feared was only from a sense of humanity.

‘She, too, must despise me,’ he thought, ‘though civility, unknown to these ill-taught boors, has enabled her to conceal contempt under the guise of pity. She can but judge of me from that which she has seen; if she could know me better (such was his proud thought), she might perhaps rank me more highly.’

As the travellers entered the habitation of Arnold Biederman, they found preparations made in a large apartment, which served the purpose of general accommodation, for a homely but plentiful meal. A glance round the walls showed the implements of agriculture and the chase; but the eyes of the elder Philipson rested upon a leathern corslet, a long heavy halberd, and a two-handed sword, which were displayed as a sort of trophy. Near these, but covered with dust, unfurnished and

neglected, hung a helmet, with a visor, such as was used by knights and men-at-arms. The golden garland, or coronal, twisted around it, though sorely tarnished, indicated noble birth and rank; and the crest, which was a vulture of the species which gave name to the old castle and its adjacent cliff, suggested various conjectures to the English guest, who, acquainted in a great measure with the history of the Swiss revolution, made little doubt that in this relic he saw some trophy of the ancient warfare between the inhabitants of these mountains and the feudal lord to whom they had of yore appertained.

A summons to the hospitable board disturbed the train of the English merchant's reflections; and a large company, comprising the whole inhabitants of every description that lived under Biederman's roof, sat down to a plentiful repast of goat's flesh, fish, preparations of milk of various kinds, cheese, and, for the upper mess, the venison of a young chamois. The Landamman himself did the honours of the table with great kindness and simplicity, and urged the strangers to show, by their appetite, that they thought themselves as welcome as he desired to make them. During the repast he carried on a conversation with his elder guest, while the younger people at table, as well as the menials, ate in modesty and silence. Ere the dinner was finished, a figure crossed on the outside of the large window which lighted the eating-hall, the sight of which seemed to occasion a lively sensation amongst such as observed it.

'Who passed?' said old Biederman to those seated opposite to the window.

'It is our cousin, Rudolph of Donnerhugel,' answered one of Arnold's sons eagerly.

The annunciation seemed to give great pleasure to the younger part of the company, especially the sons of the Landamman; while the head of the family only said with a grave, calm voice — 'Your kinsman is welcome; tell him so, and let him come hither.'

Two or three arose for this purpose, as if there had been a contention among them who should do the honours of the house to the new guest. He entered presently — a young man, unusually tall, well-proportioned, and active, with a quantity of dark-brown locks curling around his face, together with mustachios of the same, or rather a still darker, hue. His cap was small considering the quantity of his thickly clustering

hair, and rather might be said to hang upon one side of his head than to cover it. His clothes were of the same form and general fashion as those of Arnold, but made of much finer cloth, the manufacture of the German loom, and ornamented in a rich and fanciful manner. One sleeve of his vest was dark green, curiously laced and embroidered with devices in silver, while the rest of the garment was scarlet. His sash was twisted and netted with gold, and besides answering the purpose of a belt, by securing the upper garment round his waist, sustained a silver-hilted poniard. His finery was completed by boots, the tips of which were so long as to turn upwards with a peak, after a prevailing fashion in the Middle Ages. A golden chain hung round his neck, and sustained a large medallion of the same metal.

This young gallant was instantly surrounded by the race of Biederman, among whom he appeared to be considered as the model upon which the Swiss youth ought to build themselves, and whose gait, opinions, dress, and manners all ought to follow who would keep pace with the fashion of the day, in which he reigned an acknowledged and unrivalled example.

By two persons in the company, however, it seemed to Arthur Philipson that this young man was received with less distinguished marks of regard than those with which he was hailed by the general voice of the youths present. Arnold Biederman himself was at least no way warm in welcoming the young Bernese, for such was Rudolph's country. The young man drew from his bosom a sealed packet, which he delivered to the Landamman with demonstrations of great respect, and seemed to expect that Arnold, when he had broken the seal and perused the contents, would say something to him on the subject. But the patriarch only bade him be seated and partake of their meal, and Rudolph found a place accordingly next to Anne of Geierstein, which was yielded to him by one of the sons of Arnold with ready courtesy.

It seemed also to the observant young Englishman that the newcomer was received with marked coldness by the maiden, to whom he appeared eager and solicitous to pay his compliments, by whose side he had contrived to seat himself at the well-furnished board, and to whom he seemed more anxious to recommend himself than to partake of the food which it offered. He observed the gallant whisper her and look towards him. Anne gave a very brief reply; but one of the young Biedermans, who sat on his other hand, was probably more communicative,

as the youths both laughed, and the maiden again seemed disconcerted, and blushed with displeasure.

‘Had I either of these sons of the mountain,’ thought young Philipson, ‘upon six yards of level greensward, if there be so much flat ground in this country, methinks I were more likely to spoil their mirth than to furnish food for it. It is as marvellous to see such conceited boors under the same roof with so courteous and amiable a damsel as it would be to see one of their shaggy bears dance a rigadon with a maiden like the daughter [niece] of our host. Well, I need not concern myself more than I can help about her beauty or their breeding, since morning will separate me from them for ever.’

As these reflections passed through the young guest’s mind, the father of the family called for a cup of wine, and having required the two strangers to pledge him in a maple cup of considerable size, he sent a similar goblet to Rudolph Donnerhugel. ‘Yet you,’ he said, ‘kinsman, are used to more highly flavoured wine than the half-ripened grapes of Geierstein can supply. Would you think it, sir merchant,’ he continued, addressing Philipson, ‘there are burghers of Berne who send for wine for their own drinking both to France and Germany?’

‘My kinsman disapproves of that,’ replied Rudolph; ‘yet every place is not blessed with vineyards like Geierstein, which produces all that heart and eye can desire.’ This was said with a glance at his fair companion, who did not appear to take the compliment, while the envoy of Berne proceeded — ‘But our wealthier burghers, having some superfluous crowns, think it no extravagance to barter them for a goblet of better wine than our own mountains can produce. But we will be more frugal when we have at our disposal tuns of the wine of Burgundy, for the mere trouble of transporting them.’

‘How mean you by that, cousin Rudolph?’ said Arnold Biederman.

‘Methinks, respected kinsman,’ answered the Bernese, ‘your letters must have told you that our Diet is likely to declare war against Burgundy?’

‘Ah! and you know, then, the contents of my letters?’ said Arnold — ‘another mark how times are changed at Berne and with the Diet of Switzerland. When did all her grey-haired statesmen die, that our allies should have brought beardless boys into their councils?’

‘The Senate of Berne and the Diet of the Confederacy,’ said the young man, partly abashed, partly in vindication of what

he had before spoken, 'allow the young men to know their purposes, since it is they by whom they must be executed. The head which thinks may well confide in the hand that strikes.'

'Not till the moment of dealing the blow, young man,' said Arnold Biederman, sternly. 'What kind of counsellor is he who talks loosely the secrets of state affairs before women and strangers? Go, Rudolph, and all of ye, and try by manly exercises which is best fitted to serve your country, rather than give your judgment upon her measures. Hold, young man,' he continued, addressing Arthur, who had arisen, 'this does not apply to you, who are unused to mountain travel, and require rest after it.'

'Under your favour, sir, not so,' said the elder stranger; 'we hold in England that the best refreshment after we have been exhausted by one species of exercise is to betake ourselves to another; as riding, for example, affords more relief to one fatigued by walking than a bed of down would. So, if your young men will permit, my son will join their exercises.'

'He will find them rough playmates,' answered the Switzer; 'but be it at your pleasure.'

The young men went out accordingly to the open lawn in front of the house. Anne of Geierstein, and some females of the household, sat down on a bank to judge which performed best, and shouts, loud laughing, and all that announces the riot of juvenile spirits occupied by manly sports, was soon after heard by the two seniors, as they sat together in the hall. The master of the house resumed the wine-flask, and, having filled the cup of his guest, poured the remainder into his own.

'At an age, worthy stranger,' he said, 'when the blood grows colder and the feelings heavier, a moderate cup of wine brings back light thoughts and makes the limbs supple. Yet I almost wish that Noah had never planted the grape, when of late years I have seen with my own eyes my countrymen swill wine like very Germans, till they were like gorged swine, incapable of sense, thought, or motion.'

'It is a vice,' said the Englishman, 'which I have observed gains ground in your country, where within a century I have heard it was totally unknown.'

'It was so,' said the Swiss, 'for wine was seldom made at home, and never imported from abroad; for, indeed, none possessed the means of purchasing that, or aught else, which our valleys

produce not. But our wars and our victories have gained us wealth as well as fame; and in the poor thoughts of one Switzer at least, we had been better without both, had we not also gained liberty by the same exertion. It is something, however, that commerce may occasionally send into our remote mountains a sensible visitor like yourself, worthy guest, whose discourse shows him to be a man of sagacity and discernment; for though I love not the increasing taste for trinkets and gewgaws which you merchants introduce, yet I acknowledge that we simple mountaineers learn from men like you more of the world around us than we could acquire by our own exertions. You are bound, you say, to Bâle, and thence to the Duke of Burgundy's leaguer?'

'I am so, my worthy host,' said the merchant; 'that is, providing I can perform my journey with safety.'

'Your safety, good friend, may be assured, if you list to tarry for two or three days; for in that space I shall myself take the journey, and with such an escort as will prevent any risk of danger. You will find in me a sure and faithful guide, and I shall learn from you much of other countries, which it concerns me to know better than I do. Is it a bargain?'

'The proposal is too much to my advantage to be refused,' said the Englishman; 'but may I ask the purpose of your journey?'

'I chid yonder boy but now,' answered Biederman, 'for speaking on public affairs without reflection, and before the whole family; but our tidings and my errand need not be concealed from a considerate person like you, who must indeed soon learn it from public rumour. You know doubtless the mutual hatred which subsists between Louis XI. of France and Charles of Burgundy, whom men call the Bold; and having seen these countries, as I understand from your former discourse, you are probably well aware of the various contending interests which, besides the personal hatred of the sovereigns, make them irreconcilable enemies. Now Louis, whom the world cannot match for craft and subtlety, is using all his influence, by distributions of large sums amongst some of the counsellors of our neighbours of Berne, by pouring treasures into the exchequer of that state itself, by holding out the bait of emolument to the old men, and encouraging the violence of the young, to urge the Bernese into a war with the Duke. Charles, on the other hand, is acting, as he frequently does, exactly as Louis could have wished. Our neighbours and allies

of Berne do not, like us of the Forest Cantons, confine themselves to pasture or agriculture, but carry on considerable commerce, which the Duke of Burgundy has in various instances interrupted, by the exactions and violence of his officers in the frontier towns, as is doubtless well known to you.'

'Unquestionably,' answered the merchant; 'they are universally regarded as vexatious.'

'You will not then be surprised that, solicited by the one sovereign and aggrieved by the other, proud of past victories and ambitious of additional power, Berne and the City Cantons of our confederacy, whose representatives, from their superior wealth and better education, have more to say in our Diet than we of the Forests, should be bent upon war, from which it has hitherto happened that the republic has always derived victory, wealth, and increase of territory.'

'Ay, worthy host, and of glory,' said Philipson, interrupting him with some enthusiasm; 'I wonder not that the brave youths of your states are willing to thrust themselves upon new wars, since their past victories have been so brilliant and so far famed.'

'You are no wise merchant, kind guest,' answered the host, 'if you regard success in former desperate undertakings as an encouragement to future rashness. Let us make a better use of past victories. When we fought for our liberties God blessed our arms; but will He do so if we fight either for aggrandisement or for the gold of France?'

'Your doubt is just,' said the merchant, more sedately; 'but suppose you draw the sword to put an end to the vexatious exactions of Burgundy?'

'Hear me, good friend,' answered the Switzer; 'it may be that we of the Forest Cantons think too little of those matters of trade which so much engross the attention of the burghers of Berne. Yet we will not desert our neighbours and allies in a just quarrel; and it is wellnigh settled that a deputation shall be sent to the Duke of Burgundy to request redress. In this embassy the General Diet now assembled at Berne have requested that I should take some share; and hence the journey in which I propose that you should accompany me.'

'It will be much to my satisfaction to travel in your company, worthy host,' said the Englishman. 'But, as I am a true man, methinks your port and figure resemble an envoy of defiance rather than a messenger of peace.'

'And I too might say,' replied the Switzer, 'that your

language and sentiments, my honoured guest, rather belong to the sword than the measuring wand.'

'I was bred to the sword, worthy sir, before I took the cloth-yard in my hand,' replied Philipson, smiling, 'and it may be I am still more partial to my old trade than wisdom would altogether recommend.'

'I thought so,' said Arnold; 'but then you fought most likely under your country's banners against a foreign and national enemy; and in that case I will admit that war has something in it which elevates the heart above the due sense it should entertain of the calamity inflicted and endured by God's creatures on each side. But the warfare in which I was engaged had no such gilding. It was the miserable war of Zurich, where Switzers levelled their pikes against the bosoms of their own countrymen; and quarter was asked and refused in the same kindly mountain language. From such remembrances, your warlike recollections are probably free.'

The merchant hung down his head and pressed his forehead with his hand, as one to whom the most painful thoughts were suddenly recalled.

'Alas!' he said, 'I deserve to feel the pain which your words inflict. What nation can know the woes of England that has not felt them — what eye can estimate them which has not seen a land torn and bleeding with the strife of two desperate factions, battles fought in every province, plains heaped with slain, and scaffolds drenched in blood? Even in your quiet valleys, methinks, you may have heard of the Civil Wars of England?'

'I do indeed bethink me,' said the Switzer, 'that England had lost her possessions in France during many years of bloody internal wars concerning the colour of a rose — was it not? But these are ended.'

'For the present,' answered Philipson, 'it would seem so.'

As he spoke, there was a knock at the door. The master of the house said, 'Come in'; the door opened, and, with the reverence which was expected from young persons towards their elders in those pastoral regions, the fine form of Anne of Geierstein presented itself.

CHAPTER IV

And now the well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Whilst some deriding, 'How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else would copy, or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals.'

POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey*.

THE fair maiden approached with the half-bashful, half-important look which sits so well on a young house-keeper, when she is at once proud and ashamed of the matronly duties she is called upon to discharge, and whispered something in her uncle's ear.

'And could not the idle-pated boys have brought their own errand? What is it they want that they cannot ask themselves, but must send thee to beg it for them? Had it been anything reasonable, I should have heard it din'd into my ears by forty voices, so modest are our Swiss youths become nowadays.' She stooped forward, and again whispered in his ear, as he fondly stroked her curling tresses with his ample hand, and replied, 'The bow of Buttisholz, my dear? Why, the youths surely are not grown stronger since last year, when none of them could bend it? But yonder it hangs with its three arrows. Who is the wise champion that is challenger at a game where he is sure to be foiled?'

'It is this gentleman's son, sir,' said the maiden, 'who, not being able to contend with my cousins in running, leaping, hurling the bar, or pitching the stone, has challenged them to ride, or to shoot with the English long-bow.'

'To ride,' said the venerable Swiss, 'were difficult, where there are no horses, and no level ground to career upon if there were. But an English bow he shall have, since we happen to possess one. Take it to the young men, my niece, with the three arrows, and say to them from me, that he who bends it

will do more than William Tell or the renowned Stauffacher could have done.'

As the maiden went to take the weapon from the place where it hung amid the group of arms which Philipson had formerly remarked, the English merchant observed, 'that, were the minstrels of his land to assign her occupation, so fair a maiden should be bow-bearer to none but the little blind god Cupid.'

'I will have nothing of the blind god Cupid,' said Arnold, hastily, yet half laughing at the same time; 'we have been deafened with the foolery of minstrels and strolling minnesingers, ever since the wandering knaves have found there were pence to be gathered among us. A Swiss maiden should only sing Albert Tschudi's ballads, or the merry lay of the going out and return of the cows to and from the mountain pastures.'

While he spoke, the damsel had selected from the arms a bow of extraordinary strength, considerably above six feet in length, with three shafts of a cloth-yard long. Philipson asked to look at the weapons, and examined them closely. 'It is a tough piece of yew,' he said. 'I should know it, since I have dealt in such commodities in my time; but when I was of Arthur's age, I could have bent it as easily as a boy bends a willow.'

'We are too old to boast like boys,' said Arnold Biederman, with something of a reproving glance at his companion. 'Carry the bow to thy kinsman, Anne, and let him who can bend it say he beat Arnold Biederman.' As he spoke, he turned his eyes on the spare yet muscular figure of the Englishman, then again glanced down on his own stately person.

'You must remember, good my host,' said Philipson, 'that weapons are wielded not by strength, but by art and sleight of hand. What most I wonder at is to see in this place a bow made by Matthew of Doncaster, a bowyer who lived at least a hundred years ago, remarkable for the great toughness and strength of the weapons which he made, and which are now become somewhat unmanageable, even by an English yeoman.'

'How are you assured of the maker's name, worthy guest?' replied the Swiss.

'By old Matthew's mark,' answered the Englishman, 'and his initials cut upon the bow. I wonder not a little to find such a weapon here, and in such good preservation.'

'It has been regularly waxed, oiled, and kept in good order,'

said the Landamman, 'being preserved as a trophy of a memorable day. It would but grieve you to recount its early history, since it was taken in a day fatal to your country.'

'My country,' said the Englishman, composedly, 'has gained so many victories, that her children may well afford to hear of a single defeat. But I knew not that the English ever warred in Switzerland.'

'Not precisely as a nation,' answered Biederman; 'but it was in my grandsire's days that a large body of roving soldiers, composed of men from almost all countries, but especially Englishmen, Normans, and Gascons, poured down on the Aargau and the districts adjacent. They were headed by a great warrior called Ingelram de Couci, who pretended some claims upon the Duke of Austria, to satisfy which he ravaged indifferently the Austrian territory and that of our Confederacy. His soldiers were hired warriors — Free Companions they called themselves — that seemed to belong to no country, and were as brave in the fight as they were cruel in their depredations. Some pause in the constant wars betwixt France and England had deprived many of those bands of their ordinary employment, and battle being their element, they came to seek it among our valleys. The air seemed on fire with the blaze of their armour, and the very sun was darkened at the flight of their arrows. They did us much evil, and we sustained the loss of more than one battle. But we met them at Buttisholz, and mingled the blood of many a rider, noble as they were called and esteemed, with that of their horses. The huge mound that covers the bones of man and steed is still called the English barrow.'

Philipson was silent for a minute or two, and then replied, 'Then let them sleep in peace. If they did wrong, they paid for it with their lives; and that is all the ransom that mortal man can render for his transgressions. Heaven pardon their souls!'

'Amen,' replied the Landamman, 'and those of all brave men! My grandsire was at the battle, and was held to have demeaned himself like a good soldier; and this bow has been ever since carefully preserved in our family. There is a prophecy about it, but I hold it not worthy of remark.'

Philipson was about to inquire farther, but was interrupted by a loud cry of surprise and astonishment from without.

'I must out,' said Biederman, 'and see what these wild lads are doing. It is not now as formerly in this land, when the

young dared not judge for themselves till the old man's voice had been heard.'

He went forth from the lodge, followed by his guest. 'The company who had witnessed the games were all talking, shouting, and disputing in the same breath; while Arthur Philipson stood a little apart from the rest, leaning on the unbent bow with apparent indifference. At the sight of the Landamman all were silent.

'What means this unwonted clamour?' he said, raising a voice to which all were accustomed to listen with reverence. 'Rudiger,' addressing the eldest of his sons, 'has the young stranger bent the bow?'

'He has, father,' said Rudiger, 'and he has hit the mark. Three such shots were never shot by William Tell.'

'It was chance — pure chance,' said the young Swiss from Berne. 'No human skill could have done it, much less a puny lad, baffled in all besides that he attempted among us.'

'But what *has* been done?' said the Landamman. 'Nay, speak not all at once. Anne of Geierstein, thou hast more sense and breeding than these boys — tell me how the game has gone.'

The maiden seemed a little confused at this appeal; but answered with a composed and downcast look —

'The mark was, as usual, a pigeon to a pole. All the young men, except the stranger, had practised at it with the cross-bow and long-bow, without hitting it. When I brought out the bow of Buttisholz, I offered it first to my kinsmen. None would accept of it, saying, respected uncle, that a task too great for you must be far too difficult for them.'

'They said well,' answered Arnold Biederman; 'and the stranger, did he string the bow?'

'He did, my uncle, but first he wrote something on a piece of paper, and placed it in my hands.'

'And did he shoot and hit the mark?' continued the surprised Switzer.

'He first,' said the maiden, 'removed the pole a hundred yards farther than the post where it stood.'

'Singular!' said the Landamman, 'that is double the usual distance.'

'He then drew the bow,' continued the maiden, 'and shot off; one after another, with incredible rapidity, the three arrows which he had stuck into his belt. The first cleft the pole, the second cut the string, the third killed the poor bird as it rose into the air.'

'By St. Mary of Einsiedlen,' said the old man, looking up in amaze, 'if your eyes really saw this, they saw such archery as was never before witnessed in the Forest States!'

'I say nay to that, my revered kinsman,' replied Rudolph Donnerhugel, whose vexation was apparent; 'it was mere chance, if not illusion or witchery.'

'What say'st thou of it thyself, Arthur,' said his father, half smiling; 'was thy success by chance or skill?'

'My father,' said the young man, 'I need not tell you that I have done but an ordinary feat for an English bowman. Nor do I speak to gratify that misproud and ignorant young man; but to our worthy host and his family I make answer. This youth charges me with having deluded men's eyes, or hit the mark by chance. For illusion, yonder is the pierced pole, the severed string, and the slain bird, they will endure sight and handling; and, besides, if that fair maiden will open the note which I put into her hand, she will find evidence to assure you that, even before I drew the bow, I had fixed upon the three marks which I designed to aim at.'

'Produce the scroll, good niece,' said her uncle, 'and end the controversy.'

'Nay, under your favour, my worthy host,' said Arthur, 'it is but some foolish rhymes addressed to the maiden's own eye.'

'And, under your favour, sir,' said the Landamman, 'whatsoever is fit for my niece's eyes may greet my ears.'

He took the scroll from the maiden, who blushed deeply when she resigned it. The character in which it was written was so fine that the Landamman in surprise exclaimed, 'No clerk of St. Gall could have written more fairly. Strange,' he again repeated, 'that a hand which could draw so true a bow should have the cunning to form characters so fair.' He then exclaimed anew, 'Ha! verses, by Our Lady! What! have we minstrels disguised as traders?' He then opened the scroll, and read the following lines:—

"If I hit mast, and line, and bird
An English archer keeps his word.
Ah! maiden, didst thou aim at me,
A single glance were worth the three."

Here is rare rhyming, my worthy guest,' said the Landamman, shaking his head—'fine words to make foolish maidens fain. But do not excuse it; it is your country fashion, and we know how to treat it as such.' And without further allusion

to the concluding couplet, the reading of which threw the poet as well as the object of the verses into some discomposure, he added gravely, 'You must now allow, Rudolph Donnerhugel, that the stranger has fairly attained the three marks which he proposed to himself.'

'That he has attained them is plain,' answered the party to whom the appeal was made; 'but that he has done this fairly may be doubted, if there are such things as witchery and magic in this world.'

'Shame — shame, Rudolph!' said the Landamman; 'can spleen and envy have weight with so brave a man as you, from whom my sons ought to learn temperance, forbearance, and candour, as well as manly courage and dexterity?'

The Bernese coloured high under this rebuke, to which he ventured not to attempt a reply.

'To your sports till sunset, my children,' continued Arnold; 'while I and my worthy friend occupy our time with a walk, for which the evening is now favourable.'

'Methinks,' said the English merchant, 'I should like to visit the ruins of yonder castle, situated by the waterfall. There is something of melancholy dignity in such a scene which reconciles us to the misfortunes of our own time, by showing that our ancestors, who were perhaps more intelligent or more powerful, have, nevertheless, in their days, encountered cares and distresses similar to those which we now groan under.'

'Have with you, my worthy sir,' replied his host; 'there will be time also upon the road to talk of things that you should know.'

The slow step of the two elderly men carried them by degrees from the limits of the lawn, where shout, and laugh, and halloo were again revived. Young Philipson, whose success as an archer had obliterated all recollection of former failure, made other attempts to mingle in the manly pastimes of the country, and gained a considerable portion of applause. The young men who had but lately been so ready to join in ridiculing him now began to consider him as a person to be looked up and appealed to; while Rudolph Donnerhugel saw with resentment that he was no longer without a rival in the opinion of his male cousins, perhaps of his kinswoman also. The proud young Swiss reflected with bitterness that he had fallen under the Landamman's displeasure, declined in reputation with his companions, of whom he had been hitherto the leader, and even hazarded a more mortifying disappointment —

all, as his swelling heart expressed it, through the means of a stranger stripling, of neither blood nor fame, who could not step from one rock to another without the encouragement of a girl.

In this irritated mood, he drew near the young Englishman, and while he seemed to address him on the chances of the sports which were still proceeding, he conveyed, in a whisper, matter of a far different tendency. Striking Arthur's shoulder with the frank bluntness of a mountaineer, he said aloud, 'Yonder bolt of Ernest whistled through the air like a falcon when she stoops down the wind!' And then proceeded in a deep low voice, 'You merchants sell gloves — do you ever deal in single gauntlets, or only in pairs?'

'I *sell* no single glove,' said Arthur, instantly apprehending him, and sufficiently disposed to resent the scornful looks of the Bernese champion during the time of their meal, and his having but lately imputed his successful shooting to chance or sorcery — 'I *sell* no single glove, sir, but never refuse to exchange one.'

'You are apt, I see,' said Rudolph; 'look at the players while I speak, or our purpose will be suspected. You are quicker, I say, of apprehension than I expected. If we exchange our gloves, how shall each redeem his own?'

'With our good swords,' said Arthur Philipson.

'In armour, or as we stand?'

'Even as we stand,' said Arthur. 'I have no better garment of proof than this doublet, no other weapon than my sword; and these, sir Switzer, I hold enough for the purpose. Name time and place.'

'The old castle-court at Geierstein,' replied Rudolph, 'the time sunrise; but we are watched. I have lost my wager, stranger,' he added, speaking aloud, and in an indifferent tone of voice, 'since Ulrick has made a cast beyond Ernest. There is my glove, in token I shall not forget the flask of wine.'

'And there is mine,' said Arthur, 'in token I will drink it with you merrily.'

Thus, amid the peaceful though rough sports of their companions, did these two hot-headed youths contrive to indulge their hostile inclinations towards each other, by settling a meeting of deadly purpose.

CHAPTER V

I was one
Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revellers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

Anonymous.

LEAVING the young persons engaged with their sports, the Landamman of Unterwalden and the elder Philipson walked on in company, conversing chiefly on the political relations of France, England, and Burgundy, until the conversation was changed as they entered the gate of the old castle-yard of Geierstein, where arose the lonely and dismantled keep, surrounded by the ruins of other buildings.

'This has been a proud and a strong habitation in its time,' said Philipson.

'They were a proud and powerful race who held it,' replied the Landamman. 'The Counts of Geierstein have a history which runs back to the times of the old Helvetians, and their deeds are reported to have matched their antiquity. But all earthly grandeur has an end, and free men tread the ruins of their feudal castle, at the most distant sight of whose turrets serfs were formerly obliged to vail their bonnets, if they would escape the chastisement of contumacious rebels.'

'I observe,' said the merchant, 'engraved on a stone under yonder turret, the crest, I conceive, of the last family—a vulture perched on a rock, descriptive, doubtless, of the word Geierstein.'

'It is the ancient cognizance of the family,' replied Arnold Biederman, 'and, as you say, expresses the name of the castle, being the same with that of the knights who so long held it.'

'I also remarked in your hall,' continued the merchant, 'a helmet bearing the same crest or cognizance. It is, I suppose,

a trophy of the triumph of the Swiss peasants over the nobles of Geierstein, as the English bow is preserved in remembrance of the battle of Buttisholz ?'

'And you, fair sir,' replied the Landamman, 'would, I perceive, from the prejudices of your education, regard the one victory with as unpleasant feelings as the other? Strange, that the veneration for rank should be rooted even in the minds of those who have no claim to share it! But clear up your downcast brows, my worthy guest, and be assured that, though many a proud baron's castle, when Switzerland threw off the bonds of feudal slavery, was plundered and destroyed by the just vengeance of an incensed people, such was not the lot of Geierstein. The blood of the old possessors of these towers still flows in the veins of him by whom these lands are occupied.'

'What am I to understand by that, sir Landamman?' said Philipson. 'Are not you yourself the occupant of this place?'

'And you think, probably,' answered Arnold, 'because I live like the other shepherds, wear homespun grey, and hold the plough with my own hands, I cannot be descended from a line of ancient nobility? This land holds many such gentle peasants, sir merchant; nor is there a more ancient nobility than that of which the remains are to be found in my native country. But they have voluntarily resigned the oppressive part of their feudal power, and are no longer regarded as wolves amongst the flock, but as sagacious mastiffs, who attend the sheep in time of peace, and are prompt in their defence when war threatens our community.'

'But,' repeated the merchant, who could not yet reconcile himself to the idea that his plain and peasant-seeming host was a man of distinguished birth, 'you bear not the name, worthy sir, of your fathers. They were, you say, the Counts of Geierstein, and you are——'

'Arnold Biederman, at your command,' answered the magistrate. 'But know—if the knowledge can make you sup with more sense of dignity or comfort—I need but put on yonder old helmet, or, if that were too much trouble, I have only to stick a falcon's feather into my cap, and call myself Arnold Count of Geierstein. No man could gainsay me; though whether it would become my Lord Count to drive his bullocks to the pasture, and whether his Excellency the High and Well-born could, without derogation, sow a field or reap it, are questions which should be settled beforehand. I see you are

confounded, my respected guest, at my degeneracy; but the state of my family is very soon explained.

‘My lordly fathers ruled this same domain of Geierstein, which in their time was very extensive, much after the mode of feudal barons — that is, they were sometimes the protectors and patrons, but oftener the oppressors, of their subjects. But when my grandfather, Heinrich of Geierstein, flourished, he not only joined the Confederates to repel Ingelram de Couci and his roving bands, as I already told you, but, when the wars with Austria were renewed, and many of his degree joined with the host of the Emperor Leopold, my ancestor adopted the opposite side, fought in front of the Confederates, and contributed by his skill and valour to the decisive victory at Sempach, in which Leopold lost his life, and the flower of Austrian chivalry fell around him. My father, Count Williewald, followed the same course, both from inclination and policy. He united himself closely with the state of Unterwalden, became a citizen of the Confederacy, and distinguished himself so much, that he was chosen landamman of the republic. He had two sons, myself and a younger brother, Albert; and possessed, as he felt himself, of a species of double character, he was desirous, perhaps unwisely — if I may censure the purpose of a deceased parent — that one of his sons should succeed him in his lordship of Geierstein, and the other support the less ostentatious, though not in my thought less honourable, condition of a free citizen of Unterwalden, possessing such influence among his equals in the canton as might be acquired by his father’s merits and his own. When Albert was twelve years old, our father took us on a short excursion to Germany, where the form, pomp, and magnificence which we witnessed made a very different impression on the mind of my brother and on my own. What appeared to Albert the consummation of earthly splendour seemed to me a weary display of tiresome and useless ceremonials. Our father explained his purpose, and offered to me, as his eldest son, the large estate belonging to Geierstein, reserving such a portion of the most fertile ground as might make my brother one of the wealthiest citizens in a district where competence is esteemed wealth. The tears gushed from Albert’s eyes. “And must my brother,” he said, “be a noble count, honoured and followed by vassals and attendants, and I a homespun peasant among the grey-bearded shepherds of Unterwalden? No, father, I respect your will, but I will not sacrifice my own rights. Geierstein is a fief held

of the empire, and the laws entitle me to my equal half of the lands. If my brother be Count of Geierstein, I am not the less Count Albert of Geierstein; and I will appeal to the Emperor, rather than that the arbitrary will of one ancestor, though he be my father, shall cancel in me the rank and rights which I have derived from a hundred." My father was greatly incensed. "Go," he said, "proud boy, give the enemy of thy country a pretext to interfere in her affairs: appeal to the will of a foreign prince from the pleasure of thy father. Go, but never again look me in the face, and dread my eternal malediction!" Albert was about to reply with vehemence, when I entreated him to be silent and hear me speak. I had, I said, all my life loved the mountain better than the plain, had been more pleased to walk than to ride, more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports than with nobles in the lists, and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles. "Let me, therefore," I said, "be a citizen of the republic of Unterwalden — you will relieve me of a thousand cares; and let my brother Albert wear the coronet and bear the honours of Geierstein." After some further discussion, my father was at length contented to adopt my proposal, in order to attain the object which he had so much at heart. Albert was declared heir of his castle and his rank, by the title of Count Albert of Geierstein; and I was placed in possession of these fields and fertile meadows amidst which my house is situated, and my neighbours called me Arnold Biederman.'

'And if Biederman,' said the merchant, 'means, as I understand the word, a man of worth, candour, and generosity, I know none on whom the epithet could be so justly conferred. Yet let me observe, that I praise the conduct which, in your circumstances, I could not have bowed my spirit to practise. Proceed, I pray you, with the history of your house, if the recital be not painful to you.'

'I have little more to say,' replied the Landamman. 'My father died soon after the settlement of his estate in the manner I have told you. My brother had other possessions in Swabia and Westphalia, and seldom visited his paternal castle, which was chiefly occupied by a seneschal, a man so obnoxious to the vassals of the family that, but for the protection afforded by my near residence and relationship with his lord, he would have been plucked out of the Vulture's Nest, and treated with as little ceremony as if he had been the

of a body of the peasants of Unterwalden, in storming the Castle of Geierstein. It was offered back to me by the Confederates; but I had no desire to sully the fair cause in which I had assumed arms, by enriching myself at the expense of my brother; and besides, to have dwelt in that guarded hold would have been a penance to one the sole protectors of whose house of late years had been a latch and a shepherd's cur. The castle was therefore dismantled, as you see, by order of the elders of the canton; and I even think that, considering the uses it was too often put to, I look with more pleasure on the rugged remains of Geierstein than I ever did when it was entire and apparently impregnable.'

'I can understand your feelings,' said the Englishman, 'though I repeat, my virtue would not perhaps have extended so far beyond the circle of my family affections. Your brother, what said he to your patriotic exertions?'

'He was, as I learnt,' answered the Landamman, 'dreadfully incensed, having no doubt been informed that I had taken his castle with a view to my own aggrandisement. He even swore he would renounce my kindred, seek me through the battle, and slay me with his own hand. We were, in fact, both at the battle of Freyenbach, but my brother was prevented from attempting the execution of his vindictive purpose by a wound from an arrow, which occasioned his being carried out of the *mêlée*. I was afterwards in the bloody and melancholy fight at Mount Hirzel, and that other onslaught at the chapel of St. Jacob, which brought our brethren of Zurich to terms, and reduced Austria once more to the necessity of making peace with us. After this war of thirteen years, the Diet passed sentence of banishment for life on my brother Albert, and would have deprived him of his possessions, but forbore in consideration of what they thought my good service. When the sentence was intimated to the Count of Geierstein, he returned an answer of defiance; yet a singular circumstance showed us not long afterwards that he retained an attachment to his country, and, amidst his resentment against me his brother, did justice to my unaltered affection for him.'

'I would pledge my credit,' said the merchant, 'that what follows relates to yonder fair maiden, your niece?'

'You guess rightly,' said the Landamman. 'For some time we heard, though indistinctly — for we have, as you know, but little communication with foreign countries — that my brother was high in favour at the court of the Emperor, but latterly

that he had fallen under suspicion, and, in the course of some of those revolutions common at the courts of princes, had been driven into exile. It was shortly after this news, and, as I think, more than seven years ago, that I was returning from hunting on the further side of the river, had passed the narrow bridge as usual, and was walking through the courtyard which we have lately left (for their walk was now turned homeward), when a voice said, in the German language, "Uncle, have compassion upon me!" As I looked around, I beheld a girl of ten years old approach timidly from the shelter of the ruins and kneel down at my feet. "Uncle, spare my life," she said, holding up her little hands in the act of supplication, while mortal terror was painted upon her countenance. "Am I your uncle, little maiden?" said I; "and if I am, why should you fear me?" "Because you are the head of the wicked and base clowns who delight to spill noble blood," replied the girl, with a courage which surprised me. "What is your name, my little maiden?" said I; "and who, having planted in your mind opinions so unfavourable to your kinsman, has brought you hither, to see if he resembles the picture you have received of him?" "It was Ital Schreckenwald that brought me hither," said the girl, only half comprehending the nature of my question. "Ital Schreckenwald!" I repeated, shocked at the name of a wretch I have so much reason to hate. A voice from the ruins, like that of a sullen echo from the grave, answered, "Ital Schreckenwald!" and the caitiff issued from his place of concealment, and stood before me, with that singular indifference to danger which he unites to his atrocity of character. I had my spiked mountain-staff in my hand — what should I have done, or what would you have done, under like circumstances?"

'I would have laid him on the earth, with his skull shivered like an icicle!' said the Englishman, fiercely.

'I had wellnigh done so,' replied the Swiss, 'but he was unarmed, a messenger from my brother, and therefore no object of revenge. His own undismayed and audacious conduct contributed to save him. "Let the vassal of the noble and high-born Count of Geierstein hear the words of his master, and let him look that they are obeyed," said the insolent ruffian. "Doff thy cap and listen; for, though the voice is mine, the words are those of the noble count." "God and man know," replied I, "if I owe my brother respect or homage; it is much if, in respect for him, I defer paying to his messenger

the meed I dearly owe him. Proceed with thy tale, and rid me of thy hateful presence." "Albert Count of Geierstein, thy lord and my lord," proceeded Schreckenwald, "having on his hand wars and other affairs of weight, sends his daughter, the Countess Anne, to thy charge, and graces thee so far as to entrust to thee her support and nurture, until it shall suit his purposes to require her back from thee; and he desires that thou apply to her maintenance the rents and profits of the lands of Geierstein, which thou hast usurped from him." "Ital Schreckenwald," I replied, "I will not stop to ask if this mode of addressing me be according to my brother's directions or thine own insolent pleasure. If circumstances have, as thou sayest, deprived my niece of her natural protector, I will be to her as a father, nor shall she want aught which I have to give her. The lands of Geierstein are forfeited to the state, the castle is ruinous, as thou seest, and it is much of thy crimes that the house of my fathers is desolate. But where I dwell Anne of Geierstein shall dwell, as my children fare shall she fare, and she shall be to me as a daughter. And now thou hast thine errand. Go hence, if thou lovest thy life; for it is unsafe parleying with the father when thy hands are stained with the blood of the son." The wretch retired as I spoke, but took his leave with his usual determined insolence of manner. "Farewell," he said, "Count of the Plough and Harrow — farewell, noble companion of paltry burghers!" He disappeared, and released me from the strong temptation under which I laboured, and which urged me to stain with his blood the place which had witnessed his cruelty and his crimes. I conveyed my niece to my house, and soon convinced her that I was her sincere friend. I inured her, as if she had been my daughter, to all our mountain exercises; and while she excels in these the damsels of the district, there burst from her such sparkles of sense and courage, mingled with delicacy, as belong not — I must needs own the truth — to the simple maidens of these wild hills, but relish of a nobler stem and higher breeding. Yet they are so happily mixed with simplicity and courtesy, that Anne of Geierstein is justly considered as the pride of the district; nor do I doubt but that, if she should make a worthy choice of a husband, the state would assign her a large dower out of her father's possessions, since it is not our maxim to punish the child for the faults of the parent.

'It will naturally be your anxious desire, my worthy host,' replied the Englishman, 'to secure to your niece, in whose

praises I have deep cause to join with a grateful voice, such a suitable match as her birth and expectations, but above all her merit, demand.'

'It is, my good guest,' said the Landamman, 'that which hath often occupied my thoughts. The over-near relationship prohibits what would have been my most earnest desire, the hope of seeing her wedded to one of my own sons. This young man, Rudolph Donnerhugel, is brave, and highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens; but more ambitious, and more desirous of distinction, than I would desire for my niece's companion through life. His temper is violent, though his heart, I trust, is good. But I am like to be unpleasantly released from all care on this score, since my brother, having, as it seemed, forgotten Anne for seven years and upwards, has, by a letter which I have lately received, demanded that she shall be restored to him. You can read, my worthy sir, for your profession requires it. See, here is the scroll, coldly worded, but far less unkindly than his unbrotherly message by Ital Schreckenwald. Read it, I pray you, aloud.'

The merchant read accordingly.

"BROTHER — I thank you for the care you have taken of my daughter, for she has been in safety when she would otherwise have been in peril, and kindly used when she would have been in hardship. I now entreat you to restore her to me, and trust that she will come with the virtues which become a woman in every station, and a disposition to lay aside the habits of a Swiss villager for the graces of a high-born maiden. Adieu. I thank you once more for your care, and would repay it were it in my power; but you need nothing I can give, having renounced the rank to which you were born, and made your nest on the ground, where the storm passes over you. I rest your brother,

GEIERSTEIN."

It is addressed "To Count Arnold of Geierstein, called Arnold Biederman." A postscript requires you to send the maiden to the court of the Duke of Burgundy. This, good sir, appears to me the language of a haughty man, divided betwixt the recollection of old offence and recent obligation. The speech of his messenger was that of a malicious vassal, desirous of venting his own spite under pretence of doing his lord's errand.

'I so receive both,' replied Arnold Biederman.

‘And do you intend,’ continued the merchant, ‘to resign this beautiful and interesting creature to the conduct of her father, wilful as he seems to be, without knowing what his condition is, or what his power of protecting her?’

The Landamman hastened to reply. ‘The tie which unites the parent to the child is the earliest and the most hallowed that binds the human race. The difficulty of her travelling in safety has hitherto prevented my attempting to carry my brother’s instructions into execution. But, as I am now likely to journey in person towards the court of Charles, I have determined that Anne shall accompany me; and as I will myself converse with my brother, whom I have not seen for many years, I shall learn his purpose respecting his daughter, and it may be I may prevail on Albert to suffer her to remain under my charge. And now, sir, having told you of my family affairs at some greater length than was necessary, I must crave your attention, as a wise man, to what farther I have to say. You know the disposition which young men and women naturally have to talk, jest, and sport with each other, out of which practice arise often more serious attachments, which they call loving *par amours*. I trust, if we are to travel together, you will so school your young man as to make him aware that Anne of Geierstein cannot, with propriety on her part, be made the object of his thoughts or attentions.’

The merchant coloured with resentment, or something like it. ‘I asked not to join your company, sir Landamman—it was you who requested mine,’ he said; ‘if my son and I have since become in any respect the objects of your suspicion, we will gladly pursue our way separately.’

‘Nay, be not angry, worthy guest,’ said the Landamman; ‘we Switzers do not rashly harbour suspicions; and that we may not harbour them, we speak respecting the circumstances out of which they might arise more plainly than is the wont of more civilised countries. When I proposed to you to be my companion on the journey, to speak the truth, though it may displease a father’s ear, I regarded your son as a soft, faint-hearted youth, who was, as yet at least, too timid and milky-blooded to attract either respect or regard from the maidens. But a few hours have presented him to us in the character of such a one as is sure to interest them. He has accomplished the emprise of the bow, long thought unattainable; and with which a popular report connects an idle prophecy. He has wit to make verses, and knows doubtless how to recommend himself

by other accomplishments which bind young persons to each other, though they are lightly esteemed by men whose beards are mixed with grey, like yours, friend merchant, and mine own. Now, you must be aware that, since my brother broke terms with me simply for preferring the freedom of a Swiss citizen to the tawdry and servile condition of a German courtier, he will not approve of any one looking towards his daughter who hath not the advantage of noble blood, or who hath what he would call debased himself by attention to merchandise, to the cultivation of land—in a word, to any art that is useful. Should your son love Anne of Geierstein, he prepares for himself danger and disappointment. And, now you know the whole, I ask you—Do we travel together or apart?’

‘Even as ye list, my worthy host,’ said Philipson, in an indifferent tone; ‘for me, I can but say that such an attachment as you speak of would be as contrary to my wishes as to those of your brother, or what I suppose are your own. Arthur Philipson has duties to perform totally inconsistent with his playing the gentle bachelor to any maiden in Switzerland, take Germany to boot, whether of high or low degree. He is an obedient son, besides—hath never seriously disobeyed my commands, and I will have an eye upon his motions.’

‘Enough, my friend,’ said the Landamman; ‘we travel together, then, and I willingly keep my original purpose, being both pleased and instructed by your discourse.’

Then, changing the conversation, he began to ask whether his acquaintance thought that the league entered into by the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy would continue stable. ‘We hear much,’ continued the Swiss, ‘of the immense army with which King Edward proposes the recovery of the English dominions in France.’

‘I am well aware,’ said Philipson, ‘that nothing can be so popular in my country as the invasion of France, and the attempt to reconquer Normandy, Maine, and Gascony, the ancient appanages of our English crown. But I greatly doubt whether the voluptuous usurper who now calls himself king will be graced by Heaven with success in such an adventure. This fourth Edward is brave indeed, and has gained every battle in which he drew his sword, and they have been many in number. But since he reached, through a bloody path, to the summit of his ambition, he has shown himself rather a sensual debauchee than a valiant knight; and it is my firm belief that not even the chance of recovering all the fair

dominions which were lost during the civil wars excited by his ambitious house will tempt him to exchange the soft beds of London, with sheets of silk and pillows of down, and the music of a dying lute to lull him to rest, for the turf of France and the reveille of an alarm trumpet.'

'It is the better for us should it prove so,' said the Landamman; 'for if England and Burgundy were to dismember France, as in our father's days was nearly accomplished, Duke Charles would then have leisure to exhaust his long-hoarded vengeance against our confederacy.'

As they conversed thus, they attained once more the lawn in front of Arnold Biederman's mansion, where the contention of the young men had given place to the dance performed by the young persons of both sexes. The dance was led by Anne of Geierstein and the youthful stranger; which, although it was the most natural arrangement, where the one was a guest and the other represented the mistress of the family, occasioned the Landamman's exchanging a glance with the elder Philipson, as if it had held some relation to the suspicions he had recently expressed.

But so soon as her uncle and his elder guest appeared, Anne of Geierstein took the earliest opportunity of a pause to break off the dance, and to enter into conversation with her kinsman, as if on the domestic affairs under her attendance. Philipson observed that his host listened seriously to his niece's communication; and, nodding in his frank manner, seemed to intimate that her request should receive a favourable consideration.

The family were presently afterwards summoned to attend the evening meal, which consisted chiefly of the excellent fish afforded by the neighbouring streams and lakes. A large cup, containing what was called the *schlaftrunk*, or sleeping drink, then went round, which was first quaffed by the master of the household, then modestly tasted by the maiden, next pledged by the two strangers, and finally emptied by the rest of the company. Such were then the sober manners of the Swiss, afterwards much corrupted by their intercourse with more luxurious regions. The guests were conducted to the sleeping-apartments, where Philipson and young Arthur occupied the same couch, and shortly after the whole inhabitants of the household were locked in sound repose.

CHAPTER VI

When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents ;
Like warring winds, like flames from various points.
That mate each other's fury — there is nought
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
Can match the wrath of man.

Frenaud.

THE elder of our two travellers, though a strong man and familiar with fatigue, slept sounder and longer than usual on the morning which was now beginning to dawn, but his son Arthur had that upon his mind which early interrupted his repose.

The encounter with the bold Switzer, a chosen man of a renowned race of warriors, was an engagement which, in the opinion of the period in which he lived, was not to be delayed or broken. He left his father's side, avoiding as much as possible the risk of disturbing him, though even in that case the circumstance would not have excited any attention, as he was in the habit of rising early, in order to make preparations for the day's journey, to see that the guide was on his duty, and that the mule had his provender, and to discharge similar offices which might otherwise have given trouble to his father. The old man, however, fatigued with the exertions of the preceding day, slept, as we have said, more soundly than his wont, and Arthur, arming himself with his good sword, sallied out to the lawn in front of the Landamman's dwelling, amid the magic dawn of a beautiful harvest morning in the Swiss mountains.

The sun was just about to kiss the top of the most gigantic of that race of Titans, though the long shadows still lay on the rough grass, which crisped under the young man's feet with a strong intimation of frost. But Arthur looked not round on the landscape, however lovely, which lay waiting one flash from the orb of day to start into brilliant existence. He drew the belt of his trusty sword which he was in the act of fastening

when he left the house, and ere he had secured the buckle, he was many paces on his way towards the place where he was to use it.

It was still the custom of that military period to regard a summons to combat as a sacred engagement, preferable to all others which could be formed; and stifling whatever inward feelings of reluctance nature might oppose to the dictates of fashion, the step of a gallant to the place of encounter was required to be as free and ready as if he had been going to a bridal. I do not know whether this alacrity was altogether real on the part of Arthur Philipson; but if it were otherwise, neither his look nor pace betrayed the secret.

Having hastily traversed the fields and groves which separated the Landamman's residence from the old castle of Geierstein, he entered the courtyard from the side where the castle overlooked the land; and nearly in the same instant his almost gigantic antagonist, who looked yet more tall and burly by the pale morning light than he had seemed the preceding evening, appeared ascending from the precarious bridge beside the torrent, having reached Geierstein by a different route from that pursued by the Englishman.

The young champion of Berne had hanging along his back one of those huge two-handed swords the blade of which measured five feet, and which were wielded with both hands. These were almost universally used by the Swiss; for, besides the impression which such weapons were calculated to make upon the array of the German men-at-arms, whose armour was impenetrable to lighter swords, they were also well calculated to defend mountain passes, where the great bodily strength and agility of those who bore them enabled the combatants, in spite of their weight and length, to use them with much address and effect. One of these gigantic swords hung round Rudolph Donnerhugel's neck, the point rattling against his heel, and the handle extending itself over his left shoulder, considerably above his head. He carried another in his hand.

'Thou art punctual,' he called out to Arthur Philipson, in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roar of the waterfall, which it seemed to rival in sullen force. 'But I judged thou wouldst come without a two-handed sword. There is my kinsman Ernest's,' he said, throwing on the ground the weapon which he carried, with the hilt towards the young Englishman. 'Look, stranger, that thou disgrace it not, for

my kinsman will never forgive me if thou dost. Or thou mayst have mine if thou likest it better.'

The Englishman looked at the weapon with some surprise, to the use of which he was totally unaccustomed.

'The challenger,' he said, 'in all countries where honour is known accepts the arms of the challenged.'

'He who fights on a Swiss mountain fights with a Swiss brand,' answered Rudolph. 'Think you our hands are made to handle penknives?'

'Nor are ours made to wield scythes,' said Arthur; and muttered betwixt his teeth, as he looked at the sword, which the Swiss continued to offer him — '*Usum non habeo*: I have not proved the weapon.'

'Do you repent the bargain you have made?' said the Swiss; 'if so, cry craven, and return in safety. Speak plainly, instead of prattling Latin like a clerk or a shaven monk.'

'No, proud man,' replied the Englishman, 'I ask thee no forbearance. I thought but of a combat between a shepherd and a giant, in which God gave the victory to him who had worse odds of weapons than falls to my lot to-day. I will fight as I stand: my own good sword shall serve my need now, as it has done before.'

'Content! But blame not me who offered thee equality of weapons,' said the mountaineer. 'And now hear me. This is a fight for life or death; yon waterfall sounds the alarm for our conflict. Yes, old bellower,' he continued, looking back, 'it is long since thou hast heard the noise of battle. And look at it ere we begin, stranger, for, if you fall, I will commit your body to its waters.'

'And if thou fall'st, proud Swiss,' answered Arthur, 'as well I trust thy presumption leads to destruction, I will have thee buried in the church at Einsiedlen, where the priests shall sing masses for thy soul; thy two-handed sword shall be displayed above thy grave, and a scroll shall tell the passenger, "Here lies a bear's cub of Berne, slain by Arthur the Englishman."'

'The stone is not in Switzerland, rocky as it is,' said Rudolph, scornfully, 'that shall bear that inscription. Prepare thyself for battle.'

The Englishman cast a calm and deliberate glance around the scene of action — a courtyard, partly open, partly encumbered with ruins, in less and larger masses.

'Methinks,' said he to himself, 'a master of his weapon,

with the instructions of Bottaferma of Florence in his remembrance, a light heart, a good blade, a firm hand, and a just cause, might make up a worse odds than two feet of steel.'

Thinking thus, and imprinting on his mind, as much as the time would permit, every circumstance of the locality around him which promised advantage in the combat, and taking his station in the middle of the courtyard where the ground was entirely clear, he flung his cloak from him and drew his sword.

Rudolph had at first believed that his foreign antagonist was an effeminate youth, who would be swept from before him at the first flourish of his tremendous weapon. But the firm and watchful attitude assumed by the young man reminded the Swiss of the deficiencies of his own unwieldy implement, and made him determine to avoid any precipitation which might give advantage to an enemy who seemed both daring and vigilant. He unsheathed his huge sword, by drawing it over the left shoulder—an operation which required some little time, and might have offered formidable advantage to his antagonist, had Arthur's sense of honour permitted him to begin the attack ere it was completed. The Englishman remained firm, however, until the Swiss, displaying his bright brand to the morning sun, made three or four flourishes as if to prove its weight and the facility with which he wielded it, then stood firm within sword-stroke of his adversary, grasping his weapon with both hands, and advancing it a little before his body, with the blade pointed straight upwards. The Englishman, on the contrary, carried his sword in one hand, holding it across his face in a horizontal position, so as to be at once ready to strike, thrust, or parry.

'Strike, Englishman!' said the Switzer, after they had confronted each other in this manner for about a minute.

'The longest sword should strike first,' said Arthur; and the words had not left his mouth when the Swiss sword rose, and descended with a rapidity which, the weight and size of the weapon considered, appeared portentous. No parry, however dexterously interposed, could have baffled the ruinous descent of that dreadful weapon, by which the champion of Berne had hoped at once to begin the battle and end it. But young Philipson had not over-estimated the justice of his own eye or the activity of his limbs. Ere the blade descended, a sudden spring to one side carried him from beneath its heavy sway, and before the Swiss could again raise his sword aloft, he

received a wound, though a slight one, upon the left arm. Irritated at the failure and at the wound, the Switzer heaved up his sword once more, and availing himself of a strength corresponding to his size, he discharged towards his adversary a succession of blows, downright, athwart, horizontal, and from left to right, with such surprising strength and velocity, that it required all the address of the young Englishman, by parrying, shifting, eluding, or retreating, to evade a storm of which every individual blow seemed sufficient to cleave a solid rock. The Englishman was compelled to give ground, now backwards, now swerving to the one side or the other, now availing himself of the fragments of the ruins, but watching all the while, with the utmost composure, the moment when the strength of his enraged enemy might become somewhat exhausted, or when by some improvident or furious blow he might again lay himself open to a close attack. The latter of these advantages had nearly occurred, for, in the middle of his headlong charge, the Switzer stumbled over a large stone concealed among the long grass, and, ere he could recover himself, received a severe blow across the head from his antagonist. It lighted upon his bonnet, the lining of which inclosed a small steel cap, so that he escaped unwounded, and, springing up, renewed the battle with unabated fury, though it seemed to the young Englishman with breath somewhat short, and blows dealt with more caution.

They were still contending with equal fortune, when a stern voice, rising over the clash of swords, as well as the roar of waters, called out in a commanding tone, 'On your lives, forbear!'

The two combatants sunk the points of their swords, not very sorry, perhaps, for the interruption of a strife which must otherwise have had a deadly termination. They looked round, and the Landamman stood before them, with anger frowning on his broad and expressive forehead.

'How now, boys!' he said; 'are you guests of Arnold Biederman, and do you dishonour his house by acts of violence more becoming the wolves of the mountains than beings to whom the great Creator has given a form after His own likeness, and an immortal soul to be saved by penance and repentance?'

'Arthur,' said the elder Philipson, who had come up at the same time with their host, 'what frenzy is this? Are your duties of so light and heedless a nature as to give time and

place for quarrels and combats with every idle boor who chances to be boastful at once and bull-headed?’

The young men, whose strife had ceased at the entrance of these unexpected spectators, stood looking at each other and resting on their swords.

‘Rudolph Donnerhugel,’ said the Landamman, ‘give thy sword to me—to me, the owner of this ground, the master of this family, and magistrate of the canton.’

‘And which is more,’ answered Rudolph, submissively, ‘to you who are Arnold Biederman, at whose command every native of these mountains draws his sword or sheathes it.’

He gave his two-handed sword to the Landamman.

‘Now, by my honest word,’ said Biederman, ‘it is the same with which thy father Stephen fought so gloriously at Sempach, abreast with the famous De Winkelried! Shame it is that it should be drawn on a helpless stranger. And you, young sir,’ continued the Swiss, addressing Arthur, while his father said at the same time, ‘Young man, yield up your sword to the Landamman.’

‘It shall not need, sir,’ replied the young Englishman, ‘since, for my part, I hold our strife at an end. This gallant gentleman called me hither on a trial, as I conceive, of courage: I can give my unqualified testimony to his gallantry and swordsmanship; and, as I trust he will say nothing to the shame of my manhood, I think our strife has lasted long enough for the purpose which gave rise to it.’

‘Too long for me,’ said Rudolph, frankly: ‘the green sleeve of my doublet, which I wore of that colour out of my love to the Forest Cantons, is now stained into as dirty a crimson as could have been done by any dyer in Ypres or Ghent. But I heartily forgive the brave stranger who has spoiled my jerkin, and given its master a lesson he will not soon forget. Had all Englishmen been like your guest, worthy kinsman, methinks the mound at Buttisholz had hardly risen so high.’

‘Cousin Rudolph,’ said the Landamman, smoothing his brow as his kinsman spoke, ‘I have ever thought thee as generous as thou art hare-brained and quarrelsome; and you, my young guest, may rely that, when a Swiss says the quarrel is over, there is no chance of its being renewed. We are not like the men of the valleys to the eastward, who nurse revenge as if it were a favourite child. And now join hands, my children, and let us forget this foolish feud.’

‘Here is my hand, brave stranger,’ said Donnerhugel; ‘thou

hast taught me a trick of fence, and when we have broken our fast, we will, by your leave, to the forest, where I will teach you a trick of woodcraft in return. When your foot hath half the experience of your hand, and your eye hath gained a portion of the steadiness of your heart, you will not find many hunters to match you.'

Arthur, with all the ready confidence of youth, readily embraced a proposition so frankly made, and before they reached the house various subjects of sport were eagerly discussed between them, with as much cordiality as if no disturbance of their concord had taken place.

'Now this,' said the Landamman, 'is as it should be. I am ever ready to forgive the headlong impetuosity of our youth, if they will be but manly and open in their reconciliation, and bear their heart on their tongue, as a true Swiss should.'

'These two youths had made but wild work of it, however,' said Philipson, 'had not your care, my worthy host, learned of their rendezvous, and called me to assist in breaking their purpose. May I ask how it came to your knowledge so opportunely?'

'It was e'en through means of my domestic fairy,' answered Arnold Biederman, 'who seems born for the good luck of my family—I mean my niece, Anne, who had observed a glove exchanged betwixt the two young braggadocios, and heard them mention Geierstein and break of day. O, sir, it is much to see a woman's sharpness of wit! It would have been long enough ere any of my thick-headed sons had shown themselves so apprehensive.'

'I think I see our propitious protectress peeping at us from yonder high ground,' said Philipson; 'but it seems as if she would willingly observe us without being seen in return.'

'Ay,' said the Landamman, 'she has been looking out to see that there has been no hurt done; and now, I warrant me, the foolish girl is ashamed of having shown such a laudable degree of interest in a matter of the kind.'

'Methinks,' said the Englishman, 'I would willingly return my thanks, in your presence, to the fair maiden to whom I have been so highly indebted.'

'There can be no better time than the present,' said the Landamman; and he sent through the groves the maiden's name, in one of those shrilly accented tones which we have already noticed.

Anne of Geierstein, as Philipson had before observed, was

stationed upon a knoll at some distance, and concealed, as she thought, from notice by a screen of brushwood. She started at her uncle's summons, therefore, but presently obeyed it; and, avoiding the young men, who passed on foremost, she joined the Landamman and Philipson by a circuitous path through the woods.

'My worthy friend and guest would speak with you, Anne,' said the Landamman, so soon as the morning greeting had been exchanged. The Swiss maiden coloured over brow as well as cheek when Philipson, with a grace which seemed beyond his calling, addressed her in these words—

'It happens sometimes to us merchants, my fair young friend, that we are unlucky enough not to possess means for the instant defraying of our debts; but he is justly held amongst us as the meanest of mankind who does not acknowledge them. Accept, therefore, the thanks of a father whose son your courage, only yesterday, saved from destruction, and whom your prudence has, this very morning, rescued from a great danger. And grieve me not by refusing to wear these ear-rings,' he added, producing a small jewel-case, which he opened as he spoke; 'they are, it is true, only of pearls, but they have not been thought unworthy the ears of a countess——'

'And must, therefore,' said the old Landamman, 'show misplaced on the person of a Swiss maiden of Unterwalden; for such and no more is my niece Anne while she resides in my solitude. Methinks, good Master Philipson, you display less than your usual judgment in matching the quality of your gifts with the rank of her on whom they are bestowed; as a merchant, too, you should remember that large guerdons will lighten your gains.'

'Let me crave your pardon, my good host,' answered the Englishman, 'while I reply, that at least I have consulted my own sense of the obligation under which I labour, and have chosen, out of what I have at my free disposal, that which I thought might best express it. I trust the host whom I have found hitherto so kind will not prevent this young maiden from accepting what is at least not unbecoming the rank she is born to; and you will judge me unjustly if you think me capable of doing either myself or you the wrong of offering any token of a value beyond what I can well spare.'

The Landamman took the jewel-case into his own hand.

'I have ever set my countenance,' he said, 'against gaudy

gems, which are leading us daily further astray from the simplicity of our fathers and mothers. And yet,' he added, with a good-humoured smile, and holding one of the ear-rings close to his relation's face, 'the ornaments do set off the wench rarely, and they say girls have more pleasure in wearing such toys than grey-haired men can comprehend; wherefore, dear Anne, as thou hast deserved a dearer trust in a greater matter, I refer thee entirely to thine own wisdom, to accept of our good friend's costly present and wear it or not as thou thinkest fit.'

'Since such is your pleasure, my best friend and kinsman,' said the young maiden, blushing as she spoke, 'I will not give pain to our valued guest by refusing what he desires so earnestly that I should accept; but, by his leave, good uncle, and yours, I will bestow these splendid ear-rings on the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedlen, to express our general gratitude to her protecting favour, which has been around us in the terrors of yesterday's storm and the alarms of this morning's discord.'

'By Our Lady, the wench speaks sensibly!' said the Landamman; 'and her wisdom has applied the bounty well, my good guest, to bespeak prayers for thy family and mine, and for the general peace of Unterwalden. Go to, Anne, thou shalt have a necklace of jet at next shearing-feast, if our fleeces bear any price in the market.'

CHAPTER VII

Let him who will not proffer'd peace receive
Be sated with the plagues which war can give ;
And well thy hatred of the peace is known,
If now thy soul reject the friendship shown.

HOOLE'S *Tasso*.

THE confidence betwixt the Landamman and the English merchant appeared to increase during the course of a few busy days, which occurred before that appointed for the commencement of their journey to the court of Charles of Burgundy. The state of Europe, and of the Helvetian Confederacy, has been already alluded to ; but, for the distinct explanation of our story, may be here briefly recapitulated.

In the interval of a week, whilst the English travellers remained at Geierstein, meetings or diets were held, as well of the City Cantons of the Confederacy as of those of the Forest. The former, aggrieved by the taxes imposed on their commerce by the Duke of Burgundy, rendered yet more intolerable by the violence of the agents whom he employed in such oppression, were eager for war, in which they had hitherto uniformly found victory and wealth. Many of them were also privately instigated to arms by the largesses of Louis XI., who spared neither intrigues nor gold to effect a breach betwixt these dauntless confederates and his formidable enemy, Charles the Bold.

On the other hand, there were many reasons which appeared to render it impolitic for the Switzers to engage in war with one of the most wealthy, most obstinate, and most powerful princes in Europe — for such unquestionably was Charles of Burgundy — without the existence of some strong reason affecting their own honour and independence. Every day brought fresh intelligence from the interior, that Edward the Fourth of England had entered into a strict and intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Duke of Burgundy, and that

it was the purpose of the English king, renowned for his numerous victories over the rival house of Lancaster, by which, after various reverses, he had obtained undisputed possession of the throne, to reassert his claims to those provinces of France so long held by his ancestors. It seemed as if this alone were wanting to his fame, and that, having subdued his internal enemies, he now turned his eyes to the regaining of those rich and valuable foreign possessions which had been lost during the administration of the feeble Henry VI. and the civil discords so dreadfully prosecuted in the wars of the White and Red Roses. It was universally known that, throughout England generally, the loss of the French provinces was felt as a national degradation; and that not only the nobility, who had in consequence been deprived of the large fiefs which they had held in Normandy, Gascony, Maine, and Anjou, but the warlike gentry, accustomed to gain both fame and wealth at the expense of France, and the fiery yeomanry, whose bows had decided so many fatal battles, were as eager to renew the conflict as their ancestors of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt had been to follow their sovereign to the fields of victory, on which their deeds had conferred deathless renown.

The latest and most authentic intelligence bore, that the King of England was on the point of passing to France in person (an invasion rendered easy by his possession of Calais), with an army superior in numbers and discipline to any with which an English monarch had ever before entered that kingdom; that all the hostile preparations were completed, and that the arrival of Edward might instantly be expected; whilst the powerful co-operation of the Duke of Burgundy, and the assistance of numerous disaffected French noblemen in the provinces which had been so long under the English dominion, threatened a fearful issue of the war to Louis XI., sagacious, wise, and powerful as that prince unquestionably was.

It would no doubt have been the wisest policy of Charles of Burgundy, when thus engaging in an alliance against his most formidable neighbour, and hereditary as well as personal enemy, to have avoided all cause of quarrel with the Helvetian Confederacy, a poor but most warlike people, who already had been taught by repeated successes to feel that their hardy infantry could, if necessary, engage on terms of equality, or even of advantage, the flower of that chivalry which had hitherto been considered as forming the strength of European battle. But the measures of Charles, whom fortune had

opposed to the most astucious and politic monarch of his time, were always dictated by passionate feeling and impulse, rather than by a judicious consideration of the circumstances in which he stood. Haughty, proud, and uncompromising, though neither destitute of honour nor generosity, he despised and hated what he termed the paltry associations of herdsmen and shepherds, united with a few towns which subsisted chiefly by commerce; and instead of courting the Helvetian cantons, like his crafty enemy, or at least affording them no ostensible pretence of quarrel, he omitted no opportunity of showing the disregard and contempt in which he held their upstart consequence, and of evincing the secret longing which he entertained to take vengeance upon them for the quantity of noble blood which they had shed, and to compensate the repeated successes they had gained over the feudal lords, of whom he imagined himself the destined avenger.

The Duke of Burgundy's possessions in the Alsatian territory afforded him many opportunities for wreaking his displeasure upon the Swiss League. The little castle and town of Ferette, lying within ten or eleven miles of Bâle, served as a thoroughfare to the traffic of Berne and Soleure, the two principal towns of the confederation. In this place the Duke posted a governor, or seneschal, who was also an administrator of the revenue, and seemed born on purpose to be the plague and scourge of his republican neighbours.

Archibald von Hagenbach was a German noble, whose possessions lay in Swabia, and was universally esteemed one of the fiercest and most lawless of that frontier nobility known by the name of robber-knights and robber-counts. These dignitaries, because they held their fiefs of the Holy Roman Empire, claimed as complete sovereignty within their territories of a mile square as any reigning prince of Germany in his more extended dominions. They levied tolls and taxes on strangers, and imprisoned, tried, and executed those who, as they alleged, had committed offences within their petty domains. But especially, and in further exercise of their seignorial privileges, they made war on each other, and on the free cities of the Empire, attacking and plundering without mercy the caravans, or large trains of waggons, by which the internal commerce of Germany was carried on.

A succession of injuries done and received by Archibald of Hagenbach, who had been one of the fiercest sticklers for this privilege of *faustrecht* or club-law, as it may be termed, had

ended in his being obliged, though somewhat advanced in life, to leave a country where his tenure of existence was become extremely precarious, and to engage in the service of the Duke of Burgundy, who willingly employed him, as he was a man of high descent and proved valour, and not the less, perhaps, that he was sure to find, in a man of Hagenbach's fierce, rapacious, and haughty disposition, the unscrupulous executioner of whatsoever severities it might be his master's pleasure to enjoin.

The traders of Berne and Soleure, accordingly, made loud and violent complaints of Hagenbach's exactions. The impositions laid on commodities which passed through his district of La Ferette, to whatever place they might be ultimately bound, were arbitrarily increased, and the merchants and traders who hesitated to make instant payment of what was demanded were exposed to imprisonment and personal punishment. The commercial towns of Germany appealed to the Duke against this iniquitous conduct on the part of the governor of La Ferette, and requested of his Grace's goodness that he would withdraw Von Hagenbach from their neighbourhood; but the Duke treated their complaints with contempt. The Swiss League carried their remonstrances higher, and required that justice should be done on the governor of La Ferette, as having offended against the law of nations; but they were equally unable to attract attention or obtain redress.

At length the Diet of the Confederation determined to send the solemn deputation which has been repeatedly mentioned. One or two of these envoys joined with the calm and prudent Arnold Biederman in the hope that so solemn a measure might open the eyes of the Duke to the wicked injustice of his representative; others among the deputies, having no such peaceful views, were determined, by this resolute remonstrance, to pave the way for hostilities.

Arnold Biederman was an especial advocate for peace, while its preservation was compatible with national independence and the honour of the Confederacy; but the younger Philipson soon discovered that the Landamman alone, of all his family, cherished these moderate views. The opinion of his sons had been swayed and seduced by the impetuous eloquence and overbearing influence of Rudolph of Donnerhugel, who, by some feats of peculiar gallantry, and the consideration due to the merit of his ancestors, had acquired an influence in the councils of his native canton, and with the youth of the League in general, beyond what was usually yielded by these wise republicans to

men of his early age. Arthur, who was now an acceptable and welcome companion of all their hunting-parties and other sports, heard nothing among the young men but anticipations of war, rendered delightful by the hopes of booty and of distinction which were to be obtained by the Switzers. The feats of their ancestors against the Germans had been so wonderful as to realise the fabulous victories of romance; and while the present race possessed the same hardy limbs, and the same inflexible courage, they eagerly anticipated the same distinguished success. When the governor of La Ferette was mentioned in the conversation, he was usually spoken of as the bandog of Burgundy, or the Alsatian mastiff; and intimations were openly given that, if his course were not instantly checked by his master, and he himself withdrawn from the frontiers of Switzerland, Archibald of Hagenbach would find his fortress no protection from the awakened indignation of the wronged inhabitants of Soleure, and particularly of those of Berne.

This general disposition to war among the young Switzers was reported to the elder Philipson by his son, and led him at one time to hesitate whether he ought not rather to resume all the inconveniences and dangers of a journey accompanied only by Arthur than run the risk of the quarrels in which he might be involved by the unruly conduct of these fierce mountain youths, after they should have left their own frontiers. Such an event would have had, in a peculiar degree, the effect of destroying every purpose of his journey; but, respected as Arnold Biederman was by his family and countrymen, the English merchant concluded, upon the whole, that his influence would be able to restrain his companions until the great question of peace or war should be determined, and especially until they should have discharged their commission by obtaining an audience of the Duke of Burgundy; and after this he should be separated from their society, and not liable to be engaged in any responsibility for their ulterior measures.

After a delay of about ten days, the deputation commissioned to remonstrate with the Duke on the aggressions and exactions of Archibald of Hagenbach at length assembled at Geierstein, from whence the members were to journey forth together. They were three in number, besides the young Bernese and the Landamman of Unterwalden. One was, like Arnold, a proprietor from the Forest Cantons, wearing a dress scarcely handsomer than that of a common herdsman, but distinguished by the beauty and size of his long silvery beard.

His name was Nicholas Bonstetten. Melchior Sturmthal, banner-bearer of Berne, a man of middle age, and a soldier of distinguished courage, with Adam Zimmermann, a burghess of Soleure, who was considerably older, completed the number of the envoys.

Each was dressed after his best fashion ; but, notwithstanding that the severe eye of Arnold Biederman censured one or two silver belt-buckles, as well as a chain of the same metal, which decorated the portly person of the burghess of Soleure, it seemed that a powerful and victorious people, for such the Swiss were now to be esteemed, were never represented by an embassy of such patriarchal simplicity. The deputies travelled on foot, with their piked staves in their hands, like pilgrims bound for some place of devotion. Two mules, which bore their little stock of baggage, were led by young lads, sons or cousins of members of the embassy, who had obtained permission in this manner to get such a glance of the world beyond the mountains as this journey promised to afford.

But although their retinue was small, so far as respected either state or personal attendance and accommodation, the dangerous circumstances of the times, and the very unsettled state of the country beyond their own territories, did not permit men charged with affairs of such importance to travel without a guard. Even the danger arising from the wolves, which, when pinched by the approach of winter, have been known to descend from their mountain fastnesses into open villages, such as those the travellers might choose to quarter in, rendered the presence of some escort necessary ; and the bands of deserters from various services, who formed parties of banditti on the frontiers of Alsatia and Germany, combined to recommend such a precaution.

Accordingly, about twenty of the selected youth from the various Swiss cantons, including Rudiger, Ernest, and Sigismund, Arnold's three eldest sons, attended upon the deputation ; they did not, however, observe any military order, or march close or near to the patriarchal train. On the contrary, they formed hunting-parties of five or six together, who explored the rocks, woods, and passes of the mountains through which the envoys journeyed. Their slower pace allowed the active young men, who were accompanied by their large shaggy dogs, full time to destroy wolves and bears, or occasionally to surprise a chamois among the cliffs ; while the hunters, even while in pursuit of their sport, were careful to examine such

places as might afford opportunity for ambush, and thus ascertained the safety of the party whom they escorted more securely than if they had attended close on their train. A peculiar note on the huge Swiss bugle, before described, formed of the horn of the mountain bull, was the signal agreed upon for collecting in a body should danger occur. Rudolph Donnerhugel, so much younger than his brethren in the same important commission, took the command of this mountain body-guard, whom he usually accompanied in their sportive excursions. In point of arms, they were well provided, bearing two-handed swords, long partizans and spears, as well as both cross and long bows, short cutlasses, and huntsmen's knives. The heavier weapons, as impeding their activity, were carried with the baggage, but were ready to be assumed on the slightest alarm.

Arthur Philipson, like his late antagonist, naturally preferred the company and sports of the younger men to the grave conversation and slow pace of the fathers of the mountain commonwealth. There was, however, one temptation to loiter with the baggage, which, had other circumstances permitted, might have reconciled the young Englishman to forego the opportunities of sport which the Swiss youth so eagerly sought after, and endure the slow pace and grave conversation of the elders of the party. In a word, Anne of Geierstein, accompanied by a Swiss girl, her attendant, travelled in the rear of the deputation.

The two females were mounted upon asses, whose slow step hardly kept pace with the baggage mules; and it may be fairly suspected that Arthur Philipson, in requital of the important services which he had received from that beautiful and interesting young woman, would have deemed it no extreme hardship to have afforded her occasionally his assistance on the journey, and the advantage of his conversation to relieve the tediousness of the way. But he dared not presume to offer attentions which the customs of the country did not seem to permit, since they were not attempted by any of the maiden's cousins, or even by Rudolph Donnerhugel, who certainly had hitherto appeared to neglect no opportunity to recommend himself to his fair cousin. Besides, Arthur had reflection enough to be convinced that, in yielding to the feelings which impelled him to cultivate the acquaintance of this amiable young person, he would certainly incur the serious displeasure of his father, and probably also that of her uncle, by whose hospitality they had profited, and whose safe-conduct they were in the act of enjoying.

The young Englishman, therefore, pursued the same amusements which interested the other young men of the party, managing only, as frequently as their halts permitted, to venture upon offering to the maiden such marks of courtesy as could afford no room for remark or censure. And his character as a sportsman being now well established, he sometimes permitted himself, even when the game was afoot, to loiter in the vicinity of the path on which he could at least mark the flutter of the gray wimple of Anne of Geierstein, and the outline of the form which it shrouded. This indolence, as it seemed, was not unfavourably construed by his companions, being only accounted an indifference to the less noble or less dangerous game; for when the object was a bear, wolf, or other animal of prey, no spear, cutlass, or bow of the party, not even those of Rudolph Donnerhugel, were so prompt in the chase as those of the young Englishman.

Meantime, the elder Philipson had other and more serious subjects of consideration. He was a man, as the reader must have already seen, of much acquaintance with the world, in which he had acted parts different from that which he now sustained. Former feelings were recalled and awakened by the view of sports familiar to his early years. The clamour of the hounds, echoing from the wild hills and dark forests through which they travelled; the sight of the gallant young hunters, appearing, as they brought the object of their chase to bay, amid airy cliffs and profound precipices, which seemed impervious to the human foot; the sounds of halloo and horn reverberating from hill to hill, had more than once wellnigh impelled him to take a share in the hazardous but animating amusement, which, next to war, was then in most parts of Europe the most serious occupation of life. But the feeling was transient, and he became yet more deeply interested in studying the manners and opinions of the persons with whom he was travelling.

They seemed to be all coloured with the same downright and blunt simplicity which characterised Arnold Biederman, although it was in none of them elevated by the same dignity of thought or profound sagacity. In speaking of the political state of their country, they affected no secrecy; and although, with the exception of Rudolph, their own young men were not admitted into their councils, the exclusion seemed only adopted with a view to the necessary subordination of youth to age, and not for the purpose of observing any mystery. In the

presence of the elder Philipson, they freely discussed the pretensions of the Duke of Burgundy, the means which their country possessed of maintaining her independence, and the firm resolution of the Helvetian League to bid defiance to the utmost force the world could bring against it, rather than submit to the slightest insult. In other respects, their views appeared wise and moderate, although both the banneret of Berne and the consequential burgher of Soleure seemed to hold the consequences of war more lightly than they were viewed by the cautious Landamman of Unterwalden and his venerable companion, Nicholas Bonstetten, who subscribed to all his opinions.

It frequently happened that, quitting these subjects, the conversation turned on such as were less attractive to their fellow-traveller. The signs of the weather, the comparative fertility of recent seasons, the most advantageous mode of managing their orchards and rearing their crops, though interesting to the mountaineers themselves, gave Philipson slender amusement; and notwithstanding that the excellent Meinherr Zimmerman of Soleure would fain have joined with him in conversation respecting trade and merchandise, yet the Englishman, who dealt in articles of small bulk and considerable value, and traversed sea and land to carry on his traffic, could find few mutual topics to discuss with the Swiss trader, whose commerce only extended into the neighbouring districts of Burgundy and Germany, and whose goods consisted of coarse woollen cloths, fustian, hides, peltry, and such ordinary articles.

But, ever and anon, while the Switzers were discussing some paltry interests of trade, or describing some process of rude cultivation, or speaking of blights in grain, and the murrain amongst cattle, with all the dull minuteness of petty farmers and traders met at a country fair, a well-known spot would recall the name and story of a battle in which some of them had served (for there were none of the party who had not been repeatedly in arms), and the military details, which in other countries were only the theme of knights and squires who had acted their part in them, or of learned clerks who laboured to record them, were, in this singular region, the familiar and intimate subjects of discussion with men whose peaceful occupations seemed to place them at an immeasurable distance from the profession of a soldier. This led the Englishman to think of the ancient inhabitants of Rome, where the plough was so readily exchanged for the sword, and the culti-

vation of a rude farm for the management of public affairs. He hinted this resemblance to the Landamman, who was naturally gratified with the compliment to his country, but presently replied — ‘May Heaven continue among us the home-bred virtues of the Romans, and preserve us from their lust of conquest and love of foreign luxuries!’

The slow pace of the travellers, with various causes of delay which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, occasioned the deputations spending two nights on the road before they reached Bâle. The small towns or villages in which they quartered received them with such marks of respectful hospitality as they had the means to bestow, and their arrival was a signal for a little feast, with which the heads of the community uniformly regaled them.

On such occasions, while the elders of the village entertained the deputies of the Confederation, the young men of the escort were provided for by those of their own age, several of whom, usually aware of their approach, were accustomed to join in the chase of the day, and made the strangers acquainted with the spots where game was most plenty.

These feasts were never prolonged to excess, and the most special dainties which composed them were kids, lambs, and game, the produce of the mountains. Yet it seemed both to Arthur Philipson and his father that the advantages of good cheer were more prized by the banneret of Berne and the burgess of Soleure than by their host the Landamman and the deputy of Schwytz. There was no excess committed, as we have already said; but the deputies first mentioned obviously understood the art of selecting the choicest morsels, and were connoisseurs in the good wine, chiefly of foreign growth, with which they freely washed it down. Arnold was too wise to censure what he had no means of amending: he contented himself by observing in his own person a rigorous diet, living indeed almost entirely upon vegetables and fair water, in which he was closely imitated by the old grey-bearded Nicholas Bonstetten, who seemed to make it his principal object to follow the Landamman’s example in everything.

It was, as we have already said, the third day after the commencement of their journey before the Swiss deputation reached the vicinity of Bâle, in which city, then one of the largest in the south-western extremity of Germany, they proposed taking up their abode for the evening, nothing doubting a friendly reception. The town, it is true, was not then, nor

till about thirty years afterwards, a part of the Swiss Confederation, to which it was only joined in 1501 ; but it was a Free Imperial City, connected with Berne, Soleure, Lucerne, and other towns of Switzerland, by mutual interests and constant intercourse. It was the object of the deputation to negotiate, if possible, a peace, which could not be more useful to themselves than to the city of Bâle, considering the interruptions of commerce which must be occasioned by a rupture between the Duke of Burgundy and the cantons, and the great advantage which that city would derive by preserving a neutrality, situated as it was betwixt these two hostile powers.

They anticipated, therefore, as welcome a reception from the authorities of Bâle as they had received while in the bounds of their own Confederation, since the interests of that city were so deeply concerned in the objects of their mission. The next chapter will show how far these expectations were realised.

CHAPTER VIII

They saw that city, welcoming the Rhine,
As from his mountain heritage he bursts,
As purposed proud Orontes of yore,
Leaving the desert region of the hills,
To lord it o'er the fertile plains of Gaul.

Helvetia.

THE eyes of the English travellers, wearied with a succession of wild mountainous scenery, now gazed with pleasure upon a country still indeed irregular and hilly in its surface, but capable of high cultivation, and adorned with cornfields and vineyards. The Rhine, a broad and large river, poured its grey stream in a huge sweep through the landscape, and divided into two portions the city of Bâle, which is situated on its banks. The southern part, to which the path of the Swiss deputies conducted them, displayed the celebrated cathedral, and the lofty terrace which runs in front of it, and seemed to remind the travellers that they now approached a country in which the operations of man could make themselves distinguished even among the works of nature, instead of being lost, as the fate of the most splendid efforts of human labour must have been, among those tremendous mountains which they had so lately traversed.

They were yet a mile from the entrance of the city, when the party was met by one of the magistrates, attended by two or three citizens mounted on mules, the velvet housings of which expressed wealth and quality. They greeted the Landamman of Unterwalden and his party in a respectful manner, and the latter prepared themselves to hear and make a suitable reply to the hospitable invitation which they naturally expected to receive.

The message of the community of Bâle was, however, diametrically opposite to what they had anticipated. It was delivered with a good deal of diffidence and hesitation by the

functionary who met them, and who certainly, while discharging his commission, did not appear to consider it as the most respectable which he might have borne. There were many professions of the most profound and fraternal regard for the cities of the Helvetian League, with whom the orator of Bâle declared his own state to be united in friendship and interests. But he ended by intimating that, on account of certain cogent and weighty reasons, which should be satisfactorily explained at more leisure, the Free City of Bâle could not, this evening, receive within its walls the highly respected deputies who were travelling, at the command of the Helvetian Diet, to the court of the Duke of Burgundy.

Philipson marked with much interest the effect which this most unexpected intimation produced on the members of the embassy. Rudolph Donnerhugel, who had joined their company as they approached Bâle, appeared less surprised than his associates, and, while he remained perfectly silent, seemed rather anxious to penetrate their sentiments than disposed to express his own. It was not the first time the sagacious merchant had observed that this bold and fiery young man could, when his purposes required it, place a strong constraint upon the natural impetuosity of his temper. For the others, the banneret's brow darkened, the face of the burgess of Soleure became flushed like the moon when rising in the north-west, the grey-bearded deputy of Schwytz looked anxiously on Arnold Biederman, and the Landamman himself seemed more moved than was usual in a person of his equanimity. At length he replied to the functionary of Bâle, in a voice somewhat altered by his feelings —

‘This is a singular message to the deputies of the Swiss Confederacy, bound as we are upon an amicable mission, on which depends the interest of the good citizens of Bâle, whom we have always treated as our good friends, and who still profess to be so. The shelter of their roofs, the protection of their walls, the wonted intercourse of hospitality, is what no friendly state hath a right to refuse to the inhabitants of another.’

‘Nor is it with their will that the community of Bâle refuse it, worthy Landamman,’ replied the magistrate. ‘Not you alone and your worthy associates, but your escort, and your very beasts of burden, should be entertained with all the kindness which the citizens of Bâle could bestow. But we act under constraint.’

‘And by whom exercised?’ said the banneret, bursting out

into passion. 'Has the Emperor Sigismund profited so little by the example of his predecessors——'

'The Emperor,' replied the delegate of Bâle, interrupting the banneret, 'is a well-intentioned and peaceful monarch, as he has been ever; but—there are Burgundian troops of late marched into the Sundgau, and messages have been sent to our state from Count Archibald of Hagenbach.'

'Enough said,' replied the Landamman. 'Draw not farther the veil from a weakness for which you blush. I comprehend you entirely. Bâle lies too near the citadel of La Ferette to permit its citizens to consult their own inclinations. Brother, we see where your difficulty lies; we pity you—and we forgive your inhospitality.'

'Nay, but hear me to an end, worthy Landamman,' answered the magistrate. 'There is here in the vicinity an old hunting-seat of the Counts of Falkenstein, called Graffslust, which, though ruinous, yet may afford better lodgings than the open air, and is capable of some defence—though Heaven forbid that any one should dare to intrude upon your repose! And harkye hither, my worthy friends; if you find in the old place some refreshments, as wine, beer, and the like, use them without scruple, for they are there for your accommodation.'

'I do not refuse to occupy a place of security,' said the Landamman; 'for although the causing us to be excluded from Bâle may be only done in the spirit of petty insolence and malice, yet it may also, for what we can tell, be connected with some purpose of violence. Your provisions we thank you for; but we will not, with my consent, feed at the cost of friends who are ashamed to own us unless by stealth.'

'One thing more, my worthy sir,' said the official of Bâle. 'You have a maiden in company, who, I presume to think, is your daughter. There is but rough accommodation where you are going, even for men; for women there is little better, though what we could we have done to arrange matters as well as may be. But rather let your daughter go with us back to Bâle, where my dame will be a mother to her till next morning, when I will bring her to your camp in safety. We promised to shut our gates against the men of the Confederacy, but the women were not mentioned.'

'You are subtle casuists, you men of Bâle,' answered the Landamman; 'but know that, from the time in which the Helvetians sallied forth to encounter Cæsar down to the present hour, the women of Switzerland, in the press of danger, have

had their abode in the camp of their fathers, brothers, and husbands, and sought no farther safety than they might find in the courage of their relations. We have enough of men to protect our women, and my niece shall remain with us and take the fate which Heaven may send us.'

'Adieu, then, worthy friend,' said the magistrate of Bâle; 'it grieves me to part with you thus, but evil fate will have it so. Yonder grassy avenue will conduct you to the old hunting-seat, where Heaven send that you may pass a quiet night; for, apart from other risks, men say that these ruins have no good name. Will you yet permit your niece, since such the young person is, to pass to Bâle for the night in my company?'

'If we are disturbed by beings like ourselves,' said Arnold Biederman, 'we have strong arms and heavy partizans; if we should be visited, as your words would imply, by those of a different description, we have, or should have, good consciences, and confidence in Heaven. Good friends, my brethren on this embassy, have I spoken your sentiments as well as mine own?'

The other deputies intimated their assent to what their companion had said, and the citizens of Bâle took a courteous farewell of their guests, endeavouring, by the excess of civility, to atone for their deficiency in effective hospitality. After their departure, Rudolph was the first to express his sense of their pusillanimous behaviour, on which he had been silent during their presence. 'Coward dogs!' he said; 'may the Butcher of Burgundy flay the very skins from them with his exactions, to teach them to disown old friendships, rather than abide the lightest blast of a tyrant's anger!'

'And not even their own tyrant either,' said another of the group; for several of the young men had gathered round their seniors, to hear the welcome which they expected from the magistrates of Bâle.

'No,' replied Ernest, one of Arnold Biederman's sons, 'they do not pretend that their own prince the Emperor hath interfered with them; but a word of the Duke of Burgundy, which should be no more to them than a breath of wind from the west, is sufficient to stir them to such brutal inhospitality. It were well to march to the city and compel them at the sword's point to give us shelter.'

A murmur of applause arose amongst the youth around, which awakened the displeasure of Arnold Biederman.

'Did I hear,' he said, 'the tongue of a son of mine, or was it that of a brutish lanzknecht, who has no pleasure but in

battle or violence? Where is the modesty of the youth of Switzerland, who were wont to wait the signal for action till it pleased the elders of the canton to give it, and were as gentle as maidens till the voice of their patriarchs bade them be bold as lions?’

‘I meant no harm, father,’ said Ernest, abashed with this rebuke, ‘far less any slight towards you; but I must needs say——’

‘Say not a word, my son,’ replied Arnold, ‘but leave our camp to-morrow by break of day; and, as thou takest thy way back to Geierstein, to which I command thine instant return, remember, that he is not fit to visit strange countries who cannot rule his tongue before his own countrymen, and to his own father.’

The banneret of Berne, the burgess of Soleure, even the long-bearded deputy from Schwytz, endeavoured to intercede for the offender and obtain a remission of his banishment; but it was in vain.

‘No, my good friends and brethren—no,’ replied Arnold. ‘These young men require an example; and though I am grieved in one sense that the offence has chanced within my own family, yet I am pleased in another light that the delinquent should be one over whom I can exercise full authority, without suspicion of partiality. Ernest, my son, thou hast heard my commands. Return to Geierstein with the morning’s light, and let me find thee an altered man when I return thither.’

The young Swiss, who was evidently much hurt and shocked at this public affront, placed one knee on the ground and kissed his father’s right hand, while Arnold, without the slightest sign of anger, bestowed his blessing upon him; and Ernest, without a word of remonstrance, fell into the rear of the party. The deputation then proceeded down the avenue which had been pointed out to them, and at the bottom of which arose the massy ruins of Graffslust; but there was not enough of daylight remaining to discern their exact form. They could observe as they drew nearer, and as the night became darker, that three or four windows were lighted up, while the rest of the front remained obscured in gloom. When they arrived at the place, they perceived it was surrounded by a large and deep moat, the sullen surface of which reflected, though faintly, the glimmer of the lights within.

CHAPTER IX

Francisco. Give you good-night.

Marcellus. O, farewell, honest soldier.

Who hath relieved you?

Francisco. Give you good-night; Bernardo hath my place.

Hamlet.

THE first occupation of our travellers was to find the means of crossing the moat, and they were not long of discovering the *tête-du-pont* on which the drawbridge, when lowered, had formerly rested. The bridge itself had been long decayed, but a temporary passage of fir-trees and planks had been constructed, apparently very lately, which admitted them to the chief entrance of the castle. On entering it, they found a wicket opening under the archway, which, glimmering with light, served to guide them to a hall prepared evidently for their accommodation as well as circumstances had admitted of.

A large fire of well-seasoned wood burned blythely in the chimney, and had been maintained so long there, that the air of the hall, notwithstanding its great size and somewhat ruinous aspect, felt mild and genial. There was also at the end of the apartment a stack of wood, large enough to maintain the fire had they been to remain there a week. Two or three long tables in the hall stood covered and ready for their reception; and, on looking more closely, several large hampers were found in a corner, containing cold provisions of every kind, prepared with great care for their immediate use. The eyes of the good burgess of Soleure twinkled when he beheld the young men in the act of transferring the supper from the hampers and arranging it on the table.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘these poor men of Bâle have saved their character; since, if they have fallen short in welcome, they have abounded in good cheer.’

‘Ah, friend!’ said Arnold Biederman, ‘the absence of the landlord is a great deduction from the entertainment. Better

half an apple from the hand of your host than a bridal feast without his company.'

'We owe them the less for their banquet,' said the banneret. 'But, from the doubtful language they held, I should judge it meet to keep a strong guard to-night, and even that some of our young men should, from time to time, patrol around the old ruins. The place is strong and defensible, and so far our thanks are due to those who have acted as our quartermasters. We will, however, with your permission, my honoured brethren, examine the house within, and then arrange regular guards and patrols. To your duty then, young men, and search these ruins carefully; they may perchance contain more than ourselves; for we are now near one who, like a pilfering fox, moves more willingly by night than by day, and seeks his prey amidst ruins and wildernesses rather than in the open field.'

All agreed to this proposal. The young men took torches, of which a good provision had been left for their use, and made a strict search through the ruins.

The greater part of the castle was much more wasted and ruinous than the portion which the citizens of Bâle seemed to have destined for the accommodation of the embassy. Some parts were roofless, and the whole desolate. The glare of light, the gleam of arms, the sound of the human voice, and echoes of mortal tread startled from their dark recesses bats, owls, and other birds of ill omen, the usual inhabitants of such time-worn edifices, whose flight through the desolate chambers repeatedly occasioned alarm amongst those who heard the noise without seeing the cause, and shouts of laughter when it became known. They discovered that the deep moat surrounded their place of retreat on all sides, and, of course, that they were in safety against any attack which could be made from without, except it was attempted by the main entrance, which it was easy to barricade and guard with sentinels. They also ascertained by strict search that, though it was possible an individual might be concealed amid such a waste of ruins, yet it was altogether impossible that any number which might be formidable to so large a party as their own could have remained there without a certainty of discovery. These particulars were reported to the banneret, who directed Donnerhugel to take charge of a body of six of the young men, such as he should himself choose, to patrol on the outside of the building till the first cock-crowing, and at that hour to return to the castle, when the same number were to take the duty till

morning dawned, and then be relieved in their turn. Rudolph declared his own intention to remain on guard the whole night; and as he was equally remarkable for vigilance as for strength and courage, the external watch was considered as safely provided for, it being settled that, in case of any sudden rencounter, the deep and hoarse sound of the Swiss bugle should be the signal for sending support to the patrolling party.

Within side the castle, the precautions were taken with equal vigilance. A sentinel, to be relieved every two hours, was appointed to take post at the principal gate, and other two kept watch on the other side of the castle, although the moat appeared to ensure safety in that quarter.

These precautions being taken, the remainder of the party sat down to refresh themselves, the deputies occupying the upper part of the hall, while those of their escort modestly arranged themselves in the lower end of the same large apartment. Quantities of hay and straw, which were left piled in the wide castle, were put to the purpose for which undoubtedly they had been destined by the citizens of Bâle, and, with the aid of cloaks and mantles, were judged excellent good bedding by a hardy race who, in war or the chase, were often well satisfied with a much worse night's lair.

The attention of the Bâlese had even gone so far as to provide for Anne of Geierstein separate accommodation, more suitable to her use than that assigned to the men of the party. An apartment, which had probably been the buttery of the castle, entered from the hall, and had also a doorway leading out into a passage connected with the ruins; but this last had hastily, yet carefully, been built up with large hewn stones taken from the ruins; without mortar, indeed, or any other cement, but so well secured by their own weight, that an attempt to displace them must have alarmed not only any one who might be in the apartment itself, but also those who were in the hall adjacent, or indeed in any part of the castle. In the small room thus carefully arranged and secured there were two pallet-beds and a large fire, which blazed on the hearth, and gave warmth and comfort to the apartment. Even the means of devotion were not forgotten, a small crucifix of bronze being hung over a table, on which lay a breviary.

Those who first discovered this little place of retreat came back loud in praise of the delicacy of the citizens of Bâle, who, while preparing for the general accommodation of the strangers,

had not failed to provide separately and peculiarly for that of their female companion.

Arnold Biederman felt the kindness of this conduct. 'We should pity our friends of Bâle, and not nourish resentment against them,' he said. 'They have stretched their kindness towards us as far as their personal apprehensions permitted; and that is saying no small matter for them, my masters, for no passion is so unutterably selfish as that of fear. Anne, my love, thou art fatigued. Go to the retreat provided for you, and Lizette shall bring you from this abundant mass of provisions what will be fittest for your evening meal.'

So saying, he led his niece into the little bedroom, and, looking round with an air of complacency, wished her good repose; but there was something on the maiden's brow which seemed to augur that her uncle's wishes would not be fulfilled. From the moment she had left Switzerland, her looks had become clouded, her intercourse with those who approached her had grown more brief and rare, her whole appearance was marked with secret anxiety or secret sorrow. This did not escape her uncle, who naturally imputed it to the pain of parting from him, which was probably soon to take place, and to her regret at leaving the tranquil spot in which so many years of her youth had been spent.

But Anne of Geierstein had no sooner entered the apartment than her whole frame trembled violently, and the colour leaving her cheeks entirely, she sunk down on one of the pallets, where, resting her elbows on her knees, and pressing her hands on her forehead, she rather resembled a person borne down by mental distress, or oppressed by some severe illness, than one who, tired with a journey, was in haste to betake herself to needful rest. Arnold was not quick-sighted as to the many sources of female passion. He saw that his niece suffered; but imputing it only to the causes already mentioned, augmented by the hysterical effects often produced by fatigue, he gently blamed her for having departed from her character of a Swiss maiden ere she was yet out of reach of a Swiss breeze of wind.

'Thou must not let the dames of Germany or Flanders think that our daughters have degenerated from their mothers; else must we fight the battles of Sempach and Laupen over again, to convince the Emperor, and this haughty Duke of Burgundy, that our men are of the same mettle with their forefathers. And as for our parting, I do not fear it. My

brother is a count of the Empire, indeed, and therefore he must needs satisfy himself that everything over which he possesses any title shall be at his command, and sends for thee to prove his right of doing so. But I know him well. He will no sooner be satisfied that he may command thy attendance at pleasure than he will concern himself about thee no more. Thee! Alas! poor thing, in what couldst thou aid his courtly intrigues and ambitious plans? No — no, thou art not for the noble count's purpose, and must be content to trudge back to rule the dairy at Geierstein, and be the darling of thine old peasantlike uncle.'

'Would to God we were there even now!' said the maiden, in a tone of wretchedness which she strove in vain to conceal or suppress.

'That may hardly be till we have executed the purpose which brought us hither,' said the literal Landamman. 'But lay thee on thy pallet, Anne; take a morsel of food, and three drops of wine, and thou wilt wake to-morrow as gay as on a Swiss holiday, when the pipe sounds the reveille.'

Anne was now able to plead a severe headache, and declining all refreshment, which she declared herself incapable of tasting, she bade her uncle good-night. She then desired Lizette to get some food for herself, cautioning her, as she returned, to make as little noise as possible, and not to break her repose if she should have the good fortune to fall asleep. Arnold Biederman then kissed his niece, and returned to the hall, where his colleagues in office were impatient to commence an attack on the provisions which were in readiness; to which the escort of young men, diminished by the patrols and sentinels, were no less disposed than their seniors.

The signal of assault was given by the deputy from Schwytz, the eldest of the party, pronouncing in patriarchal form a benediction over the meal. The travellers then commenced their operations with a vivacity which showed that the uncertainty whether they should get any food, and the delays which had occurred in arranging themselves in their quarters, had infinitely increased their appetites. Even the Landamman, whose moderation sometimes approached to abstinence, seemed that night in a more genial humour than ordinary. His friend of Schwytz, after his example, ate, drank, and spoke more than usual, while the rest of the deputies pushed their meal to the verge of a carousal. The elder Philipson marked the scene with an attentive and anxious eye, confining his applications

to the wine-cup to such pledges as the politeness of the times called upon him to reply to. His son had left the hall just as the banquet began, in the manner which we are now to relate.

Arthur had proposed to himself to join the youths who were to perform the duty of sentinels within, or patrols on the outside of their place of repose, and had indeed made some arrangement for that purpose with Sigismund, the third of the Landamman's sons. But while about to steal a parting glance at Anne of Geierstein, before offering his service as he proposed, there appeared on her brow such a deep and solemn expression as diverted his thoughts from every other subject excepting the anxious doubts as to what could possibly have given rise to such a change. The placid openness of brow, the eye which expressed conscious and fearless innocence; the lips which, seconded by a look as frank as her words, seemed ever ready to speak, in kindness and in confidence, that which the heart dictated, were for the moment entirely changed in character and expression, and in a degree and manner for which no ordinary cause could satisfactorily account. Fatigue might have banished the rose from the maiden's beautiful complexion, and sickness or pain might have dimmed her eye and clouded her brow; but the look of deep dejection with which she fixed her eyes at times on the ground, and the startled and terrified glance which she cast around her at other intervals, must have had their rise in some different source. Neither could illness or weariness explain the manner in which her lips were contracted or compressed together, like one who makes up her mind to act or behold something that is fearful, or account for the tremor which seemed at times to steal over her insensibly, though by a strong effort she was able at intervals to throw it off. For this change of expression there must be in the heart some deeply melancholy and afflicting cause. What could that cause be?

It is dangerous for youth to behold beauty in the pomp of all her charms, with every look bent upon conquest; more dangerous to see her in the hour of unaffected and unapprehensive ease and simplicity, yielding herself to the graceful whim of the moment, and as willing to be pleased as desirous of pleasing. There are minds which may be still more affected by gazing on beauty in sorrow, and feeling that pity, that desire of comforting the lovely mourner, which the poet has described as so nearly akin to love. But to a spirit of that

romantic and adventurous cast which the Middle Ages frequently produced, the sight of a young and amiable person evidently in a state of terror and suffering, which had no visible cause, was perhaps still more impressive than beauty in her pride, her tenderness, or her sorrow. Such sentiments, it must be remembered, were not confined to the highest ranks only, but might then be found in all classes of society which were raised above the mere peasant or artisan. Young Philipson gazed on Anne of Geierstein with such intense curiosity, mingled with pity and tenderness, that the bustling scene around him seemed to vanish from his eyes, and leave no one in the noisy hall save himself and the object of his interest.

What could it be that so evidently oppressed and almost quailed a spirit so well balanced, and a courage so well tempered, when, being guarded by the swords of the bravest men perhaps to be found in Europe, and lodged in a place of strength, even the most timid of her sex might have found confidence? Surely, if an attack were to be made upon them, the clamour of a conflict in such circumstances could scarce be more terrific than the roar of those cataracts which he had seen her despise? 'At least,' he thought, 'she ought to be aware that there is ONE who is bound by friendship and gratitude to fight to the death in her defence. Would to Heaven,' he continued in the same reverie, 'it were possible to convey to her, without sign or speech, the assurance of my unalterable resolution to protect her in the worst of perils!' As such thoughts streamed through his mind, Anne raised her eyes in one of those fits of deep feeling which seemed to overwhelm her; and while she cast them round the hall, with a look of apprehension, as if she expected to see amid the well-known companions of her journey some strange and unwelcome apparition, they encountered the fixed and anxious gaze of young Philipson. They were instantly bent on the ground, while a deep blush showed how much she was conscious of having attracted his attention by her previous deportment.

Arthur, on his part, with equal consciousness, blushed as deeply as the maiden herself, and drew himself back from her observation. But when Anne rose up, and was escorted by her uncle to her bedchamber, in the manner we have already mentioned, it seemed to Philipson as if she had carried with her from the apartment the lights with which it was illuminated, and left it in the twilight melancholy of some funeral hall. His deep musings were pursuing the subject which occupied them

thus anxiously, when the manly voice of Donnerhugel spoke close in his ear—

‘What, comrade, has our journey to-day fatigued you so much that you go to sleep upon your feet?’

‘Now, Heaven forbid, hauptman,’ said the Englishman, starting from his reverie, and addressing Rudolph by this name (signifying captain, or literally head-man), which the youth of the expedition had by unanimous consent bestowed on him—‘Heaven forbid I should sleep, if there be aught like action in the wind.’

‘Where dost thou propose to be at cock-crow?’ said the Swiss.

‘Where duty shall call me, or your experience, noble hauptman, shall appoint,’ replied Arthur. ‘But, with your leave, I purposed to take Sigismund’s guard on the bridge till midnight or morning dawn. He still feels the sprain which he received in his spring after yonder chamois, and I persuaded him to take some uninterrupted rest, as the best mode of restoring his strength.’

‘He will do well to keep his counsel, then,’ again whispered Donnerhugel: ‘the old Landamman is not a man to make allowances for mishaps, when they interfere with duty. Those who are under his orders should have as few brains as a bull, as strong limbs as a bear, and be as impassible as lead or iron to all the casualties of life and all the weaknesses of humanity.’

Arthur replied in the same tone—‘I have been the Landamman’s guest for some time, and have seen no specimens of any such rigid discipline.’

‘You are a stranger,’ said the Swiss, ‘and the old man has too much hospitality to lay you under the least restraint. You are a volunteer, too, in whatever share you choose to take in our sports or our military duty; and therefore, when I ask you to walk abroad with me at the first cock-crowing, it is only in the event that such exercise shall entirely consist with your own pleasure.’

‘I consider myself as under your command for the time,’ said Philipson; ‘but, not to bandy courtesy, at cock-crow I shall be relieved from my watch on the drawbridge, and will be by that time glad to exchange the post for a more extended walk.’

‘Do you not choose more of this fatiguing, and probably unnecessary, duty than may befit your strength?’ said Rudolph.

'I take no more than you do,' said Arthur, 'as you propose not to take rest till morning.'

'True,' answered Donnerhugel, 'but I am a Swiss.'

'And I,' answered Philipson, quickly, 'am an Englishman.'

'I did not mean what I said in the sense you take it,' said Rudolph, laughing: 'I only meant, that I am more interested in this matter than you can be, who are a stranger to the cause in which we are personally engaged.'

'I am a stranger, no doubt,' replied Arthur; 'but a stranger who has enjoyed your hospitality, and who, therefore, claims a right, while with you, to a share in your labours and dangers.'

'Be it so,' said Rudolph Donnerhugel. 'I shall have finished my first rounds at the hour when the sentinels at the castle are relieved, and shall be ready to recommence them in your good company.'

'Content,' said the Englishman. 'And now I will to my post, for I suspect Sigismund is blaming me already, as oblivious of my promise.'

They hastened together to the gate, where Sigismund willingly yielded up his weapon and his guard to young Philipson, confirming the idea sometimes entertained of him, that he was the most indolent and least spirited of the family of Geierstein.

Rudolph could not suppress his displeasure. 'What would the Landamman say,' he demanded, 'if he saw thee thus quietly yield up post and partizan to a stranger?'

'He would say I did well,' answered the young man, nothing daunted; 'for he is for ever reminding us to let the stranger have his own way in everything; and English Arthur stands on this bridge by his own wish, and no asking of mine. Therefore, kind Arthur, since thou wilt barter warm straw and a sound sleep for frosty air and a clear moonlight, I make thee welcome with all my heart. Hear your duty. You are to stop all who enter, or attempt to enter, or till they give the password. If they are strangers, you must give alarm. But you will suffer such of our friends as are known to you to pass outwards without challenge or alarm, because the deputation may find occasion to send messengers abroad.'

'A murrain on thee, thou lazy losel!' said Rudolph. 'Thou art the only sluggard of thy kin.'

'Then am I the only wise man of them all,' said the youth. 'Harkye, brave hauptman, ye have supped this evening, have ye not?'

'It is a point of wisdom, ye owl,' answered the Bernese, 'not to go into the forest fasting.'

'If it is wisdom to eat when we are hungry,' answered Sigismund, 'there can be no folly in sleeping when we are weary.' So saying, and after a desperate yawn or two, the relieved sentinel halted off, giving full effect to the sprain of which he complained.

'Yet there is strength in those loitering limbs, and valour in that indolent and sluggish spirit,' said Rudolph to the Englishman. 'But it is time that I, who censure others, should betake me to my own task. Hither, comrades of the watch — hither.'

The Bernese accompanied these words with a whistle, which brought from within six young men, whom he had previously chosen for the duty, and who, after a hurried supper, now waited his summons. One or two of them had large blood-hounds or lyme-dogs, which, though usually employed in the pursuit of animals of chase, were also excellent for discovering ambuscades, in which duty their services were now to be employed. One of these animals was held in a leash by the person who, forming the advance of the party, went about twenty yards in front of them; a second was the property of Donnerhugel himself, who had the creature singularly under command. Three of his companions attended him closely, and the two others followed, one of whom bore a horn of the Bernese wild bull, by way of bugle. This little party crossed the moat by the temporary bridge, and moved on to the verge of the forest, which lay adjacent to the castle, and the skirts of which were most likely to conceal any ambuscade that could be apprehended. The moon was now up, and near the full, so that Arthur, from the elevation on which the castle stood, could trace their slow, cautious march, amid the broad silver light, until they were lost in the depths of the forest.

When this object had ceased to occupy his eyes, the thoughts of his lonely watch again returned to Anne of Geierstein, and to the singular expression of distress and apprehension which had that evening clouded her beautiful features. Then the blush which had chased, for the moment, paleness and terror from her countenance, at the instant his eyes encountered hers — was it anger — was it modesty — was it some softer feeling, more gentle than the one, more tender than the other? Young Philipson, who, like Chaucer's Squire, was 'as modest as a maid,' almost trembled to give to that look the favourable inter-

pretation which a more self-satisfied gallant would have applied to it without scruple. No hue of rising or setting day was ever so lovely in the eyes of the young man as that blush was in his recollection; nor did ever enthusiastic visionary or poetical dreamer find out so many fanciful forms in the clouds as Arthur divined various interpretations from the indications of interest which had passed over the beautiful countenance of the Swiss maiden.

In the meantime, the thought suddenly burst on his reverie, that it could little concern him what was the cause of the perturbation she had exhibited. They had met at no distant period for the first time; they must soon part for ever. She could be nothing more to him than the remembrance of a beautiful vision, and he could have no other part in her memory save as a stranger from a foreign land, who had been a sojourner for a season in her uncle's house, but whom she could never expect to see again. When this idea intruded on the train of romantic visions which agitated him, it was like the sharp stroke of the harpoon, which awakens the whale from slumbering torpidity into violent action. The gateway in which the young soldier kept his watch seemed suddenly too narrow for him. He rushed across the temporary bridge, and hastily traversed a short space of ground in front of the *tête-du-pont*, or defensive work, on which its outer extremity rested.

Here for a time he paced the narrow extent to which he was confined by his duty as a sentinel, with long and rapid strides, as if he had been engaged by vow to take the greatest possible quantity of exercise upon that limited space of ground. His exertion, however, produced the effect of in some degree composing his mind, recalling him to himself, and reminding him of the numerous reasons which prohibited his fixing his attention, much more his affections, upon this young person, however fascinating she was.

'I have surely,' he thought, as he slackened his pace and shouldered his heavy partizan, 'sense enough left to recollect my condition and my duties — to think of my father, to whom I am all in all, and to think also on the dishonour which must accrue to me, were I capable of winning the affections of a frank-hearted and confiding girl, to whom I could never do justice by dedicating my life to return them. No,' he said to himself, 'she will soon forget me, and I will study to remember her no otherwise than I would a pleasing dream, which hath for

a moment crossed a night of perils and dangers, such as my life seems doomed to be.'

As he spoke, he stopped short in his walk, and as he rested on his weapon, a tear rose unbidden to his eye and stole down his cheek without being wiped away. But he combated this gentler mood of passion as he had formerly battled with that which was of a wilder and more desperate character. Shaking off the dejection and sinking of spirit which he felt creeping upon him, he resumed, at the same time, the air and attitude of an attentive sentinel, and recalled his mind to the duties of his watch, which, in the tumult of his feelings, he had almost forgotten. But what was his astonishment when, as he looked out on the clear landscape, there passed from the bridge towards the forest, crossing him in the broad moonlight, the living and moving likeness of Anne of Geierstein !

CHAPTER X

We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
Which to the slumberer seem realities ;
And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
As set at nought the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.

Anonymous.

THE apparition of Anne of Geierstein crossed her lover — her admirer, at least, we must call him — within shorter time than we can tell the story. But it was distinct, perfect, and undoubted. In the very instant when the young Englishman, shaking off his fond despondency, raised his head to look out upon the scene of his watch, she came from the nearer end of the bridge, crossing the path of the sentinel, upon whom she did not even cast a look, and passed with a rapid yet steady pace towards the verge of the woodland.

It would have been natural, though Arthur had been directed not to challenge persons who left the castle, but only such as might approach it, that he should nevertheless, had it only been in mere civility, have held some communication, however slight, with the maiden as she crossed his post. But the suddenness of her appearance took from him for the instant both speech and motion. It seemed as if his own imagination had raised up a phantom, presenting to his outward senses the form and features which engrossed his mind ; and he was silent, partly at least from the idea that what he gazed upon was immaterial and not of this world.

It would have been no less natural that Anne of Geierstein should have in some manner acknowledged the person who had spent a considerable time under the same roof with her, had been often her partner in the dance, and her companion in the field ; but she did not evince the slightest token of recognition, nor even look towards him as she passed ; her eye was on the

wood, to which she advanced swiftly and steadily, and she was hidden by its boughs ere Arthur had recollected himself sufficiently to determine what to do.

His first feeling was anger at himself for suffering her to pass unquestioned, when it might well chance that, upon any errand which called her forth at so extraordinary a time and place, he might have been enabled to afford her assistance, or at least advice. This sentiment was for a short time so predominant, that he ran towards the place where he had seen the skirt of her dress disappear, and, whispering her name as loud as the fear of alarming the castle permitted, conjured her to return, and hear him but for a few brief moments. No answer, however, was returned; and when the branches of the trees began to darken over his head and to intercept the moonlight, he recollected that he was leaving his post, and exposing his fellow-travellers, who were trusting in his vigilance, to the danger of surprise.

He hastened, therefore, back to the castle gate, with matter for deeper and more inextricable doubt and anxiety than had occupied him during the commencement of his watch. He asked himself in vain, with what purpose that modest young maiden, whose manners were frank, but whose conduct had always seemed so delicate and reserved, could sally forth at midnight like a damsel-errant in romance, when she was in a strange country and suspicious neighbourhood; yet he rejected, as he would have shrunk from blasphemy, any interpretation which could have thrown censure upon Anne of Geierstein. No, nothing was she capable of doing for which a friend could have to blush. But connecting her previous agitation with the extraordinary fact of her leaving the castle, alone and defenceless, at such an hour, Arthur necessarily concluded it must argue some cogent reason, and, as was most likely, of an unpleasant nature. 'I will watch her return,' he internally uttered, 'and, if she will give me an opportunity, I will convey to her the assurance that there is one faithful bosom in her neighbourhood, which is bound in honour and gratitude to pour out every drop of its blood, if by doing so it can protect her from the slightest inconvenience. This is no silly flight of romance, for which common sense has a right to reproach me: it is only what I ought to do, what I must do, or forego every claim to be termed a man of honesty or honour.'

Yet scarce did the young man think himself anchored on a resolution which seemed unobjectionable than his thoughts

were again adrift. He reflected that Anne might have a desire to visit the neighbouring town of Bâle, to which she had been invited the day before, and where her uncle had friends. It was indeed an uncommon hour to select for such a purpose; but Arthur was aware that the Swiss maidens feared neither solitary walks nor late hours, and that Anne would have walked among her own hills by moonlight much farther than the distance betwixt their place of encampment and Bâle, to see a sick friend, or for any similar purpose. To press himself on her confidence, then, might be impertinence, not kindness; and as she had passed him without taking the slightest notice of his presence, it was evident she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confidant; and probably she was involved in no difficulties where his aid could be useful. In that case, the duty of a gentleman was to permit her to return as she had gone forth, unnoticed and unquestioned, leaving it with herself to hold communication with him or not as she should choose.

Another idea, belonging to the age, also passed through his mind, though it made no strong impression upon it. This form, so perfectly resembling Anne of Geierstein, might be a deception of the sight, or it might be one of those fantastic apparitions concerning which there were so many tales told in all countries, and of which Switzerland and Germany had, as Arthur well knew, their full share. The internal and undefinable feelings which restrained him from accosting the maiden, as might have been natural for him to have done, are easily explained, on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk from an encounter with a being of a different nature. There had also been some expressions of the magistrate of Bâle which might apply to the castle's being liable to be haunted by beings from another world. But though the general belief in such ghostly apparitions prevented the Englishman from being positively incredulous on the subject, yet the instructions of his father, a man of great intrepidity and distinguished good sense, had taught him to be extremely unwilling to refer anything to supernatural interferences which was capable of explanation by ordinary rules; and he therefore shook off, without difficulty, any feelings of superstitious fear which for an instant connected itself with his nocturnal adventure. He resolved finally to suppress all disquieting conjecture on the subject, and to await firmly, if not patiently, the return of the fair vision, which, if it should not fully explain the mystery,

seemed at least to afford the only chance of throwing light upon it.

Fixed, therefore, in purpose, he traversed the walk which his duty permitted, with his eyes fixed on the part of the forest where he had seen the beloved form disappear, and forgetful for the moment that his watch had any other purpose than to observe her return. But from this abstraction of mind he was roused by a distant sound in the forest, which seemed the clash of armour. Recalled at once to a sense of his duty, and its importance to his father and his fellow-travellers, Arthur planted himself on the temporary bridge, where a stand could best be made, and turned both eyes and ears to watch for approaching danger. The sound of arms and footsteps came nearer: spears and helmets advanced from the green-wood glade, and twinkled in the moonlight. But the stately form of Rudolph Donnerhugel, marching in front, was easily recognised, and announced to our sentinel the return of the patrol. Upon their approach to the bridge, the challenge and interchange of sign and countersign, which is usual on such occasions, took place in due form; and as Rudolph's party filed off one after another into the castle, he commanded them to wake their companions, with whom he intended to renew the patrol, and at the same time to send a relief to Arthur Philipson, whose watch on the bridge was now ended. This last fact was confirmed by the deep and distant toll of the minster clock from the town of Bâle, which, prolonging its sullen sound over field and forest, announced that midnight was past.

'And now, comrade,' continued Rudolph to the Englishman, 'have the cold air and long watch determined thee to retire to food and rest, or dost thou still hold the intention of partaking our rounds?'

In very truth it would have been Arthur's choice to have remained in the place where he was, for the purpose of watching Anne of Geierstein's return from her mysterious excursion. He could not easily have found an excuse for this, however, and he was unwilling to give the haughty Donnerhugel the least suspicion that he was inferior in hardihood, or in the power of enduring fatigue, to any of the tall mountaineers whose companion he chanced to be for the present. He did not, therefore, indulge even a moment's hesitation; but while he restored the borrowed partizan to the sluggish Sigismund, who came from the castle yawning and stretching himself like

one whose slumbers had been broken by no welcome summons when they were deepest and sweetest, he acquainted Rudolph that he retained his purpose of partaking in his reconnoitring duty. They were speedily joined by the rest of the patrolling party, amongst whom was Rudiger, the eldest son of the Landamman of Unterwalden; and when, led by the Bernese champion, they had reached the skirts of the forest, Rudolph commanded three of them to attend Rudiger Biederman.

'Thou wilt make thy round to the left side,' said the Bernese, 'I will draw off to the right; see thou keepest a good lookout, and we will meet merrily at the place appointed. Take one of the hounds with you. I will keep Wolf-fanger, who will open on a Burgundian as readily as on a bear.'

Rudiger moved off with his party to the left, according to the directions received; and Rudolph, having sent forward one of his number in front and stationed another in the rear, commanded the third to follow himself and Arthur Philipson, who thus constituted the main body of the patrol. Having intimated to their immediate attendant to keep at such distance as to allow them freedom of conversation, Rudolph addressed the Englishman with the familiarity which their recent friendship had created. 'And now, King Arthur, what thinks the Majesty of England of our Helvetian youth? Could they win guerdon in tilt or tourney, thinkest thou, noble prince? Or would they rank but amongst the coward knights of Cornouailles?'¹

'For tilt and tourney I cannot answer,' said Arthur, summoning up his spirits to reply, 'because I never beheld one of you mounted on a steed, or having spear in rest. But if strong limbs and stout hearts are to be considered, I would match you Swiss gallants with those of any country in the universe where manhood is to be looked for, whether it be in heart or hand.'

'Thou speakest us fair; and, young Englishman,' said Rudolph, 'know that we think as highly of thee, of which I will presently afford thee a proof. Thou talked'st but now of horses. I know but little of them; yet I judge thou wouldst not buy a steed which thou hadst only seen covered with trappings, or encumbered with saddle and bridle, but wouldst desire to look at him when stripped, and in his natural state of freedom?'

'Ay, marry, would I,' said Arthur. 'Thou hast spoken on

¹ The chivalry of Cornwall are generally undervalued in the Norman-French romances. The cause is difficult to discover.

that as if thou hadst been born in a district called Yorkshire, which men call the merriest part of Merry England.'

'Then I tell thee,' said Rudolph Donnerhugel, 'that thou hast seen our Swiss youth but half, since thou hast observed them as yet only in their submissive attendance upon the elders of their cantons, or, at most, in their mountain sports, which, though they may show men's outward strength and activity, can throw no light on the spirit and disposition by which that strength and activity are to be guided and directed in matters of high enterprise.'

The Swiss probably designed that these remarks should excite the curiosity of the stranger. But the Englishman had the image, look, and form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had passed him in the silent hours of his watch, too constantly before him to enter willingly upon a subject of conversation totally foreign to what agitated his mind. He, therefore, only compelled himself to reply in civility, that he had no doubt his esteem for the Swiss, both aged and young, would increase in proportion with his more intimate knowledge of the nation.

He was then silent; and Donnerhugel, disappointed, perhaps, at having failed to excite his curiosity, walked also in silence by his side. Arthur, meanwhile, was considering with himself whether he should mention to his companion the circumstance which occupied his own mind, in the hope that the kinsman of Anne of Geierstein, an ancient friend of her house, might be able to throw some light on the subject.

But he felt within his mind an insurmountable objection to converse with the Swiss on a subject in which Anne was concerned. That Rudolph made pretensions to her favour could hardly be doubted; and though Arthur, had the question been put to him, must in common consistency have resigned all competition on the subject, still he could not bear to think on the possibility of his rival's success, and would not willingly have endured to hear him pronounce her name.

Perhaps it was owing to this secret irritability that Arthur, though he made every effort to conceal and to overcome the sensation, still felt a secret dislike to Rudolph Donnerhugel, whose frank, but somewhat coarse, familiarity was mingled with a certain air of protection and patronage, which the Englishman thought was by no means called for. He met the openness of the Bernese, indeed, with equal frankness, but he was ever and anon tempted to reject or repel the tone of superiority by which it was accompanied. The circumstances of their duel

had given the Swiss no ground for such triumph; nor did Arthur feel himself included in that roll of the Swiss youth over whom Rudolph exercised domination, by general consent. So little did Philipson relish this affectation of superiority, that the poor jest that termed him King Arthur, although quite indifferent to him when applied by any of the Biedermans, was rather offensive when Rudolph took the same liberty; so that he often found himself in the awkward condition of one who is internally irritated, without having any outward manner of testifying it with propriety. Undoubtedly, the root of all this tacit dislike to the young Bernese was a feeling of rivalry; but it was a feeling which Arthur dared not avow even to himself. It was sufficiently powerful, however, to suppress the slight inclination he had felt to speak with Rudolph on the passage of the night which had most interested him; and as the topic of conversation introduced by his companion had been suffered to drop, they walked on side by side in silence, 'with the beard on the shoulder,' as the Spaniard says — looking round, that is, on all hands — and thus performing the duty of a vigilant watch.

At length, after they had walked nearly a mile through forest and field, making a circuit around the ruins of Graffslust, of such an extent as to leave no room for an ambush betwixt them and the place, the old hound, led by the vidette who was foremost, stopped and uttered a low growl.

'How now, Wolf-fanger!' said Rudolph, advancing. 'What, old fellow! dost thou not know friends from foes? Come, what sayest thou, on better thoughts? Thou must not lose character in thy old age; try it again.'

The dog raised his head, snuffed the air all around, as if he understood what his master had said, then shook his head and tail, as if answering to his voice.

'Why, there it is now,' said Donnerhugel, patting the animal's shaggy back; 'second thoughts are worth gold: thou seest it is a friend after all.'

The dog again shook his tail, and moved forward with the same unconcern as before; Rudolph fell back into his place, and his companion said to him —

'We are about to meet Rudiger and our companions, I suppose, and the dog hears their footsteps, though we cannot.'

'It can scarcely yet be Rudiger,' said the Bernese: 'his walk around the castle is of a wider circumference than ours. Some one approaches, however, for Wolf-fanger is again dissatisfied. Look sharply out on all sides.'

As Rudolph gave his party the word to be on the alert, they reached an open glade, in which were scattered, at considerable distance from each other, some old pine-trees of gigantic size, which seemed yet huger and blacker than ordinary, from their broad sable tops and shattered branches being displayed against the clear and white moonlight. 'We shall here, at least,' said the Swiss, 'have the advantage of seeing clearly whatever approaches. But I judge,' said he, after looking around for a minute, 'it is but some wolf or deer that has crossed our path, and the scent disturbs the hound. Hold — stop — yes, it must be so — he goes on.'

The dog accordingly proceeded, after having given some signs of doubt, uncertainty, and even anxiety. Apparently, however, he became reconciled to what had disturbed him, and proceeded once more in the ordinary manner.

'This is singular!' said Arthur Philipson; 'and, to my thinking, I saw an object close by yonder patch of thicket, where, as well as I can guess, a few thorn and hazel bushes surround the stems of four or five large trees.'

'My eye has been on that very thicket for these five minutes past, and I saw nothing,' said Rudolph.

'Nay, but,' answered the young Englishman, 'I saw the object, whatever it was, while you were engaged in attending to the dog. And by your permission, I will forward and examine the spot.'

'Were you, strictly speaking, under my command,' said Donnerhugel, 'I would command you to keep your place. If they be foes, it is essential that we should remain together. But you are a volunteer in our watch, and therefore may use your freedom.'

'I thank you,' answered Arthur, and sprung quickly forward.

He felt, indeed, at the moment, that he was not acting courteously as an individual, nor perhaps correctly as a soldier; and that he ought to have rendered obedience, for the time, to the captain of the party in which he had enlisted himself. But, on the other hand, the object which he had seen, though at a distance and imperfectly, seemed to bear a resemblance to the retiring form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had vanished from his eyes, an hour or two before, under the cover of the forest; and his ungovernable curiosity to ascertain whether it might not be the maiden in person allowed him to listen to no other consideration.

Ere Rudolph had spoken out his few words of reply, Arthur

was half-way to the thicket. It was, as it had seemed at a distance, of small extent, and not fitted to hide any person who did not actually couch down amongst the dwarf bushes and underwood. Anything white, also, which bore the human size and form, must, he thought, have been discovered among the dark-red stems and swarthy-coloured bushes which were before him. These observations were mingled with other thoughts. If it was Anne of Geierstein whom he had a second time seen, she must have left the more open path, desirous probably of avoiding notice; and what right or title had he to direct upon her the observation of the patrol? He had, he thought, observed that in general the maiden rather repelled than encouraged the attentions of Rudolph Donnerhugel; or, where it would have been discourteous to have rejected them entirely, that she endured without encouraging them. What, then, could be the propriety of his intruding upon her private walk, singular, indeed, from time and place, but which, on that account, she might be more desirous to keep secret from the observation of one who was disagreeable to her? Nay, was it not possible that Rudolph might derive advantage to his otherwise unacceptable suit by possessing the knowledge of something which the maiden desired to be concealed?

As these thoughts pressed upon him, Arthur made a pause, with his eyes fixed on the thicket, from which he was now scarce thirty yards distant; and although scrutinising it with all the keen accuracy which his uncertainty and anxiety dictated, he was actuated by a strong feeling that it would be wisest to turn back to his companions, and report to Rudolph that his eyes had deceived him.

But, while he was yet undecided whether to advance or return, the object which he had seen became again visible on the verge of the thicket, and advanced straight towards him, bearing, as on the former occasion, the exact dress and figure of Anne of Geierstein! This vision — for the time, place, and suddenness of the appearance made it seem rather an illusion than a reality — struck Arthur with surprise, which amounted to terror. The figure passed within a spear's-length, unchallenged by him, and giving not the slightest sign of recognition; and, directing its course to the right hand of Rudolph and the two or three who were with him, was again lost among the broken ground and bushes.

Once more the young man was reduced to a state of the most inextricable doubt; nor was he roused from the stupor

into which he was thrown till the voice of the Bernese sounded in his ear — ‘Why, how now, King Arthur; art thou asleep, or art thou wounded?’

‘Neither,’ said Philipson, collecting himself; ‘only much surprised.’

‘Surprised! and at what, most royal ——’

‘Forbear foolery,’ said Arthur, somewhat sternly, ‘and answer as thou art a man — Did she not meet thee? — didst thou not see her?’

‘See her! — see whom?’ said Donnerhugel. ‘I saw no one. And I could have sworn you had seen no one either, for I had you in my eye the whole time of your absence, excepting two or three moments. If you saw aught, why gave you not the alarm?’

‘Because it was only a woman,’ answered Arthur, faintly.

‘Only a woman!’ repeated Rudolph, in a tone of contempt. ‘By my honest word, King Arthur, if I had not seen pretty flashes of valour fly from thee at times, I should be apt to think that thou hadst only a woman’s courage thyself. Strange, that a shadow by night, or a precipice in the day, should quell so bold a spirit as thou hast often shown ——’

‘And as I will ever show, when occasion demands it,’ interrupted the Englishman, with recovered spirit. ‘But I swear to you that, if I be now daunted, it is by no merely earthly fears that my mind hath been for a moment subdued.’

‘Let us proceed on our walk,’ said Rudolph: ‘we must not neglect the safety of our friends. This appearance of which thou speakest may be but a trick to interrupt our duty.’

They moved on through the moonlight glades. A minute’s reflection restored young Philipson to his full recollection, and with that to the painful consciousness that he had played a ridiculous and unworthy part in the presence of the person whom (of the male sex, at least) he would the very last have chosen as a witness of his weakness.

He ran hastily over the relations which stood betwixt himself, Donnerhugel, the Landamman, his niece, and the rest of that family; and, contrary to the opinion which he had entertained but a short while before, settled in his own mind that it was his duty to mention to the immediate leader under whom he had placed himself the appearance which he had twice observed in the course of that night’s duty. There might be family circumstances — the payment of a vow, perhaps, or some such reason — which might render intelligible to her connexions

the behaviour of this young lady. Besides, he was for the present a soldier on duty, and these mysteries might be fraught with evils to be anticipated or guarded against; in either case, his companions were entitled to be made aware of what he had seen. It must be supposed that this resolution was adopted when the sense of duty, and of shame for the weakness which he had exhibited, had for the moment subdued Arthur's personal feelings towards Anne of Geierstein — feelings, also, liable to be chilled by the mysterious uncertainty which the events of that evening had cast, like a thick mist, around the object of them.

While the Englishman's reflections were taking this turn, his captain or companion, after a silence of several minutes, at length addressed him.

'I believe,' he said, 'my dear comrade, that, as being at present your officer, I have some title to hear from you the report of what you have just now seen, since it must be something of importance which could so strongly agitate a mind so firm as yours. But if, in your own opinion, it consists with the general safety to delay your report of what you have seen until we return to the castle, and then to deliver it to the private ear of the Landamman, you have only to intimate your purpose; and, far from urging you to place confidence in me personally, though I hope I am not undeserving of it, I will authorise your leaving us, and returning instantly to the castle.'

This proposal touched him to whom it was made exactly in the right place. An absolute demand of his confidence might perhaps have been declined; the tone of moderate request and conciliation fell presently in with the Englishman's own reflections.

'I am sensible,' he said, 'hauptman, that I ought to mention to you that which I have seen to-night; but on the first occasion it did not fall within my duty to do so, and now that I have a second time witnessed the same appearance, I have felt for these few seconds so much surprised at what I have seen, that even yet I can scarce find words to express it.'

'As I cannot guess what you may have to say,' replied the Bernese, 'I must beseech you to be explicit. We are but poor readers of riddles, we thick-headed Switzers.'

'Yet it is but a riddle which I have to place before you, Rudolph Donnerhugel,' answered the Englishman, 'and a riddle which is far beyond my own guessing at.' He then proceeded,

though not without hesitation, 'While you were performing your first patrol amongst the ruins, a female crossed the bridge from within the castle, walked by my post without saying a single word, and vanished under the shadows of the forest.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Donnerhugel, and made no further answer.

Arthur proceeded. 'Within these five minutes, the same female form passed me a second time, issuing from the little thicket and clump of firs, and disappeared, without exchanging a word. Know, farther, this apparition bore the form, face, gait, and dress of your kinswoman, Anne of Geierstein.'

'Singular enough,' said Rudolph, in a tone of incredulity. 'I must not, I suppose, dispute your word, for you would receive doubt on my part as a mortal injury—such is your Northern chivalry. Yet, let me say, I have eyes as well as you, and I scarce think they quitted you for a minute. We were not fifty yards from the place where I found you standing in amazement. How, therefore, should not we also have seen that which you say and think you saw?'

'To that I can give no answer,' said Arthur. 'Perhaps your eyes were not exactly turned upon me during the short space in which I saw this form. Perhaps it might be visible—as they say fantastic appearances sometimes are—to only one person at a time.'

'You suppose, then, that the appearance was imaginary or fantastic?' said the Bernese.

'Can I tell you?' replied the Englishman. 'The church gives its warrant that there are such things; and surely it is more natural to believe this apparition to be an illusion than to suppose that Anne of Geierstein, a gentle and well-nurtured maiden, should be traversing the woods at this wild hour, when safety and propriety so strongly recommend her being within doors.'

'There is much in what you say,' said Rudolph; 'and yet there are stories afloat, though few care to mention them, which seem to allege that Anne of Geierstein is not altogether such as other maidens; and that she has been met with, in body and spirit, where she could hardly have come by her own unassisted efforts.'

'Ha!' said Arthur; 'so young, so beautiful, and already in league with the destroyer of mankind! It is impossible.'

'I said not so,' replied the Bernese; 'nor have I leisure at present to explain my meaning more fully. As we return to

the castle of Graffslust, I may have an opportunity to tell you more. But I chiefly brought you on this patrol to introduce you to some friends, whom you will be pleased to know, and who desire your acquaintance; and it is here I expect to meet them.'

So saying, he turned round the projecting corner of a rock, and an unexpected scene was presented to the eyes of the young Englishman.

In a sort of nook, or corner, screened by the rocky projection, there burned a large fire of wood, and around it sat, reclined, or lay, twelve or fifteen young men in the Swiss garb, but decorated with ornaments and embroidery, which reflected back the light of the fire. The same red gleam was returned by silver wine-cups, which circulated from hand to hand with the flasks which filled them. Arthur could also observe the relics of a banquet, to which due honour seemed to have been lately rendered.

The revellers started joyfully up at the sight of Donnerhugel and his companions, and saluted him, easily distinguished as he was by his stature, by the title of captain, warmly and exultingly uttered, while, at the same time, every tendency to noisy acclamation was cautiously suppressed. The zeal indicated that Rudolph came most welcome; the caution that he came in secret, and was to be received with mystery.

To the general greeting he answered — 'I thank you, my brave comrades. Has Rudiger yet reached you?'

'Thou see'st he has not,' said one of the party; 'had it been so, we would have detained him here till your coming, brave captain.'

'He has loitered on his patrol,' said the Bernese. 'We, too, were delayed, yet we are here before him. I bring with me, comrades, the brave Englishman whom I mentioned to you as a desirable associate in our daring purpose.'

'He is welcome — most welcome to us,' said a young man, whose richly embroidered dress of azure blue gave him an air of authority — 'most welcome is he, if he brings with him a heart and a hand to serve our noble task.'

'For both I will be responsible,' said Rudolph. 'Pass the wine-cup, then, to the success of our glorious enterprise, and the health of this our new associate!'

While they were replenishing the cups with wine of a quality far superior to any which Arthur had yet tasted in these regions, he thought it right, before engaging himself in the

pledge, to learn the secret object of the association which seemed desirous of adopting him.

'Before I engage my poor services to you, fair sirs, since it pleases you to desire them, permit me,' he said, 'to ask the purpose and character of the undertaking in which they are to be employed?'

'Shouldst thou have brought him hither,' said the cavalier in blue to Rudolph, 'without satisfying him and thyself on that point?'

'Care not thou about it, Laurenz,' replied the Bernese, 'I know my man. Be it known, then, to you, my good friend,' he continued, addressing the Englishman, 'that my comrades and I are determined at once to declare the freedom of the Swiss commerce, and to resist to the death, if it be necessary, all unlawful and extortionate demands on the part of our neighbours.'

'I understand so much,' said the young Englishman, 'and that the present deputation proceeds to the Duke of Burgundy with remonstrances to that effect.'

'Hear me,' replied Rudolph. 'The question is like to be brought to a bloody determination long ere we see the Duke of Burgundy's most august and most gracious countenance. That his influence should be used to exclude us from Bâle, a neutral town, and pertaining to the Empire, gives us cause to expect the worst reception when we enter his own dominions. We have even reason to think that we might have suffered from his hatred already, but for the vigilance of the ward which we have kept. Horsemen, from the direction of La Ferette, have this night reconnoitred our posts; and had they not found us prepared, we had, without question, been attacked in our quarters. But since we have escaped to-night, we must take care for to-morrow. For this purpose, a number of the bravest youth of the city of Bâle, incensed at the pusillanimity of their magistrates, are determined to join us, in order to wipe away the disgrace which the cowardly inhospitality of their magistracy has brought on their native place.'

'That we will do ere the sun, that will rise two hours hence, shall sink into the western sky,' said the cavalier in blue; and those around joined him in stern assent.

'Gentle sirs,' replied Arthur, when there was a pause, 'let me remind you that the embassy which you attend is a peaceful one, and that those who act as its escort ought to avoid anything which can augment the differences which it comes to

reconcile. You cannot expect to receive offence in the Duke's dominions, the privileges of envoys being respected in all civilised countries; and you will, I am sure, desire to offer none.'

'We may be subjected to insult, however,' replied the Bernese, 'and that through your concerns, Arthur Philipson, and those of thy father.'

'I understand you not,' replied Philipson.

'Your father,' answered Donnerhugel, 'is a merchant, and bears with him wares of small bulk but high value?'

'He does so,' answered Arthur; 'and what of that?'

'Marry,' answered Rudolph, 'that, if it be not better looked to, the Bandog of Burgundy is like to fall heir to a large proportion of your silks, satins, and jewelry work.'

'Silks, satins, and jewels!' exclaimed another of the revelers; 'such wares will not pass toll-free where Archibald of Hagenbach hath authority.'

'Fair sirs,' resumed Arthur, after a moment's consideration, 'these wares are my father's property, not mine; and it is for him, not me, to pronounce how much of them he might be content to part with in the way of toll, rather than give occasion to a fray, in which his companions, who have received him into their society, must be exposed to injury as well as himself. I can only say, that he has weighty affairs at the court of Burgundy, which must render him desirous of reaching it in peace with all men; and it is my private belief that, rather than incur the loss and danger of a broil with the garrison of La Ferette, he would be contented to sacrifice all the property which he has at present with him. Therefore, I must request of you, gentlemen, a space to consult his pleasure on this occasion; assuring you that, if it be his will to resist the payment of these duties to Burgundy, you shall find in me one who is fully determined to fight to the last drop of his blood.'

'Good King Arthur,' said Rudolph, 'thou art a dutiful observer of the Fourth [Fifth] Commandment, and thy days shall be long in the land. Do not suppose us neglectful of the same duty, although, for the present, we conceive ourselves bound, in the first place, to attend to the weal of our country, the common parent of our fathers and ourselves. But, as you know our profound respect for the Landamman, you need not fear that we shall willingly offer him offence, by rashly engaging in hostilities, or without some weighty reason; and an attempt to plunder his guest would have been met, on his part, with resistance to the death. I had hoped to find both you and

your father prompt enough to resent such a gross injury. Nevertheless, if your father inclines to present his fleece to be shorn by Archibald of Hagenbach, whose scissors, he will find, clip pretty closely, it would be unnecessary and uncivil in us to interpose. Meantime, you have the advantage of knowing that, in case the governor of La Ferette should be disposed to strip you of skin as well as fleece, there are more men close at hand than you looked for, whom you will find both able and willing to render you prompt assistance.'

'On these terms,' said the Englishman, 'I make my acknowledgments to these gentlemen of Bâle, or whatever other country hath sent them forth, and pledge them in a brotherly cup to our farther and more intimate acquaintance.'

'Health and prosperity to the United Cantons and their friends!' answered the Blue Cavalier. 'And death and confusion to all besides.'

The cups were replenished; and, instead of a shout of applause, the young men around testified their devoted determination to the cause which was thus announced by grasping each other's hands, and then brandishing their weapons with a fierce yet noiseless gesture.

'Thus,' said Rudolph Donnerhugel, 'our illustrious ancestors, the fathers of Swiss independence, met in the immortal field of Rutli, between Uri and Unterwalden. Thus they swore to each other, under the blue firmament of heaven, that they would restore the liberty of their oppressed country; and history can tell how well they kept their word.'

'And she shall record,' said the Blue Cavalier, 'how well the present Switzers can preserve the freedom which their fathers won. Proceed in your rounds, good Rudolph, and be assured that, at the signal of the hauptman, the soldiers will not be far absent; all is arranged as formerly, unless you have new orders to give us.'

'Hark thee hither, Laurenz,' said Rudolph to the Blue Cavalier; and Arthur could hear him say, 'Beware, my friend, that the Rhine wine be not abused; if there is too much provision of it, manage to destroy the flasks—a mule may stumble, thou knowest, or so. Give not way to Rudiger in this. He is grown a winebibber since he joined us. We must bring both heart and hand to what may be done to-morrow.' They then whispered so low that Arthur could hear nothing of their farther conference, and bid each other adieu, after clasping hands, as if they were renewing some solemn pledge of union.

Rudolph and his party then moved forward, and were scarce out of sight of their new associates; when the vidette, or foremost of their patrol, gave the signal of alarm. Arthur's heart leaped to his lips. 'It is Anne of Geierstein!' he said internally.

'The dogs are silent,' said the Bernese. 'Those who approach must be the companions of our watch.'

They proved, accordingly, to be Rudiger and his party, who, halting on the appearance of their comrades, made and underwent a formal challenge — such advance had the Swiss already made in military discipline, which was but little and rudely studied by the infantry in other parts of Europe. Arthur could hear Rudolph take his friend Rudiger to task for not meeting him at the halting-place appointed. 'It leads to new revelry on your arrival,' he said, 'and to-morrow must find us cool and determined.'

'Cool as an icicle, noble hauptman,' answered the son of the Landamman, 'and determined as the rock it hangs upon.'

Rudolph again recommended temperance, and the young Biederman promised compliance. The two parties passed each other with friendly though silent greeting; and there was soon a considerable distance between them.

The country was more open on the side of the castle around which their duty now led them than where it lay opposite to the principal gate. The glades were broad, the trees thinly scattered over pasture-land, and there were no thickets, ravines, or similar places of ambush; so that the eye might, in the clear moonlight, well command the country.

'Here,' said Rudolph, 'we may judge ourselves secure enough for some conference; and therefore may I ask thee, Arthur of England, now thou hast seen us more closely, what thinkest thou of the Switzer youth? If thou hast learned less than I could have wished, thank thine own uncommunicative temper, which retired in some degree from our confidence.'

'Only in so far as I could not have answered, and therefore ought not to have received, it,' said Arthur. 'The judgment I have been enabled to form amounts, in few words, to this: Your purposes are lofty and noble as your mountains; but the stranger from the low country is not accustomed to tread the circuitous path by which you ascend them. My foot has been always accustomed to move straight forward upon the greensward.'

'You speak in riddles,' answered the Bernese.

'Not so,' returned the Englishman. 'I think you ought plainly to mention to your seniors—the nominal leaders of young men who seem well disposed to take their own road—that you expect an attack in the neighbourhood of La Ferette, and hope for assistance from some of the townsmen of Bâle.'

'Ay, truly,' answered Donnerhugel; 'and the Landamman would stop his journey till he despatched a messenger for a safe-conduct to the Duke of Burgundy, and should he grant it, there were an end of all hope of war.'

'True,' replied Arthur; 'but the Landamman would thereby obtain his own principal object, and the sole purpose of the mission—that is, the establishment of peace.'

'Peace—peace!' answered the Bernese hastily. 'Were my wishes alone to be opposed to those of Arnold Biederman, I know so much of his honour and faith, I respect so highly his valour and patriotism, that at his voice I would sheathe my sword, even if my most mortal enemy stood before me. But mine is not the single wish of a single man: the whole of my canton and that of Soleure are determined on war. It was by war, noble war, that our fathers came forth from the house of their captivity; it was by war, successful and glorious war, that a race, who had been held scarce so much worth thinking on as the oxen which they goaded, emerged at once into liberty and consequence, and were honoured because they were feared, as much as they had been formerly despised because they were unresisting.'

'This may be all very true,' said the young Englishman; 'but, in my opinion, the object of your mission has been determined by your Diet or House of Commons. They have resolved to send you with others as messengers of peace; but you are secretly blowing the coals of war, and while all, or most, of your senior colleagues are setting out to-morrow in expectation of a peaceful journey, you stand prepared for a combat, and look for the means of giving cause for it.'

'And is it not well that I do stand so prepared?' answered Rudolph. 'If our reception in Burgundy's dependencies be peaceful, as you say the rest of the deputation expect, my precautions will be needless; but at least they can do no harm. If it prove otherwise, I shall be the means of averting a great misfortune from my colleagues, my kinsman Arnold Biederman, my fair cousin Anne, your father, yourself—from all of us, in short, who are joyously travelling together.'

Arthur shook his head. 'There is something in all this,'

he said, 'which I understand not, and will not seek to understand. I only pray that you will not make my father's concerns the subject of breaking truce; it may, as you hint, involve the Landamman in a quarrel, which he might otherwise have avoided. I am sure my father will never forgive it.'

'I have pledged my word,' said Rudolph, 'already to that effect. But if he should like the usage of the Bandog of Burgundy less than you seem to apprehend he will, there is no harm in your knowing that, in time of need, he may be well and actively supported.'

'I am greatly obliged by the assurance,' replied the Englishman.

'And thou mayst thyself, my friend,' continued Rudolph, 'take a warning from what thou hast heard: men go not to a bridal in armour, nor to a brawl in silken doublet.'

'I will be clad to meet the worst,' said Arthur; 'and for that purpose I will don a light hauberk of well-tempered steel, proof against spear or arrow; and I thank you for your kindly counsel.'

'Nay, thank not me,' said Rudolph: 'I were ill deserving to be a leader did I not make those who are to follow me, more especially so trusty a follower as thou art, aware of the time when they should buckle on their armour and prepare for hard blows.'

Here the conversation paused for a moment or two, neither of the speakers being entirely contented with his companion, although neither pressed any further remark.

The Bernese, judging from the feelings which he had seen predominate among the traders of his own country, had entertained little doubt that the Englishman, finding himself powerfully supported in point of force, would have caught at the opportunity to resist paying the exorbitant imposts with which he was threatened at the next town, which would probably, without any effort on Rudolph's part, have led to breaking off the truce on the part of Arnold Biederman himself, and to an instant declaration of hostilities. On the other hand, young Philipson could not understand or approve of Donnerhugel's conduct, who, himself a member of a peaceful deputation, seemed to be animated with the purpose of seizing an opportunity to kindle the flames of war.

Occupied by these various reflections, they walked side by side for some time without speaking together, until Rudolph broke silence.

'Your curiosity is then ended, sir Englishman,' said he, 'respecting the apparition of Anne of Geierstein?'

'Far from it,' replied Phillipson; 'but I would unwillingly intrude any questions on you while you are busy with the duties of your patrol.'

'That may be considered as over,' said the Bernese, 'for there is not a bush near us to cover a Burgundian knave, and a glance around us from time to time is all that is now needful to prevent surprise. And so, listen while I tell a tale never sung or harped in hall or bower, and which, I begin to think, deserves as much credit, at least, as is due to the Tales of the Round Table, which ancient troubadours and minnesingers dole out to us as the authentic chronicles of your renowned namesake.

'Of Anne's ancestors on the male side of the house,' continued Rudolph, 'I daresay you have heard enough, and are well aware how they dwelt in the old walls at Geierstein beside the cascade, grinding their vassals, devouring the substance of their less powerful neighbours, and plundering the goods of the travellers whom ill luck sent within ken of the vulture's eyrie, the one year; and in the next, wearying the shrines for mercy for their trespasses, overwhelming the priests with the wealth which they showered upon them, and, finally, vowing vows, and making pilgrimages, sometimes as palmers, sometimes as crusaders, as far as Jerusalem itself, to atone for the iniquities which they had committed without hesitation or struggle of conscience.'

'Such, I have understood,' replied the young Englishman, 'was the history of the house of Geierstein, till Arnold, or his immediate ancestors, exchanged the lance for the sheep-hook.'

'But it is said,' replied the Bernese, 'that the powerful and wealthy Barons of Arnheim, of Swabia, whose only female descendant became the wife to Count Albert of Geierstein, and the mother of this young person, whom Swiss call simply Anne, and Germans Countess Anne of Geierstein, were nobles of a different caste. They did not restrict their lives within the limits of sinning and repenting — of plundering harmless peasants and pampering fat monks; but were distinguished for something more than building castles with dungeons and *folter-kammern*, or torture-chambers, and founding monasteries with galleries and refectories.

'These same Barons of Arnheim were men who strove to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and converted

their castle into a species of college, where there were more ancient volumes than the monks have piled together in the library of St. Gall. Nor were their studies in books alone. Deep buried in their private laboratories, they attained secrets which were afterwards transmitted through the race from father to son, and were supposed to have approached nearly to the deepest recesses of alchemy. The report of their wisdom and their wealth was often brought to the Imperial footstool; and in the frequent disputes which the Emperors maintained with the Popes of old, it is said they were encouraged, if not instigated, by the counsels of the Barons of Arnheim, and supported by their treasures. It was, perhaps, such a course of politics, joined to the unusual and mysterious studies which the family of Arnheim so long pursued, which excited against them the generally received opinion that they were assisted in their superhuman researches by supernatural influences. The priests were active in forwarding this cry against men who, perhaps, had no other fault than that of being wiser than themselves.

“Look what guests,” they said, “are received in the halls of Arnheim! Let a Christian knight, crippled in war with the Saracens, present himself on the drawbridge, he is guerdoned with a crust and a cup of wine, and required to pass on his way. If a palmer, redolent of the sanctity acquired by his recent visits to the most holy shrines, and by the sacred relics which attest and reward his toil, approach the unhallowed walls, the warder bends his cross-bow, and the porter shuts the gate, as if the wandering saint brought the plague with him from Palestine. But comes there a greybearded, glib-tongued Greek, with his parchment scrolls, the very letters of which are painful to Christian eyes; comes there a Jewish Rabbin, with his Talmud and Cabala; comes there a swarthy sun-burnt Moor, who can boast of having read the language of the stars in Chaldea, the cradle of astrological science — lo, the wandering impostor or sorcerer occupies the highest seat at the Baron of Arnheim’s board, shares with him the labours of the alembic and the furnace, learns from him mystic knowledge, like that of which our first parents participated to the overthrow of their race, and requites it with lessons more dreadful than he receives, till the profane host has added to his hoard of unholy wisdom all that the pagan visitor can communicate. And these things are done in Almain, which is called the Holy Roman Empire, of which so many priests are princes! — they are

done, and neither ban nor monition is issued against a race of sorcerers who, from age to age, go on triumphing in their necromancy."

'Such arguments, which were echoed from mitred abbots to the cell of anchorites, seem, nevertheless, to have made little impression on the Imperial council. But they served to excite the zeal of many a baron and free count of the Empire, who were taught by them to esteem a war or feud with the Barons of Arnheim as partaking of the nature, and entitled to the immunities, of a crusade against the enemies of the Faith, and to regard an attack upon these obnoxious potentates as a mode of clearing off their deep scores with the Christian Church. But the Lords of Arnheim, though not seeking for quarrel, were by no means unwarlike, or averse to maintaining their own defence. Some, on the contrary, belonging to this obnoxious race were not the less distinguished as gallant knights and good men-at-arms. They were besides wealthy, secured and strengthened by great alliances, and in an eminent degree wise and provident. This the parties who assailed them learned to their cost.

'The confederacies formed against the Lords of Arnheim were broken up; the attacks which their enemies meditated were anticipated and disconcerted; and those who employed actual violence were repelled with signal loss to the assailants; until at length an impression was produced in their neighbourhood, that, by their accurate information concerning meditated violence, and their extraordinary powers of resisting and defeating it, the obnoxious barons must have brought to their defence means which merely human force was incapable of overthrowing; so that, becoming as much feared as hated, they were suffered for the last generation to remain unmolested. And this was the rather the case, that the numerous vassals of this great house were perfectly satisfied with their feudal superiors, abundantly ready to rise in their defence, and disposed to believe that, whether their lords were sorcerers or no, their own condition would not be mended by exchanging their government either for the rule of the crusaders in this holy warfare or that of the churchmen by whom it was instigated. The race of these barons ended in Herman von Arnheim, the maternal grandfather of Anne of Geierstein. He was buried with his helmet, sword, and shield, as is the German custom with the last male of a noble family.

'But he left an only daughter, Sybilla of Arnheim, to inherit

a considerable portion of his estate ; and I never heard that the strong imputation of sorcery which attached to her house prevented numerous applications, from persons of the highest distinction in the Empire, to her legal guardian, the Emperor, for the rich heiress's hand in marriage. Albert of Geierstein, however, though an exile, obtained the preference. He was gallant and handsome, which recommended him to Sybilla ; and the Emperor, bent at the time on the vain idea of recovering his authority in the Swiss mountains, was desirous to show himself generous to Albert, whom he considered as a fugitive from his country for espousing the Imperial cause. You may thus see, most noble King Arthur, that Anne of Geierstein, the only child of their marriage, descends from no ordinary stock ; and that circumstances in which she may be concerned are not to be explained or judged of so easily, or upon the same grounds of reasoning, as in the case of ordinary persons.'

'By my honest word, Sir Rudolph of Donnerhugel,' said Arthur, studiously labouring to keep a command upon his feelings, 'I can see nothing in your narrative, and understand nothing from it, unless it be that, because in Germany, as in other countries, there have been fools who have annexed the idea of witchcraft and sorcery to the possession of knowledge and wisdom, you are therefore disposed to stigmatise a young maiden, who has always been respected and beloved by those around her, as a disciple of arts which, I trust, are as uncommon as unlawful.'

Rudolph paused ere he replied.

'I could have wished,' he said, 'that you had been satisfied with the general character of Anne of Geierstein's maternal family, as offering some circumstances which may account for what you have, according to your own report, this night witnessed, and I am really unwilling to go into more particular details. To no one can Anne of Geierstein's fame be so dear as to me. I am, after her uncle's family, her nearest relative, and had she remained in Switzerland, or should she, as is most probable, return thither after the present visit to her father, perhaps our connexion might be drawn yet closer. This has, indeed, only been prevented by certain prejudices of her uncle's respecting her father's authority, and the nearness of our relationship, which, however, comes within reach of a license very frequently obtained. But I only mention these things to show you how much more tender I must necessarily hold Anne of Geierstein's reputation than it is possible for you to do, being

a stranger, known to her but a short while since, and soon to part with her, as I understand your purpose, for ever.'

The turn taken in this kind of apology irritated Arthur so highly, that it required all the reasons which recommended coolness to enable him to answer with assumed composure.

'I can have no ground, sir hauptman,' he said, 'to challenge any opinion which you may entertain of a young person with whom you are so closely connected as you appear to be with Anne of Geierstein. I only wonder that, with such regard for her as your relationship implies, you should be disposed to receive, on popular and trivial traditions, a belief which must injuriously affect your kinswoman, more especially one with whom you intimate a wish to form a still more close connexion. Bethink you, sir, that in all Christian lands the imputation of sorcery is the most foul which can be thrown on Christian man or woman.'

'And I am so far from intimating such an imputation,' said Rudolph, somewhat fiercely, 'that, by the good sword I wear, he that dared give breath to such a thought against Anne of Geierstein must undergo my challenge, and take my life or lose his own. But the question is not whether the maiden herself practises sorcery, which he who avers had better get ready his tomb, and provide for his soul's safety; the doubt lies here, whether, as the descendant of a family whose relations with the unseen world are reported to have been of the closest degree, elfish and fantastical beings may not have power to imitate her form, and to present her appearance where she is not personally present; in fine, whether they have permission to play at her expense fantastical tricks, which they cannot exercise over other mortals, whose forefathers have ever regulated their lives by the rules of the church, and died in regular communion with it. And, as I sincerely desire to retain your esteem, I have no objection to communicate to you more particular circumstances respecting her genealogy, confirming the idea I have now expressed. But you will understand they are of the most private nature, and that I expect secrecy under the strictest personal penalty.'

'I shall be silent, sir,' replied the young Englishman, still struggling with suppressed passion, 'on everything respecting the character of a maiden whom I am bound to respect so highly. But the fear of no man's displeasure can add a feather's weight to the guarantee of my own honour.'

'Be it so,' said Rudolph; 'it is not my wish to awake angry

feelings; but I am desirous, both for the sake of your good opinion, which I value, and also for the plainer explanation of what I have darkly intimated, to communicate to you what otherwise I would much rather have left untold.'

'You must be guided by your own sense of what is necessary and proper in the case,' answered Philipson; 'but remember I press not on your confidence for the communication of anything that ought to remain secret, far less where that young lady is the subject.'

Rudolph answered, after a minute's pause — 'Thou hast seen and heard too much, Arthur, not to learn the whole, or at least all that I know or apprehend on the mysterious subject. It is impossible but the circumstances must at times recur to your recollection, and I am desirous that you should possess all the information necessary to understand them as clearly as the nature of the facts will permit. We have yet, keeping leftward to view the bog, upwards of a mile to make ere the circuit of the castle is accomplished. It will afford leisure enough for the tale I have to tell.'

'Speak on — I listen!' answered the Englishman, divided between his desire to know all that it was possible to learn concerning Anne of Geierstein and his dislike to hear her name pronounced with such pretensions as those of Donnerhugel, together with the revival of his original prejudices against the gigantic Swiss, whose manners, always blunt, nearly to coarseness, seemed now marked by assumed superiority and presumption. Arthur listened, however, to his wild tale, and the interest which he took in it soon overpowered all other sensations.

CHAPTER XI

Donnerhugel's Narrative

These be the adept's doctrines: every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float;
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the Gnome;
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow;
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite, the Salamander.

Anonymous.

I TOLD you (said Rudolph), that the Lords of Arnheim, though from father to son they were notoriously addicted to secret studies, were, nevertheless, like the other German nobles, followers of war and the chase. This was peculiarly the case with Anne's maternal grandfather, Herman of Arnheim, who prided himself on possessing a splendid stud of horses, and one steed in particular, the noblest ever known in these circles of Germany. I should make wild work were I to attempt a description of such an animal, so I will content myself with saying his colour was jet-black, without a hair of white either on his face or feet. For this reason, and the wildness of his disposition, his master had termed him Apollyon — a circumstance which was secretly considered as tending to sanction the evil reports which touched the house of Arnheim, being, it was said, the naming of a favourite animal after a foul fiend.

It chanced, one November day, that the baron had been hunting in the forest, and did not reach home till nightfall. There were no guests with him, for, as I hinted to you before, the castle of Arnheim seldom received any other than those from whom its inhabitants hoped to gain augmentation of knowledge. The baron was seated alone in his hall, illuminated with cressets and torches. His one hand held a volume covered with characters unintelligible to all save himself. The other rested on the marble table, on which was placed a flask

of Tokay wine. A page stood in respectful attendance near the bottom of the large and dim apartment, and no sound was heard save that of the night wind, when it sighed mournfully through the rusty coats of mail, and waved the tattered banners which were the tapestry of the feudal hall. At once the footstep of a person was heard ascending the stairs in haste and trepidation; the door of the hall was thrown violently open, and, terrified to a degree of ecstasy, Caspar, the head of the baron's stable, or his master of horse, stumbled up almost to the foot of the table at which his lord was seated, with the exclamation in his mouth —

'My lord — my lord, a fiend is in the stable!'

'What means this folly?' said the baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual.

'Let me endure your displeasure,' said Caspar, 'if I speak not truth! Apollyon ——' Here he paused.

'Speak out, thou frightened fool,' said the baron; 'is my horse sick, or injured?'

The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word 'Apollyon!'

'Say on,' said the baron; 'were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind.'

'The devil,' answered the master of the horse, 'is in Apollyon's stall!'

'Fool!' exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; 'what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion? Things like thee, that are born to serve us, should hold their brains on a firmer tenure, for our sakes, if not for that of their worthless selves.'

As he spoke, he descended to the court of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables which occupied all the lower part of the quadrangle on one side. He entered, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows on each side of the ample hall. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff-coat which formed the trooper's under garment. The baron, followed by one or two of the domestics, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm, hastened up to the head of the stable, betwixt the rows of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favourite horse, which was the uppermost of the right-hand row, the gallant steed neither neighed, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach;

a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment he gave of the baron's presence.

Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered that there was indeed a tall dark figure standing in the stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. 'Who art thou,' said the baron, 'and what dost thou here?'

'I seek refuge and hospitality,' replied the stranger; 'and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of thy horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so as they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost!'

'Thou art, then, a brother of the sacred fire,' said Baron Herman of Arnheim; 'and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requirest of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time, dost thou crave my protection?'

'From those,' replied the stranger, 'who shall arrive in quest of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period.'

'I may not refuse thee,' said the baron, 'consistently with my oath and my honour. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, "Let the stronger protect the weaker brother," says also, "Let the wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge." I am the stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the wiser, and must instruct me in the more secret mysteries.'

'You mock your servant,' said the strange visitor; 'but, if aught is known to Dannischemend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son.'

'Come forth, then, from thy place of refuge,' said the Baron of Arnheim. 'I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrant for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend.'

The stranger came forth accordingly; and those who saw the singularity of his appearance scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall-master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall to which the baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcome and honoured guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall, and of a dignified aspect.

His dress was Asiatic, being a long black caftan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and a lofty square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long white beard that flowed down over his bosom. His gown was fastened by a sash of black silk net-work, in which, instead of a poniard or sword, was stuck a silver case, containing writing-materials and a roll of parchment. The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light, seemed to glow with such liveliness as if the gem itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment, the stranger replied, 'Bread I may not eat, water shall not moisten my lips, until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold.'

The baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed and fresh torches to be lighted, and, sending his whole household to rest, remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At the dead hour of midnight, the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as of a herald, was heard to demand a herald's lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hali. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers, and the language which they used was either entirely foreign or so largely interspersed with strange words that he could not understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, 'For a year and a day, then, I forbear my forfeiture; but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood.'

From that period, Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never for any visible purpose crossed the drawbridge. His amusements, or studies, seemed centred in the library of the castle, and in the laboratory, where the baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, excepting his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. The chaplain did indeed profess himself satisfied with the state of the stranger's conscience;

but it had been long suspected that the worthy ecclesiastic held his easy office on the very reasonable condition of approving the principles and asserting the orthodoxy of all guests whom the baron invited to share his hospitality.

It was observed that Dannischemend was rigid in paying his devotions, by prostrating himself in the first rays of the rising sun, and that he constructed a silver lamp of the most beautiful proportions, which he placed on a pedestal, representing a truncated column of marble, having its base sculptured with hieroglyphical imagery. With what essences he fed this flame was unknown to all, unless perhaps to the baron; but the flame was more steady, pure, and lustrous than any which was ever seen, excepting the sun of heaven itself, and it was generally believed that the Magian made it an object of worship in the absence of that blessed luminary. Nothing else was observed of him, unless that his morals seemed severe, his gravity extreme, his general mode of life very temperate, and his fasts and vigils of frequent recurrence. Except on particular occasions, he spoke to no one of the castle but the baron; but, as he had money and was liberal, he was regarded by the domestics with awe indeed, but without fear or dislike.

Winter was succeeded by spring, summer brought her flowers, and autumn her fruits, which ripened and were fading, when a foot-page, who sometimes attended them in the laboratory to render manual assistance when required, heard the Persian say to the Baron of Arnheim, 'You will do well, my son, to mark my words; for my lessons to you are drawing to an end, and there is no power on earth which can longer postpone my fate.'

'Alas, my master!' said the baron, 'and must I then lose the benefit of your direction, just when your guiding hand becomes necessary to place me on the very pinnacle of the temple of wisdom?'

'Be not discouraged, my son,' answered the sage. 'I will bequeath the task of perfecting you in your studies to my daughter, who will come hither on purpose. But remember, if you value the permanence of your family, look not upon her as aught else than a helpmate in your studies; for if you forget the instructress in the beauty of the maiden, you will be buried with your sword and your shield, as the last male of your house; and farther evil, believe me, will arise, for such alliances never come to a happy issue, of which my own is an example. But hush, we are observed.'

The household of the castle of Arnheim, having but few things to interest them, were the more eager observers of those which came under their notice; and when the termination of the period when the Persian was to receive shelter in the castle began to approach, some of the inmates, under various pretexts, but which resolved into very terror, absconded, while others held themselves in expectation of some striking and terrible catastrophe. None such, however, took place; and, on the expected anniversary, long ere the witching hour of midnight, Dannischemend terminated his visit in the castle of Arnheim by riding away from the gate in the guise of an ordinary traveller. The baron had meantime taken leave of his tutor with many marks of regret, and some which amounted even to sorrow. The sage Persian comforted him by a long whisper, of which the last part only was heard — ‘By the first beam of sunshine she will be with you. Be kind to her, but not over kind.’ He then departed, and was never again seen or heard of in the vicinity of Arnheim.

The baron was observed during all the day after the departure of the stranger to be particularly melancholy. He remained, contrary to his custom, in the great hall, and neither visited the library nor the laboratory, where he could no longer enjoy the company of his departed instructor. At dawn of the ensuing morning, Sir Herman summoned his page, and, contrary to his habits, which used to be rather careless in respect of apparel, he dressed himself with great accuracy; and, as he was in the prime of life, and of a noble figure, he had reason to be satisfied with his appearance. Having performed his toilet, he waited till the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and, taking from the table the key of the laboratory, which the page believed must have lain there all night, he walked thither, followed by his attendant. At the door the baron made a pause, and seemed at one time to doubt whether he should not send away the page, at another to hesitate whether he should open the door, as one might do who expected some strange sight within. He pulled up resolution, however, turned the key, threw the door open, and entered. The page followed close behind his master, and was astonished to the point of extreme terror at what he beheld, although the sight, however extraordinary, had in it nothing save what was agreeable and lovely.

The silver lamp was extinguished, or removed from its pedestal, where stood in place of it a most beautiful female

figure in the Persian costume, in which the colour of pink predominated. But she wore no turban or head-dress of any kind, saving a blue riband drawn through her auburn hair, and secured by a gold clasp, the outer side of which was ornamented by a superb opal, which, amid the changing lights peculiar to that gem, displayed internally a slight tinge of red like a spark of fire.

The figure of this young person was rather under the middle size, but perfectly well formed; the Eastern dress, with the wide trowsers gathered round the ankles, made visible the smallest and most beautiful feet which had ever been seen, while hands and arms of the most perfect symmetry were partly seen from under the folds of the robe. The little lady's countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick dark eye, with its beautifully formed eyebrow, seemed to presage the arch remark to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

The pedestal on which she stood, or rather was perched, would have appeared unsafe had any figure heavier than her own been placed there. But, however she had been transported thither, she seemed to rest on it as lightly and safely as a linnet when it has dropped from the sky on the tendril of a rose-bud. The first beam of the rising sun, falling through a window directly opposite to the pedestal, increased the effect of this beautiful figure, which remained as motionless as if it had been carved in marble. She only expressed her sense of the Baron of Arnheim's presence by something of a quicker respiration, and a deep blush, accompanied by a slight smile.

Whatever reason the Baron of Arnheim might have for expecting to see some such object as now exhibited its actual presence, the degree of beauty which it presented was so much beyond his expectation, that for an instant he stood without breath or motion. At once, however, he seemed to recollect that it was his duty to welcome the fair stranger to his castle, and to relieve her from her precarious situation. He stepped forward accordingly with the words of welcome on his tongue, and was extending his arms to lift her from the pedestal, which was nearly six feet high; but the light and active stranger merely accepted the support of his hand, and descended on the floor as light and as safe as if she had been formed of gossamer. It was, indeed, only by the momentary pressure of her little

hand that the Baron of Arnheim was finally made sensible that he had to do with a being of flesh and blood.

‘I am come as I have been commanded,’ she said, looking around her. ‘You must expect a strict and diligent mistress, and I hope for the credit of an attentive pupil.’

After the arrival of this singular and interesting being in the castle of Arnheim, various alterations took place within the interior of the household. A lady of high rank and small fortune, the respectable widow of a count of the Empire, who was the baron’s blood relation, received and accepted an invitation to preside over her kinsman’s domestic affairs, and remove, by her countenance, any suspicions which might arise from the presence of Hermione, as the beautiful Persian was generally called.

The Countess Waldstetten carried her complaisance so far as to be present on almost all occasions, whether in the laboratory or library, when the Baron of Arnheim received lessons from or pursued studies with the young and lovely tutor who had been thus strangely substituted for the aged Magus. If this lady’s report was to be trusted, their pursuits were of a most extraordinary nature, and the results which she sometimes witnessed were such as to create fear as well as surprise. But she strongly vindicated them from practising unlawful arts or overstepping the boundaries of natural science.

A better judge of such matters, the Bishop of Bamberg himself, made a visit to Arnheim, on purpose to witness the wisdom of which so much was reported through the whole Rhine country. He conversed with Hermione, and found her deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and so perfectly acquainted with its doctrines, that he compared her to a doctor of theology in the dress of an Eastern dancing-girl. When asked regarding her knowledge of languages and science, he answered, that he had been attracted to Arnheim by the most extravagant reports on these points, but that he must return confessing ‘the half thereof had not been told unto him.’

In consequence of this indisputable testimony, the sinister reports which had been occasioned by the singular appearance of the fair stranger were in a great measure lulled to sleep, especially as her amiable manners won the involuntary goodwill of every one that approached her.

Meantime a marked alteration began to take place in the interviews between the lovely tutor and her pupil. These were conducted with the same caution as before, and never, so far

as could be observed, took place without the presence of the Countess of Waldstetten or some other third person of respectability. But the scenes of these meetings were no longer the scholar's library or the chemist's laboratory: the gardens, the groves were resorted to for amusement, and parties of hunting and fishing, with evenings spent in the dance, seemed to announce that the studies of wisdom were for a time abandoned for the pursuits of pleasure. It was not difficult to guess the meaning of this: the Baron of Arnheim and his fair guest, speaking a language different from all others, could enjoy their private conversation even amid all the tumult of gaiety around them; and no one was surprised to hear it formally announced, after a few weeks of gaiety, that the fair Persian was to be wedded to the Baron of Arnheim.

The manners of this fascinating young person were so pleasing, her conversation so animated, her wit so keen, yet so well tempered with good-nature and modesty, that, notwithstanding her unknown origin, her high fortune attracted less envy than might have been expected in a case so singular. Above all, her generosity amazed and won the hearts of all the young persons who approached her. Her wealth seemed to be measureless, for the many rich jewels which she distributed among her fair friends would otherwise have left her without ornaments for herself. These good qualities, her liberality above all, together with a simplicity of thought and character which formed a beautiful contrast to the depth of acquired knowledge which she was well known to possess—these, and her total want of ostentation, made her superiority be pardoned among her companions. Still there was notice taken of some peculiarities, exaggerated perhaps by envy, which seemed to draw a mystical distinction between the beautiful Hermione and the mere mortals with whom she lived and conversed.

In the merry dance she was so unrivalled in lightness and agility, that her performance seemed that of an aerial being. She could, without suffering from her exertion, continue the pleasure till she had tired out the most active revellers; and even the young Duke of Hochspringen, who was reckoned the most indefatigable at that exercise in Germany, having been her partner for half an hour, was compelled to break off the dance, and throw himself, totally exhausted, on a couch, exclaiming, he had been dancing not with a woman, but with an *ignis fatuus*.

Other whispers averred that, while she played with her

young companions in the labyrinth and mazes of the castle gardens at hide-and-seek, or similar games of activity, she became animated with the same supernatural alertness which was supposed to inspire her in the dance. She appeared amongst her companions and vanished from them with a degree of rapidity which was inconceivable; and hedges, treillage, or such-like obstructions were surmounted by her in a manner which the most vigilant eye could not detect; for, after being observed on the side of the barrier at one instant, in another she was beheld close beside the spectator.

In such moments, when her eyes sparkled, her cheeks reddened, and her whole frame became animated, it was pretended that the opal clasp amid her tresses, the ornament which she never laid aside, shot forth the little spark, or tongue of flame, which it always displayed, with an increased vivacity. In the same manner, if in the half-darkened hall the conversation of Hermione became unusually animated, it was believed that the jewel became brilliant, and even displayed a twinkling and flashing gleam which seemed to be emitted by the gem itself, and not produced in the usual manner, by the reflection of some external light. Her maidens were also heard to surmise that, when their mistress was agitated by any hasty or brief resentment (the only weakness of temper which she was sometimes observed to display), they could observe dark-red sparks flash from the mystic brooch, as if it sympathised with the wearer's emotions. The women who attended on her toilet farther reported that this gem was never removed but for a few minutes, when the baroness's hair was combed out; that she was unusually pensive and silent during the time it was laid aside, and particularly apprehensive when any liquid was brought near it. Even in the use of holy water at the door of the church, she was observed to omit the sign of the cross on the forehead, for fear, it was supposed, of the water touching the valued jewel.

These singular reports did not prevent the marriage of the Baron of Arnheim from proceeding as had been arranged. It was celebrated in the usual form, and with the utmost splendour, and the young couple seemed to commence a life of happiness rarely to be found on earth. In the course of twelve months, the lovely baroness presented her husband with a daughter, which was to be christened Sybilla, after the count's mother. As the health of the child was excellent, the ceremony was postponed till the recovery of the mother from her

confinement; many were invited to be present on the occasion, and the castle was thronged with company.

It happened, that amongst the guests was an old lady, notorious for playing in private society the part of a malicious fairy in a minstrel's tale. This was the Baroness of Steinfeldt, famous in the neighbourhood for her insatiable curiosity and overweening pride. She had not been many days in the castle ere, by the aid of a female attendant, who acted as an intelligencer, she had made herself mistress of all that was heard, said, or suspected concerning the peculiarities of the Baroness Hermione. It was on the morning of the day appointed for the christening, while the whole company were assembled in the hall, and waiting till the baroness should appear, to pass with them to the chapel, that there arose between the censorious and haughty dame whom we have just mentioned and the Countess Waldstetten a violent discussion concerning some point of disputed precedence. It was referred to the Baron von Arnheim, who decided in favour of the countess. Madame de Steinfeldt instantly ordered her palfrey to be prepared, and her attendants to mount.

'I leave this place,' she said, 'which a good Christian ought never to have entered — I leave a house of which the master is a sorcerer, the mistress a demon who dares not cross her brow with holy water, and their trencher companion one who for a wretched pittance is willing to act as match-maker between a wizard and an incarnate fiend.'

She then departed with rage in her countenance and spite in her heart.

The Baron of Arnheim then stepped forward, and demanded of the knights and gentlemen around if there were any among them who would dare to make good with his sword the infamous falsehoods thrown upon himself, his spouse, and his kinswoman.

There was a general answer, utterly refusing to defend the Baroness of Steinfeldt's words in so bad a cause, and universally testifying the belief of the company that she spoke in the spirit of calumny and falsehood.

'Then let that lie fall to the ground which no man of courage will hold up,' said the Baron of Arnheim; 'only, all who are here this morning shall be satisfied whether the Baroness Hermione doth or doth not share the rites of Christianity.'

The Countess of Waldstetten made anxious signs to him

while he spoke thus; and when the crowd permitted her to approach near him, she was heard to whisper, 'O, be not rash; try no experiment. There is something mysterious about that opal talisman; be prudent, and let the matter pass by.'

The baron, who was in a more towering passion than well became the wisdom to which he made pretence — although it will be perhaps allowed that an affront so public, and in such a time and place, was enough to shake the prudence of the most staid, and the philosophy of the most wise — answered sternly and briefly, 'Are you, too, such a fool?' and retained his purpose.

The Baroness of Arnheim at this moment entered the hall, looking just so pale from her late confinement as to render her lovely countenance more interesting, if less animated, than usual. Having paid her compliments to the assembled company, with the most graceful and condescending attention, she was beginning to inquire why Madame de Steinfeldt was not present, when her husband made the signal for the company to move forward to the chapel, and lent the baroness his arm to bring up the rear. The chapel was nearly filled by the splendid company, and all eyes were bent on their host and hostess, as they entered the place of devotion immediately after four young ladies, who supported the infant babe in a light and beautiful litter.

As they passed the threshold, the baron dipt his finger in the font-stone, and offered holy water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own. But then, as if to confute the calumnies of the malevolent lady of Steinfeldt, with an air of sportive familiarity which was rather unwarranted by the time and place, he flirted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted, shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble, while the beautiful baroness sunk on the floor of the chapel with a deep sigh of pain. All crowded around her in dismay. The unfortunate Hermione was raised from the ground, and conveyed to her chamber; and so much did her countenance and pulse alter, within the short time necessary to do this, that those who looked upon her pronounced her a dying woman. She was no sooner in her own apartment than she requested to be left alone with her husband. He remained an hour in the room, and when he came out he locked and double locked

the door behind him. He then betook himself to the chapel, and remained there for an hour or more, prostrated before the altar.

In the meantime, most of the guests had dispersed in dismay; though some abode out of courtesy or curiosity. There was a general sense of impropriety in suffering the door of the sick lady's apartment to remain locked; but, alarmed at the whole circumstances of her illness, it was some time ere any one dared disturb the devotions of the baron. At length medical aid arrived, and the Countess of Waldstetten took upon her to demand the key. She spoke more than once to a man who seemed incapable of hearing, at least of understanding, what she said. At length he gave her the key, and added sternly, as he did so, that all aid was unavailing, and that it was his pleasure that all strangers should leave the castle. There were few who inclined to stay, when, upon opening the door of the chamber in which the baroness had been deposited little more than two hours before, no traces of her could be discovered, unless that there was about a handful of light grey ashes, like such as might have been produced by burning fine paper, found on the bed where she had been laid. A solemn funeral was nevertheless performed, with masses and all other spiritual rites, for the soul of the high and noble Lady Hermione of Arnheim; and it was exactly on that same day three years that the baron himself was laid in the grave of the same chapel of Arnheim, with sword, shield, and helmet, as the last male of his family.

Here the Swiss paused, for they were approaching the bridge of the castle of Graffslust.

CHAPTER XII

Believe me, sir,
It carries a rare form ; but 't is a spirit.

The Tempest.

THERE was a short silence after the Bernese had concluded his singular tale. Arthur Philipson's attention had been gradually and intensely attracted by a story which was too much in unison with the received ideas of the age to be encountered by the unhesitating incredulity with which it must have been heard in later and more enlightened times.

He was also considerably struck by the manner in which it had been told by the narrator, whom he had hitherto only regarded in the light of a rude huntsman or soldier ; whereas he now allowed Donnerhugel credit for a more extensive acquaintance with the general manners of the world than he had previously anticipated. The Swiss rose in his opinion as a man of talent, but without making the slightest progress in his affections. 'The swashbuckler,' he said to himself, 'has brains, as well as brawn and bones, and is fitter for the office of commanding others than I formerly thought him.' Then, turning to his companion, he thanked him for the tale, which had shortened the way in so interesting a manner.

'And it is from this singular marriage,' he continued, 'that Anne of Geierstein derives her origin ?'

'Her mother,' answered the Swiss, 'was Sybilla of Arnheim, the infant at whose christening the mother died, disappeared, or whatever you may list to call it. The barony of Arnheim, being a male fief, reverted to the Emperor. The castle has never been inhabited since the death of the last lord ; and has, as I have heard, become in some sort ruinous. The occupations of its ancient proprietors, and, above all, the catastrophe of its last inhabitant, have been thought to render it no eligible place of residence.'

'Did there appear anything preternatural,' said the English-

man, 'about the young baroness, who married the brother of the Landamman?'

'So far as I have heard,' replied Rudolph, 'there were strange stories. It was said that the nurses, at the dead of night, have seen Hermione, the last baroness of Arnheim, stand weeping by the side of the child's cradle, and other things to the same purpose. But here I speak from less correct information than that from which I drew my former narrative.'

'And since the credibility of a story, not very probable in itself, must needs be granted or withheld according to the evidence on which it is given, may I ask you,' said Arthur, 'to tell me what is the authority on which you have so much reliance?'

'Willingly,' answered the Swiss. 'Know that Theodore Donnerhugel, the favourite page of the last Baron of Arnheim, was my father's brother. Upon his master's death, he retired to his native town of Berne, and most of his time was employed in training me up to arms and martial exercises, as well according to the fashion of Germany as of Switzerland, for he was master of all. He witnessed with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, great part of the melancholy and mysterious events which I have detailed to you. Should you ever visit Berne, you may see the good old man.'

'You think, then,' said Arthur, 'that the appearance which I have this night seen is connected with the mysterious marriage of Anne of Geierstein's grandfather?'

'Nay,' replied Rudolph, 'think not that I can lay down any positive explanation of a thing so strange. I can only say that, unless I did you the injustice to disbelieve your testimony respecting the apparition of this evening, I know no way to account for it, except by remembering that there is a portion of the young lady's blood which is thought not to be derived from the race of Adam, but more or less directly from one of those elementary spirits which have been talked of both in ancient and modern times. But I may be mistaken. We will see how she bears herself in the morning, and whether she carries in her looks the weariness and paleness of a midnight watcher. If she doth not, we may be authorised in thinking either that your eyes have strangely deceived you or that they have been cheated by some spectral appearance which is not of this world.'

To this the young Englishman attempted no reply, nor was there time for any; for they were immediately afterwards challenged by the sentinel from the drawbridge.

The question 'Who goes there?' was twice satisfactorily answered before Sigismund would admit the patrol to cross the drawbridge.

'Ass and mule that thou art,' said Rudolph, 'what was the meaning of thy delay?'

'Ass and mule thyself, hauptman!' said the Swiss, in answer to this objurgation. 'I have been surprised by a goblin on my post once to-night already, and I have got so much experience upon that matter, that I will not easily be caught a second time.'

'What goblin, thou fool,' said Donnerhugel, 'would be idle enough to play his gambols at the expense of so very poor an animal as thou art?'

'Thou art as cross as my father, hauptman,' replied Sigismund, 'who cries fool and blockhead at every word I speak; and yet I have lips, teeth, and tongue to speak with, just like other folk.'

'We will not contest the matter, Sigismund,' said Rudolph. 'It is clear that, if thou dost differ from other people, it is in a particular which thou canst be hardly expected to find out or acknowledge. But what, in the name of simplicity, is it which hath alarmed thee on thy post?'

'Marry, thus it was, hauptman,' returned Sigismund Biederman. 'I was something tired, you see, with looking up at the broad moon, and thinking what in the universe it could be made of, and how we came to see it just as well here as at home, this place being so many miles from Geierstein. I was tired, I say, of this and other perplexing thoughts, so I drew my fur cap down over my ears, for I promise you the wind blew shrill; and then I planted myself firm on my feet, with one of my legs a little advanced, and both my hands resting on my partizan, which I placed upright before me to rest upon; and so I shut mine eyes.'

'Shut thine eyes, Sigismund, and thou upon thy watch!' exclaimed Donnerhugel.

'Care not thou for that,' answered Sigismund, 'I kept my ears open. And yet it was to little purpose, for something came upon the bridge with a step as stealthy as that of a mouse. I looked up with a start at the moment it was opposite to me, and when I looked up—whom think you I saw?'

'Some fool like thyself,' said Rudolph, at the same time pressing Philipson's foot to make him attend to the answer—a

hint which was little necessary, since he waited for it in the utmost agitation. Out it came at last.

'By St. Mark, it was our own Anne of Geierstein!'

'It is impossible!' replied the Bernese.

'I should have said so too,' quoth Sigismund, 'for I had peeped into her bedroom before she went thither, and it was so bedizened that a queen or a princess might have slept in it; and why should the wench get out of her good quarters, with all her friends about her to guard her, and go out to wander in the forest?'

'Maybe,' said Rudolph, 'she only looked from the bridge to see how the night waned.'

'No,' said Sigismund; 'she was returning from the forest. I saw her when she reached the end of the bridge, and thought of striking at her, conceiving it to be the devil in her likeness. But I remembered my halberd is no birch switch to chastise boys and girls with; and had I done Anne any harm, you would all have been angry with me, and, to speak truth, I should have been ill pleased with myself; for although she doth make a jest of me now and then, yet it were a dull house ours were we to lose Anne.'

'Ass,' answered the Bernese, 'didst thou speak to this form, or goblin as you call it?'

'Indeed I did not, Captain Wiseacre. My father is ever angry with me when I speak without thinking, and I could not at that particular moment think on anything to the purpose. Neither was there time to think, for she passed me like a snowflake upon a whirlwind. I marched into the castle after her, however, calling on her by name; so the sleepers were awakened, and men flew to their arms, and there was as much confusion as if Archibald of Hagenbach had been among us with sword and pike. And who should come out of her little bedroom, as much startled and as much in a bustle as any of us, but Mrs. Anne herself! And as she protested she had never left her room that night, why I, Sigismund Biederman, was made to stand the whole blame, as if I could prevent people's ghosts from walking. But I told her my mind when I saw them all so set against me. "And, Mistress Anne," quoth I, "it's well known the kindred you come of; and, after this fair notice, if you send any of your double-gangers¹ to me, let them put iron skull-caps on their heads, for I will give them the length and weight of a Swiss halberd, come in what

¹ See Note 1.

shape they list." However, they all cried "Shame on me!" and my father drove me out again, with as little remorse as if I had been the old house-dog, which had stolen in from his watch to the fireside.'

The Bernese replied, with an air of coldness approaching to contempt, 'You have slept on your watch, Sigismund, a high military offence, and you have dreamed while you slept. You were in good luck that the Landamman did not suspect your negligence, or, instead of being sent back to your duty like a lazy watch-dog, you might have been scourged back like a faithless one to your kennel at Geierstein, as chanced to poor Ernest for a less matter.'

'Ernest has not yet gone back though,' said Sigismund, 'and I think he may pass as far into Burgundy as we shall do in this journey. I pray you, however, hauptman, to treat me not dog-like, but as a man, and send some one to relieve me, instead of prating here in the cold night air. If there be anything to do to-morrow, as I well guess there may, a mouthful of food and a minute of sleep will be but a fitting preparative, and I have stood watch here these two mortal hours.'

With that the young giant yawned portentously, as if to enforce the reasons of his appeal.

'A mouthful and a minute!' said Rudolph — 'a roasted ox and a lethargy like that of the Seven Sleepers would scarce restore you to the use of your refreshed and waking senses. But I am your friend, Sigismund, and you are secure in my favourable report; you shall be instantly relieved, that you may sleep, if it be possible, without disturbances from dreams. Pass on, young men (addressing the others, who by this time had come up), and go to your rest; Arthur of England and I will report to the Landamman and the banneret the account of our patrol.'

The patrol accordingly entered the castle, and were soon heard joining their slumbering companions. Rudolph Donnerhugel seized Arthur's arm, and, while they went towards the hall, whispered in his ear —

'These are strange passages! How think you we should report them to the deputation?'

'That I must refer to yourself,' said Arthur: 'you are the captain of our watch. I have done my duty in telling you what I saw — or thought I saw; it is for you to judge how far it is fitting to communicate it to the Landamman; only, as it concerns the honour of his family, to his ear alone I think it should be confided.'

'I see no occasion for that,' said the Bernese, hastily; 'it cannot affect or interest our general safety. But I may take occasion hereafter to speak with Anne on this subject.'

This latter hint gave as much pain to Arthur as the general proposal of silence on an affair so delicate had afforded him satisfaction. But his uneasiness was of a kind which he felt it necessary to suppress, and he therefore replied with as much composure as he could assume—

'You will act, sir hauptman, as your sense of duty and delicacy shall dictate. For me, I shall be silent on what you call the strange passages of the night, rendered doubly wonderful by the report of Sigismund Biederman.'

'And also on what you have seen and heard concerning our auxiliaries of Berne?' said Rudolph.

'On that I shall certainly be silent,' said Arthur; 'unless thus far, that I mean to communicate to my father the risk of his baggage being liable to examination and seizure at La Ferette.'

'It is needless,' said Rudolph; 'I will answer with head and hand for the safety of everything belonging to him.'

'I thank you in his name,' said Arthur; 'but we are peaceful travellers, to whom it must be much more desirable to avoid a broil than to give occasion for one, even when secure of coming out of it triumphantly.'

'These are the sentiments of a merchant, but not of a soldier,' said Rudolph, in a cold and displeased tone; 'but the matter is your own, and you must act in it as you think best. Only remember, if you go to La Ferette without our assistance, you hazard both goods and life.'

They entered, as he spoke, the apartment of their fellow-travellers. The companions of their patrol had already laid themselves down amongst their sleeping comrades at the lower end of the room. The Landamman and the bannerman of Berne heard Donnerhugel make a report that his patrol, both before and after midnight, had been made in safety, and without any encounter which expressed either danger or suspicion. The Bernese then wrapped him in his cloak, and, lying down on the straw, with that happy indifference to accommodation, and promptitude to seize the moment of repose, which is acquired by a life of vigilance and hardship, was in a few minutes fast asleep.

Arthur remained on foot but a little longer, to dart an earnest look on the door of Anne of Geierstein's apartment, and

to reflect on the wonderful occurrences of the evening. But they formed a chaotic mystery, for which he could see no clue, and the necessity of holding instant communication with his father compelled him forcibly to turn his thoughts in that direction. He was obliged to observe caution and secrecy in accomplishing his purpose. For this he laid himself down beside his parent, whose couch, with the hospitality which he had experienced from the beginning of his intercourse with the kind-hearted Swiss, had been arranged in what was thought the most convenient place of the apartment, and somewhat apart from all others. He slept sound, but awoke at the touch of his son, who whispered to him in English, for the greater precaution, that he had important tidings for his private ear.

‘An attack on our post?’ said the elder Philipson; ‘must we take to our weapons?’

‘Not now,’ said Arthur; ‘and I pray of you not to rise or make alarm — this matter concerns us alone.’

‘Tell it instantly, my son,’ replied his father; ‘you speak to one too much used to danger to be startled at it.’

‘It is a case for your wisdom to consider,’ said Arthur. ‘I had information, while upon the patrol, that the governor of La Ferette will unquestionably seize upon your baggage and merchandise, under pretext of levying dues claimed by the Duke of Burgundy. I have also been informed that our escort of Swiss youth are determined to resist this exaction, and conceive themselves possessed of the numbers and means sufficient to do so successfully.’

‘By St. George, that must not be!’ said the elder Philipson; ‘it would be an evil requital to the true-hearted Landamman to give the fiery Duke a pretext for that war which the excellent old man is so anxiously desirous to avoid, if it be possible. Any exactions, however unreasonable, I will gladly pay. But to have my papers seized on were utter ruin. I partly feared this, and it made me unwilling to join myself to the Landamman’s party. We must now break off from it. This rapacious governor will not surely lay hands on the deputation, which seeks his master’s court under protection of the law of nations; but I can easily see how he might make our presence with them a pretext for quarrel, which will equally suit his own avaricious spirit and the humour of these fiery young men, who are seeking for matter of offence. This shall not be taken for our sake. We will separate ourselves from the deputies, and remain behind till they are passed on. If this De Hagenbach

be not the most unreasonable of men, I will find a way to content him so far as we are individually concerned. Meanwhile, I will instantly wake the Landamman,' he said, 'and acquaint him with our purpose.'

This was immediately done, for Philipson was not slow in the execution of his resolutions. In a minute he was standing by the side of Arnold Biederman, who, raised on his elbow, was listening to his communication, while over the shoulder of the Landamman rose the head and long beard of the deputy from Schwytz, his large clear blue eyes gleaming from beneath a fur cap, bent on the Englishman's face, but stealing a glance aside now and then to mark the impression which what was said made upon his colleague.

'Good friend and host,' said the elder Philipson, 'we have heard for a certainty that our poor merchandise will be subjected to taxation or seizure on our passage through La Ferette, and I would gladly avoid all cause of quarrel, for your sake as well as our own.'

'You do not doubt that we can and will protect you?' replied the Landamman. 'I tell you, Englishman, that the guest of a Swiss is as safe by his side as an eaglet under the wing of its dam; and to leave us because danger approaches is but a poor compliment to our courage or constancy. I am desirous of peace; but not the Duke of Burgundy himself should wrong a guest of mine, so far as my power might prevent it.'

At this the deputy from Schwytz clenched a fist like a bull's knuckles, and showed it above the shoulders of his friend.

'It is even to avoid this, my worthy host,' replied Philipson, 'that I intend to separate from your friendly company sooner than I desire or purposed. Bethink you, my brave and worthy host, you are an ambassador seeking a national peace, I a trader seeking private gain. War, or quarrels which may cause war, are alike ruinous to your purpose and mine. I confess to you frankly that I am willing and able to pay a large ransom, and when you are departed I will negotiate for the amount. I will abide in the town of Bâle till I have made fair terms with Archibald de Hagenbach; and even if he is the avaricious extortioner you describe him, he will be somewhat moderate with me rather than run the risk of losing his booty entirely, by my turning back or taking another route.'

'You speak wisely, sir Englishman,' said the Landamman; 'and I thank you for recalling my duty to my remembrance.'

But you must not, nevertheless, be exposed to danger. So soon as we move forward, the country will be again open to the devastations of the Burgundian riders and lanzknechts, who will sweep the roads in every direction. The people of Bâle are unhappily too timorous to protect you : they would yield you up upon the governor's first hint ; and for justice or lenity, you might as well expect it in Hell as from Hagenbach.'

'There are conjurations, it is said, that can make Hell itself tremble,' said Philipson ; 'and I have means to propitiate even this De Hagenbach, providing I can get to private speech with him. But I own I can expect nothing from his wild riders but to be put to death for the value of my cloak.'

'If that be the case,' said the Landamman, 'and if you must needs separate from us, for which I deny not that you have alleged wise and worthy reasons, wherefore should you not leave Graffslust two hours before us ? The roads will be safe, as our escort is expected ; and you will probably, if you travel early, find De Hagenbach sober, and as capable as he ever is of hearing reason — that is, of perceiving his own interest. But, after his breakfast is washed down with Rhine *wein*, which he drinks every morning before he hears mass, his fury blinds even his avarice.'

'All I want, in order to execute this scheme,' said Philipson, 'is the loan of a mule to carry my valise, which is packed up with your baggage.'

'Take the she-mule,' said the Landamman ; 'she belongs to my brother here from Schwytz : he will gladly bestow her on thee.'

'If she were worth twenty crowns, and my comrade Arnold desired me to do so,' said the old whitebeard.

'I will accept her as a loan with gratitude,' said the Englishman. 'But how can you dispense with the use of the creature ? You have only one left.'

'We can easily supply our want from Bâle,' said the Landamman. 'Nay, we can make this little delay serve your purpose, sir Englishman. I named for our time of departure the first hour after daybreak ; we will postpone it to the second hour, which will give us enough of time to get a horse or mule, and you, sir Philipson, space to reach La Ferette, where I trust you will have achieved your business with De Hagenbach to your contentment, and will join company again with us as we travel through Burgundy.'

'If our mutual objects will permit our travelling together,

worthy Landamman,' answered the merchant, 'I shall esteem myself most happy in becoming the partner of your journey. And now resume the repose which I have interrupted.'

'God bless you, wise and true-hearted man,' said the Landamman, rising and embracing the Englishman. 'Should we never meet again, I will still remember the merchant who neglected thoughts of gain that he might keep the path of wisdom and rectitude. I know not another who would not have risked the shedding a lake of blood to save five ounces of gold. Farewell thou too, gallant young man. Thou hast learned among us to keep thy foot firm while on the edge of a Helvetian crag, but none can teach thee so well as thy father to keep an upright path among the morasses and precipices of human life.'

He then embraced and took a kind farewell of his friends, in which, as usual, he was imitated by his friend of Schwytz, who swept with his long beard the right and left cheeks of both the Englishmen, and again made them heartily welcome to the use of his mule. All then once more composed themselves to rest for the space which remained before the appearance of the autumnal dawn.

CHAPTER XIII

The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.

Comedy of Errors.

THE dawn had scarce begun to touch the distant horizon when Arthur Philipson was on foot to prepare for his father's departure and his own, which, as arranged on the preceding night, was to take place two hours before the Landamman and his attendants proposed to leave the ruinous castle of Graffslust. It was no difficult matter for him to separate the neatly arranged packages which contained his father's effects from the clumsy bundles in which the baggage of the Swiss was deposited. The one set of mails was made up with the neatness of men accustomed to long and perilous journeys; the other, with the rude carelessness of those who rarely left their home, and who were altogether inexperienced.

A servant of the Landamman assisted Arthur in this task, and in placing his father's baggage on the mule belonging to the bearded deputy from Schwytz. From this man also he received instructions concerning the road from Graffslust to Brisach (the chief citadel of La Ferette), which was too plain and direct to render it likely that they should incur any risk of losing their way, as had befallen them when travelling on the Swiss mountains. Everything being now prepared for their departure, the young Englishman awakened his father and acquainted him that all was ready. He then retired towards the chimney, while his father, according to his daily custom, repeated the prayer of St. Julian, the patron of travellers, and adjusted his dress for the journey.

It will not be wondered at that, while the father went through his devotions and equipped himself for travel, Arthur,

with his heart full of what he had seen of Anne of Geierstein for some time before, and his brain dizzy with the recollection of the incidents of the preceding night, should have kept his eyes riveted on the door of the sleeping-apartment at which he had last seen that young person disappear; that is, unless the pale and seemingly fantastic form which had twice crossed him so strangely should prove no wandering spirit of the elements, but the living substance of the person whose appearance it bore. So eager was his curiosity on this subject, that he strained his eyes to the utmost, as if it had been possible for them to have penetrated through wood and walls into the chamber of the slumbering maiden, in order to discover whether her eye or cheek bore any mark that she had last night been a watcher or a wanderer.

‘But that was the proof to which Rudolph appealed,’ he said, internally, ‘and Rudolph alone will have the opportunity of remarking the result. Who knows what advantage my communication may give him in his suit with yonder lovely creature? And what must she think of me, save as one light of thought and loose of tongue, to whom nothing extraordinary can chance but he must hasten to babble it into the ears of those who are nearest to him at the moment? I would my tongue had been palsied ere I said a syllable to yonder proud, yet wily, prize-fighter! I shall never see her more, that is to be counted for certain. I shall never know the true interpretation of those mysteries which hang around her. But to think I may have prated something tending to throw her into the power of yonder ferocious boor will be a subject of remorse to me while I live.’

Here he was startled out of his reverie by the voice of his father. ‘Why, how now, boy; art thou waking, Arthur, or sleeping on thy feet from the fatigue of last night’s service?’

‘Not so, my father,’ answered Arthur, at once recollecting himself. ‘Somewhat drowsy, perhaps; but the fresh morning air will soon put that to flight.’

Walking with precaution through the group of sleepers who lay around, the elder Philipson, when they had gained the door of the apartment, turned back, and, looking on the straw couch which the large form of the Landamman, and the silvery beard of his constant companion, touched by the earliest beams of light, distinguished as that of Arnold Biederman, he muttered between his lips an involuntary adieu.

‘Farewell, mirror of ancient faith and integrity — farewell,

noble Arnold—farewell, soul of truth and candour, to whom cowardice, selfishness, and falsehood are alike unknown!’

‘And farewell,’ thought his son, ‘to the loveliest and most candid, yet most mysterious, of maidens!’ But the adieu, as may well be believed, was not, like that of his father, expressed in words.

They were soon after on the outside of the gate. The Swiss domestic was liberally recompensed, and charged with a thousand kind words of farewell and of remembrance to the Landamman from his English guests, mingled with hopes and wishes that they might soon meet again in the Burgundian territory. The young man then took the bridle of the mule, and led the animal forward on their journey at an easy pace, his father walking by his side.

After a silence of some minutes, the elder Philipson addressed Arthur. ‘I fear me,’ he said, ‘we shall see the worthy Landamman no more. The youths who attend him are bent upon taking offence; the Duke of Burgundy will not fail, I fear, to give them ample occasion; and the peace which the excellent man desires for the land of his fathers will be shipwrecked ere they reach the Duke’s presence; though, even were it otherwise, how the proudest prince in Europe will brook the moody looks of burgesses and peasants—so will Charles of Burgundy term the friends we have parted from—is a question too easily answered. A war, fatal to the interests of all concerned, save Louis of France, will certainly take place; and dreadful must be the contest if the ranks of the Burgundian chivalry shall encounter those iron sons of the mountains, before whom so many of the Austrian nobility have been repeatedly prostrated.’

‘I am so much convinced of the truth of what you say, my father,’ replied Arthur, ‘that I judge even this day will not pass over without a breach of truce. I have already put on my shirt of mail, in case we should meet bad company betwixt Graffslust and Brisach; and I would to Heaven that you would observe the same precaution. It will not delay our journey; and I confess to you that I, at least, will travel with much greater consciousness of safety should you do so.’

‘I understand you, my son,’ replied the elder Philipson. ‘But I am a peaceful traveller in the Duke of Burgundy’s territories, and must not willingly suppose that, while under the shadow of his banner, I must guard myself against banditti, as if I were in the wilds of Palestine. As for the authority of

his officers, and the extent of their exactions, I need not tell you that they are, in our circumstances, things to be submitted to without grief or grudging.'

Leaving the two travellers to journey towards Brisach at their leisure, I must transport my readers to the eastern gate of that small town, which, situated on an eminence, had a commanding prospect on every side, but especially towards Bâle. It did not properly make a part of the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy, but had been placed in his hands in pawn, or in pledge, for the repayment of a considerable sum of money, due to Charles by the Emperor Sigismund of Austria, to whom the seigniority of the place belonged in property. But the town lay so conveniently for distressing the commerce of the Swiss, and inflicting on that people, whom he at once hated and despised, similar marks of his malevolence, as to encourage a general opinion that the Duke of Burgundy, the implacable and unreasonable enemy of these mountaineers, would never listen to any terms of redemption, however equitable or advantageous, which might have the effect of restoring to the Emperor an advanced post of such consequence to the gratification of his dislike as Brisach.

The situation of the little town was in itself strong; but the fortifications which surrounded it were barely sufficient to repel any sudden attack, and not adequate to resist for any length of time a formal siege. The morning beams had shone on the spire of the church for more than an hour, when a tall, thin, elderly man, wrapt in a morning gown, over which was buckled a broad belt, supporting on the left side a sword, on the right a dagger, approached the barbican of the eastern gate. His bonnet displayed a feather, which, or the tail of a fox in lieu of it, was the emblem of gentle blood throughout all Germany, and a badge highly prized by those who had a right to wear it.

The small party of soldiers who had kept watch there during the course of the preceding night, and supplied sentinels both for ward and outlook, took arms on the appearance of this individual, and drew themselves up in the form of a guard, which receives with military reverence an officer of importance. Archibald de Hagenbach's countenance, for it was the governor himself, expressed that settled peevishness and ill-temper which characterise the morning hours of a valetudinary debauchee. His head throbbed, his pulse was feverish, and his cheek was pale — symptoms of his having spent the last night, as was his

usual custom, amid wine stoups and flagons. Judging from the haste with which his soldiers fell into their ranks, and the awe and silence which reigned among them, it appeared that they were accustomed to expect and dread his ill humour on such occasions. He glanced at them, accordingly, an inquisitive and dissatisfied look, as if he sought something on which to vent his peevishness, and then asked for the 'loitering dog Kilian.'

Kilian presently made his appearance — a stout, hard-favoured man-at-arms, a Bavarian by birth, and by rank the personal squire of the governor.

'What news of the Swiss churls, Kilian?' demanded Archibald de Hagenbach. 'They should, by their thrifty habits, have been on the road two hours since. Have the peasant-clods presumed to ape the manners of gentlemen, and stuck by the flask till cock-crow?'

'By my faith, it may well be,' answered Kilian: 'the burghers of Bâle gave them full means of carousal.'

'How, Kilian! They dared not offer hospitality to the Swiss drove of bullocks, after the charge we sent them to the contrary?'

'Nay, the Bâlese received them not into the town,' replied the squire; 'but I learned, by sure espial, that they afforded them means of quartering at Graffslust, which was furnished with many a fair gammon and pasty, to speak nought of flasks of Rhine wine, barrels of beer, and stoups of strong waters.'

'The Bâlese shall answer this, Kilian,' said the governor. 'Do they think I am for ever to be thrusting myself between the Duke and his pleasure on their behalf? The fat porkers have presumed too much since we accepted some trifling gifts at their hands, more for gracing of them than for any advantage we could make of their paltry donations. Was it not the wine from Bâle which we were obliged to drink out in pint goblets, lest it should become sour before morning?'

'It was drunk out, and in pint goblets too,' said Kilian; 'so much I can well remember.'

'Why, go to, then,' said the governor; 'they shall know, these beasts of Bâle, that I hold myself no way obliged by such donations as these, and that my remembrance of the wines which I carouse rests no longer than the headache which the mixtures they drug me with never fail of late years to leave behind, for the next morning's pastime.'

'Your Excellency,' replied the squire, 'will make it, then, a quarrel between the Duke of Burgundy and the city of Bâle,

that they gave this indirect degree of comfort and assistance to the Swiss deputation ?'

'Ay, marry will I,' said De Hagenbach, 'unless there be wise men among them who shall show me good reasons for protecting them. Oh, the Bâlese do not know our noble Duke, nor the gift he hath for chastising the gutter-blooded citizens of a free town. Thou canst tell them, Kilian, as well as any man, how he dealt with the villains of Liege, when they would needs be pragmatical.'

'I will apprise them of the matter,' said Kilian, 'when opportunity shall serve, and I trust I shall find them in a temper disposed to cultivate your honourable friendship.'

'Nay, if it is the same to them, it is quite indifferent to me, Kilian,' continued the governor; 'but methinks whole and sound throats are worth some purchase, were it only to swallow black puddings and *schwarzbier*, to say nothing of Westphalian hams and Nierensteiner. I say, a slashed throat is a useless thing, Kilian.'

'I will make the fat citizens to understand their danger, and the necessity of making interest,' answered Kilian. 'Sure, I am not now to learn how to turn the ball into your Excellency's lap.'

'You speak well,' said Sir Archibald. 'But how chanced it thou hast so little to say to the Switzers' leaguer? I should have thought an old trooper like thee would have made their pinions flutter amidst the good cheer thou tellest me of.'

'I might as well have annoyed an angry hedgehog with my bare finger,' said Kilian. 'I surveyed Graffslust myself: there were sentinels on the castle walls, a sentinel on the bridge, besides a regular patrol of these Swiss fellows who kept strict watch. So that there was nothing to be done; otherwise, knowing your Excellency's ancient quarrel, I would have had a hit at them, when they should never have known who hurt them. I will tell you, however, fairly, that these churls are acquiring better knowledge in the art of war than the best *ritter* (knight).'

'Well, they will be the better worth the looking after when they arrive,' said De Hagenbach. 'They come forth in state, doubtless, with all their finery, their wives' chains of silver, their own medals, and rings of lead and copper? Ah, the base hinds, they are unworthy that a man of noble blood should ease them of their trash!'

'There is better ware among them, if my intelligence hath not deceived me,' replied Kilian: 'there are merchants —'

'Pshaw! the packhorses of Berne and Soleure,' said the governor, 'with their paltry lumber, cloth too coarse to make covers for horses of any breeding, and linen that is more like haircloth than any composition of flax. I will strip them, however, were it but to vex the knaves. What! not content with claiming to be treated like an independent people, and sending forth deputies and embassies forsooth, they expect, I warrant, to make the indemnities of ambassadors cover the introduction of a cargo of their contraband commodities, and thus insult the noble Duke of Burgundy and cheat him at the same time? But De Hagenbach is neither knight nor gentleman if he allow them to pass unchallenged.'

'And they are better worth being stopped,' said Kilian, 'than your Excellency supposes; for they have English merchants along with them, and under their protection.'

'English merchants!' exclaimed De Hagenbach, his eyes sparkling with joy — 'English merchants, Kilian! Men talk of Cathay and Ind, where there are mines of silver, and gold, and diamonds; but, on the faith of a gentleman, I believe these brutish islanders have the caves of treasure wholly within their own foggy land! And then the variety of their rich merchandise! Ha, Kilian, is it a long train of mules — a jolly tinkling team? By Our Lady's glove! the sound of it is already jingling in my ears, more musically than all the harps of all the minnesingers at Heilbronn!'

'Nay, my lord, there is no great train,' replied the squire: 'only two men, as I am given to understand, with scarce so much baggage as loads a mule; but, it is said, of infinite value — silk and samite, lace and furs, pearls and jewellery-work, perfumes from the East, and gold-work from Venice.'

'Raptures and paradise! say not a word more,' exclaimed the rapacious knight of Hagenbach; 'they are all our own, Kilian! Why, these are the very men I have dreamed of twice a-week for this month past — ay, two men of middle stature, or somewhat under it, with smooth, round, fair, comely visages, having stomachs as plump as partridges, and purses as plump as their stomachs. Ha, what sayst thou to my dream, Kilian?'

'Only that, to be quite soothfast,' answered the squire, 'it should have included the presence of a score, or thereabouts, of sturdy young giants as ever climbed cliff or carried bolt to whistle at a chamois; a lusty plump of clubs, bills, and partizans, such as make shields crack like oaten cakes and helmets ring like church-bells.'

'The better, knave—the better!' exclaimed the governor, rubbing his hands. 'English pedlars to plunder! Swiss bullies to beat into submission! I wot well, we can have nothing of the Helvetian swine save their beastly bristles: it is lucky they bring these two island sheep along with them. But we must get ready our boar-spears, and clear the clipping-pens for exercise of our craft. Here, Lieutenant Schonfeldt!'

An officer stepped forth.

'How many men are here on duty?'

'About sixty,' replied the officer. 'Twenty out on parties in different directions, and there may be forty or fifty in their quarters.'

'Order them all under arms instantly; harkye, not by trumpet or bugle, but by warning them individually in their quarters to draw to arms as quietly as possible, and rendezvous here at the eastern gate. Tell the villains there is booty to be gained, and they shall have their share.'

'On these terms,' said Schonfeldt, 'they will walk over a spider's web without startling the insect that wove it. I will collect them without loss of an instant.'

'I tell thee, Kilian,' continued the exulting commandant, again speaking apart with his confidential attendant, 'nothing could come so luckily as the chance of this onslaught. Duke Charles desires to affront the Swiss—not, look you, that he cares to act towards them, by his own direct orders, in such a manner as might be termed a breach of public faith towards a peaceful embassy; but the gallant follower who shall save his prince the scandal of such an affair, and whose actions may be termed a mistake or misapprehension, shall, I warrant you, be accounted to have done knightly service. Perchance a frown may be passed upon him in public, but in private the Duke will know how to esteem him. Why standest thou so silent, man, and what ails thy ugly, ill-looking aspect? Thou art not afraid of twenty Switzer boys, and we at the head of such a band of spears?'

'The Swiss,' answered Kilian, 'will give and take good blows, yet I have no fear of them. But I like not that we should trust too much to Duke Charles. That he would be, in the first instance, pleased with any dishonour done the Swiss is likely enough; but if, as your Excellency hints, he finds it afterwards convenient to disown the action, he is a prince likely to give a lively colour to his disavowal by hanging up the actors.'

'Pshaw!' said the commandant, 'I know where I stand.'

Such a trick were like enough to be played by Louis of France, but it is foreign to the blunt character of our bold one of Burgundy. Why the devil stand'st thou still, man, simpering like an ape at a roasted chestnut, which he thinks too warm for his fingers ?'

'Your Excellency is wise as well as warlike,' said the esquire, 'and it is not for me to contest your pleasure. But this peaceful embassy — these English merchants — if Charles goes to war with Louis, as the rumour is current, what he should most of all desire is the neutrality of Switzerland, and the assistance of England, whose king is crossing the sea with a great army. Now you, Sir Archibald of Hagenbach, may well do that in the course of this very morning which will put the Confederated Cantons in arms against Charles, and turn the English from allies into enemies.'

'I care not,' said the commandant ; 'I know the Duke's humour well, and if he, the master of so many provinces, is willing to risk them in a self-willed frolic, what is it to Archibald de Hagenbach, who has not a foot of land to lose in the cause ?'

'But you have life, my lord,' said the esquire.

'Ay, life !' replied the knight — 'a paltry right to exist, which I have been ready to stake every day of my life for dollars — ay, and for kreutzers — and think you I will hesitate to pledge it for broad-pieces, jewels of the East, and goldsmith's work of Venice ? No, Kilian ; these English must be eased of their bales, that Archibald de Hagenbach may drink a purer flask than their thin Moselle, and wear a brocade doublet instead of greasy velvet. Nor is it less necessary that Kilian should have a seemly new jerkin, with a purse of ducats to jingle at his girdle.'

'By my faith,' said Kilian, 'that last argument hath disarmed my scruples, and I give up the point, since it ill befits me to dispute with your Excellency.'

'To the work then,' said his leader. 'But stay ; we must first take the church along with us. The priest of St. Paul's hath been moody of late, and spread abroad strange things from the pulpit, as if we were little better than common pillagers and robbers. Nay, he hath had the insolence to warn me, as he termed it, twice, in strange form. It were well to break the growling mastiff's bald head ; but, since that might be ill taken by the Duke, the next point of wisdom is to fling him a bone.'

'He may be a dangerous enemy,' said the squire, dubiously; 'his power is great with the people.'

'Tush!' replied Hagenbach, 'I know how to disarm the shaveling. Send to him, and tell him to come hither to speak with me. Meanwhile, have all our force under arms; let the barbican and barrier be well manned with archers; station spearmen in the houses on each hand of the gateway; and let the street be barricaded with carts, well bound together, but placed as if they had been there by accident; place a body of determined fellows in these carts, and behind them. So soon as the merchants and their mules enter, for that is the main point, up with your drawbridge, down with the portcullis, send a volley of arrows among those who are without, if they make any scuffle; disarm and secure those who have entered, and are cooped up between the barricade before and the ambush behind and around them. And *then*, Kilian——'

'And then,' said his esquire, 'shall we, like merry Free Companions, be knuckle-deep in the English budgets——'

'And, like jovial hunters,' replied the knight, 'elbow-deep in Swiss blood.'

'The game will stand at bay though,' answered Kilian. 'They are led by that Donnerhugel whom we have heard of, whom they call the Young Bear of Berne. They will turn to their defence.'

'The better, man; wouldst thou kill sheep rather than hunt wolves? Besides, our toils are set, and the whole garrison shall assist. Shame on thee, Kilian, thou wert not wont to have so many scruples!'

'Nor have I now,' said Kilian. 'But these Swiss bills, and two-handed swords of the breadth of four inches, are no child's play. And then, if you call all our garrison to the attack, to whom will your Excellency entrust the defence of the other gates and the circuit of the walls?'

'Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates,' replied the governor, 'and bring the keys hither. There shall no one leave the place till this affair is over. Let some score of the citizens take arms for the duty of guarding the walls; and look they discharge it well, or I will lay a fine on them which they shall discharge to purpose.'

'They will grumble,' said Kilian. 'They say that, not being the Duke's subjects, though the place is impledged to his Grace, they are not liable to military service.'

'They lie! the cowardly slaves,' answered De Hagenbach.

‘If I have not employed them much hitherto, it is because I scorn their assistance; nor would I now use their help, were it for anything save to keep a watch, by looking out straight before them. Let them obey, as they respect their property, persons, and families.’

A deep voice behind them repeated the emphatic language of Scripture — ‘I have seen the wicked man flourish in his power even like unto a laurel, but I returned and he was not — yea, I sought him, but he was not to be found.’

Sir Archibald de Hagenbach turned sternly, and encountered the dark and ominous looks of the priest of St. Paul’s, dressed in the vestments of his order.

‘We are busy, father,’ said the governor, ‘and will hear your preachments another time.’

‘I come by your summons, sir governor,’ said the priest, ‘or I had not intruded myself where I well knew my preachments, if you term them so, will do no good.’

‘O, I crave your mercy, reverend father,’ said De Hagenbach. ‘Yes, it is true that I did send for you, to desire your prayers and kind intercession with Our Lady and St. Paul in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadagno*.’

‘Sir Archibald,’ answered the priest, calmly, ‘I well hope and trust that you do not forget the nature of the glorified saints so far as to ask them for their blessing upon such exploits as you have been too oft engaged in since your arrival amongst us — an event which of itself gave token of the Divine anger. Nay, let me say, humble as I am, that decency to a servant of the altar should check you from proposing to me to put up prayers for the success of pillage and robbery.’

‘I understand you, father,’ said the rapacious governor, ‘and you shall see I do. While you are the Duke’s subject, you must by your office put up your prayers for his success in matters that are fairly managed. You acknowledge this with a graceful bend of your reverend head? Well, then, I will be as reasonable as you are. Say we desire the intercession of the good saints, and of you, their pious orator, in something a little out of the ordinary path, and, if you will, somewhat of a doubtful complexion — are we entitled to ask you or them for their pains and trouble without a just consideration? Surely no. Therefore I vow and solemnly promise that, if I have good fortune in this morning’s adventure, St. Paul shall have an altar-cloth and a basin of silver, large or little, as my booty

will permit ; Our Lady a web of satin for a full suit, with a necklace of pearl for holidays ; and thou, priest, some twenty pieces of broad English gold, for acting as go-between betwixt ourselves and the blessed Apostles, whom we acknowledge ourselves unworthy to negotiate with in our profane person. And now, sir priest, do we understand each other, for I have little time to lose ? I know you have hard thoughts of me, but you see the devil is not quite so horrible as he is painted.'

'Do we understand each other ?' answered the black priest of St. Paul's, repeating the governor's question. 'Alas, no ! and I fear me we never shall. Hast thou never heard the words spoken by the holy hermit, Berchtold of Offringen, to the implacable Queen Agnes, who had revenged with such dreadful severity the assassination of her father, the Emperor Albert ?'

'Not I,' returned the knight ; 'I have neither studied the chronicles of emperors nor the legends of hermits ; and, therefore, sir priest, an you like not my proposal, let us have no farther words on the matter. I am unwont to press my favours, or to deal with priests who require entreaty when gifts are held out to them.'

'Hear yet the words of the holy man,' said the priest. 'The time may come, and that shortly, when you would gladly desire to hear what you scornfully reject.'

'Speak on, but be brief,' said Archibald de Hagenbach ; 'and know, though thou mayst terrify or cajole the multitude, thou now speakest to one whose resolution is fixed far beyond the power of thy eloquence to melt.'

'Know, then,' said the priest of St. Paul's, 'that Agnes, daughter of the murdered Albert, after shedding oceans of blood in avenging his bloody death, founded at length the rich abbey of Koenigsfeldt ; and, that it might have a superior claim to renowned sanctity, made a pilgrimage in person to the cell of the holy hermit, and besought of him to honour her abbey by taking up his residence there. But what was his reply ? Mark it and tremble. "Begone, ruthless woman," said the holy man ; "God will not be served with blood-guiltiness, and rejects the gifts which are obtained by violence and robbery. The Almighty loves mercy, justice, and humanity, and by the lovers of these only will He be worshipped." And now, Archibald of Hagenbach, once, twice, thrice hast thou had warning. Live as becomes a man on whom sentence is passed, and who must expect execution.'

Having spoken these words with a menacing tone and frowning aspect, the priest of St. Paul's turned away from the governor, whose first impulse was to command him to be arrested. But, when he recollected the serious consequences which attached to the laying violent hands on a priest, he suffered him to depart in peace, conscious that his own unpopularity might render any attempt to revenge himself an act of great rashness. He called, therefore, for a beaker of Burgundy, in which he swallowed down his displeasure, and had just returned to Kilian the cup, which he had drained to the bottom, when the warden winded a blast from the watch-tower, which betokened the arrival of strangers at the gate of the city.

CHAPTER XIV

I will resist such entertainment, till
My enemy has more power.

The Tempest.

‘**T**HAT blast was but feebly blown,’ said De Hagenbach, ascending to the ramparts, from which he could see what passed on the outside of the gate. ‘Who approaches, Kilian?’

‘The trusty squire was hastening to meet him with the news.’

‘Two men with a mule, an it please your Excellency; and merchants, I presume them to be.’

‘Merchants! ‘Sdeath, villain! pedlars you mean. Heard ever man of English merchants tramping it on foot, with no more baggage than one mule can manage to carry? They must be beggarly Bohemians, or those whom the French people call Escossais. The knaves! they shall pay with the pining of their paunches for the poverty of their purses.’

‘Do not be too hasty, an’t please your Excellency,’ quoth the squire: ‘small budgets hold rich goods. But rich or poor, they are our men, at least they have all the marks: the elder, well-sized and dark-visaged, may write fifty-and-five years, a beard somewhat grizzled; the younger, some two-and-twenty, taller than the first, and a well-favoured lad, with a smooth chin and light-brown mustachios.’

‘Let them be admitted,’ said the governor, turning back in order again to descend to the street, ‘and bring them into the *folterkammer* of the toll-house.’

So saying, he betook himself to the place appointed, which was an apartment in the large tower that protected the eastern gateway, in which were deposited the rack, with various other instruments of torture, which the cruel and rapacious governor was in the habit of applying to such prisoners from whom he was desirous of extorting either booty or information. He entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted, and had a lofty Gothic roof which could be but imperfectly seen, while

nooses and cords hanging down from thence announced a fearful connexion with various implements of rusted iron that hung round the walls or lay scattered on the floor.

A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall, swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in furbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword, of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise, and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone floor with a heavy clash.

'Ha! *scharfgerichter*,' said the knight, as he entered the *folterkammer*, 'thou art preparing for thy duty?'

'It would ill become your Excellency's servant,' answered the man, in a harsh, deep tone, 'to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge.'

'The prisoners are at hand, Francis,' replied the governor; 'but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice, and thy sword drinks only noble blood.'

'The worst for Francis Steinernherz,' replied the official in scarlet: 'I trusted that your Excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble.'

'Noble!' said the governor; 'thou art mad. Thou noble — the common executioner!'

'And wherefore not, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz *von* Blutacker will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth, with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?'

'So says the law,' said Sir Archibald, after reflecting for a moment; 'but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should

judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it.'

'The prouder boast for him,' said the functionary, 'that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have despatched one more knight of the Empire.'

'Thou hast been ever in *my* service, hast thou not?' demanded De Hagenbach.

'Under what other master,' replied the executioner, 'could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crowbar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois-Eschelles,¹ are novices compared with me in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility.'

'Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it,' replied De Hagenbach. 'But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that, when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled?'

'I will number the patients to your Excellency by name and title,' said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on. 'There was Count William of Elvershoe; he was my assay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian.'

'I remember; he was indeed a most smart youth, and courted my mistress,' said Sir Archibald.

'He died on St. Jude's, in the year of grace 1455,' said the executioner.

'Go on, but name no dates,' said the governor.

'Sir Miles of Stockenborg——'

'He drove off my cattle,' observed his Excellency.

'Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt——' continued the executioner.

'He made love to my wife,' commented the governor.

'The three Jungherrn of Lammerbourg; you made their father, the count, childless in one day.'

'And he made me landless,' said Sir Archibald, 'so that

¹ Three well-known characters who figure in *Quentin Durward* (Lainy).

account is settled. Thou needest read no farther,' he continued, 'I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution.'

'You did me the greater wrong,' said Francis: 'they cost three good separate blows of this good sword.'

'Be it so, and God be with their souls,' said Hagenbach. 'But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, *scharfgerichter*, for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strappado: there is no honour to win on them.'

'The worse luck mine,' said the executioner. 'I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble — and then the fall of my sword?'

'Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries.'

'With your honour's permission, no,' said the executioner: 'to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand.'

'Be silent, then, and mind your duty,' said De Hagenbach.

Francis took up his sheathless sword, wiped the dust reverently from it, and withdrew into a corner of the chamber, where he stood leaning with his hands on the pommel of the fatal weapon.

Almost immediately afterwards, Kilian entered at the head of five or six soldiers, conducting the two Philipsons, whose arms were tied down with cords.

'Approach me a chair,' said the governor, and took his place gravely beside a table, on which stood writing-materials. 'Who are these men, Kilian, and wherefore are they bound?'

'So please your Excellency,' said Kilian, with a deep respect of manner which entirely differed from the tone, approaching to familiarity, with which he communicated with his master in private, 'we thought it well that these two strangers should not appear armed in your gracious presence; and when we required of them to surrender their weapons at the gate, as is the custom of the garrison, this young gallant must needs offer resistance. I admit he gave up his weapon at his father's command.'

'It is false!' exclaimed young Philipson; but his father making a sign to him to be silent, he obeyed instantly.

'Noble sir,' said the elder Philipson, 'we are strangers, and unacquainted with the rules of this citadel; we are Englishmen, and unaccustomed to submit to personal mishandling; we trust you will have excuse for us, when we found ourselves,

without any explanation of the cause, rudely seized on by we knew not whom. My son, who is young and unthinking, did partly draw his weapon, but desisted at my command, without having altogether unsheathed his sword, far less made a blow. For myself, I am a merchant, accustomed to submit to the laws and customs of the countries in which I traffic; I am in the territories of the Duke of Burgundy, and I know his laws and customs must be just and equitable. He is the powerful and faithful ally of England, and I fear nothing while under his banner.'

'Hem — hem!' replied De Hagenbach, a little disconcerted by the Englishman's composure, and perhaps recollecting that, unless his passions were awakened, as in the case of the Swiss, whom he detested, Charles of Burgundy deserved the character of a just though severe prince. 'Fair words are well, but hardly make amends for foul actions. You have drawn swords in riot and opposition to the Duke's soldiers, when obeying the mandates which regulate their watch.'

'Surely, sir,' answered Philipson, 'this is a severe construction of a most natural action. But, in a word, if you are disposed to be rigorous, the simple action of drawing, or attempting to draw, a sword in a garrison town is only punishable by pecuniary fine, and such we must pay, if it be your will.'

'Now, here is a silly sheep,' said Kilian to the executioner, beside whom he had stationed himself, somewhat apart from the group, 'who voluntarily offers his own fleece to the clipper.'

'It will scarcely serve as a ransom for his throat, sir squire,' answered Francis Steinernherz; 'for, look you, I dreamed last night that our master made me noble, and I knew by the fall of my sword that this is the man by whom I am to mount to gentility. I must this very day deal on him with my good sword.'

'Why, thou ambitious fool,' said the esquire, 'this is no noble, but an island pedlar — a mere English citizen.'

'Thou art deceived,' said the executioner, 'and hast never looked on men when they are about to die.'

'Have I not?' said the squire. 'Have I not looked on five pitched fields, besides skirmishes and ambuscades innumerable?'

'That tries not the courage,' said the *scharfgerichter*. 'All men will fight when pitched against each other. So will the

most paltry curs, so will the dunghill fowls. But he is brave and noble who can look on a scaffold and a block, a priest to give him absolution, and the headsman and good sword which is to mow him down in his strength, as he would look upon things indifferent; and such a man is that whom we now behold.'

'Yes,' answered Kilian, 'but that man looks not on such an apparatus: he only sees our illustrious patron, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.'

'And he who looks upon Sir Archibald,' said the executioner, 'being, as yonder man assuredly is, a person of sense and apprehension, looks he not upon sword and headsman? Assuredly that prisoner apprehends as much, and being so composed as he is under such conviction, it shows him to be a nobleman by blood, or may I myself never win nobility!'

'Our master will come to compromise with him, I judge,' replied Kilian; 'he looks smilingly on him.'

'Never trust to me then,' said the man in scarlet; 'there is a glance in Sir Archibald's eye which betokens blood, as surely as the dog-star bodes pestilence.'

While these dependants of Sir Archibald de Hagenbach were thus conversing apart, their master had engaged the prisoners in a long train of captious interrogatories concerning their business in Switzerland, their connexion with the Landamman, and the cause of their travelling into Burgundy, to all which the senior Philipson gave direct and plain answers, excepting to the last. He was going, he said, into Burgundy, for the purpose of his traffic; his wares were at the disposal of the governor, who might detain all, or any part, of them, as he might be disposed to make himself answerable to his master. But his business with the Duke was of a private nature, respecting some particular matters of commerce, in which others as well as he himself were interested. To the Duke alone, he declared, would he communicate the affair; and he pressed it strongly on the governor, that, if he should sustain any damage in his own person or that of his son, the Duke's severe displeasure would be the inevitable consequence.

De Hagenbach was evidently much embarrassed by the steady tone of his prisoner, and more than once held counsel with the bottle, his never-failing oracle in cases of extreme difficulty. Philipson had readily surrendered to the governor a list or invoice of his merchandise, which was of so inviting a character, that Sir Archibald absolutely gloated over it. After

remaining in deep meditation for some time, he raised his head and spoke thus :—

‘You must be well aware, sir merchant, that it is the Duke’s pleasure that no Swiss merchandise shall pass through his territories; and that, nevertheless, you having been, by your own account, some time in that country, and having also accompanied a body of men calling themselves Swiss deputies, I am authorized to believe that these valuable articles are rather the property of those persons than of a single individual of so poor an appearance as yourself, and that, should I demand pecuniary satisfaction, three hundred pieces of gold would not be an extravagant fine for so bold a practice; and you might wander where you will with the rest of your wares, so you bring them not into Burgundy.’

‘But it is to Burgundy, and to the Duke’s presence, that I am expressly bound,’ said the Englishman. ‘If I go not thither my journey is wrecked, and the Duke’s displeasure is certain to light on those who may molest me. For I make your Excellency aware, that your gracious prince already knows of my journey, and will make strict inquiry where and by whom I have been intercepted.’

Again the governor was silent, endeavouring to decide how he might best reconcile the gratification of his rapacity with precaution for his safety. After a few minutes’ consideration, he again addressed his prisoner.

‘Thou art very positive in thy tale, my good friend; but my orders are equally so to exclude merchandise coming from Switzerland. What if I put thy mule and baggage under arrest?’

‘I cannot withstand your power, my lord, to do what you will. I will in that case go to the Duke’s footstool and do my errand there.’

‘Ay, and my errand also,’ answered the governor. ‘That is, thou wilt carry thy complaint to the Duke against the governor of La Ferette, for executing his orders too strictly?’

‘On my life and honest word,’ answered the Englishman, ‘I will make no complaint. Leave me but my ready money, without which I can hardly travel to the Duke’s court, and I will look no more after these goods and wares than the stag looks after the antlers which he shed last year.’

Again the governor of La Ferette looked doubtful, and shook his head.

‘Men in such a case as yours,’ he said, ‘cannot be trusted, nor, to say truth, is it reasonable to expect they should be

trustworthy. These same wares, designed for the Duke's private hand, in what do they consist?'

'They are under seal,' replied the Englishman.

'They are of rare value, doubtless?' continued the governor.

'I cannot tell,' answered the elder Philipson; 'I know the Duke sets great store by them. But your Excellency knows that great princes sometimes place a high value on trifles.'

'Bear you them about you?' said the governor. 'Take heed how you answer. Look around you on these engines, which can bring a dumb man to speak, and consider I have the power to employ them!'

'And I the courage to support their worst infliction,' answered Philipson, with the same impenetrable coolness which he had maintained throughout the whole conference.

'Remember also,' said Hagenbach, 'that I can have your person searched as thoroughly as your mails and budgets.'

'I do remember that I am wholly in thy power; and that I may leave thee no excuse for employing force on a peaceful traveller, I will own to you,' said Philipson, 'that I have the Duke's packet in the bosom of my doublet.'

'Bring it forth,' answered the governor.

'My hands are tied, both in honour and literally,' said the Englishman.

'Pluck it from his bosom, Kilian,' said Sir Archibald; 'let us see this gear he talks of.'

'Could resistance avail,' replied the stout merchant, 'you should pluck forth my heart first. But I pray all who are present to observe that the seals are every one whole and unbroken at this moment when it is forcibly taken from my person.'

As he spoke thus, he looked around on the soldiers, whose presence De Hagenbach had perhaps forgotten.

'How, dog!' said Sir Archibald, giving way to his passion, 'would you stir up mutiny among my men-at-arms? Kilian, let the soldiers wait without.'

So saying, he hastily placed under cover of his own robe the small but remarkably well-secured packet which Kilian had taken from the merchant's person. The soldiers withdrew, lingering, however, and looking back, like children brought away from a show before its final conclusion.

'So, fellow!' again began De Hagenbach, 'we are now more private. Wilt thou deal more on the level with me, and tell me what this packet is, and whence it comes?'

‘Could all your garrison be crowded into this room, I can only answer as before. The contents I do not precisely know; the person by whom it was sent I am determined not to name.’

‘Perhaps your son,’ said the governor, ‘may be more compliant.’

‘He cannot tell you that of which he is himself ignorant,’ answered the merchant.

‘Perchance the rack may make you both find your tongues; and we will try it on the young fellow first, Kilian, since thou knowest we have seen men shrink from beholding the wrenched joints of their children, that would have committed their own old sinews to the stretching with much endurance.’

‘You may make the trial,’ said Arthur, ‘and Heaven will give me strength to endure ——’

‘And me courage to behold,’ added his father.

All this while the governor was turning and returning the little packet in his hand, curiously inspecting every fold, and regretting, doubtless, in secret, that a few patches of wax, placed under an envelope of crimson satin, and ligatures of twisted silk cord, should prevent his eager eyes from ascertaining the nature of the treasure which he doubted not it concealed. At length he again called in the soldiers, and delivered up the two prisoners to their charge, commanding that they should be kept safely, and in separate holds, and that the father, in particular, should be most carefully looked after.

‘I take you all here to witness,’ exclaimed the elder Philipson, despising the menacing signs of De Hagenbach, ‘that the governor detains from me a packet, addressed to his most gracious lord and master, the Duke of Burgundy.’

De Hagenbach actually foamed at the mouth with passion.

‘And should I *not* detain it?’ he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate with rage. ‘May there not be some foul practice against the life of our most gracious sovereign, by poison or otherwise, in this suspicious packet, brought by a most suspicious bearer? Have we never heard of poisons which do their work by the smell? And shall we, who keep the gate, as I may say, of his Grace of Burgundy’s dominions, give access to what may rob Europe of its pride of chivalry, Burgundy of its prince, and Flanders of her father? No! Away with these miscreants, soldiers — down to the lowest dungeons with them — keep them separate, and watch them carefully. This treasonable practice has been meditated with the connivance of Berne and Soleure.’

Thus Sir Archibald de Hagenbach raved, with a raised voice and inflamed countenance, lashing himself as it were into passion, until the steps of the soldiers, and the clash of their arms, as they retired with the prisoners, were no longer audible. His complexion, when these had ceased, waxed paler than was natural to him, his brow was furrowed with anxious wrinkles, and his voice became lower and more hesitating than ordinary, as, turning to his esquire, he said, 'Kilian, we stand upon a slippery plank, with a raging torrent beneath us. What is to be done?'

'Marry, to move forward with a resolved yet prudent step,' answered the crafty Kilian. 'It is unlucky that all these fellows should have seen the packet, and heard the appeal of yonder iron-nerved trader. But this ill-luck has befallen us, and the packet having been in your Excellency's hands, you will have all the credit of having broken the seals; for, though you leave them as entire as the moment they were impressed, it will only be supposed they have been ingeniously replaced. Let us see what are the contents, before we determine what is to be done with them. They must be of rare value, since the churl merchant was well contented to leave behind all his rich mule's-load of merchandise, so that this precious packet might pass unexamined.'

'They may be papers on some political matter. Many such, and of high importance, pass secretly between Edward of England and our bold Duke.' Such was the reply of De Hagenbach.

'If they be papers of consequence to the Duke,' answered Kilian, 'we can forward them to Dijon. Or they may be such as Louis of France would purchase with their weight of gold.'

'For shame, Kilian,' said the knight; 'wouldst thou have me betray my master's secrets to the King of France? Sooner would I lay my head on the block.'

'Indeed! And yet your Excellency hesitates not to ——'

Here the squire stopped, apparently for fear of giving offence, by affixing a name too broad and intelligible to the practices of his patron.

'To plunder the Duke, thou wouldst say, thou impudent slave! And, saying so, thou wouldst be as dull as thou art wont to be,' answered De Hagenbach. 'I partake, indeed, in the plunder which the Duke takes from aliens; and reason good. Even so the hound and the hawk have their share of the quarry they bring down—ay, and the lion's share, too,

unless the huntsman or falconer be all the nearer to them. Such are the perquisites of my rank ; and the Duke, who placed me here for the gratification of his resentment, and the bettering of my fortune, does not grudge them to a faithful servant. And, indeed, I may term myself, in so far as this territory of La Ferette extends, the Duke's full representative, or, as it may be termed, *alter ego* ; and, thereupon, I will open this packet, which, being addressed to him, is thereby equally addressed to me.'

Having thus in a manner talked himself up to an idea of his own high authority, he cut the strings of the packet, which he had all this while held in his hand, and, undoing the outer coverings, produced a very small case made of sandalwood.

'The contents,' he said, 'had need to be valuable, as they lie in so little compass.'

So saying, he pressed the spring, and the casket, opening, displayed a necklace of diamonds, distinguished by brilliancy and size, and apparently of extraordinary value. The eyes of the avaricious governor, and his no less rapacious attendant, were so dazzled with the unusual splendour, that for some time they could express nothing save joy and surprise.

'Ay, marry, sir,' said Kilian, 'the obstinate old knave had reasons for his hardihood. My own joints should have stood a strain or two ere I surrendered such sparklers as these. And now, Sir Archibald, may your trusty follower ask you how this booty is to be divided between the Duke and his governor, according to the most approved rules of garrison towns ?'

'Faith, we will suppose the garrison stormed, Kilian ; and in a storm, thou know'st, the first finder takes all — with due consideration always of his trusty followers.'

'As myself, for example,' said Kilian.

'Ay, and myself, for example,' answered a voice, which sounded like the echo of the esquire's words, from the remote corner of the ancient apartment.

'Sdeath ! we are overheard,' exclaimed the governor, starting and laying his hand on his dagger.

'Only by a faithful follower, as the worthy esquire observes,' said the executioner, moving slowly forward.

'Villain, how didst thou dare watch me ?' said Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.

'Trouble not yourself for that, sir,' said Kilian. 'Honest Steinernherz has no tongue to speak, or ear to hear, save according to your pleasure. Indeed, we must shortly have

taken him into our counsels, seeing these men must be dealt upon, and that speedily.'

'Indeed!' said De Hagenbach; 'I had thought they might be spared.'

'To tell the Duke of Burgundy how the governor of La Ferette accounts to his treasurer for the duties and forfeitures at his custom-house?' demanded Kilian.

'T is true,' said the knight; 'dead men have neither teeth nor tongue: they bite not and they tell no tales. Thou wilt take order with them, *scharfgerichter*.'

'I will, my lord,' answered the executioner, 'on condition that, if this must be in the way of dungeon execution, which I call cellar practice, my privilege to claim nobility shall be saved and reserved to me, and the execution shall be declared to be as effectual to my claim as it might have been if the blow had been dealt in broad daylight, with my honourable blade of office.'

De Hagenbach stared at the executioner, as not understanding what he meant; on which Kilian took occasion to explain that the *scharfgerichter* was strongly impressed, from the free and dauntless conduct of the elder prisoner, that he was a man of noble blood, from whose decapitation he would himself derive all the advantages proposed to the headsman who should execute his function on nine men of illustrious extraction.

'He may be right,' said Sir Archibald, 'for here is a slip of parchment commending the bearer of this carcanet to the Duke, desiring him to accept it as a true token from one well known to him, and to give the bearer full credence in all that he should say on the part of those by whom he is sent.'

'By whom is the note signed, if I may make bold to ask?' said Kilian.

'There is no name: the Duke must be supposed to collect that information from the gems, or perhaps the handwriting.'

'On neither of which he is likely to have a speedy opportunity of exercising his ingenuity,' said Kilian.

De Hagenbach looked at the diamonds, and smiled darkly. The *scharfgerichter*, encouraged by the familiarity into which he had in a manner forced himself, returned to his plea, and insisted on the nobility of the supposed merchant. Such a trust, and such a letter of unlimited credence, could never, he contended, be entrusted to a man meanly born.¹

¹ See Louis XI.'s Ministers. Note 2.

'Thou art deceived, thou fool,' said the knight: 'kings now use the lowest tools to do their dearest offices. Louis has set the example of putting his barber and the valets of his chamber to do the work formerly entrusted to dukes and peers; and other monarchs begin to think that it is better, in choosing their agents for important affairs, to judge rather by the quality of men's brains than that of their blood. And as for the stately look and bold bearing which distinguish yonder fellow in the eyes of cravens like thee, it belongs to his country, not his rank. Thou think'st it is in England as in Flanders, where a city-bred burgher of Ghent, Liege, or Ypres is as distinct an animal from a knight of Hainault as a Flanders waggon horse from a Spanish jennet. But thou art deceived. England has many a merchant as haughty of heart and as prompt of hand as any noble-born son of her rich bosom. But be not dejected, thou foolish man; do thy business well on this merchant, and we shall presently have on our hands the Landamman of Unterwalden, who, though a churl by his choice, is yet a nobleman by blood, and shall, by his well-deserved death, aid thee to get rid of the peasant slough which thou art so weary of.'

'Were not your Excellency better adjourn these men's fate,' said Kilian, 'till you hear something of them from the Swiss prisoners whom we shall presently have in our power?'

'Be it as you will,' said Hagenbach, waving his hand, as if putting aside some disagreeable task. 'But let all be finished ere I hear of it again.'

The stern satellites bowed obedience, and the deadly conclave broke up, their chief carefully securing the valuable gems, which he was willing to purchase at the expense of treachery to the sovereign in whose employment he had enlisted himself, as well as the blood of two innocent men. Yet, with a weakness of mind not uncommon to great criminals, he shrank from the thoughts of his own baseness and cruelty, and endeavoured to banish the feeling of dishonour from his mind, by devolving the immediate execution of his villainy upon his subordinate agents.

CHAPTER XV

And this place our forefathers built for man !

Old Play.

THE dungeon in which the younger Philipson was immured was one of those gloomy caverns which cry shame on the inhumanity of our ancestors.¹ They seem to have been almost insensible to the distinction betwixt innocence and guilt, as the consequences of mere accusation must have been far more severe in those days than is in our own that species of imprisonment which is adjudged as an express punishment for crime.

The cell of Arthur Philipson was of considerable length, but dark and narrow, and dug out of the solid rock upon which the tower was founded. A small lamp was allowed him, not, however, without some grumbling, but his arms were still kept bound ; and when he asked for a draught of water, one of the grim satellites by whom he was thrust into this cell answered surlily, that he might endure his thirst for all the time his life was likely to last — a gloomy response, which augured that his privations would continue as long as his life, yet neither be of long duration. By the dim lamp he had groped his way to a bench, or rough seat, cut in the rock ; and, as his eyes got gradually accustomed to the obscurity of the region in which he was immured, he became aware of a ghastly cleft in the floor of his dungeon, somewhat resembling the opening of a draw-well, but irregular in its aperture, and apparently the mouth of a gulf of nature's conformation, slightly assisted by the labour of human art.

'Here, then, is my death-bed,' he said, 'and that gulf perhaps the grave which yawns for my remains ! Nay, I have heard of prisoners being plunged into such horrid abysses while they were yet alive, to die at leisure, crushed with wounds, their groans unheard, and their fate unpitied.'

¹ See German Dungeon. Note 3.

He approached his head to the dismal cavity, and heard, as at a great depth, the sound of a sullen, and, as it seemed, subterranean stream. The sunless waves appeared murmuring for their victim. Death is dreadful at all ages; but in the first springtide of youth, with all the feelings of enjoyment afloat and eager for gratification, to be snatched forcibly from the banquet to which the individual has but just sat down is peculiarly appalling, even when the change comes in the ordinary course of nature. But to sit, like young Philipson, on the brink of the subterranean abyss, and ruminate in horrid doubt concerning the mode in which death was to be inflicted, was a situation which might break the spirit of the boldest; and the unfortunate captive was wholly unable to suppress the natural tears that flowed from his eyes in torrents, and which his bound arms did not permit him to wipe away. We have already noticed that, although a gallant young man in aught of danger which was to be faced and overcome by active exertion, the youth was strongly imaginative, and sensitive to a powerful extent to all those exaggerations which, in a situation of helpless uncertainty, fancy lends to distract the soul of him who must passively expect an approaching evil.

Yet the feelings of Arthur Philipson were not selfish. They reverted to his father, whose just and noble character was as much formed to attract veneration as his unceasing paternal care and affection to excite love and gratitude. He, too, was in the hands of remorseless villains, who were determined to conceal robbery by secret murder; he, too, undaunted in so many dangers, resolute in so many encounters, lay bound and defenceless, exposed to the dagger of the meanest stabber. Arthur remembered, too, the giddy peak of the rock near Geierstein, and the grim vulture which claimed him as its prey. Here was no angel to burst through the mist, and marshal him on a path of safety; here the darkness was subterranean and eternal, saving when the captive should behold the knife of the ruffian flash against the lamp, which lent him light to aim the fatal blow. This agony of mind lasted until the feelings of the unhappy prisoner arose to ecstasy. He started up, and struggled so hard to free himself of his bonds, that it seemed they should have fallen from him as from the arms of the mighty Nazarene [Nazarite]. But the cords were of too firm a texture; and, after a violent and unavailing struggle, in which the ligatures seemed to enter his flesh, the prisoner lost his balance, and, while the feeling thrilled through him that he

made him a sign to be silent, and at the same time beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed in silent amazement. They passed the entrance of the melancholy dungeon, and through one or two short but intricate passages, which, cut out of the rock in some places, and built in others with hewn stone of the same kind, probably led to holds similar to that in which Arthur was so lately a captive.

The recollection that his father might be immured in some such horrid cell as he himself had just quitted induced Arthur to pause as they reached the bottom of a small winding staircase, which conducted apparently from this region of the building.

‘Come,’ he said, ‘dearest Anne, lead me to his deliverance! I must not leave my father.’

She shook her head impatiently, and beckoned him on.

‘If your power extends not to save my father’s life, I will remain and save him or die! Anne—dearest Anne——’

She answered not; but her companion replied, in a deep voice, not unsuitable to his appearance, ‘Speak, young man, to those who are permitted to answer you; or rather be silent, and listen to my instructions, which direct to the only course which can bring thy father to freedom and safety.’

They ascended the stair, Anne of Geierstein going first; while Arthur, who followed close behind, could not help thinking that her form gave existence to a part of the light which her garment reflected from the torch. This was probably the effect of the superstitious belief impressed on his mind by Rudolph’s tale respecting her [grand] mother, and which was confirmed by her sudden appearance in a place and situation where she was so little to have been expected. He had not much time, however, to speculate upon her appearance or demeanour, for, mounting the stair with a lighter pace than he was able at the time to follow closely, she was no longer to be seen when he reached the landing-place. But whether she had melted into the air, or turned aside into some other passage, he was not permitted a moment’s leisure to examine.

‘Here lies your way,’ said his sable guide; and at the same time dashing out the light and seizing Philipson by the arm, he led him along a dark gallery of considerable length. The young man was not without some momentary misgivings, while he recollected the ominous looks of his conductor, and that he was armed with a dagger, or knife, which he could plunge of a sudden into his bosom. But he could not bring himself to

dread treachery from any one whom he had seen in company with Anne of Geierstein ; and in his heart he demanded her pardon for the fear which had flashed across him, and resigned himself to the guidance of his companion, who advanced with hasty but light footsteps, and cautioned him by a whisper to do the same.

‘Our journey,’ he at length said, ‘ends here.’

As he spoke, a door gave way and admitted them into a gloomy Gothic apartment, furnished with large oaken presses, apparently filled with books and manuscripts. As Arthur looked round, with eyes dazzled with the sudden gleam of daylight, from which he had been for some time excluded, the door by which they had entered disappeared. This, however, did not greatly surprise him, who judged that, being formed in appearance to correspond with the presses around the entrance which they had used, it could not when shut be distinguished from them — a device sometimes then practised, as indeed it often is at the present day. He had now a full view of his deliverer, who, when seen by daylight, showed only the vestments and features of a clergyman, without any of that expression of supernatural horror which the partial light and the melancholy appearance of all in the dungeon had combined to impress on him.

Young Philipson once more breathed with freedom, as one awakened from a hideous dream ; and the supernatural qualities with which his imagination had invested Anne of Geierstein having begun to vanish, he addressed his deliverer thus — ‘That I may testify my thanks, holy father, where they are so especially due, let me inquire of you if Anne of Geierstein ——’

‘Speak of that which pertains to your house and family,’ answered the priest, as briefly as before. ‘Hast thou so soon forgot thy father’s danger ?’

‘By Heavens, no !’ replied the youth ; ‘tell me but how to act for his deliverance, and thou shalt see how a son can fight for a parent !’

‘It is well, for it is needful,’ said the priest. ‘Don thou this vestment, and follow me.’

The vestment presented was the gown and hood of a novice.

‘Draw the cowl over thy face,’ said the priest, ‘and return no answer to any man who meets thee. I will say thou art under a vow. May Heaven forgive the unworthy tyrant who imposes on us the necessity of such profane dissimulation ! Follow me close and near ; beware that you speak not.’

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The vestment presented was the gown and hood of a novice.

‘Draw the cowl over thy face,’ said the priest, ‘and return no answer to any man who meets thee. I will say thou art under a vow. May Heaven forgive the unworthy tyrant who imposes on us the necessity of such profane dissimulation! Follow me close and near; beware that you speak not.’

The business of disguise was soon accomplished, and the priest of St. Paul's, for such he was, moving on, Arthur followed him a pace or two behind, assuming as well as he could the modest step and humble demeanour of a spiritual novice. On leaving the library, or study, and descending a short stair, he found himself in the street of Brisach. Irresistibly tempted to look back, he had only time, however, to see that the house he had left was a very small building of a Gothic character, on the one side of which rose the church of St. Paul's, and on the other the stern black gate-house, or entrance-tower.

'Follow me, Melchior,' said the deep voice of the priest; and his keen eyes were at the same time fixed upon the supposed novice, with a look which instantly recalled Arthur to a sense of his situation.

They passed along, nobody noticing them, unless to greet the priest with a silent obeisance, or muttered phrase of salutation, until, having nearly gained the middle of the village, the guide turned abruptly off from the street, and, moving northward by a short lane, reached a flight of steps, which, as usual in fortified towns, led to the banquette, or walk behind the parapet, which was of the old Gothic fashion, flanked with towers from space to space, of different forms and various heights at different angles.

There were sentinels on the walls; but the watch, as it seemed, was kept not by regular soldiers, but by burghers, with spears or swords in their hands. The first whom they passed said to the priest, in a half-whispered tone, 'Holds our purpose?'

'It holds,' replied the priest of St. Paul's. '*Benedicite!*'

'*Deo gratias!*' replied the armed citizen, and continued his walk upon the battlements.

The other sentinels seemed to avoid them; for they disappeared when they came near, or passed them without looking or seeming to observe them. At last their walk brought them to an ancient turret, which raised its head above the wall, and in which there was a small door opening from the battlement. It was in a corner, distinct from and uncommanded by any of the angles of the fortification. In a well-guarded fortress, such a point ought to have had a sentinel for its special protection, but no one was there upon duty.

'Now mark me,' said the priest, 'for your father's life, and it may be, that of many a man besides, depends upon your attention, and no less upon your despatch. You can run?—you can leap?'

'I feel no weariness, father, since you freed me,' answered Arthur; 'and the dun deer that I have often chased shall not beat me in such a wager.'

'Observe, then,' replied the black priest of St. Paul's, 'this turret contains a staircase, which descends to a small sally-port. I will give you entrance to it. The sally-port is barred on the inside, but not locked. It will give you access to the moat, which is almost entirely dry. On crossing it, you will find yourself in the circuit of the outer barriers. You may see sentinels, but they will not see you; speak not to them, but make your way over the palisade as you can. I trust you can climb over an undefended rampart?'

'I have surmounted a defended one,' said Arthur. 'What is my next charge? All this is easy.'

'You will see a species of thicket, or stretch of low bushes; make for it with all speed. When you are there, turn to the eastward; but beware, while holding that course, that you are not seen by the Burgundian Free Companions, who are on watch on that part of the walls. A volley of arrows, and the sally of a body of cavalry in pursuit, will be the consequence, if they get sight of you; and their eyes are those of the eagle, that spy the carnage afar off.'

'I will be heedful,' said the young Englishman.

'You will find,' continued the priest, 'upon the outer side of the thicket a path, or rather a sheep-track, which, sweeping at some distance from the walls, will conduct you at last into the road leading from Brísach to Bâle. Hasten forward to meet the Swiss, who are advancing. Tell them your father's hours are counted, and that they must press on if they would save him; and say to Rudolph Donnerhugel, in especial, that the black priest of St. Paul's waits to bestow upon him his blessing at the northern sally-port. Dost thou understand me?'

'Perfectly,' answered the young man.

The priest of St. Paul's then pushed open the low-browed gate of the turret, and Arthur was about to precipitate himself down the stair which opened before him.

'Stay yet a moment,' said the priest, 'and doff the novice's habit, which can only encumber thee.'

Arthur in a trice threw it from him, and was again about to start.

'Stay yet a moment longer,' continued the black priest. 'This gown may be a tell-tale; stay, therefore, and help me to pull off my upper garment.'

Inwardly glowing with impatience, Arthur yet saw the necessity of obeying his guide; and when he had pulled the long and loose upper vestment from the old man, he stood before him in a cassock of black serge, befitting his order and profession, but begirt, not with a suitable sash such as clergymen wear, but with a most uncanonical buff-belt, supporting a short two-edged sword, calculated alike to stab and to smite.

‘Give me now the novice’s habit,’ said the venerable father, ‘and over that I will put the priestly vestment. Since for the present I have some tokens of the laity about me, it is fitting it should be covered with a double portion of the clerical habit.’

As he spoke thus he smiled grimly; and his smile had something more frightful and withering than the stern frown, which suited better with his features, and was their usual expression.

‘And now,’ said he, ‘what does the fool tarry for, when life and death are in his speed?’

The young messenger waited not a second hint, but at once descended the stairs, as if it had been by a single step, found the portal, as the priest had said, only secured by bars on the inside, offering little resistance save from their rusted state, which made it difficult to draw them. Arthur succeeded, however, and found himself at the side of the moat, which presented a green and marshy appearance. Without stopping to examine whether it was deep or shallow, and almost without being sensible of the tenacity of the morass, the young Englishman forced his way through it, and attained the opposite side, without attracting the attention of two worthy burghers of Brisach, who were the guardians of the barriers. One of them, indeed, was deeply employed in the perusal of some profane chronicle or religious legend; the other was as anxiously engaged in examining the margin of the moat, in search of eels, perhaps, or frogs, for he wore over his shoulder a scrip for securing some such amphibious booty.

Seeing that, as the priest foretold, he had nothing to apprehend from the vigilance of the sentinels, Arthur dashed at the palisade, in hope to catch hold of the top of the stockade, and so to clear it by one bold leap. He overrated his powers of activity, however, or they were diminished by his recent bonds and imprisonment. He fell lightly backward on the ground, and, as he got to his feet, became aware of the presence of a soldier, in yellow and blue, the livery of De Hagenbach, who came running towards him, crying to the slothful and un-

observant sentinels, 'Alarm — alarm ! you lazy swine ! Stop the dog, or you are both dead men.'

The fisherman, who was on the further side, laid down his eel-spear, drew his sword, and, flourishing it over his head, advanced towards Philipson with very moderate haste. The student was yet more unfortunate, for, in his hurry to fold up his book and attend to his duty, he contrived to throw himself (inadvertently, doubtless) full in the soldier's way. The latter, who was running at top speed, encountered the burgher with a severe shock, which threw both down ; but the citizen, being a solid and substantial man, lay still where he fell, while the other, less weighty, and probably less prepared for the collision, lost his balance and the command of his limbs at once, and, rolling over the edge of the moat, was immersed in the mud and marsh. The fisher and the student went with deliberate speed to assist the unexpected and unwelcome partner of their watch ; while Arthur, stimulated by the imminent sense of danger, sprung at the barrier with more address and vigour than before, and, succeeding in his leap, made, as he had been directed, with his utmost speed for the covert of the adjacent bushes. He reached them without hearing any alarm from the walls. But he was conscious that his situation had become extremely precarious, since his escape from the town was known to one man, at least, who would not fail to give the alarm in case he was able to extricate himself from the marsh — a feat, however, in which it seemed to Arthur that the armed citizens were likely to prove rather his apparent than actual assistants. While such thoughts shot across his mind, they served to augment his natural speed of foot, so that, in less space than could have been thought possible, he reached the thinner extremity of the thicket, whence, as intimated by the black priest, he could see the eastern tower and the adjoining battlements of the town —

With hostile faces throng'd, and fiery arms.

It required, at the same time, some address on the part of the fugitive to keep so much under shelter as to prevent himself from being seen in his turn by those whom he saw so plainly. He therefore expected every moment to hear a bugle wind, or to behold that bustle and commotion among the defenders which might prognosticate a sally. Neither, however, took place, and heedfully observing the footpath, or track, which the priest had pointed out to him, young Philipson

wheeled his course out of sight of the guarded towers, and soon falling into the public and frequented road, by which his father and he had approached the town in the morning, he had the happiness, by the dust and flash of arms, to see a small body of armed men advancing towards Brisach, whom he justly concluded to be the van of the Swiss deputation.

He soon met the party, which consisted of about ten men, with Rudolph Donnerhugel at their head. The figure of Philipson, covered with mud, and in some places stained with blood, for his fall in the dungeon had cost him a slight wound, attracted the wonder of every one who crowded around to hear the news. Rudolph alone appeared unmoved. Like the visage on the ancient statues of Hercules, the physiognomy of the bulky Bernese was large and massive, having an air of indifferent and almost sullen composure, which did not change but in moments of the fiercest agitation.

He listened without emotion to the breathless tale of Arthur Philipson, that his father was in prison, and adjudged to death.

‘And what else did you expect?’ said the Bernese, coldly. ‘Were you not warned? It had been easy to have foreseen the misfortune, but it may be impossible to prevent it.’

‘I own — I own,’ said Arthur, wringing his hands, ‘that you were wise, and that we were foolish. But oh! do not think of our folly in the moment of our extremity. Be the gallant and generous champion which your cantons proclaim you: give us your aid in this deadly strait.’

‘But how, or in what manner?’ said Rudolph, still hesitating. ‘We have dismissed the Bâlese, who were willing to have given assistance, so much did your dutiful example weigh with us. We are now scarce above a score of men; how can you ask us to attack a garrison town, secured by fortifications, and where there are six times our number?’

‘You have friends within the fortifications,’ replied Arthur — ‘I am sure you have. Hark in your ear. The black priest sent to you — to you, Rudolph Donnerhugel of Berne — that he waits to give you his blessing at the northern sally-port.’

‘Ay, doubtless,’ said Rudolph, shaking himself free of Arthur’s attempt to engage him in private conference, and speaking so that all around might hear him, ‘there is little doubt on’t: I will find a priest at the northern sally-port to confess and absolve me, and a block, axe, and headsman to strike my throat asunder when he has done. But I will scarce

put the neck of my father's son into such risk. If they assassinate an English pedlar who has never offended them, what will they do with the Bear of Berne, whose fangs and talons Archibald de Hagenbach has felt ere now?'

Young Philipson at these words clasped his hands together, and held them up to Heaven, as one who abandons hope, excepting from thence. The tears started to his eyes, and, clenching his hands and setting his teeth, he turned his back abruptly upon the Swiss.

'What means this passion?' said Rudolph. 'Whither would you now?'

'To rescue my father, or perish with him,' said Arthur; and was about to run wildly back to La Ferette, when a strong but kindly grasp detained him.

'Tarry a little till I tie my garter,' said Sigismund Biederman, 'and I will go with you, King Arthur.'

'You, oaf?' exclaimed Rudolph — 'you? and without orders?'

'Why, look you, cousin Rudolph,' said the youth, continuing, with great composure, to fasten his garter, which, after the fashion of the time, was somewhat intricately secured, 'you are always telling us that we are Swiss and freemen; and what is the advantage of being a freeman, if one is not at liberty to do what he has a mind? You are my hauptman, look you, so long as it pleases me and no longer.'

'And why shouldst thou desert me now, thou fool? Why at this minute, of all other minutes in the year?' demanded the Bernese.

'Look you,' replied the insubordinate follower, 'I have hunted with Arthur for this month past, and I love him: he never called me fool or idiot because my thoughts came slower, maybe, and something duller, than those of other folk. And I love his father: the old man gave me this baldrick and this horn, which I warrant cost many a kreutzer. He told me, too, not to be discouraged, for that it was better to think justly than to think fast, and that I had sense enough for the one if not for the other. And the kind old man is now in Hagenbach's butcher shambles! But we will free him, Arthur, if two men may. Thou shalt see me fight while steel blade and ashen shaft will hold together.'

So saying, he shook in the air his enormous partizan, which quivered in his grasp like a slip of willow. Indeed, if iniquity was to be struck down like an ox, there was not one in that

chosen band more likely to perform the feat than Sigismund ; for, though somewhat shorter in stature than his brethren, and of a less animated spirit, yet his breadth of shoulders and strength of muscles were enormous, and if thoroughly aroused and disposed for the contest, which was very rarely the case, perhaps Rudolph himself might, as far as sheer force went, have had difficulty in matching him.

Truth of sentiment and energy of expression always produce an effect on natural and generous characters. Several of the youths around began to exclaim that Sigismund said well ; that, if the old man had put himself in danger, it was because he thought more of the success of their negotiation than of his own safety, and had taken himself from under their protection rather than involve them in quarrels on his account. 'We are the more bound,' they said, 'to see him unscathed, and we will do so.'

'Peace ! all you wiseacres,' said Rudolph, looking round with an air of superiority ; 'and you, Arthur of England, pass on to the Landamman, who is close behind ; you know he is our chief commander, he is no less your father's sincere friend, and, whatever he may determine in your father's favour, you will find most ready executors of his pleasure in all of us.'

His companions appeared to concur in this advice, and young Philipson saw that his own compliance with the recommendation was indispensable. Indeed, although he still suspected that the Bernese, by his various intrigues, as well with the Swiss youth as with those of Bâle, and, as might be inferred from the priest of St. Paul's, by communication even within the town of La Ferette, possessed the greater power of assisting him at such a conjecture, yet he trusted far more in the simple candour and perfect faith of Arnold Bierderman, and pressed forward to tell to him his mournful tale, and crave his assistance.

From the top of a bank which he reached in a few minutes after he parted from Rudolph and the advanced guard, he saw beneath him the venerable Landamman and his associates, attended by a few of the youths, who no longer were dispersed upon the flanks of the party, but attended on them closely, and in military array, as men prepared to repel any sudden attack.

Behind came a mule or two with baggage, together with the animals which, in the ordinary course of their march, supported Anne of Geierstein and her attendant. Both were occupied by

female figures as usual, and, to the best of Arthur's ken the foremost had the well-known dress of Anne, from the grey mantle to a small heron's plume, which, since entering Germany, she had worn in compliance with the custom of the country, and in evidence of her rank as a maiden of birth and distinction. Yet, if the youth's eyes brought him true tidings at present, what was the character of their former information, when, scarce more than half an hour since, they had beheld, in the subterranean dungeon of Brisach, the same form which they now rested upon, in circumstances so very different! The feeling excited by this thought was powerful, but it was momentary, like the lightning which blazes through a midnight sky, which is but just seen ere it vanishes into darkness. Or rather, the wonder excited by this marvellous incident only maintained its ground in his thoughts by allying itself with the anxiety for his father's safety, which was their predominant occupation.

'If there be indeed a spirit,' he said, 'which wears that beautiful form, it must be beneficent as well as lovely, and will extend to my far more deserving father the protection which his son has twice experienced.'

But ere he had time to prosecute such a thought farther, he had met the Landamman and his party. Here his appearance and his condition excited the same surprise as they had formerly occasioned to Rudolph and the vanguard. To the repeated interrogatories of the Landamman, he gave a brief account of his own imprisonment, and of his escape, of which he suffered the whole glory to rest with the black priest of St. Paul's, without mentioning one word of the more interesting female apparition, by which he had been attended and assisted in his charitable task. On another point also Arthur was silent. He saw no propriety in communicating to Arnold Biederman the message which the priest had addressed to Rudolph's ear alone. Whether good should come of it or no, he held sacred the obligation of silence imposed upon him by a man from whom he had just received the most important assistance.

The Landamman was struck dumb for a moment with sorrow and surprise at the news which he heard. The elder Philipson had gained his respect, as well by the purity and steadiness of the principles which he expressed as by the extent and depth of his information, which was peculiarly valuable and interesting to the Switzer, who felt his admirable

judgment considerably fettered for want of that knowledge of countries, times, and manners with which his English friend often supplied him.

‘Let us press forward,’ he said to the banneret of Berne and the other deputies; ‘let us offer our mediation betwixt the tyrant De Hagenbach and our friend, whose life is in danger. He must listen to us, for I know his master expects to see this Philipson at his court. The old man hinted to me so much. As we are possessed of such a secret, Archibald de Hagenbach will not dare to brave our vengeance, since we might easily send to Duke Charles information how the governor of La Ferette abuses his power, in matters where not only the Swiss, but where the Duke himself is concerned.’

‘Under your reverend favour, my worthy sir,’ answered the banneret of Berne, ‘we are Swiss deputies, and go to represent the injuries of Switzerland alone. If we embroil ourselves with the quarrels of strangers, we shall find it more difficult to settle advantageously those of our own country; and if the Duke should, by this villainy done upon English merchants, bring upon him the resentment of the English monarch, such breach will only render it more a matter of peremptory necessity for him to make a treaty advantageous to the Swiss cantons.’

There was so much worldly policy in this advice, that Adam Zimmerman of Soleure instantly expressed his assent, with the additional argument, that their brother Biederman had told them scarce two hours before how these English merchants had, by his advice and their own free desire, parted company with them that morning, on purpose that they might not involve the deputies in the quarrels which might be raised by the governor’s exactions on his merchandise.

‘Now what advantage,’ he said, ‘shall we derive from this same parting of company, supposing, as my brother seems to urge, we are still to consider this Englishman’s interest as if he were our fellow-traveller, and under our especial protection?’

This personal reasoning pinched the Landamman somewhat closely, for he had but a short while before descanted on the generosity of the elder Philipson, who had freely exposed himself to danger rather than that he should embarrass their negotiation by remaining one of their company; and it completely shook the fealty of the white-bearded Nicholas Bonstetten, whose eyes wandered from the face of Zimmerman, which expressed triumphant confidence in his argument, to

that of his friend the Landamman, which was rather more embarrassed than usual.

‘Brethren,’ said Arnold at length with firmness and animation, ‘I erred in priding myself upon the worldly policy which I taught to you this morning. This man is not of our country, doubtless, but he is of our blood—a copy of the common Creator’s image—and the more worthy of being called so, as he is a man of integrity and worth. We might not, without grievous sin, pass such a person, being in danger, without affording him relief, even if he lay accidentally by the side of our path; much less should we abandon him if the danger has been incurred in our own cause, and that we might escape the net in which he is himself caught. Be not, therefore, downcast. We do God’s will in succouring an oppressed man. If we succeed by mild means, as I trust we shall, we do a good action at a cheap rate; if not, God can assert the cause of humanity by the hands of few as well as of many.’

‘If such is your opinion,’ said the bannerman of Berne, ‘not a man here will shrink from you. For me, I pleaded against my own inclinations when I advised you to avoid a breach with the Burgundian. But as a soldier, I must needs say, I would rather fight the garrison, were they double the number they talk of, in a fair field, than undertake to storm their defences.’

‘Nay,’ said the Landamman, ‘I sincerely hope we shall both enter and depart from the town of Brisach without deviating from the pacific character with which our mission from the Diet invests us.’

CHAPTER XVI

For Somerset, off with his guilty head !

Henry VI. Part III.

THE governor of La Ferette stood on the battlements of the eastern entrance-tower of his fortress, and looked out on the road to Bâle, when first the vanguard of the Swiss mission, then the centre and rear, appeared in the distance. At the same moment the van halting, the main body closed with it, while the females and baggage, and mules in the rear, moved in their turn up to the main body, and the whole were united in one group.

A messenger then stepped forth, and winded one of those tremendous horns, the spoils of the wild bulls, so numerous in the canton of Uri that they are supposed to have given rise to its name.

‘They demand admittance,’ said the esquire.

‘They shall have it,’ answered Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.

‘Marry, how they may pass out again is another and a deeper question.’

‘Think yet a moment, noble sir,’ continued the esquire. ‘Bethink you, these Switzers are very fiends in fight, and have, besides, no booty to repay the conquest—some paltry chains of good copper, perchance, or adulterated silver. You have knocked out the marrow ; do not damage your teeth by trying to grind the bone.’

‘Thou art a fool, Kilian,’ answered De Hagenbach, ‘and it may be a coward besides. The approach of some score, or at most some score and a half, of Swiss partizans makes thee draw in thy horns like a snail at a child’s finger. Mine are strong and inflexible as those of the *urus*, of whom they talk so much, and on which they blow so boldly. Keep in mind, thou timid creature, that if the Swiss deputies, as they presume to call themselves, are permitted to pass free, they carry to the Duke stories of merchants bound to his court, and fraught with

precious commodities, specially addressed to his Grace. Charles has then at once to endure the presence of the ambassadors, whom he contemns and hates, and learns by them that the governor of La Ferette, permitting such to pass, has nevertheless presumed to stop those whom he would full gladly see; for what prince would not blythely welcome such a casket as that which we have taken from yonder strolling English pedlar?

‘I see not how the assault on these ambassadors will mend your Excellency’s plea for despoiling the Englishmen,’ said Kilian.

‘Because thou art a blind mole, Kilian,’ answered his chief. ‘If Burgundy hears of a ruffle between my garrison and the mountain churls, whom he scorns, and yet hates, it will drown all notice of the two pedlars who have perished in the fray. If after-inquiry should come, an hour’s ride transports me with my confidants into the Imperial dominions, where, though the Emperor be a spiritless fool, the rich prize I have found on these islanders will ensure me a good reception.’

‘I will stick by your Excellency to the last,’ returned the esquire; ‘and you shall yourself witness that, if a fool, I am at least no coward.’

‘I never thought thee such when it came to hand-blows,’ said De Hagenbach; ‘but in policy thou art timid and irresolute. Hand me mine armour, Kilian, and beware thou brace it well. The Swiss pikes and swords are no wasp stings.’

‘May your Excellency wear it with honour and profit,’ said Kilian; and, according to the duty of his office, he buckled upon his principal the complete panoply of a knight of the Empire. ‘Your purpose of assaulting the Swiss then holds firm,’ said Kilian. ‘But what pretext will your Excellency assign?’

‘Let me alone,’ said Archibald de Hagenbach, ‘to take one or to make one. Do you only have Schonfeldt and the soldiers on their stations. And remember the words are — “Burgundy to the rescue.” When these words are first spoken, let the soldiers show themselves; when repeated, let them fall on. And now that I am accoutred, away to the churls and admit them.’

Kilian bowed and withdrew.

The bugle of the Switzers had repeatedly emitted its angry roar, exasperated by the delay of nearly half an hour, without an answer from the guarded gate of Brisach; and every blast

declared, by the prolonged echoes which it awakened, the increased impatience of those who summoned the town. At length the portcullis arose, the gate opened, the drawbridge fell, and Kilian, in the equipage of a man-at-arms arrayed for fight, rode forth on an ambling palfrey.

‘What bold men are ye, sirs, who are here in arms before the fortress of Brisach, appertaining in right and seignory to the thrice noble Duke of Burgundy and Lorraine, and garrisoned for his cause and interest by the excellent Sir Archibald, Lord of Hagenbach, knight of the Most Holy Roman Empire?’

‘So please you, sir esquire,’ said the Landamman, ‘for such I conjecture you to be by the feather in your bonnet, we are here with no hostile intentions, though armed, as you see, to defend us in a perilous journey, where we are something unsafe by day, and cannot always repose by night in places of security. But our arms have no offensive purpose; if they had such, our numbers had not been so few as you see them.’

‘What, then, is your character and purpose?’ said Kilian, who had learned to use, in his master’s absence, the lordly and insolent tone of the governor himself.

‘We are delegates,’ answered the Landamman, in a calm and even tone of voice, without appearing to take offence at, or to observe, the insolent demeanour of the esquire, ‘from the Free and Confederated Cantons of the Swiss states and provinces, and from the good town of Soleure, who are accredited from our Diet of Legislature to travel to the presence of his Grace the Duke of Burgundy, on an errand of high importance to both countries, and with the hope of establishing with your master’s lord — I mean with the noble Duke of Burgundy — a sure and steadfast peace, upon such terms as shall be to the mutual honour and advantage of both countries, and to avert disputes and the effusion of Christian blood, which may otherwise be shed for want of timely and good understanding.’

‘Show me your letters of credence,’ said the esquire.

‘Under your forgiveness, sir esquire,’ replied the Landamman, ‘it will be time enough to exhibit these when we are admitted to the presence of your master the governor.’

‘That is as much as to say, wilful will to it. It is well, my masters; and yet you may take this advice from Kilian of Kersberg: It is sometimes better to reel backwards than to run forwards. My master, and my master’s master, are more ticklish persons than the dealers of Bâle, to whom you sell your

cheeses. Home, honest men — home! your way lies before you, and you are fairly warned.'

'We thank thee for thy counsel,' said the Landamman, interrupting the banneret of Berne, who had commenced an angry reply, 'supposing it kindly meant; if not, an uncivil jest is like an overcharged gun, which recoils on the cannoneer. Our road lies onward through Brisach, and onward we propose to go, and take such hap as that which we may find before us.'

'Go onward then, in the devil's name,' said the squire, who had entertained some hope of deterring them from pursuing their journey, but found himself effectually foiled.

The Switzers entered the town, and, stopped by the barricade of cars which the governor had formed across the street, at about twenty yards from the gate, they drew themselves up in military order, with their little body formed into three lines, the two females and the fathers of the deputation being in the centre. The little phalanx presented a double front, one to each side of the street, while the centre line faced so as to move forward, and only waited for the removal of the barricade in order to do so. But while they stood thus inactive, a knight in complete armour appeared from a side door of the great tower, under the arch of which they had entered into the town. His visor was raised, and he walked along the front of the little line formed by the Swiss with a stern and frowning aspect.

'Who are you,' he said, 'who have thus far intruded yourselves in arms into a Burgundian garrison?'

'With your Excellency's leave,' said the Landamman, 'we are men who come on a peaceful errand, though we carry arms for our own defence. Deputies we are from the towns of Berne and Soleure, the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, come to adjust matters of importance with the gracious Duke of Burgundy and Lorraine.'

'What towns, what cantons?' said the governor of La Ferette. 'I have heard no such names among the Free Cities of Germany. Berne, truly! when became Berne a free state?'

'Since the twenty-first day of June,' said Arnold Biederman, 'in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and thirty-nine, on which day the battle of Laupen was fought.'

'Away, vain old man,' said the knight; 'thinkest thou that such idle boasts can avail thee here? We have heard, indeed, of some insurgent villages and communities among the Alps, and how they rebelled against the Emperor, and, by the advantage of fastnesses, ambuscades, and lurking-places, how they

have murdered some knights and gentlemen sent against them by the Duke of Austria; but we little thought that such paltry townships and insignificant bands of mutineers had the insolence to term themselves free states, and propose to enter into negotiations as such with a mighty prince like Charles of Burgundy.'

'May it please your Excellency,' replied the Landamman, with perfect temper, 'your own laws of chivalry declare that, if the stronger wrong the weaker, or the noble does injury to the less gentle, the very act levels distinctions between them, and the doer of an injury becomes bound to give condign satisfaction, of such kind as the wronged party shall demand.'

'Hence to thy hills, churl!' exclaimed the haughty knight; 'there comb thy beard and roast thy chestnuts. What! because a few rats and mice find retreat among the walls and wainscoting of our dwelling-houses, shall we therefore allow them to intrude their disgusting presence, and their airs of freedom and independence, into our personal presence? No, we will rather crush them beneath the heel of our ironshod boots.'

'We are not men to be trodden on,' said Arnold Biederman, calmly; 'those who have attempted it have found us stumbling-blocks. Lay, sir knight — lay aside for an instant this haughty language, which can only lead to warfare, and listen to the words of peace. Dismiss our comrade, the English merchant Philipson, on whom you have this morning laid unlawful hands; let him pay a moderate sum for his ransom, and we, who are bound instantly to the Duke's presence, will bear a fair report to him of his governor of La Ferette.'

'You will be so generous, will you!' said Sir Archibald, in a tone of ridicule. 'And what pledge shall I have that you will favour me so kindly as you propose?'

'The word of a man who never broke his promise,' answered the stoical Landamman.

'Insolent hind!' replied the knight, 'dost thou stipulate? *Thou* offer thy paltry word as a pledge betwixt the Duke of Burgundy and Archibald de Hagenbach? Know that ye go not to Burgundy at all, or you go thither with fetters on your hands and halters round your necks. So ho, Burgundy to the rescue!'

Instantly, as he spoke, the soldiers showed themselves before, behind, and around the narrow space where the Swiss had drawn themselves up. The battlements of the town were lined with men; others presented themselves at the doors of each house in

the street, prepared to sally, and, at the windows, prepared to shoot, as well with guns as with bows and cross-bows. The soldiers who defended the barricade also started up, and seemed ready to dispute the passage in front. The little band, encompassed and overmatched, but neither startled nor disheartened, stood to their arms. The centre rank under the Landamman prepared to force their way over the barricade. The two fronts stood back to back, ready to dispute the street with those that should issue from the houses. It could not fail to prove a work of no small blood and toil to subdue this handful of determined men, even with five times their number. Some sense of this, perhaps, made Sir Archibald delay giving the signal for onset, when suddenly behind arose a cry of 'Treason — treason!'

A soldier, covered with mud, rushed before the governor, and said, in hurried accents, that, as he endeavoured to stop a prisoner who had made his escape some short time since, he had been seized by the burghers of the town, and wellnigh drowned in the moat. He added, that the citizens were even now admitting the enemy into the place.

'Kilian,' said the knight, 'take two score of men; hasten to the northern sally-port; stab, cut down, or throw from the battlements whomsoever you meet in arms, townsmen or strangers. Leave me to settle with these peasants by fair means or foul.'

But ere Kilian could obey his master's commands a shout arose in the rear, where they cried, 'Bâle — Bâle! Freedom — freedom! The day is our own!'

Onward came the youth of Bâle, who had not been at such a distance but that Rudolph had contrived to recall them; onward came many Swiss who had hovered around the embassy, holding themselves in readiness for such a piece of service; and onward came the armed citizens of La Ferette, who, compelled to take arms and mount guard by the tyranny of De Hagenbach, had availed themselves of the opportunity to admit the Bâlese at the sally-port through which Philipson had lately made his escape.

The garrison, somewhat discouraged before by the firm aspect of the Swiss, who had held their numbers at defiance, were totally disconcerted by this new and unexpected insurrection. Most of them prepared rather to fly than to fight, and they threw themselves in numbers from the walls, as the best chance of escaping. Kilian and some others, whom pride prevented from flying, and despair from asking quarter, fought with fury,

and were killed on the spot. In the midst of this confusion the Landamman kept his own bands unmoved, permitting them to take no share in the action, save to repel such violence as was offered to them.

'Stand fast all!' sounded the deep voice of Arnold Biederman along their little body. 'Where is Rudolph? Save lives, but take none. Why, how now, Arthur Philipson! stand fast, I say.'

'I cannot stand fast,' said Arthur, who was in the act of leaving the ranks. 'I must seek my father in the dungeons: they may be slaying him in this confusion while I stand idle here.'

'By Our Lady of Einsiedlen, you say well,' answered the Landamman; 'that I should have forgot my noble guest! I will help thee to search for him, Arthur—the affray seems wellnigh ended. Ho, there, sir banneret, worthy Adam Zimmerman, my good friend Nicholas Bonstetten, keep our men standing firm. Have nothing to do with this affray, but leave the men of Bale to answer their own deeds. I return in a few minutes.'

So saying, he hurried after Arthur Philipson, whose recollection conducted him, with sufficient accuracy, to the head of the dungeon stairs. There they met an ill-looking man clad in a buff jerkin, who bore at his girdle a bunch of rusted keys, which intimated the nature of his calling.

'Show me the prison of the English merchant,' said Arthur Philipson, 'or thou diest by my hand.'

'Which of them desire you to see,' answered the official—'the old man or the young one?'

'The old,' said young Philipson. 'His son has escaped thee.'

'Enter here, then, gentlemen,' said the jailer, undoing the spring-bolt of a heavy door.

At the upper end of the apartment lay the man they came to seek for, who was instantly raised from the ground and loaded with their embraces.

'My dear father!' 'My worthy guest!' said his son and friend at the same moment, 'how fares it with you?'

'Well,' answered the elder Philipson, 'if you, my friend and son, come, as I judge from your arms and countenance, as conquerors, and at liberty; ill, if you come to share my prison-house.'

'Have no fear of that,' said the Landamman; 'we have

been in danger, but are remarkably delivered. Your evil lair has benumbed you. Lean on me, my noble guest, and let me assist you to better quarters.'

Here he was interrupted by a heavy clash, as it seemed, of iron, and differing from the distant roar of the popular tumult, which they still heard from the open street, as men hear the deep voice of a remote and tempestuous ocean.

'By St. Peter of the Fetters!' said Arthur, who instantly discovered the cause of the sound, 'the jailer has cast the door to the staple, or it has escaped his grasp. The spring-lock has closed upon us, and we cannot be liberated saving from the outside. Ho, jailer dog! villain! open the door, or thou diest.'

'He is probably out of hearing of your threats,' said the elder Philipson, 'and your cries avail you nothing. But are you sure the Swiss are in possession of the town?'

'We are peaceful occupants of it,' answered the Landamman, 'though without a blow given on our side.'

'Why, then,' said the Englishman, 'your followers will soon find you out. Arthur and I are paltry ciphers, and our absence might easily pass over unobserved; but you are too important a figure not to be missed and looked after, when the sum of your number is taken.'

'I well hope it will prove so,' said the Landamman, 'though methinks I show but scurvily, shut up here like a cat in a cupboard when he has been stealing cream. Arthur, my brave boy, dost thou see no means of shooting back the bolt?'

Arthur, who had been minutely examining the lock, replied in the negative; and added, that they must take patience perforce, and arm themselves to wait calmly their deliverance, which they could do nothing to accelerate.

Arnold Biederman, however, felt somewhat severely the neglect of his sons and companions.

'All my youths, uncertain whether I am alive or dead, are taking the opportunity of my absence, doubtless, for pillage and license; and the politic Rudolph, I presume, cares not if I should never reappear on the stage; the banneret and the white-bearded fool Bonstetten, who calls me his friend—every neighbour has deserted me; and yet they know that I am anxious for the safety of the most insignificant of them all, as dearer to me than my own. By Heavens! it looks like stratagem; and shows as if the rash young men desired to get rid of a rule too regular and peaceful to be pleasing to those who are eager for war and conquest.'

The Landamman, fretted out of his usual serenity of temper, and afraid of the misbehaviour of his countrymen in his absence, thus reflected upon his friends and companions, while the distant noise soon died away into the most absolute and total silence.

‘What is to do now?’ said Arthur Philipson. ‘I trust they will take the opportunity of quiet to go through the roll-call, and inquire then who are amissing.’

It seemed as if the young man’s wish had some efficacy, for he had scarce uttered it before the lock was turned, and the door set ajar by some one who escaped upstairs from behind it before those who were set at liberty could obtain a glance of their deliverer.

‘It is the jailer, doubtless,’ said the Landamman, ‘who may be apprehensive, as he has some reason, that we might prove more incensed at our detention in the dungeon than grateful for our deliverance.’

As they spoke thus, they ascended the narrow stairs, and issued from the door of the gate-house tower, where a singular spectacle awaited them. The Swiss deputies and their escort still remained standing fast and firm on the very spot where Hagenbach had proposed to assail them. A few of the late governor’s soldiers, disarmed, and cowering from the rage of a multitude of the citizens, who now filled the streets, stood with downcast looks behind the phalanx of the mountaineers, as their safest place of retreat. But this was not all.

The cars, so lately placed to obstruct the passage of the street, were now joined together, and served to support a platform, or scaffold, which had been hastily constructed of planks. On this was placed a chair, in which sat a tall man, with his head, neck, and shoulders bare, the rest of his body clothed in bright armour. His countenance was as pale as death, yet young Philipson recognised the hard-hearted governor, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He appeared to be bound to the chair. On his right, and close beside him, stood the priest of St. Paul’s, muttering prayers, with his breviary in his hand; while on his left, and somewhat behind the captive, appeared a tall man, attired in red, and leaning with both hands on the naked sword which has been described on a former occasion. The instant that Arnold Biederman appeared, and before the Landamman could open his lips to demand the meaning of what he saw, the priest drew back, the executioner stepped

forward, the sword was brandished, the blow was struck, and the victim's head rolled on the scaffold. A general acclamation and clapping of hands, like that by which a crowded theatre approves of some well-graced performer, followed this feat of dexterity. While the headless corpse shot streams from the arteries, which were drunk up by the sawdust that strewed the scaffold, the executioner gracefully presented himself alternately at the four corners of the stage, modestly bowing, as the multitude greeted him with cheers of approbation.

'Nobles, knights, gentlemen of free-born blood, and good citizens,' he said, 'who have assisted at this act of high justice, I pray you to bear me witness that this judgment hath been executed after the form of the sentence, at one blow, and without stroke missed or repeated.'

The acclamations were reiterated: 'Long live our *scharfgerichter* Steinernherz, and many a tyrant may he do his duty on !'

'Noble friends,' said the executioner, with the deepest obeisance, 'I have yet another word to say, and it must be a proud one. God be gracious to the soul of this good and noble knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He was the patron of my youth, and my guide to the path of honour. Eight steps have I made towards freedom and nobility on the heads of freeborn knights and nobles who have fallen by his authority and command; and the ninth, by which I have attained it, is upon his own, in grateful memory of which I will expend this purse of gold, which but an hour since he bestowed on me, in masses for his soul. Gentlemen, noble friends, and now my equals, La Ferette has lost a nobleman and gained one. Our Lady be gracious to the departed knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, and bless and prosper the progress of Stephen [Francis] Steinernherz von Blutacker, now free and noble of right!'¹

With that he took the feather out of the cap of the deceased, which, soiled with the blood of the wearer, lay near his body upon the scaffold, and, putting it into his own official bonnet, received the homage of the crowd in loud huzzas, which were partly in earnest, partly in ridicule of such an unusual transformation.

Arnold Biederman at length found breath, which the extremity of surprise had at first denied him. Indeed, the whole execution had passed much too rapidly for the possibility of his interference.

¹ See Public Executioner. Note 4.

‘Who has dared to act this tragedy?’ he said indignantly; ‘and by what right has it taken place?’

A cavalier, richly dressed in blue, replied to the question — ‘The free citizens of Bâle have acted for themselves, as the fathers of Swiss liberty set them an example; and the tyrant, De Hagenbach, has fallen by the same right which put to death the tyrant Geysler. We bore with him till his cup was brimming over, and then we bore no longer.’

‘I say not but that he deserved death,’ replied the Landamman; ‘but, for your own sake and for ours, you should have forbore him till the Duke’s pleasure was known.’

‘What tell you us of the Duke?’ answered Laurenz Neiperg, the same blue cavalier whom Arthur had seen at the secret rendezvous of the Bâlese youth, in company with Rudolph. ‘Why talk you of Burgundy to us, who are none of his subjects? The Emperor, our only rightful lord, had no title to pawn the town and fortifications of La Ferette, being as it is a dependency of Bâle, to the prejudice of our free city. He might have pledged the revenue indeed; and supposing him to have done so, the debt has been paid twice over by the exactions levied by yonder oppressor, who has now received his due. But pass on, Landamman of Unterwalden. If our actions displease you, abjure them at the footstool of the Duke of Burgundy; but, in doing so, abjure the memory of William Tell and Stauffacher, of Furst and Melchthal, the fathers of Swiss freedom.’

‘You speak truth,’ said the Landamman; ‘but it is in an ill-chosen and unhappy time. Patience would have remedied your evils, which none felt more deeply, or would have redressed more willingly, than I. But O, imprudent young man, you have thrown aside the modesty of your age and the subjection you owe to your elders. William Tell and his brethren were men of years and judgment, husbands and fathers, having a right to be heard in council and to be foremost in action. Enough — I leave it with the fathers and senators of your own city to acknowledge or to reprove your actions. But you, my friends — you, banneret of Berne — you, Rudolph — above all, you, Nicholas Bonstetten, my comrade and my friend, why did you not take this miserable man under your protection? The action would have shown Burgundy that we were slandered by those who have declared us desirous of seeking a quarrel with him, or of inciting his subjects to revolt. Now, all these prejudices will be confirmed in the

minds of men naturally more tenacious of evil impressions than of those which are favourable.'

'As I live by bread, good gossip and neighbour,' answered Nicholas Bonstetten, 'I thought to obey your injunctions to a tittle; so much so, that I once thought of breaking in and protecting the man, when Rudolph Donnerhugel reminded me that your last orders were to stand firm, and let the men of Bale answer for their own actions; "and surely," said I to myself, "my gossip Arnold knows better than all of us what is fitting to be done."'

'Ah, Rudolph—Rudolph,' said the Landamman, looking on him with a displeased countenance, 'wert thou not ashamed thus to deceive an old man?'

'To say I deceived him is a hard charge; but from you, Landamman,' answered the Bernese, with his usual deference, 'I can bear anything. I will only say that, being a member of this embassy, I am obliged to think and to give my opinion as such, especially when he is not present who is wise enough to lead and direct us all.'

'Thy words are always fair, Rudolph,' replied Arnold Biederman, 'and I trust so is thy meaning. Yet there are times when I somewhat doubt it. But let disputes pass, and let me have your advice, my friends; and for that purpose go we where it may best profit us, even to the church, where we will first return our thanks for our deliverance from assassination, and then hold counsel what next is to be done.'

The Landamman led the way, accordingly, to the church of St. Paul's, while his companions and associates followed in their order. This gave Rudolph, who, as youngest, suffered the others to precede him, an opportunity to beckon to him the Landamman's eldest son, Rudiger, and whisper to him to get rid of the two English merchants.

'Away with them, my dear Rudiger, by fair means if possible; but away with them directly. Thy father is besotted with these two English pedlars, and will listen to no other counsel; and thou and I know, dearest Rudiger, that such men as these are unfit to give laws to freeborn Switzers. Get the trumpery they have been robbed of, or as much of it as is extant, together as fast as thou canst, and send them a-travelling in Heaven's name.'

Rudiger nodded intelligently, and went to offer his services to expedite the departure of the elder Philipson. He found the sagacious merchant as desirous to escape from the scene

of confusion now presented in the town as the young Swiss could be to urge his departure. He only waited to recover the casket of which De Hagenbach had possessed himself, and Rudiger Biederman set on foot a strict search after it, which was the more likely to be successful, that the simplicity of the Swiss prevented them from setting the true value upon its contents. A strict and hasty search was immediately instituted, both on the person of the dead De Hagenbach, on which the precious packet was not to be found, and on all who had approached him at his execution, or were supposed to enjoy his confidence.

Young Arthur Philipson would gladly have availed himself of a few moments to bid farewell to Anne of Geierstein. But the grey wimple was no longer seen in the ranks of the Switzers, and it was reasonable to think that, in the confusion which followed the execution of De Hagenbach, and the retreat of the leaders of the little battalion, she had made her escape into some of the adjacent houses, while the soldiers around her, no longer restrained by the presence of their chiefs, had dispersed, some to search for the goods of which the Englishmen had been despoiled, others doubtless to mingle with and join in the rejoicings of the victorious youths of Bâle, and of those burghers of La Ferette by whom the fortifications of the town had been so gently surrendered.

The cry amongst them was universal, that Brisach, so long considered as the curb of the Swiss confederates, and the barrier against their commerce, should henceforth be garrisoned as their protection against the encroachments and exactions of the Duke of Burgundy and his officers. The whole town was in a wild but joyful jubilee, while the citizens vied with each other in offering to the Swiss every species of refreshment, and the youths who attended upon the mission hurried gaily and in triumph to profit by the circumstances which had so unexpectedly converted the ambuscade so treacherously laid for them into a genial and joyous reception.

Amid this scene of confusion, it was impossible for Arthur to quit his father, even to satisfy the feelings which induced him to wish for a few moments at his own disposal. Sad, thoughtful, and sorrowful, amid the general joy, he remained with the parent whom he had so much reason to love and honour, to assist him in securing and placing on their mule the various packages and bales which the honest Switzers had recovered after the death of De Hagenbach, and which they

emulated each other in bringing to their rightful owner ; while they were with difficulty prevailed on to accept the guerdon which the Englishman, from the means which he had still left upon his person, was disposed not merely to offer but to force upon the restorers of his property, and which, in their rude and simple ideas, seemed greatly to exceed the value of what they had recovered for him.

This scene had scarcely lasted ten or fifteen minutes, when Rudolph Donnerhugel approached the elder Philipson, and in a tone of great courtesy invited him to join the council of the chiefs of the embassy of the Swiss cantons, who, he said, were desirous of having the advantage of his experience upon some important questions respecting their conduct on these unexpected occurrences.

‘See to our affairs, Arthur, and stir not from the spot on which I leave you,’ said Philipson to his son. ‘Look especially after the sealed packet of which I was so infamously and illegally robbed : its recovery is of the utmost consequence.’

So speaking, he instantly prepared himself to attend the Bernese, who in a confidential manner whispered, as he went arm-in-arm with him towards the church of St. Paul’s —

‘I think a man of your wisdom will scarce advise us to trust ourselves to the mood of the Duke of Burgundy, when he has received such an injury as the loss of this fortress and the execution of his officer. You, at least, would be too judicious to afford us any farther the advantage of your company and society, since to do so would be wilfully to engage in our shipwreck.’

‘I will give my best advice,’ answered Philipson, ‘when I shall be more particularly acquainted with the circumstances under which it is asked of me.’

Rudolph muttered an oath, or angry exclamation, and led Philipson to the church without farther argument.

In a small chapel adjoining to the church, and dedicated to St. Magnus the Martyr, the four deputies were assembled in close conclave around the shrine in which the sainted hero stood, armed as when he lived. The priest of St. Paul’s was also present, and seemed to interest himself deeply in the debate which was taking place. When Philipson entered, all were for a moment silent, until the Landamman addressed him thus — ‘Signior Philipson, we esteem you a man far travelled, well versed in the manners of foreign lands, and acquainted with the conditions of this Duke Charles of Burgundy — you

are therefore fit to advise us in a matter of great weight. You know with what anxiety we go on this mission of peace with the Duke; you also know what has this day happened, which may probably be represented to Charles in the worst colours; would you advise us, in such a case, to proceed to the Duke's presence, with the odium of this action attached to us, or should we do better to return home, and prepare for war with Burgundy?'

'How do your own opinions stand on the subject?' said the cautious Englishman.

'We are divided,' answered the banneret of Berne. 'I have borne the banner of Berne against her foes for thirty years; I am more willing to carry it against the lances of the knights of Hainault and Lorraine than to undergo the rude treatment which we must look to meet at the footstool of the Duke.'

'We put our heads in the lion's mouth if we go forward,' said Zimmerman of Soleure; 'my opinion is, that we draw back.'

'I would not advise retreat,' said Rudolph Donnerhugel, 'were my life alone concerned; but the Landamman of Unterwalden is the father of the United Cantons, and it would be parricide if I consented to put his life in peril. My advice is, that we return, and that the Confederacy stand on their defence.'

'My opinion is different,' said Arnold Biederman; 'nor will I forgive any man who, whether in sincere or feigned friendship, places my poor life in the scale with the advantage of the cantons. If we go forward, we risk our heads — be it so. But if we turn back, we involve our country in war with a power of the first magnitude in Europe. Worthy citizens! you are brave in fight, show your fortitude as boldly now; and let us not hesitate to incur such personal danger as may attend ourselves, if by doing so we can gain a chance of peace for our country.'

'I think and vote with my neighbour and gossip, Arnold Biederman,' said the laconic deputy from Schwytz.

'You hear how we are divided in opinion,' said the Landamman to Philipson. 'What is your opinion?'

'I would first ask of you,' said the Englishman, 'what has been your part in this storming of a town occupied by the Duke's forces, and putting to death his governor?'

'So help me, Heaven!' said the Landamman, 'as I knew

not of any purpose of storming the town until it unexpectedly took place.'

'And for the execution of De Hagenbach,' said the black priest, 'I swear to you, stranger, by my holy order, that it took place under the direction of a competent court, whose sentence Charles of Burgundy himself is bound to respect, and whose proceedings the deputies of the Swiss mission could neither have advanced nor retarded.'

'If such be the case, and if you can really prove yourselves free of these proceedings,' answered Philipson, 'which must needs be highly resented by the Duke of Burgundy, I would advise you by all means to proceed upon your journey, with the certainty that you will obtain from that prince a just and impartial hearing, and it may be a favourable answer. I know Charles of Burgundy—I may even say that, our different ranks and walks of life considered, I know him well. He will be deeply incensed by the first tidings of what has here chanced, which he will no doubt interpret to your disfavour. But if, in the course of investigation, you are able to clear yourselves of these foul imputations, a sense of his own injustice may perhaps turn the balance in your favour, and in that case he will rush from the excess of censure into that of indulgence. But your cause must be firmly stated to the Duke by some tongue better acquainted with the language of courts than yours; and such a friendly interpreter might I have proved to you, had I not been plundered of the valuable packet which I bore with me in order to present to the Duke, and in testimony of my commission to him.'

'A paltry fetch,' whispered Donnerhugel to the banneret, 'that the trader may obtain from us satisfaction for the goods of which he has been plundered.'

The Landamman himself was perhaps for a moment of the same opinion.

'Merchant,' he said, 'we hold ourselves bound to make good to you—that is, if our substance can effect it—whatever loss you may have sustained, trusting to our protection.'

'Ay, that we will,' said the old man of Schwytz, 'should it cost us twenty zecchins to make it good.'

'To your guarantee of immunity I can have no claim,' said Philipson, 'seeing I parted company with you before I sustained any loss. And I regret the loss not so much for its value, although that is greater than you may fancy, but chiefly because that, the contents of the casket I bore being a token

betwixt a person of considerable importance and the Duke of Burgundy, I shall not, I fear, now that I am deprived of them, receive from his Grace that credence which I desire, both for my own sake and yours. Without them, and speaking only in the person of a private traveller, I may not take upon me as I might have done, when using the names of the persons whose mandates I carried.'

'This important packet,' said the Landamman, 'shall be most rigorously sought for, and carefully redelivered to thee. For ourselves, not a Swiss of us knows the value of its contents; so that, if they are in the hands of any of our men, they will be returned, of course, as baubles, upon which they set no value.'

As he spoke, there was a knocking at the door of the chapel. Rudolph, who stood nearest to it, having held some communication with those without, observed, with a smile, which he instantly repressed, lest it had given offence to Arnold Biederman — 'It is Sigismund, the good youth. Shall I admit him to our council?'

'To what purpose, poor simple lad?' said his father, with a sorrowful smile.

'Yet let me undo the door,' said Philipson; 'he is anxious to enter, and perhaps he brings news. I have observed, Landamman, that the young man, though with slowness of ideas and expression, is strong in his principles, and sometimes happy in his conceptions.'

He admitted Sigismund accordingly; while Arnold Biederman felt, on the one hand, the soothing compliment which Philipson had paid to a boy certainly the dullest of his family, and, on the other, feared some public display of his son's infirmity, or lack of understanding. Sigismund, however, seemed all confidence; and he certainly had reason to be so, since, as the shortest mode of explanation, he presented to Philipson the necklace of diamonds, with the casket in which it had been deposited.

'This pretty thing is yours,' he said. 'I understand so much from your son Arthur, who tells me you will be glad to have it again.'

'Most cordially do I thank you,' said the merchant. 'The necklace is certainly mine — that is, the packet of which it formed the contents was under my charge; and it is at this moment of greater additional value to me than even its actual worth, since it serves as my pledge and token for the perform-

ance of an important mission. And how, my young friend,' he continued, addressing Sigismund, 'have you been so fortunate as to recover what we have sought for hitherto in vain? Let me return my best acknowledgments; and do not think me over-curious if I ask how it reached you?'

'For that matter,' said Sigismund, 'the story is soon told. I had planted myself as near the scaffold as I could, having never beheld an execution before; and I observed the executioner, who, I thought, did his duty very cleverly, just in the moment that he spread a cloth over the body of De Hagenbach, snatch something from the dead man's bosom, and huddle it hastily into his own; so, when the rumour arose that an article of value was amissing, I hurried in quest of the fellow. I found he had bespoke masses to the extent of a hundred crowns at the high altar of St. Paul's; and I traced him to the tavern of the village, where some ill-looking men were joyously drinking to him as a free citizen and a nobleman. So I stepped in amongst them with my partizan, and demanded of his lordship either to surrender to me what he had thus possessed himself of or to try the weight of the weapon I carried. His lordship, my Lord Hangman, hesitated, and was about to make a brawl. But I was something peremptory, and so he judged it best to give me the parcel, which I trust you, Signior Philipson, will find safe and entire as it was taken from you. And — and — I left them to conclude their festivities — and that is the whole of the story.'

'Thou art a brave lad,' said Philipson; 'and with a heart always right, the head can seldom be far wrong. But the church shall not lose its dues, and I take it on myself, ere I leave La Ferette, to pay for the masses which the man had ordered for the sake of De Hagenbach's soul, snatched from the world so unexpectedly.'

Sigismund was about to reply; but Philipson, fearing he might bring out some foolery to diminish the sense which his father had so joyously entertained of his late conduct, immediately added, 'Hie away, my good youth, and give to my son Arthur this precious casket.'

With simple exultation at receiving applause to which he was little accustomed, Sigismund took his leave, and the council were once more left to their own privacy.

There was a moment's silence; for the Landamman could not overcome the feeling of exquisite pleasure at the sagacity which poor Sigismund, whose general conduct warranted no

such expectations, had displayed on the present occasion. It was not, however, a feeling to which circumstances permitted him to give vent, and he reserved it for his own secret enjoyment, as a solace to the anxiety which he had hitherto entertained concerning the limited intellect of this simple-minded young man. When he spoke, it was to Philipson, with the usual candour and manliness of his character.

‘Signior Philipson,’ he said, ‘we will hold you bound by no offer which you made while these glittering matters were out of your possession ; because a man may often think that, if he were in such and such a situation, he would be able to achieve certain ends, which, that position being attained, he may find himself unable to accomplish. But I now ask you whether, having thus fortunately and unexpectedly regained possession of what you say will give you certain credence with the Duke of Burgundy, you conceive yourself entitled to mediate with him on our behalf, as you formerly proposed ?’

All bent forward to hear the merchant’s answer.

‘Landamman,’ he replied, ‘I never spoke the word in difficulty which I was not ready to redeem when that difficulty was removed. You say, and I believe, that you had no concern with this storming of La Ferette. You say also, that the life of De Hagenbach was taken by a judicature over which you had no control, and exercised none. Let a protocol be drawn up, averring these circumstances, and, as far as possible, proving them. Entrust it to me — under seal if you will — and if such points be established, I will pledge my word as a — as a — as an honest man and a true-born Englishman, that the Duke of Burgundy will neither detain nor offer you any personal injury. I also hope to show to Charles strong and weighty reasons why a league of friendship betwixt Burgundy and the United Cantons of Helvetia is, on his Grace’s part, a wise and generous measure. But it is possible I may fail in this last point ; and if I do, I shall deeply grieve for it. In warranting your safe passage to the Duke’s court, and your safe return from it to your own country, I think I cannot fail. If I do, my own life, and that of my beloved and only child, shall pay the ransom for my excess of confidence in the Duke’s justice and honour.’

The other deputies stood silent and looked on the Landamman, but Rudolph Donnerhugel spoke.

‘Are we then to trust our own lives, and, what is still dearer to us, that of our honoured associate, Arnold Biederman,

on the simple word of a foreign trader? We all know the temper of the Duke, and how vindictively and relentlessly he has ever felt towards our country and its interests. Methinks this English merchant should express the nature of his interest at the court of Burgundy more plainly, if he expects us to place such implicit reliance in it.'

'That, Signior Rudolph Donnerhugel,' replied the merchant, 'I find myself not at liberty to do. I pry not into your secrets, whether they belong to you as a body or as individuals. My own are sacred. If I consulted my own safety merely, I should act most wisely to part company with you here. But the object of your mission is peace; and your sudden return, after what has chanced at La Ferette, will make war inevitable. I think I can assure you of a safe and free audience from the Duke, and I am willing, for the chance of securing the peace of Christendom, to encounter any personal peril which may attach to myself.'

'Say no more, worthy Philipson,' said the Landamman; 'thy good faith is undoubted on our part, and ill luck is his who cannot read it written on thy manly forehead. We go forward, then, prepared to risk our own safety at the hand of a despotic prince, rather than leave undischarged the mission which our country has entrusted us with. He is but half a brave man who will risk his life only in the field of battle. There are other dangers to front which is equally honourable; and since the weal of Switzerland demands that we should encounter them, not one of us will hesitate to take the risk.'

The other members of the mission bowed in assent, and the conclave broke up to prepare for their farther entrance into Burgundy.

CHAPTER XVII

Upon the mountain's heathery side,
The day's last lustre shone,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam'd gaily on the Rhone.

SOUTHEY.

THE English merchant was now much consulted by the Swiss commissioners in all their motions. He exhorted them to proceed with all despatch on their journey, so as to carry to the Duke their own account of the affair of Brisach, and thus anticipate all rumours less favourable to their conduct on the occasion. For this purpose Philipson recommended that the deputies, dismissing their escort, whose arms and numbers might give umbrage and suspicion, while they were too few for defence, should themselves proceed by rapid journeys on horseback towards Dijon, or wherever the Duke might chance to be for the time.

This proposal was, however, formally resisted by the very person who had hitherto been the most ductile of the party, and the willing echo of the Landamman's pleasure. On the present occasion, notwithstanding that Arnold Biederman declared the advice of Philipson excellent, Nicholas Bonstetten stood in absolute and insurmountable opposition; because, having hitherto trusted to his own limbs for transporting himself to and fro on all occasions, he could by no means be persuaded to commit himself to the discretion of a horse. As he was found obstinately positive on this subject, it was finally determined that the two Englishmen should press forward on their journey with such speed as they might, and that the elder of them should make the Duke acquainted with so much as to the capture of La Ferette as he had himself witnessed of the matter. The particulars which had attended the death of De Hagenbach, the Landamman assured him, would be sent to the Duke by a person of confidence, whose attestation on the subject could not be doubted.

This course was adopted, as Philipson expressed his confidence of getting an early and private audience with his Grace of Burgundy.

‘My best intercession,’ he said, ‘you have a good right to reckon upon; and no one can bear more direct testimony than I can to the ungovernable cruelty and rapacity of De Hagenbach, of which I had so nearly been the victim. But of his trial and execution I neither know nor can tell anything; and as Duke Charles is sure to demand why execution was done upon his officer without an appeal to his own tribunal, it will be well that you either provide me with such facts as you have to state, or send forward, at least, as speedily as possible, the evidence which you have to lay before him on that most weighty branch of the subject.’

The proposal of the merchant created some visible embarrassment on the countenance of the Swiss, and it was with obvious hesitation that Arnold Biederman, having led him aside, addressed him in a whisper —

‘My good friend,’ he said, ‘mysteries are in general like the hateful mists which disfigure the noblest features of nature; yet, like mists, they will sometimes intervene when we most desire their absence, when we most desire to be plain and explicit. The manner of De Hagenbach’s death you saw; we will take care that the Duke is informed of the authority by which it was inflicted. This is all that I can at present tell you on the subject; and let me add, that the less you speak of it with any one, you will be the more likely to escape inconvenience.’

‘Worthy Landamman,’ said the Englishman, ‘I also am by nature, and from the habits of my country, a hater of mysteries. Yet, such is my firm confidence in your truth and honour, that you shall be my guide in these dark and secret transactions, even as amongst the mists and precipices of your native land, and I rest contented in either case to place unlimited confidence in your sagacity. Let me only recommend that your explanation with Charles be instant, as well as clear and candid. Such being the case, I trust my poor interest with the Duke may be reckoned for something in your favour. Here, then, we part, but, as I trust, soon to meet again.’

The elder Philipson now rejoined his son, whom he directed to hire horses, together with a guide, to conduct them with all speed to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy. By various inquiries in the town, and especially among the soldiers of the

slain De Hagenbach, they at length learned that Charles had been of late occupied in taking possession of Lorraine, and, being now suspicious of unfriendly dispositions on the part of the Emperor of Germany, as well as of Sigismund Duke of Austria, had drawn a considerable part of his army together near Strasburg, in order to be prepared against any attempt of these princes, or of the Free Imperial Cities, which might interfere with his course of conquest. The Duke of Burgundy at this period well deserved his peculiar epithet of the Bold, since, surrounded by enemies, like one of the nobler animals of the chase, he yet astounded, by his stern and daring countenance, not only the princes and states we have mentioned, but even the King of France, equally powerful, and far more politic than himself.

To his camp, therefore, the English travellers bent their way, each full of such deep and melancholy reflection as, perhaps, prevented his bestowing much attention on the other's state of mind. They rode as men deeply immersed in their own thoughts, and with less intercourse than had been usual betwixt them on their former journeys. The nobleness of the elder Philipson's nature, and his respect for the Landamman's probity, joined with gratitude for his hospitality, had prevented him from separating his cause from that of the Swiss deputies, nor did he now repent his generosity in adhering to them. But when he recollected the nature and importance of the personal affairs which he himself had to despatch with a proud, imperious, and irritable prince, he could not but regret the circumstances which had involved his own particular mission, of so much consequence to himself and his friends, with that of persons likely to be so highly obnoxious to the Duke as Arnold Biederman and his companions; and, however grateful for the hospitality of Geierstein, he regretted, nevertheless, the circumstances which had obliged him to accept of it.

The thoughts of Arthur were no less anxious. He found himself anew separated from the object to which his thoughts were, almost against his own will, constantly returning. And this second separation had taken place after he had incurred an additional load of gratitude, and found new, as well as more mysterious, food for his ardent imagination. How was he to reconcile the character and attributes of Anne of Geierstein, whom he had known so gentle, candid, pure, and simple, with those of the [grand] daughter of a sage and of an elementary spirit, to whom night was as day, and an impervious dungeon

the same as the open portico of a temple? Could they be identified as the same being? or, while strictly alike in shape and lineament, was the one a tenant of the earth, the other only a phantom, permitted to show itself among those of a nature in which she did not partake? Above all, must he never see her more, or receive from her own lips an explanation of the mysteries which were so awfully entwined with his recollections of her? Such were the questions which occupied the mind of the younger traveller, and prevented him from interrupting, or even observing, the reverie in which his father was plunged.

Had either of the travellers been disposed to derive amusement from the country through which their road lay, the vicinity of the Rhine was well qualified to afford it. The ground on the left bank of that noble river is indeed rather flat and tame; and the mountains of Alsace, a ridge of which sweeps along its course, do not approach so near as greatly to vary the level surface of the valley which divides them from its shores. But the broad stream itself, hurrying forward with dizzy rapidity, and rushing around the islets by which its course is interrupted, is one of the most majestic spectacles in nature. The right bank is dignified at once and adorned by the numerous eminences, covered with wood and interspersed with valleys, which constitute the district so well known by the name of the Black Forest, to which superstition attached so many terrors and credulity such a variety of legends. Terrors, indeed, it had of a real and existing character. The old castles, seen from time to time on the banks of the river itself, or on the ravines and large brooks which flow into it, were then no picturesque ruins, rendered interesting by the stories which were told about their former inhabitants, but constituted the real and apparently impregnable strongholds of that robber-chivalry whom we have already frequently mentioned, and of whom, since Goethe, an author born to arouse the slumbering fame of his country, has dramatised the story of Goetz of Berlichingen,¹ we have had so many spirit-stirring tales. The danger attending the vicinity of these fortresses was only known on the right or German bank of the Rhine, for the breadth and depth of that noble stream effectually prevented any foray of their inhabitants from reaching Alsace. The former was in possession of the cities or free towns of the Empire, and thus the feudal tyranny of the German lords was

¹ This drama, by Goethe, was translated by Sir Walter Scott, and was one of his earliest publications (*Lairg*).

chiefly exerted at the expense of their own countrymen, who, irritated and exhausted with their rapine and oppression, were compelled to erect barriers against it, of a nature as interesting and extraordinary as were the wrongs from which they endeavoured to protect themselves.

But the left bank of the river, over great part of which Charles of Burgundy exercised his authority, under various characters, was under the regular protection of the ordinary magistrates, who were supported in the discharge of their duty by large bands of mercenary soldiers. These were maintained by Charles out of his private revenue, he, as well as his rival Louis, and other princes of the period, having discovered that the feudal system gave an inconvenient degree of independence to their vassals, and thinking, of course, that it was better to substitute in its place a standing army, consisting of Free Companies, or soldiers by profession. Italy furnished most of these bands, which composed the strength of Charles's army, at least the part of it in which he most trusted.

Our travellers, therefore, pursued their way by the banks of the river, in as great a degree of security as could well be enjoyed in that violent and distracted time, until at length the father, after having eyed for some time the person whom Arthur had hired to be their guide, suddenly asked of his son who or what the man was. Arthur replied, that he had been too eager to get a person who knew the road, and was willing to show it, to be very particular in inquiring into his station or occupation; but that he thought, from the man's appearance, he must be one of those itinerant ecclesiastics who travel through the country with relics, pardons, and other religious trinkets, and were in general but slightly respected, excepting by the lower orders, on whom these venders of superstitious wares were often accused of practising gross deceptions.

The man's appearance was rather that of a lay devotee, or palmer, bound on his pilgrimage to different shrines, than of a mendicant friar or questionnaire. He wore the hat, scrip, staff, and coarse dalmatic, somewhat like the military cloak of the modern hussar, which were used by such persons on their religious peregrinations. St. Peter's keys, rudely shaped out of some scarlet rag of cloth, appeared on the back of his mantle, placed, as heralds say, saltire wise. This devotee seemed a man of fifty and upwards, well made, and stout for his age, with a cast of countenance which, though not positively ugly, was far from being well favoured. There was shrewdness

and an alert expression in his eye and actions, which made some occasional contrast with the sanctimonious demeanour of the character he now bore. This difference betwixt his dress and physiognomy was by no means uncommon among persons of his description, many of whom embraced this mode of life rather to indulge roving and idle habits than from any religious call.

'Who art thou, good fellow?' said the elder Philipson; 'and by what name am I to call thee while we are fellow-travellers?'

'Bartholomew, sir,' said the man — 'Brother Bartholomew — I might say Bartholomæus, but it does not become a poor lay brother like me to aspire to the honour of a learned termination.'

'And whither does thy journey tend, good Brother Bartholomew?'

'In whichever direction your worship chooses to travel, and to require my services as guide,' answered the palmer; 'always premising you allow me leisure for my devotions at such holy stations as we pass on our route.'

'That is, thine own journey hath no professed or pressing object or end?' said the Englishman.

'None, as your worship says, peculiar,' said the itinerant; 'or I might rather say, that my journey, good sir, embraces so many objects, that it is matter of indifference to me which of them I accomplish first. My vow binds me for four years to travel from one shrine, or holy place, to another; but I am not directly tied to visit them by any precise rule of rotation.'

'That is to say, thy vow of pilgrimage does not prevent thee from hiring thyself to wait upon travellers as their guide,' replied Philipson.

'If I can unite the devotion I owe to the blessed saints whose shrines I visit with a service rendered to a wandering fellow-creature who desires to be directed upon his journey, I do maintain,' replied Bartholomew, 'that the objects are easily to be reconciled to each other.'

'Especially as a little worldly profit may tend to cement the two duties together, if otherwise incompatible,' said Philipson.

'It pleases your honour to say so,' replied the pilgrim; 'but you yourself may, if you will, derive from my good company something more than the mere knowledge of the road in which you propose to travel. I can make your journey more edifying by legends of the blessed saints whose holy relics I have visited, and pleasing, by the story of the wonderful things which I have

seen and heard in my travels. I can impart to you an opportunity of providing yourself with his Holiness's pardon, not only for the sins which you have committed, but also granting you indulgence for future errors.'

'These things are highly available, doubtless,' replied the merchant; 'but, good Bartholomew, when I desire to speak of them, I apply to my father confessor, to whom I have been uniformly regular in committing the charge of my conscience, and who must be, therefore, well acquainted with my state of mind, and best accustomed to prescribe what its case may require.'

'Nevertheless,' said Bartholomew, 'I trust your worship is too religious a man, and too sound a Catholic, to pass any hallowed station without endeavouring to obtain some share of the benefits which it is the means of dispensing to those who are ready and willing to deserve them; more especially as all men, of whatever trade and degree, hold respect to the holy saint who patroniseth his own mystery; so I hope you, being a merchant, will not pass the chapel of Our Lady of the Ferry without making some fitting orison.'

'Friend Bartholomew,' said Philipson, 'I have not heard of the shrine which you recommend to me; and, as my business is pressing, it were better worth my while to make a pilgrimage hither on purpose to make mine homage at a fitter season than to delay my journey at present. This, God willing, I will not fail to do, so that I may be held excused for delaying my reverence till I can pay it more respectfully, and at greater leisure.'

'May it please you not to be wroth,' said the guide, 'if I say that your behaviour in this matter is like that of a fool, who, finding a treasure by the roadside, omits to put it in his bosom and carry it along with him, proposing to return from a distance on a future day, of express purpose to fetch it.'

Philipson, something astonished at the man's pertinacity, was about to answer hastily and angrily, but was prevented by the arrival of three strangers, who rode hastily up from behind them.

The foremost of these was a young female, most elegantly attired, and mounted upon a Spanish jennet, which she reined with singular grace and dexterity. She wore on her right hand such a glove as that which was used to carry hawks, and had a merlin perched upon it. Her head was covered with a montero cap, and, as was frequently the custom at the period, she wore on her face a kind of black silk vizard, which effectually

concealed her features. Notwithstanding this disguise, Arthur Philipson's heart sprung high at the appearance of these strangers, for he was at once certain he recognised the matchless form of the Swiss maiden, by whom his mind was so anxiously occupied. Her attendants were a falconer with his hunting-pole and a female, both apparently her domestics. The elder Philipson, who had no such accuracy of recollection as his son manifested upon the occasion, saw in the fair stranger only some dame or damsel of eminence engaged in the amusement of hawking, and, in return to a brief salutation, merely asked her, with suitable courtesy, as the case demanded, whether she had spent the morning in good sport.

'Indifferent, good friend,' said the lady. 'I dare not fly my hawk so near the broad river, lest he should soar to the other side, and so I might lose my companion. But I reckon on finding better game when I have crossed to the other side of the ferry, which we are now approaching.'

'Then your ladyship,' said Bartholomew, 'will hear mass in Hans's Chapel, and pray for your success?'

'I were a heathen to pass the holy place without doing so,' replied the damsel.

'That, noble damsel, touches the point we were but now talking of,' said the guide Bartholomew; 'for know, fair mistress, that I cannot persuade this worthy gentleman how deeply the success of his enterprise is dependent upon his obtaining the blessing of Our Lady of the Ferry.'

'The good man,' said the young maiden, seriously, and even severely, 'must know little of the Rhine. I will explain to the gentlemen the propriety of following your advice.'

She then rode close to young Philipson, and spoke in Swiss, for she had hitherto used the German language — 'Do not start, but hear me!' and the voice was that of Anne of Geierstein. 'Do not, I say, be surprised, or at least show not your wonder; you are beset by dangers. On this road, especially, your business is known — your lives are laid in wait for. Cross over the river at the Ferry of the Chapel, or Hans's Ferry, as it is usually termed.'

Here the guide drew so near to them that it was impossible for her to continue the conversation without being overheard. At that same moment a woodcock sprung from some bushes, and the young lady threw off her merlin in pursuit.

'Sa ho — sa ho — wo ha!' hallooed the falconer, in a note which made the thicket ring again; and away he rode in

pursuit. The elder Philipson and the guide himself followed the chase eagerly with their eyes, so attractive was the love of that brave sport to men of all ranks. But the voice of the maiden was a lure which would have summoned Arthur's attention from matters more deeply interesting.

'Cross the Rhine,' she again repeated, 'at the ferry to Kirchhoff, on the other side of the river. Take your lodgings at the Golden Fleece, where you will find a guide to Strasburg. I must stay here no longer.'

So saying, the damsel raised herself in her saddle, struck her horse lightly with the loose reins, and the mettled animal, already impatient at her delay and the eager burst of its companions, flew forward at such a pace as if he had meant to emulate the flight of the hawk and of the prey he pursued. The lady and her attendants soon vanished from the sight of the travellers.

A deep silence for some time ensued, during which Arthur studied how to communicate the warning he had received, without awakening the suspicions of their guide. But the old man broke silence himself, saying to Bartholomew, 'Put your horse into more motion, I pray you, and ride onward a few yards; I would have some private conference with my son.'

The guide obeyed, and, as if with the purpose of showing a mind too profoundly occupied by heavenly matters to admit a thought concerning those of this transitory world, he thundered forth a hymn in praise of St. Wendelin the shepherd, in a strain so discordant as startled every bird from every bush by which they passed. There was never a more unmelodious melody, whether sacred or profane, than that under protection of which the elder Philipson thus conferred with his son.

'Arthur,' he said, 'I am much convinced that this howling, hypocritical vagrant has some plot upon us; and I had well-nigh determined that the best mode to baffle it would be to consult my own opinion, and not his, as to our places of repose and the direction of our journey.'

'Your judgment is correct, as usual,' said his son. 'I am well convinced of yonder man's treachery, from a whisper in which that maiden informed me that we ought to take the road to Strasburg by the eastern side of the river, and for that purpose cross over to a place called Kirchhoff, on the opposite bank.'

'Do you advise this, Arthur?' replied his father.

'I will pledge my life for the faith of this young person,' replied his son.

'What!' said his father, 'because she sits her palfrey fairly, and shows a faultless shape? Such is the reasoning of a boy; and yet my own old and cautious heart feels inclined to trust her. If our secret is known in this land, there are doubtless many who may be disposed to think they have an interest in barring my access to the Duke of Burgundy, even by the most violent means; and well you know that I should on my side hold my life equally cheap could I discharge mine errand at the price of laying it down. I tell thee, Arthur, that my mind reproaches me for taking hitherto over little care of ensuring the discharge of my commission, owing to the natural desire I had to keep thee in my company. There now lie before us two ways, both perilous and uncertain, by which we may reach the Duke's court. We may follow this guide and take the chance of his fidelity, or we may adopt the hint of yonder damsel-errant and cross over to the other side of the Rhine, and again repass the river at Strasburg. Both roads are perhaps equally perilous. I feel it my duty to diminish the risk of the miscarriage of my commission by sending thee across to the right bank, while I pursue my proposed course upon the left. Thus, if one of us be intercepted, the other may escape, and the important commission which he bears may be duly executed.'

'Alas, my father!' said Arthur, 'how is it possible for me to obey you, when by doing so I must leave you alone to incur so many dangers, to struggle with so many difficulties, in which my aid might be at least willing, though it could only be weak? Whatever befall us in these delicate and dangerous circumstances, let us at least meet it in company.'

'Arthur, my beloved son,' said his father, 'in parting from thee I am splitting mine own heart in twain; but the same duty which commands us to expose our bodies to death as peremptorily orders us not to spare our most tender affections. We must part.'

'Oh, then,' replied his son, eagerly, 'let me at least prevail in one point. Do thou, my father, cross the Rhine, and let me prosecute the journey by the route originally proposed.'

'And why, I pray you,' answered the merchant, 'should I go one of these roads in preference to the other?'

'Because,' said Arthur, eagerly, 'I would warrant yonder maiden's faith with my life.'

'Again, young man?' said his father; 'and wherefore so confident in that young maiden's faith? Is it merely from the confidence which youth reposes in that which is fair and pleasing, or have you had farther acquaintance with her than the late brief conversation with her admitted?'

'Can I give you an answer?' replied his son. 'We have been long absent from lands of knights and ladies, and is it not natural that we should give to those who remind us of the honoured ties of chivalry and gentle blood the instinctive credence which we refuse to such a poor wretch as this itinerant mountebank, who gains his existence by cheating, with false relics and forged legends, the poor peasants amongst whom he travels?'

'It is a vain imagination, Arthur,' said his father, 'not unbefitting, indeed, an aspirant to the honours of chivalry, who draws his ideas of life and its occurrences from the romances of the minstrels, but too visionary for a youth who has seen, as thou hast, how the business of this world is conducted. I tell thee, and thou wilt learn to know I say truth, that around the homely board of our host the Landamman were ranged truer tongues and more faithful hearts than the *cour plénière* of a monarch has to boast. Alas! the manly spirit of ancient faith and honour has fled even from the breast of kings and knights, where, as John of France said, it ought to continue to reside a constant inhabitant, if banished from all the rest of the world.'

'Be that as it may, dearest father,' replied the younger Philipson, 'I pray you to be persuaded by me; and if we must part company, let it be by your taking the right bank of the Rhine, since I am persuaded it is the safest route.'

'And if it be the safest,' said his father, with a voice of tender reproach, 'is that a reason why I should spare my own almost exhausted thread of life, and expose thine, my dear son, which has but begun its course?'

'Nay, father,' answered the son with animation, 'in speaking thus you do not consider the difference of our importance to the execution of the purpose which you have so long entertained, and which seems now so nigh being accomplished. Think how imperfectly I might be able to discharge it, without knowledge of the Duke's person, or credentials to gain his confidence. I might indeed repeat your words, but the circumstances would be wanting to attract the necessary faith, and of consequence your scheme, for the success of which you

have lived, and now are willing to run the risk of death, would miscarry along with me.'

'You cannot shake my resolution,' said the elder Philipson, 'or persuade me that my life is of more importance than yours. You only remind me that it is you, and not I, who ought to be the bearer of this token to the Duke of Burgundy. Should you be successful in reaching his court or camp, your possession of these gems will be needful to attach credit to your mission — a purpose for which they would be less necessary to me, who can refer to other circumstances under which I might claim credence, if it should please Heaven to leave me alone to acquit myself of this important commission, which may Our Lady in her mercy forefend! Understand, therefore, that, should an opportunity occur by which you can make your way to the opposite side of the Rhine, you are to direct your journey so as again to cross to this bank at Strasburg, where you will inquire for news of me at the Flying Stag, a hostelry in that city, which you will easily discover. If you hear no tidings of me at that place, you will proceed to the Duke, and deliver to him this important packet.'

Here he put into his son's hand, with as much privacy as possible, the case containing the diamond necklace.

'What else your duty calls on you to do,' continued the elder Philipson, 'you well know; only, I conjure you, let no vain inquiries after my fate interfere with the great duty you have there to discharge. In the meantime, prepare to bid me a sudden farewell, with a heart as bold and confident as when you went before me, and courageously led the way, amid the rocks and storms of Switzerland. Heaven was above us then, as it is over us now. Adieu, my beloved Arthur! Should I wait till the moment of separation, there may be but short time to speak the fatal word, and no eye save thine own must see the tear which I now wipe away.'

The painful feeling which accompanied this anticipation of their parting was so sincere on Arthur's part, as well as that of his father, that it did not at first occur to the former, as a source of consolation, that it seemed likely he might be placed under the guidance of the singular female the memory of whom haunted him. True it was, that the beauty of Anne of Geierstein, as well as the striking circumstances, in which she had exhibited herself, had on that very morning been the principal occupation of his mind; but they were now chased from it by the predominant recollection that he was about to be

separated in a moment of danger from a father so well deserving of his highest esteem and his fondest affection.;

Meanwhile, that father dashed from his eye the tear which his devoted stoicism could not suppress, and, as if afraid of softening his resolution by indulging his parental fondness, he recalled the pious Bartholomew, to demand of him how far they were from the Chapel of the Ferry.

'Little more than a mile,' was the reply; and when the Englishman required further information concerning the cause of its erection, he was informed that an old boatman and fisherman named Hans had long dwelt at the place, who gained a precarious livelihood by transporting travellers and merchants from one bank of the river to the other. The misfortune, however, of losing first one boat and then a second in the deep and mighty stream, with the dread inspired in travellers by the repetition of such accidents, began to render his profession an uncertain one. Being a good Catholic, the old man's distress took a devotional turn. He began to look back on his former life, and consider by what crimes he had deserved the misfortunes which darkened the evening of his days. His remorse was chiefly excited by the recollection that he had, on one occasion, when the passage was peculiarly stormy, refused to discharge his duty as a ferryman in order to transport to the other shore a priest who bore along with him an image of the Virgin, destined for the village of Kirchhoff on the opposite or right bank of the Rhine. For this fault, Hans submitted to severe penance, as he was now disposed to consider as culpable his doubt of the Virgin's power of protecting herself, her priest, and the bark employed in her service; besides which, the offering of a large share of his worldly goods to the church of Kirchhoff expressed the truth of the old man's repentance. Neither did he ever again permit himself to interpose any delay in the journey of men of Holy Church; but all ranks of the clergy, from the mitred prelate to the barefooted friar, might at any time of day or night have commanded the services of him and his boat.

While prosecuting so laudable a course of life, it became at length the lot of Hans to find, on the banks of the Rhine, a small image of the Virgin thrown by the waves, which appeared to him exactly to resemble that which he had formerly ungraciously refused to carry across, when under charge of the sacristan of Kirchhoff. He placed it in the most conspicuous part of his hut, and poured out his soul before it in

devotion, anxiously inquiring for some signal by which he might discover whether he was to consider the arrival of her holy image as a pledge that his offences were forgiven. In the visions of the night his prayers were answered, and Our Lady, assuming the form of the image, stood by his bedside, for the purpose of telling him wherefore she had come hither.

'My trusty servant,' she said, 'men of Belial have burned my dwelling at Kirchhoff, spoiled my chapel, and thrown the sacred image which represents me into the swoln Rhine, which swept me downward [upward]. Now, I have resolved to dwell no longer in the neighbourhood of the profane doers of this deed, or of the cowardly vassals who dared not prevent it. I am, therefore, compelled to remove my habitation, and, in despite of the opposing current, I determined to take the shore on this side, being resolved to fix my abode with thee, my faithful servant, that the land in which thou dwellest may be blessed, as well as thou and thy household.'

As the vision spoke, she seemed to wring from her tresses the water in which they had been steeped, while her disordered dress and fatigued appearance was that of one who has been buffeting with the waves.

Next morning brought intelligence that, in one of the numerous feuds of that fierce period, Kirchhoff had been sacked, the church destroyed, and the church treasury plundered.

In consequence of the fisherman's vision being thus remarkably confirmed, Hans entirely renounced his profession; and, leaving it to younger men to supply his place as ferryman, he converted his hut into a rustic chapel, and he himself, taking orders, attended upon the shrine as a hermit, or daily chaplain. The figure was supposed to work miracles, and the ferry became renowned from its being under the protection of the holy image of Our Lady, and her no less holy servant.

When Bartholomew had concluded his account of the ferry and its chapel, the travellers had arrived at the place itself.

CHAPTER XVIII

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
Which make the soldier's jovial courage muster;
O, blessed be the Rhine!

*Drinking Song.*¹

A COTTAGE or two on the side of the river, beside which were moored one or two fishing-boats, showed the pious Hans had successors in his profession as a boatman. The river, which at a point a little lower was restrained by a chain of islets, expanded more widely and moved less rapidly than when it passed these cottages, affording to the ferryman a smoother surface and a less heavy stream to contend with, although the current was even there too strong to be borne up against, unless the river was in a tranquil state.

On the opposite bank, but a good deal lower than the hamlet which gave name to the ferry, was seated on a small eminence, screened by trees and bushes, the little town of Kirchhoff. A skiff departing from the left bank was, even on favourable occasions, carried considerably to leeward ere it could attain the opposite side of the deep and full stream of the Rhine, so that its course was oblique towards Kirchhoff. On the other hand, a boat departing from Kirchhoff must have great advantage, both of wind and oars, in order to land its loading or crew at the Chapel of the Ferry, unless it were under the miraculous influence which carried the image of the Virgin in that direction. The communication, therefore, from the east to the west bank was only maintained by towing boats up the stream to such a height on the eastern side that the leeway which they made during the voyage across might correspond with the point at which they desired to arrive, and enable them to attain it with ease. Hence, it naturally happened that, the passage from Alsace into Swabia being the most easy, the ferry was more

¹ See 'Der Rhein, der Rhein.' Note 5.

used by those who were desirous of entering Germany than by travellers who came in an opposite direction.

When the elder Philipson had by a glance around him ascertained the situation of the ferry, he said firmly to his son, 'Begone, my dear Arthur, and do what I have commanded thee.'

With a heart rent with filial anxiety, the young man obeyed, and took his solitary course towards the cottages, near which the barks were moored, which were occasionally used for fishing as well as for the purposes of the ferry.

'Your son leaves us?' said Bartholomew to the elder Philipson.

'He does for the present,' said his father, 'as he has certain inquiries to make in yonder hamlet.'

'If they be,' answered the guide, 'any matters connected with your honour's road, I laud the saints that I can better answer your inquiries than those ignorant boors, who hardly understand your language.'

'If we find that their information needs thy commentary,' said Philipson, 'we will request it; meanwhile, lead on to the chapel, where my son will join us.'

They moved towards the chapel, but with slow steps, each turning his looks aside to the fishing-hamlet; the guide as if striving to see whether the younger traveller was returning towards them; the father anxious to descry, on the broad bosom of the Rhine, a sail unloosed, to waft his son across to that which might be considered as the safer side. But, though the looks of both guide and traveller were turned in the direction of the river, their steps carried them towards the chapel, to which the inhabitants, in memory of the founder, had given the title of Hans Chapelle.

A few trees scattered around gave an agreeable and silvan air to the place; and the chapel, that appeared on a rising ground at some distance from the hamlet, was constructed in a style of pleasing simplicity, which corresponded with the whole scene. Its small size confirmed the tradition that it had originally been merely the hut of a peasant; and the cross of fir-trees, covered with bark, attested the purpose to which it was now dedicated. The chapel and all around it breathed peace and solemn tranquillity, and the deep sound of the mighty river seemed to impose silence on each human voice which might presume to mingle with its awful murmur.

When Philipson arrived in the vicinity, Bartholomew took

the advantage afforded by his silence to thunder forth two stanzas to the praise of the Lady of the Ferry and her faithful worshipper Hans, after which he broke forth into the rapturous exclamation — 'Come hither ye who fear wreck, here is your safe haven! Come hither ye who die of thirst, here is a well of mercy open to you! Come those who are weary and far-travelled, this is your place of refreshment!' And more to the same purpose he might have said, but Philipson sternly imposed silence on him.

'If thy devotion were altogether true,' he said, 'it would be less clamorous; but it is well to do what is good in itself, even if it is a hypocrite who recommends it. Let us enter this holy chapel and pray for a fortunate issue to our precarious travels.'

The pardoner caught up the last words.

'Sure was I,' he said, 'that your worship is too well advised to pass this holy place without imploring the protection and influence of Our Lady of the Ferry. Tarry but a moment until I find the priest who serves the altar, that he may say a mass on your behalf.'

Here he was interrupted by the door of the chapel suddenly opening, when an ecclesiastic appeared on the threshold. Philipson instantly knew the priest of St. Paul's, whom he had seen that morning at La Ferette. Bartholomew also knew him, as it would seem; for his officious, hypocritical eloquence failed him in an instant, and he stood before the priest with his arms folded on his breast, like a man who waits for the sentence of condemnation.

'Villain,' said the ecclesiastic, regarding the guide with a severe countenance, 'dost thou lead a stranger into the houses of the holy saints, that thou mayst slay him and possess thyself of his spoils? But Heaven will no longer bear with thy perfidy. Back, thou wretch, to meet thy brother miscreants, who are hastening hitherward. Tell them thy arts were unavailing, and that the innocent stranger is under MY protection — under my protection, which those who presume to violate will meet with the reward of Archibald de Hagenbach!'

The guide stood quite motionless, while addressed by the priest in a manner equally menacing and authoritative; and no sooner did the latter cease speaking than, without offering a word either in justification or reply, Bartholomew turned round and retreated at a hasty pace by the same road which had conducted the traveller to the chapel.

'And do you, worthy Englishman,' continued the priest, 'enter into this chapel, and perform in safety those devotions by means of which yonder hypocrite designed to detain you until his brethren in iniquity came up. But first, wherefore are you alone? I trust nought evil hath befallen your young companion?'

'My son,' said Philipson, 'crosses the Rhine at yonder ferry, as we had important business to transact on the other side.'

As he spoke thus, a light boat, about which two or three peasants had been for some time busy, was seen to push from the shore, and shoot into the stream, to which it was partly compelled to give way, until a sail stretched along the slender yard, and, supporting the bark against the current, enabled her to stand obliquely across the river.

'Now, praise be to God!' said Philipson, who was aware that the bark he looked upon must be in the act of carrying his son beyond the reach of the dangers by which he was himself surrounded.

'Amen!' answered the priest, echoing the pious ejaculation of the traveller. 'Great reason have you to return thanks to Heaven.'

'Of that I am convinced,' replied Philipson; 'but yet from you I hope to learn the special cause of danger from which I have escaped?'

'This is neither time nor place for such an investigation,' answered the priest of St. Paul's. 'It is enough to say, that yonder fellow, well known for his hypocrisy and his crimes, was present when the young Switzer, Sigismund, reclaimed from the executioner the treasure of which you were robbed by Hagenbach. Thus Bartholomew's avarice was awakened. He undertook to be your guide to Strasburg, with the criminal intent of detaining you by the way till a party came up, against whose numbers resistance would have been in vain. But his purpose has been anticipated. And now, ere giving vent to other worldly thoughts, whether of hope or fear, to the chapel, sir, and join in orisons to Him who hath been your aid, and to those who have interceded with Him in your behalf.'

Philipson entered the chapel with his guide, and joined in returning thanks to Heaven, and the tutelary power of the spot, for the escape which had been vouchsafed to him.

When this duty had been performed, Philipson intimated his purpose of resuming his journey, to which the black priest replied that, far from delaying him in a place so dangerous, he

would himself accompany him for some part of the journey, since he also was bound to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy.

'You, my father—you!' said the merchant, with some astonishment.

'And wherefore surprised?' answered the priest. 'Is it so strange that one of my order should visit a prince's court? Believe me, there are but too many of them to be found there.'

'I do not speak with reference to your order,' answered Philipson, 'but in regard of the part which you have this day acted, in abetting the execution of Archibald de Hagenbach. Know you so little of the fiery Duke of Burgundy, as to imagine you can dally with his resentment with more safety than you would pull the mane of a sleeping lion?'

'I know his mood well,' said the priest; 'and it is not to excuse but to defend the death of De Hagenbach that I go to his presence. The Duke may execute his serfs and bondsmen at his pleasure, but there is a spell upon my life which is proof to all his power. But let me retort the question. You, sir Englishman, knowing the conditions of the Duke so well—you, so lately the guest and travelling companion of the most unwelcome visitors who could approach him—you, implicated, in appearance at least, in the uproar at La Ferette—what chance is there of your escaping his vengeance? and wherefore will you throw yourself wantonly within his power?'

'Worthy father,' said the merchant, 'let each of us, without offence to the other, keep his own secret. I have, indeed, no spell to secure me from the Duke's resentment; I have limbs to suffer torture and imprisonment, and property which may be seized and confiscated. But I have had in former days many dealings with the Duke, I may even say I have laid him under obligations, and hope my interest with him may in consequence be sufficient not only to save me from the consequences of this day's procedure, but be of some avail to my friend the Landamman.'

'But if you are in reality bound to the court of Burgundy as a merchant,' said the priest, 'where are the wares in which you traffic? Have you no merchandise save that which you carry on your person? I heard of a sumpter-horse with baggage. Has yonder villain deprived you of it?'

This was a trying question to Philipson, who, anxious about the separation from his son, had given no direction whether

the baggage should remain with himself or should be transported to the other side of the Rhine. He was, therefore, taken at advantage by the priest's inquiry, to which he answered with some incoherence—'I believe my baggage is in the hamlet—that is, unless my son has taken it across the Rhine with him.'

'That we will soon learn,' answered the priest.

Here a novice appeared from the vestuary of the chapel at his call, and received commands to inquire at the hamlet whether Philipson's bales, with the horse which transported them, had been left there or ferried over along with his son.

The novice, being absent a few minutes, presently returned with the baggage-horse, which, with its burden, Arthur, from regard to his father's accommodation, had left on the western side of the river. The priest looked on attentively, while the elder Philipson, mounting his own horse, and taking the rein of the other in his hand, bade the black priest adieu in these words—'And now, father, farewell! I must pass on with my bales, since there is little wisdom in travelling with them after nightfall, else would I gladly suit my pace, with your permission, so as to share the way with you.'

'If it is your obliging purpose to do so, as, indeed, I was about to propose,' said the priest, 'know I will be no stay to your journey. I have here a good horse; and Melchior, who must otherwise have gone on foot, may ride upon your sumpter-horse. I rather propose this course, as it will be rash for you to travel by night. I can conduct you to an hostelry about five miles off, which we may reach with sufficient daylight, and where you will be lodged safely for your reckoning.'

The English merchant hesitated a moment. He had no fancy for any new companion on the road, and although the countenance of the priest was rather handsome, considering his years, yet the expression was such as by no means invited confidence. On the contrary, there was something mysterious and gloomy which clouded his brow, though it was a lofty one, and a similar expression gleamed in his cold grey eye, and intimated severity, and even harshness, of disposition. But, notwithstanding this repulsive circumstance, the priest had lately rendered Philipson a considerable service, by detecting the treachery of his hypocritical guide, and the merchant was not a man to be startled from his course by any imaginary prepossessions against the looks or manners of any one, or apprehensions of machinations against himself. He only revolved in

his mind the singularity attending his destiny, which, while it was necessary for him to appear before the Duke of Burgundy in the most conciliatory manner, seemed to force upon him the adoption of companions who must needs be obnoxious to that prince; and such, he was too well aware, must be the case with the priest of St. Paul's. Having reflected for an instant, he courteously accepted the offer of the priest to guide him to some place of rest and entertainment, which must be absolutely necessary for his horse before he reached Strasburg, even if he himself could have dispensed with it.

The party being thus arranged, the novice brought forth the priest's steed, which he mounted with grace and agility, and the neophyte, being probably the same whom Arthur had represented during his escape from La Ferette, took charge, at his master's command, of the baggage-horse of the Englishman; and crossing himself, with a humble inclination of his head, as the priest passed him, he fell into the rear, and seemed to pass the time, like the false brother Bartholomew, in telling his beads, with an earnestness which had perhaps more of affected than of real piety. The black priest of St. Paul's, to judge by the glance which he cast upon his novice, seemed to disdain the formality of the young man's devotion. He rode upon a strong black horse, more like a warrior's charger than the ambling palfrey of a priest, and the manner in which he managed him was entirely devoid of awkwardness and timidity. His pride, whatever was its character, was not certainly of a kind altogether professional, but had its origin in other swelling thoughts which arose in his mind, to mingle with and enhance the self-consequence of a powerful ecclesiastic.

As Philipson looked on his companion from time to time, his scrutinising glance was returned by a haughty smile, which seemed to say, 'You may gaze on my form and features, but you cannot penetrate my mystery.'

The looks of Philipson, which were never known to sink before mortal man, seemed to retort, with equal haughtiness, 'Nor shall you, proud priest, know that you are now in company with one whose secret is far more important than thine own can be.'

At length the priest made some advance towards conversation, by allusion to the footing upon which, by a mutual understanding, they seemed to have placed their intercourse.

'We travel then,' he said, 'like two powerful enchanters, each conscious of his own high and secret purpose, each in his

own chariot of clouds, and neither imparting to his companion the direction or purpose of his journey.'

'Excuse me, father,' answered Philipson; 'I have neither asked your purpose nor concealed my own, so far as it concerns you. I repeat, I am bound to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, and my object, like that of any other merchant, is to dispose of my wares to advantage.'

'Doubtless, it would seem so,' said the black priest, 'from the extreme attention to your merchandise which you showed not above half an hour since, when you knew not whether your bales had crossed the river with your son or were remaining in your own charge. Are English merchants usually so indifferent to the sources of their traffic?'

'When their lives are in danger,' said Philipson, 'they are sometimes negligent of their fortune.'

'It is well,' replied the priest, and again resumed his solitary musings, until another half-hour's travelling brought them to a *dorf*, or village, which the black priest informed Philipson was that where he proposed to stop for the night.

'The novice,' he said, 'will show you the inn, which is of good reputation, and where you may lodge with safety. For me, I have to visit a penitent in this village, who desires my ghostly offices; perhaps I may see you again this evening, perhaps not till the next morning; at any rate, adieu for the present.'

So saying, the priest stopped his horse, while the novice, coming close up to Philipson's side, conducted him onward through the narrow street of the village, whilst the windows exhibited here and there a twinkling gleam, announcing that the hour of darkness was arrived. Finally, he led the Englishman through an archway into a sort of courtyard, where there stood a car or two of a particular shape, used occasionally by women when they travel, and some other vehicles of the same kind. Here the young man threw himself from the sumpter-horse, and, placing the rein in Philipson's hand, disappeared in the increasing darkness, after pointing to a large but dilapidated building, along the front of which not a spark of light was to be discovered from any of the narrow and numerous windows which were dimly visible in the twilight.

CHAPTER XIX

1st Carrier. What, ostler! — a plague on thee, hast never an eye in thy head? Canst thou not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged. Hast thou no faith in thee?

Gadshill. I pray thee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

2d Carrier. Nay, soft, I pray you — I know a trick worth two of that.

Gadshill. I prithee lend me thine.

3d Carrier. Ay, when? Canst tell? Lend thee my lantern, quotha? Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Henry IV.

THE social spirit peculiar to the French nation had already introduced into the inns of that country the gay and cheerful character of welcome upon which Erasmus, at a later period, dwells with strong emphasis, as a contrast to the saturnine and sullen reception which strangers were apt to meet with at a German caravansera. Philipson was, therefore, in expectation of being received by the busy, civil, and talkative host — by the hostess and her daughter, all softness, coquetry, and glee — the smiling and supple waiter — the officious and dimpled chambermaid. The better inns in France boast also separate rooms, where strangers could change or put in order their dress, where they might sleep without company in their bedroom, and where they could deposit their baggage in privacy and safety. But all these luxuries were as yet unknown in Germany; and in Alsace, where the scene now lies, as well as in the other dependencies of the Empire, they regarded as effeminacy everything beyond such provisions as were absolutely necessary for the supply of the wants of travellers; and even these were coarse and indifferent, and, excepting in the article of wine, sparingly ministered.

The Englishman, finding that no one appeared at the gate, began to make his presence known by calling aloud, and finally by alighting, and smiting with all his might on the doors of

the hostelry for a long time, without attracting the least attention. At length the head of a grizzled servitor was thrust out at a small window, who, in a voice which sounded like that of one displeased at the interruption, rather than hopeful of advantage from the arrival of a guest, demanded what he wanted.

‘Is this an inn?’ replied Philipson.

‘Yes,’ bluntly replied the domestic, and was about to withdraw from the window, when the traveller added —

‘And if it be, can I have lodgings?’

‘You may come in,’ was the short and dry answer.

‘Send some one to take the horses,’ replied Philipson.

‘No one is at leisure,’ replied this most repulsive of waiters; ‘you must litter down your horses yourself, in the way that likes you best.’

‘Where is the stable?’ said the merchant, whose prudence and temper were scarce proof against this Dutch phlegm.

The fellow, who seemed as sparing of his words as if, like the princess in the fairy tale, he had dropped ducats with each of them, only pointed to a door in an outer building, more resembling that of a cellar than of a stable, and, as if weary of the conference, drew in his head, and shut the window sharply against the guest, as he would against an importunate beggar.

Cursing the spirit of independence which left a traveller to his own resources and exertions, Philipson, making a virtue of necessity, led the two nags towards the door pointed out as that of the stable, and was rejoiced at heart to see light glimmering through its chinks. He entered with his charge into a place very like the dungeon vault of an ancient castle, rudely fitted up with some racks and mangers. It was of considerable extent in point of length, and at the lower end two or three persons were engaged in tying up their horses, dressing them, and dispensing them their provender.

This last article was delivered by the ostler; a very old lame man, who neither put his hand to wisp or curry-comb, but sat weighing forth hay by the pound, and counting out corn, as it seemed, by the grain, so anxiously did he bend over his task, by the aid of a blinking light inclosed within a horn lantern. He did not even turn his head at the noise which the Englishman made on entering the place with two additional horses, far less did he seem disposed to give himself the least trouble, or the stranger the smallest assistance.

In respect of cleanliness, the stable of Augeas bore no small

resemblance to that of this Alsatian *dorff*, and it would have been an exploit worthy of Hercules to have restored it to such a state of cleanliness as would have made it barely decent in the eyes, and tolerable to the nostrils, of the punctilious Englishman. 'But this was a matter which disgusted Philipson himself much more than those of his party which were principally concerned. They, *videlicet* the two horses, seeming perfectly to understand that the rule of the place was 'first come, first served,' hastened to occupy the empty stalls which happened to be nearest to them. In this one of them at least was disappointed, being received by a groom with a blow across the face with a switch.

'Take that,' said the fellow, 'for forcing thyself into the place taken up for the horses of the Baron of Randelsheim.'

Never in the course of his life had the English merchant more pain to retain possession of his temper than at that moment. Reflecting, however, on the discredit of quarrelling with such a man in such a cause, he contented himself with placing the animal, thus repulsed from the stall he had chosen, into one next to that of his companion, to which no one seemed to lay claim.

The merchant then proceeded, notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, to pay all that attention to the mute companions of his journey which they deserve from every traveller who has any share of prudence, to say nothing of humanity. The unusual degree of trouble which Philipson took to arrange his horses, although his dress, and much more his demeanour, seemed to place him above this species of servile labour, appeared to make an impression even upon the iron insensibility of the old ostler himself. He showed some alacrity in furnishing the traveller, who knew the business of a groom so well, with corn, straw, and hay, though in small quantity, and at exorbitant rates, which were instantly to be paid; nay, he even went as far as the door of the stable, that he might point across the court to the well, from which Philipson was obliged to fetch water with his own hands. The duties of the stable being finished, the merchant concluded that he had gained such an interest with the grim master of the horse as to learn of him whether he might leave his bales safely in the stable.

'You may leave them if you will,' said the ostler; 'but touching their safety you will do much more wisely if you take them with you, and give no temptation to any one by suffering them to pass from under your own eyes.'

So saying, the man of oats closed his oracular jaws, nor could he be prevailed upon to unlock them again by any inquiry which his customer could devise.

In the course of this cold and comfortless reception, Philipson recollected the necessity of supporting the character of a prudent and wary trader, which he had forgotten once before in the course of the day; and, imitating what he saw the others do, who had been, like himself, engaged in taking charge of their horses, he took up his baggage and removed himself and his property to the inn. Here he was suffered to enter, rather than admitted, into the general or public *stube*, or room of entertainment, which, like the ark of the patriarch, received all ranks without distinction, whether clean or unclean.

The *stube* of a German inn derived its name from the great hypocaust, or stove, which is always strongly heated to secure the warmth of the apartment in which it is placed. There travellers of every age and description assembled; there their upper garments were indiscriminately hung up around the stove to dry or to air; and the guests themselves were seen employed in various acts of ablution or personal arrangement, which are generally, in modern times, referred to the privacy of the dressing-room.

The more refined feelings of the Englishman were disgusted with this scene, and he was reluctant to mingle in it. For this reason he inquired for the private retreat of the landlord himself, trusting that, by some of the arguments powerful among his tribe, he might obtain separate quarters from the crowd, and a morsel of food to be eaten in private. A grey-haired Ganymede, to whom he put the question where the landlord was, indicated a recess behind the huge stove, where, veiling his glory in a very dark and extremely hot corner, it pleased the great man to obscure himself from vulgar gaze. There was something remarkable about this person. Short, stout, bandy-legged, and consequential, he was in these respects like many brethren of the profession in all countries. But the countenance of the man, and still more his manners, differed more from the merry host of France or England than even the experienced Philipson was prepared to expect. He knew German customs too well to expect the suppliant and serviceable qualities of the master of a French inn, or even the more blunt and frank manners of an English landlord. But such German innkeepers as he had yet seen, though indeed arbitrary and peremptory in their country fashions, yet, being humoured:

in these, they, like tyrants in their hours of relaxation, dealt kindly with the guests over whom their sway extended, and mitigated, by jest and jollity, the harshness of their absolute power. But this man's brow was like a tragic volume, in which you were as unlikely to find anything of jest or amusement as in a hermit's breviary. His answers were short, sudden [sullen], and repulsive, and the air and manner with which they were delivered was as surly as their tenor, which will appear from the following dialogue betwixt him and his guest :—

‘Good host,’ said Philipson, in the mildest tone he could assume, ‘I am fatigued, and far from well—may I request to have a separate apartment, a cup of wine, and a morsel of food in my private chamber?’

‘You may,’ answered the landlord, but with a look strangely at variance with the apparent acquiescence which his words naturally implied.

‘Let me have such accommodation, then, with your earliest convenience.’

‘Soft!’ replied the innkeeper. ‘I have said that you may request these things, but not that I would grant them. If you would insist on being served differently from others, it must be at another inn than mine.’

‘Well, then,’ said the traveller, ‘I will shift without supper for a night—nay, more, I will be content to pay for a supper which I do not eat—if you will cause me to be accommodated with a private apartment?’

‘Signior traveller,’ said the innkeeper, ‘every one here must be accommodated as well as you, since all pay alike. Whoso comes to this house of entertainment must eat as others eat, drink as others drink, sit at table with the rest of my guests, and go to bed when the company have done drinking.’

‘All this,’ said Philipson, humbling himself where anger would have been ridiculous, ‘is highly reasonable; and I do not oppose myself to your laws or customs. But,’ added he, taking his purse from his girdle, ‘sickness craves some privilege; and when the patient is willing to pay for it, methinks the rigour of your laws may admit of some mitigation?’

‘I keep an inn, signior, and not an hospital. If you remain here, you shall be served with the same attention as others; if you are not willing to do as others do, leave my house and seek another inn.’

On receiving this decisive rebuff, Philipson gave up the contest, and retired from the *sanctum sanctorum* of his ungracious

‘As absolute as the Duke of Burgundy,’ answered the friar. ‘After ten o’clock, no admittance: the “seek another inn,” which is before that a conditional hint, becomes, after the clock has struck and the watchmen have begun their rounds, an absolute order of exclusion. He that is without remains without, and he that is within must, in like manner, continue there until the gates open at break of day. Till then the house is almost like a beleaguered citadel, John Mengs its seneschal —’

‘And we its captives, good father,’ said Philipson. ‘Well, content am I; a wise traveller must submit to the control of the leaders of the people when he travels, and I hope a goodly fat potentate like John Mengs will be as clement as his station and dignity admit of.’

While they were talking in this manner, the aged waiter, with many a weary sigh and many a groan, had drawn out certain boards by which a table that stood in the midst of the *stube* had the capacity of being extended, so as to contain the company present, and covered it with a cloth, which was neither distinguished by extreme cleanliness nor fineness of texture. On this table, when it had been accommodated to receive the necessary number of guests, a wooden trencher and spoon, together with a glass drinking-cup, were placed before each, he being expected to serve himself with his own knife for the other purposes of the table. As for forks, they were unknown until a much later period, all the Europeans of that day making the same use of the fingers to select their morsels and transport them to the mouth which the Asiatics now practise.

The board was no sooner arranged than the hungry guests hastened to occupy their seats around it; for which purpose the sleepers were awakened, the dicers resigned their game, and the idlers and politicians broke off their sage debates, in order to secure their station at the supper-table, and be ready to perform their part in the interesting solemnity which seemed about to take place. But there is much between the cup and the lip, and not less sometimes between the covering of a table and the placing food upon it. The guests sat in order, each with his knife drawn, already menacing the victuals which were still subject to the operations of the cook. They had waited with various degrees of patience for full half an hour, when at length the old attendant before mentioned entered with a pitcher of thin Moselle wine, so light and so sharp-

tasted, that Philipson put down his cup with every tooth in his head set on edge by the slender portion which he had swallowed. The landlord, John Mengs, who had assumed a seat somewhat elevated at the head of the table, did not omit to observe this mark of insubordination, and to animadvert upon it.

'The wine likes you not, I think, my master?' said he to the English merchant.

'For wine, no,' answered Philipson; 'but could I see anything requiring such sauce, I have seldom seen better vinegar.'

This jest, though uttered in the most calm and composed manner, seemed to drive the innkeeper to fury.

'Who are you,' he exclaimed, 'for a foreign pedlar, that ventures to quarrel with my wine, which has been approved of by so many princes, dukes, reigning dukes, graves, rhinegraves, counts, barons, and knights of the Empire, whose shoes you are altogether unworthy even to clean? Was it not of this wine that the Count Palatine of Nimmersatt drank six quarts before he ever rose from the blessed chair in which I now sit?'

'I doubt it not, mine host,' said Philipson; 'nor should I think of scandalising the sobriety of your honourable guest, even if he had drunken twice the quantity.'

'Silence, thou malicious railer!' said the host; 'and let instant apology be made to me and the wine which you have calumniated, or I will instantly command the supper to be postponed till midnight.'

Here there was a general alarm among the guests, all abjuring any part in the censures of Philipson, and most of them proposing that John Mengs should avenge himself on the actual culprit by turning him instantly out of doors, rather than involve so many innocent and famished persons in the consequences of his guilt. The wine they pronounced excellent; some two or three even drank their glass out to make their words good; and they all offered, if not with lives and fortunes, at least with hands and feet, to support the ban of the house against the contumacious Englishman. While petition and remonstrance were assailing John Mengs on every side, the friar, like a wise counsellor and a trusty friend, endeavoured to end the feud by advising Philipson to submit to the host's sovereignty.

'Humble thyself, my son,' he said: 'bend the stubbornness of thy heart before the great lord of the spiggot and butt. I speak for the sake of others as well as my own; for Heaven

'As absolute as the Duke of Burgundy,' answered the friar. 'After ten o'clock, no admittance: the "seek another inn," which is before that a conditional hint, becomes, after the clock has struck and the watchmen have begun their rounds, an absolute order of exclusion. He that is without remains without, and he that is within must, in like manner, continue there until the gates open at break of day. Till then the house is almost like a beleaguered citadel, John Mengs its seneschal ——'

'And we its captives, good father,' said Philipson. 'Well, content am I; a wise traveller must submit to the control of the leaders of the people when he travels, and I hope a goodly fat potentate like John Mengs will be as clement as his station and dignity admit of.'

While they were talking in this manner, the aged waiter, with many a weary sigh and many a groan, had drawn out certain boards by which a table that stood in the midst of the *stube* had the capacity of being extended, so as to contain the company present, and covered it with a cloth, which was neither distinguished by extreme cleanliness nor fineness of texture. On this table, when it had been accommodated to receive the necessary number of guests, a wooden trencher and spoon, together with a glass drinking-cup, were placed before each, he being expected to serve himself with his own knife for the other purposes of the table. As for forks, they were unknown until a much later period, all the Europeans of that day making the same use of the fingers to select their morsels and transport them to the mouth which the Asiatics now practise..

The board was no sooner arranged than the hungry guests hastened to occupy their seats around it; for which purpose the sleepers were awakened, the dicers resigned their game, and the idlers and politicians broke off their sage debates, in order to secure their station at the supper-table, and be ready to perform their part in the interesting solemnity which seemed about to take place. But there is much between the cup and the lip, and not less sometimes between the covering of a table and the placing food upon it. The guests sat in order, each with his knife drawn, already menacing the victuals which were still subject to the operations of the cook. They had waited with various degrees of patience for full half an hour, when at length the old attendant before mentioned entered with a pitcher of thin Moselle wine, so light and so sharp-

tasted, that Philipson put down his cup with every tooth in his head set on edge by the slender portion which he had swallowed. The landlord, John Mengs, who had assumed a seat somewhat elevated at the head of the table, did not omit to observe this mark of insubordination, and to animadvert upon it.

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alone knows how much longer they or I can endure this extenuating fast!’

‘Worthy guests,’ said Philipson, ‘I am grieved to have offended our respected host, and am so far from objecting to the wine, that I will pay for a double flagon of it, to be served all round to this honourable company — so, only, they do not ask me to share of it.’

These last words were spoken aside; but the Englishman could not fail to perceive, from the wry mouths of some of the party who were possessed of a nicer palate, that they were as much afraid as himself of a repetition of the acid potation.

The friar next addressed the company with a proposal that the foreign merchant, instead of being amerced in a measure of the liquor which he had scandalised, should be mulcted in an equal quantity of the more generous wines which were usually produced after the repast had been concluded. In this mine host, as well as the guests, found their advantage; and, as Philipson made no objection, the proposal was unanimously adopted, and John Mengs gave, from his seat of dignity, the signal for supper to be served.

The long-expected meal appeared, and there was twice as much time employed in consuming as there had been in expecting it. The articles of which the supper consisted, as well as the mode of serving them up, were as much calculated to try the patience of the company as the delay which had preceded its appearance. Messes of broth and vegetables followed in succession, with platters of meat sodden and roasted, of which each in its turn took a formal course around the ample table, and was specially subjected to every one in rotation. Black puddings, hung beef, dried fish, also made the circuit, with various condiments, called botargo, caviare, and similar names, composed of the roes of fish mixed with spices, and the like preparations, calculated to awaken thirst and encourage deep-drinking. Flagons of wine accompanied these stimulating dainties. The liquor was so superior in flavour and strength to the ordinary wine which had awakened so much controversy, that it might be objected to on the opposite account, being so heady, fiery, and strong that, in spite of the rebuffs which his criticism had already procured, Philipson ventured to ask for some cold water to allay it.

‘You are too difficult to please, sir guest,’ replied the landlord, again bending upon the Englishman a stern and offended brow; ‘if you find the wine too strong in my house, the secret

to allay its strength is to drink the less. It is indifferent to us whether you drink or not, so you pay the reckoning of those good fellows who do.' And he laughed a gruff laugh.

Philipson was about to reply, but the friar, retaining his character of mediator, plucked him by the cloak, and entreated him to forbear. 'You do not understand the ways of the place,' said he: 'it is not here as in the hostelryes of England and France, where each guest calls for what he desires for his own use, and where he pays for what he has required, and for no more. Here we proceed on a broad principle of equality and fraternity. No one asks for anything in particular; but such provisions as the host thinks sufficient are set down before all indiscriminately; and as with the feast, so is it with the reckoning. All pay their proportions alike, without reference to the quantity of wine which one may have swallowed more than another; and thus the sick and infirm, nay, the female and the child, pay the same as the hungry peasant and strolling lanzknecht.'

'It seems an unequal custom,' said Philipson; 'but travellers are not to judge. So that, when a reckoning is called, every one, I am to understand, pays alike?'

'Such is the rule,' said the friar — 'excepting, perhaps, some poor brother of our own order, whom Our Lady and St. Francis send into such a scene as this that good Christians may bestow their alms upon him, and so make a step on their road to Heaven.'

The first words of this speech were spoken in the open and independent tone in which the friar had begun the conversation; the last sentence died away into the professional whine of mendicity proper to the convent, and at once apprised Philipson at what price he was to pay for the friar's counsel and mediation. Having thus explained the custom of the country, good Father Gratian turned to illustrate it by his example, and, having no objection to the new service of wine on account of its strength, he seemed well disposed to signalise himself amongst some stout toppers, who, by drinking deeply, appeared determined to have full pennyworths for their share of the reckoning. The good wine gradually did its office, and even the host relaxed his sullen and grim features, and smiled to see the kindling flame of hilarity catch from one to another, and at length embrace almost all the numerous guests at the *table d'hôte*, except a few who were too temperate to partake deeply of the wine, or too fastidious to enter into the discus-

sions to which it gave rise. On these the host cast, from time to time, a sullen and displeased eye.

Philipson, who was reserved and silent, both in consequence of his abstinence from the wine-pot and his unwillingness to mix in conversation with strangers, was looked upon by the landlord as a defaulter in both particulars; and as he aroused his own sluggish nature with the fiery wine, Mengs began to throw out obscure hints about kill-joy, mar-company, spoil-sport, and such-like epithets, which were plainly directed against the Englishman. Philipson replied, with the utmost equanimity, that he was perfectly sensible that his spirits did not at this moment render him an agreeable member of a merry company, and that, with the leave of those present, he would withdraw to his sleeping-apartment, and wish them all a good evening, and continuance to their mirth.

But this very reasonable proposal, as it might have elsewhere seemed, contained in it treason against the laws of German computation.

‘Who are you,’ said John Mengs, ‘who presume to leave the table before the reckoning is called and settled? *Sapperment der Teufel!* we are not men upon whom such an offence is to be put with impunity. You may exhibit your polite pranks in Ram’s Alley if you will, or in Eastcheap, or in Smithfield; but it shall not be in John Mengs’s Golden Fleece, nor will I suffer one guest to go to bed to blink out of the reckoning, and so cheat me and all the rest of my company.’

Philipson looked round to gather the sentiments of the company, but saw no encouragement to appeal to their judgment. Indeed, many of them had little judgment left to appeal to, and those who paid any attention to the matter at all were some quiet old soakers, who were already beginning to think of the reckoning, and were disposed to agree with the host in considering the English merchant as a fincher, who was determined to evade payment of what might be drunk after he left the room; so that John Mengs received the applause of the whole company when he concluded his triumphant denunciation against Philipson.

‘Yes, sir, you may withdraw if you please; but, *Potz Element!* it shall not be for this time to seek for another inn, but to the courtyard shall you go, and no further, there to make your bed upon the stable litter; and good enough for the man that will needs be the first to break up good company.’

‘It is well said, my jovial host,’ said a rich trader from

Ratisbon; 'and here are some six of us, more or less, who will stand by you to maintain the good old customs of Germany, and the — umph — laudable and — and praiseworthy rules of the Golden Fleece.'

'Nay, be not angry, sir,' said Philipson; 'yourself and your three companions, whom the good wine has multiplied into six, shall have your own way of ordering the matter; and since you will not permit me to go to bed, I trust that you will take no offence if I fall asleep in my chair.'

'How say you? what think you, mine host?' said the citizen from Ratisbon; 'may the gentleman, being drunk, as you see he is, since he cannot tell that three and one make six — I say, may he, being drunk, sleep in the elbow-chair?'

This question introduced a contradiction on the part of the host, who contended that three and one made four, not six; and this again produced a retort from the Ratisbon trader. Other clamours rose at the same time, and were at length with difficulty silenced by the stanzas of a chorus song of mirth and good fellowship, which the friar, now become somewhat oblivious of the rule of St. Francis, thundered forth with better good-will than he ever sung a canticle of King David. Under cover of this tumult, Philipson drew himself a little aside, and though he felt it impossible to sleep, as he had proposed, was yet enabled to escape the reproachful glances with which John Mengs distinguished all those who did not call for wine loudly, and drink it lustily. His thoughts roamed far from the *stube* of the Golden Fleece, and upon matter very different from that which was discussed around him, when his attention was suddenly recalled by a loud and continued knocking on the door of the hostelry.

'What have we here?' said John Mengs, his nose reddening with very indignation — 'who the foul fiend presses on the Golden Fleece at such an hour, as if he thundered at the door of a bordel? To the turret window some one — Geoffrey, knave ostler, or thou, old Timothy, tell the rash man there is no admittance into the Golden Fleece save at timeous hours.'

The men went as they were directed, and might be heard in the *stube* vying with each other in the positive denial which they gave to the ill-fated guest, who was pressing for admission. They returned, however, to inform their master that they were unable to overcome the obstinacy of the stranger, who refused positively to depart until he had an interview with Mengs himself.

Wroth was the master of the Golden Fleece at this ill-omened pertinacity, and his indignation extended, like a fiery exhalation, from his nose, all over the adjacent regions of his cheeks and brow. He started from his chair, grasped in his hand a stout stick, which seemed his ordinary sceptre or leading staff of command, and muttering something concerning cudgels for the shoulders of fools, and pitchers of fair or foul water for the drenching of their ears, he marched off to the window which looked into the court, and left his guests nodding, winking, and whispering to each other, in full expectation of hearing the active demonstrations of his wrath. It happened otherwise, however; for, after the exchange of a few indistinct words, they were astonished when they heard the noise of the unbolting and unbarring of the gates of the inn, and presently after the footsteps of men upon the stairs; and the landlord entering, with an appearance of clumsy courtesy, prayed those assembled to make room for an honoured guest, who came, though late, to add to their numbers. A tall, dark form followed, muffled in a travelling-cloak; on laying aside which, Philipson at once recognised his late fellow-traveller, the black priest of St. Paul's.

There was in the circumstance itself nothing at all surprising, since it was natural that a landlord, however coarse and insolent to ordinary guests, might yet show deference to an ecclesiastic, whether from his rank in the church or from his reputation for sanctity. But what did appear surprising to Philipson was the effect produced by the entrance of this unexpected guest. He seated himself, without hesitation, at the highest place of the board, from which John Mengs had dethroned the aforesaid trader from Ratisbon, notwithstanding his zeal for ancient German customs, his steady adherence and loyalty to the Golden Fleece, and his propensity to brimming goblets. The priest took instant and unscrupulous possession of his seat of honour, after some negligent reply to the host's unwonted courtesy; when it seemed that the effect of his long black vestments, in place of the slashed and flounced coat of his predecessor, as well as of the cold grey eye with which he slowly reviewed the company, in some degree resembled that of the fabulous Gorgon, and if it did not literally convert those who looked upon it into stone, there was yet something petrifying in the steady, unmoved glance with which he seemed to survey them, looking as if desirous of reading their very inmost souls, and passing from one to another, as if each

upon whom he looked in succession was unworthy of longer consideration.

Philipson felt, in his turn, that momentary examination, in which, however, there mingled nothing that seemed to convey recognition. All the courage and composure of the Englishman could not prevent an unpleasant feeling while under this mysterious man's eye, so that he felt a relief when it passed from him and rested upon another of the company, who seemed in turn to acknowledge the chilling effects of that freezing glance. The noise of intoxicated mirth and drunken disputation, the clamorous argument, and the still more boisterous laugh, which had been suspended on the priest's entering the eating-apartment, now, after one or two vain attempts to resume them, died away, as if the feast had been changed to a funeral, and the jovial guests had been at once converted into the lugubrious mutes who attend on such solemnities. One little rosy-faced man, who afterwards proved to be a tailor from Augsburg, ambitious, perhaps, of showing a degree of courage not usually supposed consistent with his effeminate trade, made a bold effort; and yet it was with a timid and restrained voice that he called on the jovial friar to renew his song. But whether it was that he did not dare to venture on an uncanonical pastime in presence of a brother in orders, or whether he had some other reason for declining the invitation, the merry churchman hung his head, and shook it with such an expressive air of melancholy, that the tailor drew back as if he had been detected in cabbaging from a cardinal's robes, or cribbing the lace of some cope or altar gown. In short, the revel was hushed into deep silence, and so attentive were the company to what should arrive next, that the bells of the village church, striking the first hour after midnight, made the guests start as if they heard them rung backwards to announce an assault or conflagration. The black priest, who had taken some slight and hasty repast, which the host had made no kind of objection to supplying him with, seemed to think the bells, which announced the service of lauds, being the first after midnight, a proper signal for breaking up the party.

'We have eaten,' he said, 'that we may support life; let us pray, that we may be fit to meet death, which waits upon life as surely as night upon day, or the shadow upon the sunbeam, though we know not when or from whence it is to come upon us.'

The company, as if mechanically, bent their uncovered

heads, while the priest said, with his deep and solemn voice, a Latin prayer, expressing thanks to God for protection throughout the day, and entreating for its continuance during the witching hours which were to pass ere the day again commenced. The hearers bowed their heads in token of acquiescence in the holy petition; and, when they raised them, the black priest of St. Paul's had followed the host out of the apartment, probably to that which was destined for his repose. His absence was no sooner perceived than signs and nods, and even whispers, were exchanged between the guests; but no one spoke above his breath, or in such connected manner as that Philipson could understand anything distinctly from them. He himself ventured to ask the friar, who sat near him, observing at the same time the undertone which seemed to be fashionable for the moment, whether the worthy ecclesiastic who had left them was not the priest of St. Paul's, in the frontier town of La Ferette.

'And if you know it is he,' said the friar, with a countenance and a tone from which all signs of intoxication were suddenly banished, 'why do you ask of me?'

'Because,' said the merchant, 'I would willingly learn the spell which so suddenly converted so many merry tipplers into men of sober manners, and a jovial company into a convent of Carthusian friars?'

'Friend,' said the friar, 'thy discourse savoureth mightily of asking after what thou knowest right well. But I am no such silly duck as to be taken by a decoy. If thou knowest the black priest, thou canst not be ignorant of the terrors which attend his presence, and that it were safer to pass a broad jest in the holy house of Loretto than where he shows himself.'

So saying, and as if desirous of avoiding further discourse, he withdrew to a distance from Philipson.

At the same moment the landlord again appeared, and, with more of the usual manners of a publican than he had hitherto exhibited, commanded his waiter, Geoffrey, to hand round to the company a sleeping-drink, or pillow-cup, of distilled water, mingled with spices, which was indeed as good as Philipson himself had ever tasted. John Mengs, in the meanwhile, with somewhat of more deference, expressed to his guests a hope that his entertainment had given satisfaction; but this was in so careless a manner, and he seemed so conscious of deserving the affirmative which was expressed on all hands, that it became obvious there was very little humility in proposing the

question. The old man, Timothy, was in the meantime mustering the guests, and marking with chalk on the bottom of a trencher the reckoning, the particulars of which were indicated by certain conventional hieroglyphics, while he showed on another the division of the sum total among the company, and proceeded to collect an equal share of it from each. When the fatal trencher, in which each man paid down his money, approached the jolly friar, his countenance seemed to be somewhat changed. He cast a piteous look towards Philipson, as the person from whom he had the most hope of relief; and our merchant, though displeased with the manner in which he had held back from his confidence, yet not unwilling in a strange country to incur a little expense in the hope of making a useful acquaintance, discharged the mendicant's score as well as his own. The poor friar paid his thanks in many a blessing in good German and bad Latin; but the host cut them short, for, approaching Philipson with a candle in his hand, he offered his own services to show him where he might sleep, and even had the condescension to carry his mail, or portmanteau, with his own landlordly hands.

'You take too much trouble, mine host,' said the merchant, somewhat surprised at the change in the manner of John Mengs, who had hitherto contradicted him at every word.

'I cannot take too much pains for a guest,' was the reply, 'whom my venerable friend the priest of St. Paul's hath especially recommended to my charge.'

He then opened the door of a small bedroom, prepared for the occupation of a guest, and said to Philipson — 'Here you may rest till to-morrow at what hour you will, and for as many days more as you incline. The key will secure your wares against theft or pillage of any kind. I do not this for every one; for, if my guests were every one to have a bed to himself, the next thing they would demand might be a separate table; and then there would be an end of the good old German customs, and we should be as foppish and frivolous as our neighbours.'

He placed the portmanteau on the floor, and seemed about to leave the apartment, when, turning about, he began a sort of apology for the rudeness of his former behaviour.

'I trust there is no misunderstanding between us, my worthy guest. You might as well expect to see one of our bears come aloft and do tricks like a jackanapes, as one of us stubborn old Germans play the feats of a French or an Italian host. Yet I pray you to note that, if our behaviour is rude, our charges are

honest, and our articles what they profess to be. We do not expect to make Moselle pass for Rhenish by dint of a bow and a grin, nor will we sauce your mess with poison, like the wily Italian, and call you all the time *Illustrissimo* and *Magnifico*.'

He seemed in these words to have exhausted his rhetoric, for, when they were spoken, he turned abruptly and left the apartment.

Philipson was thus deprived of another opportunity to inquire who or what this ecclesiastic could be that had exercised such influence on all who approached him. He felt, indeed, no desire to prolong a conference with John Mengs, though he had laid aside in such a considerable degree his rude and repulsive manners; yet he longed to know who this man could be who had power with a word to turn aside the daggers of Alsatian banditti, habituated as they were, like most borderers, to robbery and pillage, and to change into civility the proverbial rudeness of a German innkeeper. Such were the reflections of Philipson, as he doffed his clothes to take his much-needed repose, after a day of fatigue, danger, and difficulty, on the pallet afforded by the hospitality of the Golden Fleece, in the *Rheinthal*.

CHAPTER XX

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is 't ye do ?

Witches. A deed without a name.

Macbeth.

WE have said in the conclusion of the last chapter that, after a day of unwonted fatigue and extraordinary excitation, the merchant Philipson naturally expected to forget so many agitating passages in that deep and profound repose which is at once the consequence and the cure of extreme exhaustion. But he was no sooner laid on his lowly pallet than he felt that the bodily machine, over-laboured by so much exercise, was little disposed to the charms of sleep. The mind had been too much excited, the body was far too feverish, to suffer him to partake of needful rest. His anxiety about the safety of his son, his conjectures concerning the issue of his mission to the Duke of Burgundy, and a thousand other thoughts which recalled past events, or speculated on those which were to come, rushed upon his mind like the waves of a perturbed sea, and prevented all tendency to repose. He had been in bed about an hour, and sleep had not yet approached his couch, when he felt that the pallet on which he lay was sinking below him, and that he was in the act of descending along with it he knew not whither. The sound of ropes and pulleys was also indistinctly heard, though every caution had been taken to make them run smooth ; and the traveller, by feeling around him, became sensible that he and the bed on which he lay had been spread upon a large trap-door, which was capable of being let down into the vaults or apartments beneath.

Philipson felt fear in circumstances so well qualified to produce it; for how could he hope a safe termination to an adventure which had begun so strangely ? But his apprehensions were those of a brave, ready-witted man, who, even in the extremity of danger which appeared to surround him, preserved

his presence of mind. His descent seemed to be cautiously managed, and he held himself in readiness to start to his feet and defend himself as soon as he should be once more upon firm ground. Although somewhat advanced in years, he was a man of great personal vigour and activity, and unless taken at advantage, which no doubt was at present much to be apprehended, he was likely to make a formidable defence. His plan of resistance, however, had been anticipated. He no sooner reached the bottom of the vault, down to which he was lowered, than two men, who had been waiting there till the operation was completed, laid hands on him from either side, and, forcibly preventing him from starting up as he intended, cast a rope over his arms, and made him a prisoner as effectually as when he was in the dungeons of La Ferette. He was obliged, therefore, to remain passive and unresisting, and await the termination of this formidable adventure. Secured as he was, he could only turn his head from one side to the other ; and it was with joy that he at length saw lights twinkle, but they appeared at a great distance from him.

From the irregular manner in which these scattered lights advanced, sometimes keeping a straight line, sometimes mixing and crossing each other, it might be inferred that the subterranean vault in which they appeared was of very considerable extent. Their number also increased ; and as they collected more together, Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the black friars of St. Francis's [Dominic's] order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment ; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus :—

Measurers of good and evil,
 Bring the square, the line, the level ;
 Rear the altar, dig the trench ;
 Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
 Cubits six, from end to end,
 Must the fatal bench extend ;
 Cubits six, from side to side,
 Judge and culprit must divide.
 On the east the court assembles,
 On the west the accused trembles ;
 Answer, brethren, all and one,
 Is the ritual rightly done ?

A deep chorus seemed to reply to the question. Many voices joined in it, as well of persons already in the subterranean vault as of others who as yet remained without in various galleries and passages which communicated with it, and whom Philipson now presumed to be very numerous. The answer chanted ran as follows :—

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

The original strain was then renewed in the same manner as before—

How wears the night ? Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine ?
What music floats upon his tide ?
Do birds the tardy morning chide ?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night ?

The answer was returned, though less loud than at first, and it seemed that those by whom the reply was given were at a much greater distance than before ; yet the words were distinctly heard.

The night is old ; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east.
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood ;
'Tis time we listen the behest.

The chorus replied, with many additional voices—

Up, then, up ! When day's at rest,
'Tis time that such as we are watchers ;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise !
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

The nature of the verses soon led Philipson to comprehend that he was in presence of the Initiated, or the Wise Men—names which were applied to the celebrated judges of the Secret Tribunal, which continued at that period to subsist in Swabia, Franconia, and other districts of the east [west] of Germany, which was called, perhaps from the frightful and frequent occurrence of executions by command of those invisible judges, the Red Land. Philipson had often heard that the seat of a free count, or chief of the Secret Tribunal, was secretly insti-

tuted even on the left bank of the Rhine, and that it maintained itself in Alsace, with the usual tenacity of those secret societies, though Duke Charles of Burgundy had expressed a desire to discover and discourage its influence so far as was possible, without exposing himself to danger from the thousands of poniards which that mysterious tribunal could put in activity against his own life—an awful means of defence, which for a long time rendered it extremely hazardous for the sovereigns of Germany, and even the emperors themselves, to put down by authority those singular associations.

So soon as this explanation flashed on the mind of Philipson, it gave some clue to the character and condition of the black priest of St. Paul's. Supposing him to be a president, or chief official, of the secret association, there was little wonder that he should confide so much in the inviolability of his terrible office as to propose vindicating the execution of De Hagenbach; that his presence should surprise Bartholomew, whom he had power to have judged and executed upon the spot; and that his mere appearance at supper on the preceding evening should have appalled the guests; for though everything about the institution, its proceedings and its officers, was preserved in as much obscurity as is now practised in freemasonry, yet the secret was not so absolutely well kept as to prevent certain individuals from being guessed or hinted at as men initiated and entrusted with high authority by the *Vehmegericht*, or tribunal of the bounds. When such suspicion attached to an individual, his secret power, and supposed acquaintance with all guilt, however secret, which was committed within the society in which he was conversant, made him at once the dread and hatred of every one who looked on him; and he enjoyed a high degree of personal respect, on the same terms on which it would have been yielded to a powerful enchanter or a dreaded genie. In conversing with such a person, it was especially necessary to abstain from all questions alluding, however remotely, to the office which he bore in the Secret Tribunal; and, indeed, to testify the least curiosity upon a subject so solemn and mysterious was sure to occasion some misfortune to the inquisitive person.

All these things rushed at once upon the mind of the Englishman, who felt that he had fallen into the hands of an unsparing tribunal, whose proceedings were so much dreaded by those who resided within the circle of their power, that the friendless stranger must stand a poor chance of receiving justice at

their hands, whatever might be his consciousness of innocence. While Philipson made this melancholy reflection, he resolved, at the same time, not to forsake his own cause, but defend himself as he best might; conscious as he was that these terrible and irresponsible judges were nevertheless governed by certain rules of right and wrong, which formed a check on the rigours of their extraordinary code.

He lay, therefore, devising the best means of obviating the present danger, while the persons whom he beheld glimmered before him, less like distinct and individual forms than like the phantoms of a fever, or the phantasmagoria with which a disease of the optic nerves has been known to people a sick man's chamber. At length they assembled in the centre of the apartment where they had first appeared, and seemed to arrange themselves into form and order. A great number of black torches were successively lighted, and the scene became distinctly visible. In the centre of the hall, Philipson could now perceive one of the altars which are sometimes to be found in ancient subterranean chapels. But we must pause, in order briefly to describe, not the appearance only, but the nature and constitution, of this terrible court.

Behind the altar, which seemed to be the central point, on which all eyes were bent, there were placed in parallel lines two benches covered with black cloth. Each was occupied by a number of persons, who seemed assembled as judges; but those who held the foremost bench were fewer, and appeared of a rank superior to those who crowded the seat most remote from the altar. The first seemed to be all men of some consequence — priests high in their order, knights, or noblemen; and, notwithstanding an appearance of equality which seemed to pervade this singular institution, much more weight was laid upon their opinion, or testimonies. They were called free knights, counts, or whatever title they might bear, while the inferior class of the judges were only termed free and worthy burghers. For it must be observed that the Vehmique Institution,¹ which was the name that it commonly bore, although its power consisted in a wide system of espionage, and the tyrannical application of force which acted upon it, was yet (so rude were the ideas of enforcing public law) accounted to confer a privilege on the country in which it was received, and only freemen were allowed to experience its influence. Serfs and peasants could neither have a place among the free judges, their assessors, or

¹ See Vehme. Note 6.

assistants; for there was in this assembly even some idea of trying the culprit by his peers.

Besides the dignitaries who occupied the benches, there were others who stood around, and seemed to guard the various entrances to the hall of judgment, or, standing behind the seats on which their superiors were ranged, looked prepared to execute their commands. These were members of the order, though not of the highest ranks. *Schöppen* [*schöffen*] is the name generally assigned to them, signifying officials, or sergeants, of the Vehmique Court, whose doom they stood sworn to enforce, through good report and bad report, against their own nearest and most beloved, as well as in cases of ordinary malefactors.

The *schöppen*, or *scabini*, as they were termed in Latin, had another horrible duty to perform, that, namely, of denouncing to the tribunal whatever came under their observation that might be construed as an offence falling under its cognizance, or, in their language, a crime against the Vehme. This duty extended to the judges as well as the assistants, and was to be discharged without respect of persons; so that to know, and wilfully conceal, the guilt of a mother or brother inferred, on the part of the unfaithful official, the same penalty as if he himself had committed the crime which his silence screened from punishment. Such an institution could only prevail at a time when ordinary means of justice were excluded by the hand of power, and when, in order to bring the guilty to punishment, it required all the influence and authority of such a confederacy. In no other country than one exposed to every species of feudal tyranny, and deprived of every ordinary mode of obtaining justice or redress, could such a system have taken root and flourished.

We must now return to the brave Englishman, who, though feeling all the danger he encountered from so tremendous a tribunal, maintained nevertheless a dignified and unaltered composure.

The meeting being assembled, a coil of ropes and a naked sword, the well-known signals and emblems of Vehmique authority, were deposited on the altar; where the sword, from its being usually straight, with a cross handle, was considered as representing the blessed emblem of Christian redemption, and the cord as indicating the right of criminal jurisdiction and capital punishment. Then the president of the meeting, who occupied the centre seat on the foremost bench, arose, and, laying his hand on the symbols, pronounced aloud the formula

expressive of the duty of the tribunal, which all the inferior judges and assistants repeated after him, in deep and hollow murmurs.

‘I swear, by the Holy Trinity, to aid and co-operate without relaxation in the things belonging to the Holy Vehme, to defend its doctrines and institutions against father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children; against fire, water, earth, and air; against all that the sun enlightens; against all that the dew moistens; against all created things of heaven and earth, or the waters under the earth; and I swear to give information to this holy judicature of all that I know to be true, or hear repeated by credible testimony, which, by the rules of the Holy Vehme, is deserving of animadversion or punishment; and that I will not cloak, cover, or conceal such my knowledge, neither for love, friendship, or family affection, nor for gold, silver, or precious stones; neither will I associate with such as are under the sentence of this Sacred Tribunal, by hinting to a culprit his danger, or advising him to escape, or aiding and supplying him with counsel, or means to that effect; neither will I relieve such culprit with fire, clothes, food, or shelter, though my father should require from me a cup of water in the heat of summer noon, or my brother should request to sit by my fire in the bitterest cold night of winter: And further, I vow and promise to honour this holy association, and do its behests speedily, faithfully, and firmly, in preference to those of any other tribunal whatsoever — so help me God and His holy Evangelists.’

When this oath of office had been taken, the president, addressing the assembly, as men who judge in secret and punish in secret, like the Deity, desired them to say why this ‘child of the cord’¹ lay before them, bound and helpless. An individual rose from the more remote bench, and in a voice which, though altered and agitated, Philipson conceived that he recognised, declared himself the accuser, as bound by his oath, of the child of the cord, or prisoner, who lay before them.

‘Bring forward the prisoner,’ said the president, ‘duly secured, as is the order of our secret law; but not with such severity as may interrupt his attention to the proceedings of the tribunal, or limit his power of hearing and replying.’

Six of the assistants immediately dragged forward the pallet

¹ The term *Strickkind*, or child of the cord, was applied to the person accused before these awful assemblies.

and platform of boards on which Philipson lay, and advanced it towards the foot of the altar. This done, each unsheathed his dagger, while two of them unloosed the cords by which the merchant's hands were secured, and admonished him in a whisper that the slightest attempt to resist or escape would be the signal to stab him dead.

'Arise!' said the president; 'listen to the charge to be preferred against you, and believe you shall in us find judges equally just and inflexible.'

Philipson, carefully avoiding any gesture which might indicate a desire to escape, raised his body on the lower part of the couch, and remained seated, clothed as he was in his under-vest and *caleçons*, or drawers, so as exactly to face the muffled president of the terrible court. Even in these agitating circumstances, the mind of the undaunted Englishman remained unshaken, and his eyelid did not quiver, nor his heart beat quicker, though he seemed, according to the expression of Scripture, to be a pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, beset by numerous snares, and encompassed by total darkness, where light was most necessary for safety.

The president demanded his name, country; and occupation.

'John Philipson,' was the reply; 'by birth an Englishman, by profession a merchant.'

'Have you ever borne any other name and profession?' demanded the judge.

'I have been a soldier, and, like most others, had then a name by which I was known in war.'

'What was that name?'

'I laid it aside when I resigned my sword, and I do not desire again to be known by it. Moreover, I never bore it where your institutions have weight and authority,' answered the Englishman.

'Know you before whom you stand?' continued the judge.

'I may at least guess,' replied the merchant.

'Tell your guess, then,' continued the interrogator. 'Say who we are, and wherefore are you before us?'

'I believe that I am before the Unknown, or Secret Tribunal, which is called Vehmegericht.'

'Then are you aware,' answered the judge, 'that you would be safer if you were suspended by the hair over the abyss of Schaffhausen, or if you lay below an axe, which a thread of silk alone kept back from the fall. What have you done to deserve such a fate?'

'Let those reply by whom I am subjected to it,' answered Philipson, with the same composure as before.

'Speak, accuser!' said the president, 'to the four quarters of heaven, to the ears of the free judges of this tribunal, and the faithful executors of their doom; and to the face of the child of the cord, who denies or conceals his guilt, make good the substance of thine accusation.'

'Most dreaded,' answered the accuser, addressing the president, 'this man hath entered the Sacred Territory, which is called the Red Land, a stranger under a disguised name and profession. When he was yet on the eastern side of the Alps, at Turin, in Lombardy, and elsewhere, he at various times spoke of the Holy Tribunal in terms of hatred and contempt, and declared that, were he Duke of Burgundy, he would not permit it to extend itself from Westphalia, or Swabia, into his dominions. Also I charge him that, nourishing this malevolent intention against the Holy Tribunal, he who now appears before the bench as child of the cord has intimated his intention to wait upon the court of the Duke of Burgundy, and use his influence with him, which he boasts will prove effectual to stir him up to prohibit the meetings of the Holy Vehme in his dominions, and to inflict on their officers and the executors of their mandates the punishment due to robbers and assassins.'

'This is a heavy charge, brother,' said the president of the assembly, when the accuser ceased speaking. 'How do you purpose to make it good?'

'According to the tenor of those secret statutes the perusal of which is prohibited to all but the initiated,' answered the accuser.

'It is well,' said the president; 'but I ask thee once more, what are those means of proof? You speak to holy and to initiated ears.'

'I will prove my charge,' said the accuser, 'by the confession of the party himself, and by my own oath upon the holy emblems of the Secret Judgment—that is, the steel and the cord.'

'It is a legitimate offer of proof,' said a member of the aristocratic bench of the assembly; 'and it much concerns the safety of the system to which we are bound by such deep oaths, a system handed down to us from the most Christian and Holy Roman Emperor, Charlemagne, for the conversion of the heathen Saracens, and punishing such of them as revolted again to their pagan practices, that such criminals should be

thesis in a university. The accuser objects to me, that at Turin, or elsewhere in the north of Italy, I spoke with censure of the institution under which I am now judged. I will not deny that I remember something of the kind; but it was in consequence of the question being in a manner forced upon me by two guests with whom I chanced to find myself at table. I was much and earnestly solicited for an opinion ere I gave one.'

'And was that opinion,' said the presiding judge, 'favourable or otherwise to the Holy and Secret Vehmegericht? Let truth rule your tongue; remember, life is short, judgment is eternal.'

'I would not save my life at the expense of a falsehood. My opinion was unfavourable, and I expressed myself thus: No laws or judicial proceedings can be just or commendable which exist and operate by means of a secret combination. I said, that justice could only live and exist in the open air, and that, when she ceased to be public, she degenerated into revenge and hatred. I said, that a system, of which your own jurists have said, *non frater a fratre, non hospes a hospite, tutus*, was too much adverse to the laws of nature to be connected with or regulated by those of religion.'

These words were scarcely uttered, when there burst a murmur from the judges highly unfavourable to the prisoner. 'He blasphemes the Holy Vehme. Let his mouth be closed for ever!'

'Hear me,' said the Englishman, 'as you will one day wish to be yourselves heard! I say, such were my sentiments, and so I expressed them. I say also, I had a right to express these opinions, whether sound or erroneous, in a neutral country, where this tribunal neither did nor could claim any jurisdiction. My sentiments are still the same. I would avow them if that sword were at my bosom, or that cord around my throat. But I deny that I have ever spoken against the institutions of your Vehme in a country where it had its course as a national mode of justice. Far more strongly, if possible, do I denounce the absurdity of the falsehood, which represents me, a wandering foreigner, as commissioned to traffic with the Duke of Burgundy about such high matters, or to form a conspiracy for the destruction of a system to which so many seem warmly attached. I never said such a thing, and I never thought it.'

'Accuser,' said the presiding judge, 'thou hast heard the accused. What is thy reply?'

'The first part of the charge,' said the accuser, 'he hath confessed in this high presence, namely, that his foul tongue hath basely slandered our holy mysteries; for which he deserves that it should be torn out of his throat. I myself, on my oath of office, will aver, as use and law is, that the rest of the accusation, namely, that which taxes him as having entered into machinations for the destruction of the Vehmique institutions, is as true as that which he has found himself unable to deny.'

'In justice,' said the Englishman, 'the accusation, if not made good by satisfactory proof, ought to be left to the oath of the party accused, instead of permitting the accuser to establish by his own deposition the defects in his own charge.'

'Stranger,' replied the presiding judge, 'we permit to thy ignorance a longer and more full defence than consists with our usual forms. Know, that the right of sitting among these venerable judges confers on the person of him who enjoys it a sacredness of character which ordinary men cannot attain to. The oath of one of the initiated must counterbalance the most solemn asseveration of every one that is not acquainted with our holy secrets. In the Vehmique Court all must be Vehmique. The averment of the Emperor, he being uninitiated, would not have so much weight in our counsels as that of one of the meanest of these officials. The affirmation of the accuser can only be rebutted by the oath of a member of the same tribunal, being of superior rank.'

'Then God be gracious to me, for I have no trust save in Heaven!' said the Englishman, in solemn accents. 'Yet I will not fall without an effort. I call upon thee thyself, dark spirit, who presidest in this most deadly assembly—I call upon thyself, to declare on thy faith and honour whether thou holdest me guilty of what is thus boldly averred by this false calumniator—I call upon thee by thy sacred character—by the name of——'

'Hold!' replied the presiding judge. 'The name by which we are known in open air must not be pronounced in this subterranean judgment-seat.'

He then proceeded to address the prisoner and the assembly. 'I, being called on in evidence, declare that the charge against thee is so far true as it is acknowledged by thyself, namely, that thou hast in other lands than the Red Soil¹ spoken lightly of this holy institution of justice. But I believe in my soul,

¹ See Note 7.

and will bear witness on my honour, that the rest of the accusation is incredible and false. And this I swear, holding my hand on the dagger and the cord. What is your judgment, my brethren, upon the case which you have investigated ?'

A member of the first-seated and highest class amongst the judges, muffled like the rest, but the tone of whose voice and the stoop of whose person announced him to be more advanced in years than the other two who had before spoken, arose with difficulty, and said with a trembling voice —

'The child of the cord who is before us has been convicted of folly and rashness in slandering our holy institution. But he spoke his folly to ears which had never heard our sacred laws. He has, therefore, been acquitted by irrefragable testimony of combining for the impotent purpose of undermining our power, or stirring up princes against our holy association, for which death were too light a punishment. He hath been foolish, then, but not criminal ; and as the holy laws of the Vehme bear no penalty save that of death, I propose for judgment that the child of the cord be restored without injury to society, and to the upper world, having been first duly admonished of his errors.'

'Child of the cord,' said the presiding judge, 'thou hast heard thy sentence of acquittal. But, as thou desirest to sleep in an unbloody grave, let me warn thee that the secrets of this night shall remain with thee, as a secret not to be communicated to father nor mother, to spouse, son, or daughter, neither to be spoken aloud nor whispered, to be told in words or written in characters, to be carved or to be painted, or to be otherwise communicated, either directly or by parable and emblem. Obey this behest, and thy life is in surety. Let thy heart then rejoice within thee, but let it rejoice with trembling. Nevermore let thy vanity persuade thee that thou art secure from the servants and judges of the Holy Vehme. Though a thousand leagues lie between thee and the Red Land, and thou speakest in that where our power is not known ; though thou shouldst be sheltered by thy native island, and defended by thy kindred ocean, yet, even there, I warn thee to cross thyself when thou dost so much as think of the Holy and Invisible Tribunal, and to retain thy thoughts within thine own bosom ; for the avenger may be beside thee, and thou mayst die in thy folly. Go hence, be wise, and let the fear of the Holy Vehme never pass from before thine eyes.'

At the concluding words, all the lights were at once ex-

tinguished with a hissing noise. Philipson felt once more the grasp of the hands of the officials, to which he resigned himself as the safest course. He was gently prostrated on his pallet-bed, and transported back to the place from which he had been advanced to the foot of the altar. The cordage was again applied to the platform, and Philipson was sensible that his couch rose with him for a few moments, until a slight shock apprised him that he was again brought to a level with the floor of the chamber in which he had been lodged on the preceding night, or rather morning. He pondered over the events that had passed, in which he was sensible that he owed Heaven thanks for a great deliverance. Fatigue at length prevailed over anxiety, and he fell into a deep and profound sleep, from which he was only awakened by returning light. He resolved on an instant departure from so dangerous a spot, and, without seeing any one of the household but the old ostler, pursued his journey to Strasburg, and reached that city without farther accident.

CHAPTER XXI

Away with these ! True Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature, for who teems like thee
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine ?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells —
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,
From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

WHEN Arthur Philipson left his father, to go on board the bark which was to waft him across the Rhine, he took but few precautions for his own subsistence during a separation of which he calculated the duration to be very brief. Some necessary change of raiment and a very few pieces of gold were all which he thought it needful to withdraw from the general stock ; the rest of the baggage and money he left with the sumpter-horse, which he concluded his father might need, in order to sustain his character as an English trader. Having embarked with his horse and his slender appointments on board a fishing-skiff, she instantly raised her temporary mast, spread a sail across the yard, and, supported by the force of the wind against the downward power of the current, moved across the river obliquely in the direction of Kirchhoff, which, as we have said, lies somewhat lower on the river than Hans Chapelle. Their passage was so favourable, that they reached the opposite side in a few minutes, but not until Arthur, whose eye and thoughts were on the left bank, had seen his father depart from the Chapel of the Ferry, accompanied by two horsemen, whom he readily concluded to be the guide Bartholomew and some chance traveller who had joined him ; but the second of whom was in truth the black priest of St. Paul's, as has been already mentioned.

This augmentation of his father's company was, he could not

but think, likely to be attended with an increase of his safety, since it was not probable he would suffer a companion to be forced upon him, and one of his own choosing might be a protection, in case his guide should prove treacherous. At any rate, he had to rejoice that he had seen his father depart in safety from the spot where they had reason to apprehend some danger awaited him. He resolved, therefore, to make no stay at Kirchhoff, but to pursue his way as fast as possible towards Strasburg, and rest, when darkness compelled him to stop, in one of the dorffs, or villages, which were situated on the German side of the Rhine. At Strasburg, he trusted, with the sanguine spirit of youth, he might again be able to rejoin his father; and if he could not altogether subdue his anxiety on their separation, he fondly nourished the hope that he might meet him in safety. After some short refreshment and repose afforded to his horse, he lost no time in proceeding on his journey down the eastern bank of the broad river.

He was now upon the most interesting side of the Rhine, walled in and repelled as the river is on that shore by the most romantic cliffs, now mantled with vegetation of the richest hue, tinged with all the variegated colours of autumn; now surmounted by fortresses, over whose gates were displayed the pennons of their proud owners; or studded with hamlets, where the richness of the soil supplied to the poor labourer the food of which the oppressive hand of his superior threatened altogether to deprive him. Every stream which here contributes its waters to the Rhine winds through its own tributary dell, and each valley possesses a varying and separate character—some rich with pastures, cornfields, and vineyards, some frowning with crags and precipices and other romantic beauties.

The principles of taste were not then explained or analysed as they have been since, in countries where leisure has been found for this investigation. But the feelings arising from so rich a landscape as is displayed by the valley of the Rhine must have been the same in every bosom, from the period when our Englishman took his solitary journey through it, in doubt and danger, till that in which it heard the indignant Childe Harold bid a proud farewell to his native country, in the vain search of a land in which his heart might throb less fiercely.

Arthur enjoyed this scene, although the fading daylight began to remind him that, alone as he was, and travelling with a very valuable charge, it would be matter of prudence to look

out for some place of rest during the night. Just as he had formed the resolution of inquiring at the next habitation he should pass which way he should follow for this purpose, the road he pursued descended into a beautiful amphitheatre filled with large trees, which protected from the heats of summer the delicate and tender herbage of the pasture. A large brook flowed through it and joined the Rhine. At a short mile up the brook, its waters made a crescent round a steep, craggy eminence, crowned with flanking walls, and Gothic towers and turrets, inclosing a fendal castle of the first order. A part of the savannah that has been mentioned had been irregularly cultivated for wheat, which had grown a plentiful crop. It was gathered in, but the patches of deep yellow stubble contrasted with the green of the undisturbed pasture-land, and with the seared and dark-red foliage of the broad oaks which stretched their arms athwart the level space. There a lad in a rustic dress was employed in the task of netting a brood of partridges, with the assistance of a trained spaniel; while a young woman, who had the air rather of a domestic in some family of rank than that of an ordinary villager, sat on the stump of a decayed tree, to watch the progress of the amusement. The spaniel, whose duty it was to drive the partridges under the net, was perceptibly disturbed at the approach of the traveller; his attention was divided, and he was obviously in danger of marring the sport, by barking and putting up the covey, when the maiden quitted her seat, and, advancing towards Philipson, requested him, for courtesy, to pass at a greater distance, and not interfere with their amusement.

The traveller willingly complied with her request.

'I will ride, fair damsel,' he said, 'at whatever distance you please. And allow me, in guerdon, to ask whether there is convent, castle, or good man's house where a stranger, who is belated and weary, might receive a night's hospitality?'

The girl, whose face he had not yet distinctly seen, seemed to suppress some desire to laugh, as she replied, 'Hath not yon castle, think you,' pointing to the distant towers, 'some corner which might accommodate a stranger in such extremity?'

'Space enough, certainly,' said Arthur; 'but perhaps little inclination to grant it.'

'I myself,' said the girl, 'being one, and a formidable part, of the garrison, will be answerable for your reception. But as you parley with me in such hostile fashion, it is according to martial order that I should put down my visor.'

So saying, she concealed her face under one of those riding-masks which at that period women often wore when they went abroad, whether for protecting their complexion or screening themselves from intrusive observation. But, ere she could accomplish this operation, Arthur had detected the merry countenance of Annette Veilchen, a girl who, though her attendance on Anne of Geierstein was in a menial capacity, was held in high estimation at Geierstein. She was a bold wench, unaccustomed to the distinctions of rank, which were little regarded in the simplicity of the Helvetian hills, and she was ready to laugh, jest, and flirt with the young men of the Landamman's family. This attracted no attention, the mountain manners making little distinction between the degrees of attendant and mistress, further than that the mistress was a young woman who required help and the maiden one who was in a situation to offer and afford it. This kind of familiarity would perhaps have been dangerous in other lands, but the simplicity of Swiss manners, and the turn of Annette's disposition, which was resolute and sensible, though rather bold and free, when compared to the manners of more civilised countries, kept all intercourse betwixt her and the young men of the family in the strict path of honour and innocence.

Arthur himself had paid considerable attention to Annette, being naturally, from his feelings towards Anne of Geierstein, heartily desirous to possess the good graces of her attendant—a point which was easily gained by the attentions of a handsome young man, and the generosity with which he heaped upon her small presents of articles of dress or ornament, which the damsel, however faithful, could find no heart to refuse.

The assurance that he was in Anne's neighbourhood, and that he was likely to pass the night under the same roof, both of which circumstances were intimated by the girl's presence and language, sent the blood in a hastier current through Arthur's veins; for though, since he had crossed the river, he had sometimes nourished hopes of again seeing her who had made so strong an impression on his imagination, yet his understanding had as often told him how slight was the chance of their meeting, and it was even now chilled by the reflection that it could be followed only by the pain of a sudden and final separation. He yielded himself, however, to the prospect of promised pleasure, without attempting to ascertain what was to be its duration or its consequence. Desirous, in the meantime, to hear as much of Anne's circumstances as Annette chose

to tell, he resolved not to let that merry maiden perceive that she was known by him, until she chose of her own accord to lay aside her mystery.

While these thoughts passed rapidly through his imagination, Annette bade the lad drop his nets, and directed him that, having taken two of the best-fed partridges from the covey and carried them into the kitchen, he was to set the rest at liberty.

'I must provide supper,' said she to the traveller, 'since I am bringing home unexpected company.'

Arthur earnestly expressed his hope that his experiencing the hospitality of the castle would occasion no trouble to the inmates, and received satisfactory assurances upon the subject of his scruples.

'I would not willingly be the cause of inconvenience to your mistress,' pursued the traveller.

'Look you there,' said Annette Veilchen, 'I have said nothing of master or mistress, and this poor forlorn traveller has already concluded in his own mind that he is to be harboured in a lady's bower!'

'Why, did you not tell me,' said Arthur, somewhat confused at his blunder, 'that you were the person of second importance in the place? A damsel, I judged, could only be an officer under a female governor.'

'I do not see the justice of the conclusion,' replied the maiden. 'I have known ladies bear offices of trust in lords' families — nay, and over the lords themselves.'

'Am I to understand, fair damsel, that you hold so predominant a situation in the castle which we are now approaching, and of which I pray you to tell me the name?'

'The name of the castle is Arnheim,' said Annette.

'Your garrison must be a large one,' said Arthur, looking at the extensive building, 'if you are able to man such a labyrinth of walls and towers.'

'In that point,' said Annette, 'I must needs own we are very deficient. At present, we rather hide in the castle than inhabit it; and yet it is well enough defended by the reports which frighten every other person who might disturb its seclusion.'

'And yet you yourselves dare to reside in it?' said the Englishman, recollecting the tale which had been told by Rudolph Donnerhugel concerning the character of the Barons of Arnheim, and the final catastrophe of the family.

'Perhaps,' replied his guide, 'we are too intimate with the

cause of such fears to feel ourselves strongly oppressed with them ; perhaps we have means of encountering the supposed terrors proper to ourselves ; perhaps, and it is not the least likely conjecture, we have no choice of a better place of refuge. Such seems to be your own fate at present, sir, for the tops of the distant hills are gradually losing the lights of the evening, and if you rest not in Arnheim, well contented or not, you are likely to find no safe lodging for many a mile.'

As she thus spoke, she separated from Arthur, taking, with the fowler who attended her, a very steep but short footpath, which ascended straight up to the site of the castle ; at the same time motioning to the young Englishman to follow a horse-track, which, more circuitous, led to the same point, and, though less direct, was considerably more easy.

He soon stood before the south front of Arnheim Castle, which was a much larger building than he had conceived, either from Rudolph's description or from the distant view. It had been erected at many different periods, and a considerable part of the edifice was less in the strict Gothic than in what has been termed the Saracenic style, in which the imagination of the architect is more florid than that which is usually indulged in the North — rich in minarets, cupolas, and similar approximations to Oriental structures. This singular building bore a general appearance of desolation and desertion, but Rudolph had been misinformed when he declared that it had become ruinous. On the contrary, it had been maintained with considerable care ; and when it fell into the hands of the Emperor, although no garrison was maintained within its precincts, care was taken to keep the building in repair ; and though the prejudices of the country people prevented any one from passing the night within the fearful walls, yet it was regularly visited from time to time by a person having commission from the Imperial Chancery to that effect. The occupation of the domain around the castle was a valuable compensation for this official person's labour, and he took care not to endanger the loss of it by neglecting his duty. Of late this officer had been withdrawn, and now it appeared that the young baroness of Arnheim had found refuge in the deserted towers of her ancestors.

The Swiss damsel did not leave the youthful traveller time to study particularly the exterior of the castle, or to construe the meaning of emblems and mottoes, seemingly of an Oriental character, with which the outside was inscribed, and which

expressed in various modes, more or less directly, the attachment of the builders of this extensive pile to the learning of the Eastern sages. Ere he had time to take more than a general survey of the place, the voice of the Swiss maiden called him to an angle of the wall in which there was a projection, from whence a long plank extended over a dry moat, and was connected with a window in which Annette was standing.

‘You have forgotten your Swiss lessons already,’ said she, observing that Arthur went rather timidly about crossing the temporary and precarious drawbridge.

The reflection that Anne, her mistress, might make the same observation recalled the young traveller to the necessary degree of composure. He passed over the plank with the same *sang froid* with which he had learned to brave the far more terrific bridge beneath the ruinous Castle of Geierstein. He had no sooner entered the window than Annette, taking off her mask, bade him welcome to Germany, and to old friends with new names.

‘Anne of Geierstein,’ she said, ‘is no more; but you will presently see the Lady Baroness of Arnheim, who is extremely like her; and I, who was Annette Veilchen in Switzerland, the servant to a damsel who was not esteemed much greater than myself, am now the young baroness’s waiting-woman, and make everybody of less quality stand back.’

‘If, in such circumstances,’ said young Philipson, ‘you have the influence due to your consequence, let me beseech of you to tell the baroness, since we must now call her so, that my present intrusion on her is occasioned by my ignorance.’

‘Away — away,’ said the girl, laughing, ‘I know better what to say in your behalf. You are not the first poor man and pedlar that has got the graces of a great lady; but I warrant you it was not by making humble apologies, and talking of unintentional intrusion. I will tell her of love, which all the Rhine cannot quench, and which has driven you hither, leaving you no other choice than to come or to perish!’

‘Nay, but, Annette — Annette —’

‘Fie on you for a fool — make a shorter name of it: cry “Anne — Anne!” and there will be more prospect of your being answered.’

So saying, the wild girl ran out of the room, delighted, as a mountaineer of her description was likely to be, with the thought of having done as she would desire to be done by, in

her benevolent exertions to bring two lovers together, when on the eve of inevitable separation.

In this self-approving disposition, Annette sped up a narrow turnpike-stair to a closet, or dressing-room, where her young mistress was seated, and exclaimed, with open mouth — ‘Anne of Gei—I mean, my lady baroness, they are come—they are come!’

‘The Philipsons?’ said Anne, almost breathless as she asked the question.

‘Yes—no,’ answered the girl; ‘that is, yes, for the best of them is come, and that is Arthur.’

‘What meanest thou, girl? Is not Signior Philipson, the father, along with his son?’

‘Not he, indeed,’ answered Veilchen, ‘nor did I ever think of asking about him. He was no friend of mine, nor of any one else, save the old Landamman; and well met they were for a couple of wisecracks, with eternal proverbs in their mouths and care upon their brows.’

‘Unkind, inconsiderate girl, what hast thou done?’ said Anne of Geierstein. ‘Did I not warn and charge thee to bring them both hither, and you have brought the young man alone to a place where we are nearly in solitude? What will he—what can he think of me?’

‘Why, what should I have done?’ said Annette, remaining firm in her argument. ‘He was alone, and should I have sent him down to the *dorff* to be murdered by the Rhinegrave’s lanzknechts? All is fish, I trow, that comes to their net; and how is he to get through this country, so beset with wandering soldiers, robber barons—I beg your ladyship’s pardon—and roguish Italians, flocking to the Duke of Burgundy’s standard—not to mention the greatest terror of all, that is never in one shape or other absent from one’s eye or thought?’

‘Hush—hush, girl! add not utter madness to the excess of folly; but let us think what is to be done. For our sake, for his own, this unfortunate young man must leave this castle instantly.’

‘You must take the message yourself then, Anne—I beg pardon, most noble baroness; it may be very fit for a lady of high birth to send such a message, which, indeed, I have heard the minnesingers tell in their romances; but I am sure it is not a meet one for me, or any frank-hearted Swiss girl, to carry. No more foolery; but remember, if you were born Baroness of Arnheim, you have been bred and brought up in

the bosom of the Swiss hills, and should conduct yourself like an honest and well-meaning damsel.'

'And in what does your wisdom reprehend my folly, good Mademoiselle Annette?' replied the baroness.

'Ay, marry! now our noble blood stirs in our veins. But remember, gentle my lady, that it was a bargain between us, when I left yonder noble mountains, and the free air that blows over them, to coop myself up in this land of prisons and slaves, that I should speak my mind to you as freely as I did when our heads lay on the same pillow.'

'Speak, then,' said Anne, studiously averting her face as she prepared to listen; 'but beware that you say nothing which it is unfit for me to hear.'

'I will speak nature and common sense; and if your noble ears are not made fit to hear and understand these, the fault lies in them, and not in my tongue. Look you, you have saved this youth from two great dangers—one at the earth-shoot at Geierstein, the other this very day, when his life was beset. A handsome young man he is, well spoken, and well qualified to gain deservedly a lady's favour. Before you saw him, the Swiss youth were at least not odious to you. You danced with them, you jested with them, you were the general object of their admiration; and, as you well know, you might have had your choice through the canton. Why, I think it possible a little urgency might have brought you to think of Rudolph Donnerhugel as your mate.'

'Never, wench—never!' exclaimed Anne.

'Be not so very positive, my lady. Had he recommended himself to the uncle in the first place, I think, in my poor sentiment, he might at some lucky moment have carried the niece. But since we have known this young Englishman, it has been little less than contemning, despising, and something like hating, all the men whom you could endure well enough before.'

'Well—well,' said Anne, 'I will detest and hate thee more than any of them, unless you bring your matters to an end.'

'Softly, noble lady, fair and easy go far. All this argues you love the young man, and let those say that you are wrong who think there is anything wonderful in the matter. There is much to justify you, and nothing that I know against it.'

'What, foolish girl! Remember my birth forbids me to love a mean man, my condition to love a poor man, my father's commands to love one whose addresses are without his consent;

above all, my maidenly pride forbids me fixing my affections on one who cares not for me — nay, perhaps, is prejudiced against me by appearances.'

'Here is a fine homily!' said Annette; 'but I can clear every point of it as easily as Father Francis does his text in a holiday sermon. Your birth is a silly dream, which you have only learned to value within these two or three days, when, having come to German soil, some of the old German weed, usually called family pride, has begun to germinate in your heart. Think of such folly as you thought when you lived at Geierstein — that is, during all the rational part of your life — and this great terrible prejudice will sink into nothing. By condition, I conceive you mean estate. But Philipson's father, who is the most free-hearted of men, will surely give his son as many zecchins as will stock a mountain farm. You have firewood for the cutting, and land for the occupying, since you are surely entitled to part of Geierstein, and gladly will your uncle put you in possession of it. You can manage the dairy, Arthur can shoot, hunt, fish, plough, harrow, and reap.'

Anne of Geierstein shook her head, as if she greatly doubted her lover's skill in the last of the accomplishments enumerated.

'Well — well, he can learn, then,' said Annette Veilchen; 'and you will only live the harder the first year or so. Besides, Sigismund Biederman will aid him willingly, and he is a very horse at labour; and I know another besides who is a friend —'

'Of thine own, I warrant,' quoth the young baroness.

'Marry, it is my poor friend, Louis [Martin] Sprenger; and I'll never be so false-hearted as to deny my bachelor.'

'Well — well, but what is to be the end of all this?' said the baroness, impatiently.

'The end of it, in my opinion,' said Annette, 'is very simple. Here are priests and prayer-books within a mile; go down to the parlour, speak your mind to your lover, or hear him speak his mind to you; join hands, go quietly back to Geierstein in the character of man and wife, and get everything ready to receive your uncle on his return. This is the way that a plain Swiss wench would cut off the romance of a German baroness —'

'And break the heart of her father,' said the young lady, with a sigh.

'It is more tough than you are aware of,' replied Annette; 'he hath not lived without you so long, but that he will be able to spare you for the rest of his life, a great deal more easily

than you, with all your newfangled ideas of quality, will be able to endure his schemes of wealth and ambition, which will aim at making you the wife of some illustrious count, like De Hagenbach, whom we saw not long since make such an edifying end, to the great example of all robber-chivalry upon the Rhine.'

'Thy plan is naught, wench — a childish vision of a girl who never knew more of life than she has heard told over her milking-pail. Remember that my uncle entertains the highest ideas of family discipline, and that to act contrary to my father's will would destroy us in his good opinion. Why else am I here? Wherefore has he resigned his guardianship? and why am I obliged to change the habits that are dear to me, and assume the manners of a people that are strange, and therefore unpleasing to me?'

'Your uncle,' said Annette, firmly, 'is Landamman of the Canton of Unterwalden, respects its freedom, and is the sworn protector of its laws, of which, when you, a denizen of the Confederacy, claim the protection, he cannot refuse it to you.'

'Even then,' said the young baroness, 'I should forfeit his good opinion, his more than paternal affection; but it is needless to dwell upon this. Know that, although I could have loved the young man, whom I will not deny to be as amiable as your partiality paints him — know' — she hesitated for a moment — 'that he has never spoken a word to me on such a subject as you, without knowing either his sentiments or mine, would intrude on my consideration.'

'Is it possible?' answered Annette. 'I thought — I believed, though I have never pressed on your confidence — that you must — attached as you were to each other — have spoken together, like true maid and true bachelor, before now. I have done wrong, when I thought to do for the best. Is it possible — such things have been heard of even in our canton — is it possible he can have harboured so unutterably base purposes as that Martin of Brisach, who made love to Adela of the Sundgau, enticed her to folly — the thing, though almost incredible, is true — fled — fled from the country and boasted of his villainy, till her cousin Raymund silenced for ever his infamous triumph, by beating his brains out with his club, even in the very street of the villain's native town? By the Holy Mother of Einsiedlen! could I suspect this Englishman of meditating such treason, I would saw the plank across the moat till a fly's weight would break it, and it should be at six

fathom deep that he should abye the perfidy which dared to meditate dishonour against an adopted daughter of Switzerland !'

As Annette Veilchen spoke, all the fire of her mountain courage flashed from her eyes, and she listened reluctantly while Anne of Geierstein endeavoured to obliterate the dangerous impression which her former words had impressed on her simple but faithful attendant.

'On my word,' she said — 'on my soul, you do Arthur Philipson injustice — foul injustice, in intimating such a suspicion. His conduct towards me has ever been upright and honourable : a friend to a friend — a brother to a sister — could not, in all he has done and said, have been more respectful, more anxiously affectionate, more undeviatingly candid. In our frequent interviews and intercourse he has indeed seemed very kind — very attached. But had I been disposed — at times I may have been too much so — to listen to him with endurance,' — the young lady here put her hand on her forehead, but the tears streamed through her slender fingers — 'he has never spoken of any love — any preference ; if he indeed entertains any, some obstacle, insurmountable on his part, has interfered to prevent him.'

'Obstacle !' replied the Swiss damsel. 'Ay, doubtless — some childish bashfulness — some foolish idea about your birth being so high above his own — some dream of modesty pushed to extremity, which considers as impenetrable the ice of a spring frost. This delusion may be broken by a moment's encouragement, and I will take the task on myself, to spare your blushes, my dearest Anne.'

'No — no — for Heaven's sake, no, Veilchen !' answered the baroness, to whom Annette had so long been a companion and confidante, rather than a domestic. 'You cannot anticipate the nature of the obstacles which may prevent his thinking on what you are so desirous to promote. Hear me. My early education, and the instructions of my kind uncle, have taught me to know something more of foreigners and their fashions than I ever could have learned in our happy retirement of Geierstein ; I am wellnigh convinced that these Philipsons are of rank, as they are of manners and bearing, far superior to the occupation which they appear to hold. The father is a man of deep observation, of high thought and pretension, and lavish of gifts, far beyond what consists with the utmost liberality of a trader.'

'That is true,' said Annette ; 'I will say for myself, that the silver chain he gave me weighs against ten silver crowns, and

the cross which Arthur added to it, the day after the long ride we had together up towards Mons Pilatre, is worth, they tell me, as much more. There is not the like of it in the cantons. Well, what then? They are rich, so are you. So much the better.'

'Alas! Annette, they are not only rich, but noble. I am persuaded of this; for I have observed often that even the father retreated, with an air of quiet and dignified contempt, from discussions with Donnerhugel and others, who, in our plain way, wished to fasten a dispute upon him. And when a rude observation or blunt pleasantry was pointed at the son, his eye flashed, his cheek coloured, and it was only a glance from his father which induced him to repress the retort of no friendly character which rose to his lips.'

'You have been a close observer,' said Annette. 'All this may be true, but I noted it not. But what then, I say once more? If Arthur has some fine noble name in his own country, are not you yourself Baroness of Arnheim? And I will frankly allow it as something of worth, if it smooths the way to a match where I think you must look for happiness. I hope so, else I am sure it should have no encouragement from me.'

'I do believe so, my faithful Veilchen; but, alas! how can you, in the state of natural freedom in which you have been bred, know, or even dream, of the various restraints which this gilded or golden chain of rank and nobility hangs upon those whom it fetters and encumbers, I fear, as much as it decorates? In every country the distinction of rank binds men to certain duties. It may carry with it restrictions, which may prevent alliances in foreign countries; it often may prevent them from consulting their inclinations when they wed in their own. It leads to alliances in which the heart is never consulted, to treaties of marriage which are often formed when the parties are in the cradle, or in leading-strings, but which are not the less binding on them in honour and faith. Such may exist in the present case. These alliances are often blended and mixed up with state policy; and if the interest of England, or what he deems such, should have occasioned the elder Philipson to form such an engagement, Arthur would break his own heart — the heart of any one else — rather than make false his father's word.'

'The more shame to them that formed such an engagement!' said Annette. 'Well, they talk of England being a free country; but if they can bar young men and women of

the natural privilege to call their hands and hearts their own, I would as soon be a German serf. Well, lady, you are wise, and I am ignorant. But what is to be done? I have brought this young man here, expecting, God knows, a happier issue to your meeting. But it is clear you cannot marry him without his asking you. Now, although I confess that, if I could think him willing to forfeit the hand of the fairest maid of the cantons, either from want of manly courage to ask it or from regard to some ridiculous engagement formed betwixt his father and some other nobleman of their island of noblemen, I would not in either case grudge him a ducking in the moat; yet it is another question whether we should send him down to be murdered among those cut-throats of the Rhinegrave; and unless we do so, I know not how to get rid of him.'

'Then let the boy William give attendance on him here, and do you see to his accommodation. It is best we do not meet.'

'I will,' said Annette; 'yet what am I to say for you? Unhappily, I let him know that you were here.'

'Alas, imprudent girl! Yet why should I blame thee,' said Anne of Geierstein, 'when the imprudence has been so great on my own side? It is myself who, suffering my imagination to rest too long upon this young man and his merits, have led me into this entanglement. But I will show thee that I can overcome this folly, and I will not seek in my own error a cause for evading the duties of hospitality. Go, Veilchen, get some refreshment ready. Thou shalt sup with us, and thou must not leave us. Thou shalt see me behave as becomes both a German lady and a Swiss maiden. Get me first a candle, however, my girl, for I must wash these tell-tales, my eyes, and arrange my dress.'

To Annette this whole explanation had been one scene of astonishment, for, in the simple ideas of love and courtship in which she had been brought up amid the Swiss mountains, she had expected that the two lovers would have taken the first opportunity of the absence of their natural guardians, and have united themselves for ever; and she had even arranged a little secondary plot, in which she herself and Martin Sprenger, her faithful bachelor, were to reside with the young couple as friends and dependants. Silenced, therefore, but not satisfied, by the objections of her young mistress, the zealous Annette retreated, murmuring to herself—'That little hint about her dress is the only natural and sensible word she has said in my

hearing. Please God, I will return and help her in the twinkling of an eye. That dressing my mistress is the only part of a waiting-lady's life that I have the least fancy for : it seems so natural for one pretty maiden to set off another—in faith we are but learning to dress ourselves at another time.'

And with this sage remark Annette Veilchen tripped downstairs.

CHAPTER XXII

Tell me not of it — I could ne'er abide
The mummerly of all that forced civility.
'Pray, seat yourself, my lord.' With cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and, with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier. 'Before you, sir?
It must be on the earth then.' Hang it all!
The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

Old Play.

UPSTAIRS and downstairs tripped Annette Veilchen, the soul of all that was going on in the only habitable corner of the huge castle of Arnheim. She was equal to every kind of service, and therefore popped her head into the stable to be sure that William attended properly to Arthur's horse, looked into the kitchen to see that the old cook, Marthon, roasted the partridges in due time (an interference for which she received little thanks), rummaged out a flask or two of Rhine wine from the huge Dom Daniel of a cellar, and, finally, just peeped into the parlour to see how Arthur was looking; when, having the satisfaction to see he had in the best manner he could sedulously arranged his person, she assured him that he should shortly see her mistress, who was rather indisposed, yet could not refrain from coming down to see so valued an acquaintance.

Arthur blushed when she spoke thus, and seemed so handsome in the waiting-maid's eye, that she could not help saying to herself, as she went to her young lady's room — 'Well, if true love cannot manage to bring that couple together, in spite of all the obstacles that they stand boggling at, I will never believe that there is such a thing as true love in the world, let Martin Sprenger say what he will, and swear to it on the Gospels.'

When she reached the young baroness's apartment, she found, to her surprise, that, instead of having put on what finery she possessed, that young lady's choice had preferred the same

simple kirtle which she had worn during the first day that Arthur had dined at Geierstein. Annette looked at first puzzled and doubtful, then suddenly recognised the good taste which had dictated the attire, and exclaimed, 'You are right — you are right : it is best to meet him as a free-hearted Swiss maiden.'

Anne also smiled as she replied, 'But, at the same time, in the walls of Arnheim, I must appear in some respect as the daughter of my father. Here, girl, aid me to put this gem upon the riband which binds my hair.'

It was an aigrette, or plume, composed of two feathers of a vulture, fastened together by an opal, which changed to the changing light with a variability which enchanted the Swiss damsel, who had never seen anything resembling it in her life.

'Now, Baroness Anne,' said she, 'if that pretty thing be really worn as a sign of your rank, it is the only thing belonging to your dignity that I should ever think of coveting ; for it doth shimmer and change colour after a most wonderful fashion, even something like one's own cheek when one is fluttered.'

'Alas, Annette !' said the baroness, passing her hand across her eyes, 'of all the gauds which the females of my house have owned, this perhaps hath been the most fatal to its possessors.'

'And why then wear it ?' said Annette. 'Why wear it now, of all days in the year ?'

'Because it best reminds me of my duty to my father and family. And now, girl, look thou sit with us at table, and leave not the apartment ; and see thou fly not to and fro to help thyself or others with anything on the board, but remain quiet and seated till William helps you to what you have occasion for.'

'Well, that is a gentle fashion which I like well enough,' said Annette, 'and William serves us so debonairly, that it is a joy to see him ; yet, ever and anon, I feel as I were not Annette Veilchen herself, but only Annette Veilchen's picture, since I can neither rise, sit down, run about, or stand still without breaking some rule of courtly breeding. It is not so, I dare say, with you, who are always mannerly.'

'Less courtly than thou seemest to think,' said the high-born maiden ; 'but I feel the restraint more on the greensward, and under heaven's free air, than when I undergo it closed within the walls of an apartment.'

'Ah, true — the dancing,' said Annette ; 'that was something to be sorry for indeed.'

'But most am I sorry, Annette, that I cannot tell whether I

act precisely right or wrong in seeing this young man, though it must be for the last time. Were my father to arrive? Were Ital Schreckenwald to return ——'

'Your father is too deeply engaged on some of his dark and mystic errands,' said the flippant Swiss — 'sailed to the mountains of the Brockenberg, where witches hold their sabbath, or gone on a hunting-party with the Wild Huntsman.'

'Fie, Annette, how dare you talk thus of my father?'

'Why, I know little of him personally,' said the damsel, 'and you yourself do not know much more. And how should that be false which all men say is true?'

'Why, fool, what do they say?'

'Why, that the count is a wizard, that your grandmother was a will-of-wisp, and old Ital Schreckenwald a born devil incarnate; and there is some truth in that, whatever comes of the rest.'

'Where is he?'

'Gone down to spend the night in the village, to see the Rhinegrave's men quartered, and keep them in some order, if possible; for the soldiers are disappointed of pay which they had been promised; and when this happens, nothing resembles a lanzknecht except a chafed bear.'

'Go we down then, girl; it is perhaps the last night which we may spend for years with a certain degree of freedom.'

I will not pretend to describe the marked embarrassment with which Arthur Philipson and Anne of Geierstein met: neither lifted their eyes, neither spoke intelligibly, as they greeted each other, and the maiden herself did not blush more deeply than her modest visitor; while the good-humoured Swiss girl, whose ideas of love partook of the freedom of a more Arcadian country and its customs, looked on with eyebrows a little arched, much in wonder, and a little in contempt, at a couple who, as she might think, acted with such unnatural and constrained reserve. Deep was the reverence and the blush with which Arthur offered his hand to the young lady, and her acceptance of the courtesy had the same character of extreme bashfulness, agitation, and embarrassment. In short, though little or nothing intelligible passed between this very handsome and interesting couple, the interview itself did not on that account lose any interest. Arthur handed the maiden, as was the duty of a gallant of the day, into the next room, where their repast was prepared; and Annette, who watched with singular attention everything which occurred, felt with astonish-

ment that the forms and ceremonies of the higher orders of society had such an influence, even over her free-born mind, as the rites of the Druids over that of the Roman general, when he said —

I scorn them, yet they awe me.

‘What can have changed them?’ said Annette. ‘When at Geierstein, they looked but like another girl and bachelor, only that Anne is so very handsome; but now they move in time and manner as if they were leading a stately pavin, and behave to each other with as much formal respect as if he were Landamman of the Unterwalden and she the first lady of Berne. ’Tis all very fine, doubtless, but it is not the way that Martin Sprenger makes love.’

Apparently, the circumstances in which each of the young people were placed recalled to them the habits of lofty, and somewhat formal, courtesy to which they might have been accustomed in former days; and while the baroness felt it necessary to observe the strictest decorum, in order to qualify the reception of Arthur into the interior of her retreat, he, on the other hand, endeavoured to show, by the profoundness of his respect, that he was incapable of misusing the kindness with which he had been treated. They placed themselves at table, scrupulously observing the distance which might become a ‘virtuous gentleman and maid.’ The youth William did the service of the entertainment with deftness and courtesy, as one well accustomed to such duty; and Annette, placing herself between them, and endeavouring, as closely as she could, to adhere to the ceremonies which she saw them observe, made practice of the civilities which were expected from the attendant of a baroness. Various, however, were the errors which she committed. Her demeanour in general was that of a greyhound in the slips, ready to start up every moment; and she was only withheld by the recollection that she was to ask for that which she had far more mind to help herself to.

Other points of etiquette were transgressed in their turn, after the repast was over and the attendant had retired. The waiting damsel often mingled too unceremoniously in the conversation, and could not help calling her mistress by her Christian name of Anne, and, in defiance of all decorum, addressed her, as well as Philipson, with the pronoun ‘thou,’ which then, as well as now, was a dreadful solecism in German politeness. Her blunders were so far fortunate, that, by furnishing the

young lady and Arthur with a topic foreign to the peculiarities of their own situation, they enabled them to withdraw their attentions from its embarrassments, and to exchange smiles at poor Annette's expense. She was not long of perceiving this, and half nettled, half availing herself of the apology to speak her mind, said, with considerable spirit, 'You have both been very merry, forsooth, at my expense, and all because I wished rather to rise and seek what I wanted than wait till the poor fellow who was kept trotting between the board and beaufet found leisure to bring it to me. You laugh at me now, because I call you by your names, as they were given to you in the blessed church at your christening; and because I say to you "thee" and "thou," addressing my Juncker and my Yungfrau as I would do if I were on my knees praying to Heaven. But for all your new-world fancies, I can tell you, you are but a couple of children, who do not know your own minds, and are jesting away the only leisure given you to provide for your own happiness. Nay, frown not, my sweet Mistress Baroness; I have looked at Mount Pilatre too often to fear a gloomy brow.'

'Peace, Annette,' said her mistress, 'or quit the room.'

'Were I not more your friend than I am my own,' said the headstrong and undaunted Annette, 'I would quit the room, and the castle to boot, and leave you to hold your house here with your amiable seneschal, Ital Schreckenwald.'

'If not for love, yet for shame, for charity, be silent, or leave the room.'

'Nay,' said Annette, 'my bolt is shot, and I have but hinted at what all upon Geierstein green said, the night when the bow of Buttisholz was bended. You know what the old saw says——'

'Peace — peace, for Heaven's sake, or I must needs fly!' said the young baroness.

'Nay, then,' said Annette, considerably changing her tone, as if afraid that her mistress should actually retire, 'if you must fly, necessity must have its course. I know no one who can follow. This mistress of mine, Signior Arthur, would require for her attendant, not a homely girl of flesh and blood like myself, but a waiting-woman with substance composed of gossamer, and breath supplied by the spirit of æther. Would you believe it, it is seriously held by many that she partakes of the race of spirits of the elements, which makes her so much more bashful than maidens of this everyday world?'

Anne of Geierstein seemed rather glad to lead away the conversation from the turn which her wayward maiden had given to it, and to turn it on more indifferent subjects, though these were still personal to herself.

‘Signior Arthur,’ she said, ‘thinks, perhaps, he has some room to nourish some such strange suspicion as your heedless folly expresses, and some fools believe, both in Germany and Switzerland. Confess, Signior Arthur, you thought strangely of me when I passed your guard upon the bridge of Graffslust, on the night last past.’

The recollection of the circumstances which had so greatly surprised him at the time so startled Arthur, that it was with some difficulty he commanded himself, so as to attempt an answer at all; and what he did say on the occasion was broken and unconnected.

‘I did hear, I own — that is, Rudolph Donnerhugel reported. But that I believed that you, gentle lady, were other than a Christian maiden —’

‘Nay, if Rudolph were the reporter,’ said Annette, ‘you would hear the worst of my lady and her lineage, that is certain. He is one of those prudent personages who depreciate and find fault with the goods he has thoughts of purchasing, in order to deter other offerers. Yes, he told you a fine goblin story, I warrant you, of my lady’s grandmother; and truly, it so happened that the circumstances of the case gave, I daresay, some colour in your eyes to —’

‘Not so, Annette,’ answered Arthur; ‘whatever might be said of your lady that sounded uncouth and strange fell to the ground as incredible.’

‘Not quite so much so, I fancy,’ interrupted Annette, without heeding sign or frown. ‘I strongly suspect I should have had much more trouble in dragging you hither to this castle had you known you were approaching the haunt of the Nymph of the Fire, the Salamander, as they call her, not to mention the shock of again seeing the descendant of that Maiden of the Fiery Mantle.’

‘Peace, once more, Annette,’ said her mistress; ‘since Fate has occasioned this meeting, let us not neglect the opportunity to disabuse our English friend of the absurd report he has listened to with doubt and wonder perhaps, but not with absolute incredulity.’

‘Signior Arthur Philipson,’ she proceeded, ‘it is true my grandfather, by the mother’s side, Baron Herman of Arnheim,

was a man of great knowledge in abstruse sciences. He was also a presiding judge of a tribunal of which you must have heard, called the Holy Vehm. One night a stranger, closely pursued by the agents of that body, which (crossing herself) it is not safe even to name, arrived at the castle and craved his protection, and the rights of hospitality. My grandfather, finding the advance which the stranger had made to the rank of adept, gave him his protection, and became bail to deliver him to answer the charge against him for a year and a day, which delay he was, it seems, entitled to require on his behalf. They studied together during that term, and pushed their researches into the mysteries of nature as far, in all probability, as men have the power of urging them. When the fatal day drew nigh on which the guest must part from his host, he asked permission to bring his daughter to the castle, that they might exchange a last farewell. She was introduced with much secrecy, and after some days, finding that her father's fate was so uncertain, the baron, with the sage's consent, agreed to give the forlorn maiden refuge in his castle, hoping to obtain from her some additional information concerning the languages and the wisdom of the East. Dannischemend, her father, left this castle, to go to render himself up to the Vehmgericht at Fulda. The result is unknown; perhaps he was saved by Baron Arnheim's testimony, perhaps he was given up to the steel and the cord. On such matters, who dare speak?

'The fair Persian became the wife of her guardian and protector. Amid many excellencies, she had one peculiarity allied to imprudence. She availed herself of her foreign dress and manners, as well as of a beauty which was said to have been marvellous, and an agility seldom equalled, to impose upon and terrify the ignorant German ladies, who, hearing her speak Persian and Arabic, were already disposed to consider her as over-closely connected with unlawful arts. She was of a fanciful and imaginative disposition, and delighted to place herself in such colours and circumstances as might confirm their most ridiculous suspicions, which she considered only as matter of sport. There was no end to the stories to which she gave rise. Her first appearance in the castle was said to be highly picturesque, and to have inferred something of the marvellous. With the levity of a child, she had some childish passions, and while she encouraged the growth and circulation of the most extraordinary legends amongst some of the neighbourhood, she entered into disputes with persons of her own

quality concerning rank and precedence, on which the ladies of Westphalia have at all times set great store. This cost her her life; for, on the morning of the christening of my poor mother, the Baroness of Arnheim died suddenly, even while a splendid company was assembled in the castle chapel to witness the ceremony. It was believed that she died of poison, administered by the Baroness Steinfeldt, with whom she was engaged in a bitter quarrel, entered into chiefly on behalf of her friend and companion, the Countess Waldstetten.'

'And the opal gem? — and the sprinkling with water?' said Arthur Philipson.

'Ah!' replied the young baroness, 'I see you desire to hear the real truth of my family history, of which you have yet learned only the romantic legend. The sprinkling of water was necessarily had recourse to on my ancestress's first swoon. As for the opal, I have heard that it did indeed grow pale, but only because it is said to be the nature of that noble gem, on the approach of poison. Some part of the quarrel with the Baroness Steinfeldt was about the right of the Persian maiden to wear this stone, which an ancestor of my family won in battle from the Soldan of Trebizond. All these things were confused in popular tradition, and the real facts turned into a fairy tale.'

'But you have said nothing,' suggested Arthur Philipson, 'on — on —'

'On what?' said his hostess.

'On your appearance last night.'

'Is it possible,' said she, 'that a man of sense, and an Englishman, cannot guess at the explanation which I have to give, though not, perhaps, very distinctly? My father, you are aware, has been a busy man in a disturbed country, and has incurred the hatred of many powerful persons. He is, therefore, obliged to move in secret, and avoid unnecessary observation. He was, besides, averse to meet his brother, the Landamman. I was therefore told, on our entering Germany, that I was to expect a signal where and when to join him; the token was to be a small crucifix of bronze, which had belonged to my poor mother. In my apartment at Graffslust I found the token, with a note from my father, making me acquainted with a secret passage proper to such places, which, though it had the appearance of being blocked up, was in fact very slightly barricaded. By this I was instructed to pass to the gate, make my escape into the woods, and meet my father at a place appointed there.'

‘A wild and perilous adventure,’ said Arthur.

‘I have never been so much shocked,’ continued the maiden, ‘as at receiving this summons, compelling me to steal away from my kind and affectionate uncle, and go I knew not whither. Yet compliance was absolutely necessary. The place of meeting was plainly pointed out. A midnight walk, in the neighbourhood of protection, was to me a trifle; but the precaution of posting sentinels at the gate might have interfered with my purpose, had I not mentioned it to some of my elder cousins, the Biedermans, who readily agreed to let me pass and repass unquestioned. But you know my cousins; honest and kind-hearted, they are of a rude way of thinking, and as incapable of feeling a generous delicacy as—some other persons. (Here there was a glance towards Annette Veilchen.) They exacted from me, that I should conceal myself and my purpose from Sigismund; and, as they are always making sport with the simple youth, they insisted that I should pass him in such a manner as might induce him to believe that I was a spiritual apparition, and out of his terrors for supernatural beings they expected to have much amusement. I was obliged to secure their connivance at my escape on their own terms; and, indeed, I was too much grieved at the prospect of quitting my kind uncle to think much of anything else. Yet my surprise was considerable, when, contrary to expectation, I found you on the bridge as sentinel, instead of my cousin Sigismund. Your own ideas I ask not for.’

‘They were those of a fool,’ said Arthur — ‘of a thrice-sodden fool. Had I been aught else, I would have offered my escort. My sword——’

‘I could not have accepted your protection,’ said Anne, calmly. ‘My mission was in every respect a secret one. I met my father; some intercourse had taken place betwixt him and Rudolph Donnerhugel, which induced him to alter his purpose of carrying me away with him last night. I joined him, however, early this morning, while Annette acted for a time my part amongst the Swiss pilgrims. My father desired that it should not be known when or with whom I left my uncle and his escort. I need scarce remind you that I saw you in the dungeon.’

‘You were the preserver of my life,’ said the youth, ‘the restorer of my liberty.’

‘Ask me not the reason of my silence. I was then acting under the agency of others, not under mine own. Your escape

was effected in order to establish a communication betwixt the Swiss without the fortress and the soldiers within. After the alarm at La Ferette, I learned from Sigismund Biederman that a party of banditti were pursuing your father and you, with a view to pillage and robbery. My father had furnished me with the means of changing Anne of Geierstein into a German maiden of quality. I set out instantly, and glad I am to have given you a hint which might free you from danger.'

'But my father?' said Arthur.

'I have every reason to hope he is well and safe,' answered the young lady. 'More than I were eager to protect both you and him — poor Sigismund amongst the first. And now, my friend, these mysteries explained, it is time we part, and for ever.'

'Part, and for ever!' repeated the youth, in a voice like a dying echo.

'It is our fate,' said the maiden. 'I appeal to you if it is not your duty — I tell you it is mine. You will depart with early dawn to Strasburg — and — and — we never meet again.'

With an ardour of passion which he could not repress, Arthur Philipson threw himself at the feet of the maiden, whose faltering tone had clearly expressed that she felt deeply in uttering the words. She looked round for Annette, but Annette had disappeared at this most critical moment; and her mistress for a second or two was not perhaps sorry for her absence.

'Rise,' she said, 'Arthur — rise. You must not give way to feelings that might be fatal to yourself and me.'

'Hear me, lady, before I bid you adieu, and for ever: the word of a criminal is heard, though he plead the worst cause. I am a belted knight, and the son and heir of an earl, whose name has been spread throughout England and France, and wherever valour has had fame.'

'Alas!' said she, faintly, 'I have but too long suspected what you now tell me. Rise, I pray you — rise.'

'Never till you hear me,' said the youth, seizing one of her hands, which trembled, but hardly could be said to struggle, in his grasp. 'Hear me,' he said, with the enthusiasm of first love, when the obstacles of bashfulness and diffidence are surmounted; 'my father and I are — I acknowledge it — bound on a most hazardous and doubtful expedition. You will very soon learn its issue for good or bad. If it succeed, you shall hear of me in my own character. If I fall, I must — I will — I do claim

a tear from Anne of Geierstein. If I escape, I have yet a horse, a lance, and a sword ; and you shall hear nobly of him whom you have thrice protected from imminent danger.'

'Arise — arise,' repeated the maiden, whose tears began to flow fast, as, struggling to raise her lover, they fell thick upon his head and face. 'I have heard enough ; to listen to more were indeed madness, both for you and myself.'

'Yet one single word,' added the youth ; 'while Arthur has a heart, it beats for you ; while Arthur can wield an arm, it strikes for you, and in your cause.'

Annette now rushed into the room.

'Away — away !' she cried. 'Schreckenwald has returned from the village with some horrible tidings, and I fear me he comes this way.'

Arthur had started to his feet at the first signal of alarm.

'If there is danger near your lady, Annette, there is at least one faithful friend by her side.'

Annette looked anxiously at her mistress.

'But Schreckenwald,' she said — 'Schreckenwald, your father's steward — his confidant. O, think better of it ; I can hide Arthur somewhere.'

The noble-minded girl had already resumed her composure, and replied with dignity. 'I have done nothing,' she said, 'to offend my father. If Schreckenwald be my father's steward, he is my vassal. I hide no guest to conciliate him. Sit down (addressing Arthur), and let us receive this man. Introduce him instantly, Annette, and let us hear his tidings ; and bid him remember that, when he speaks to me, he addresses his mistress.'

Arthur resumed his seat, still more proud of his choice from the noble and fearless spirit displayed by one who had so lately shown herself sensible to the gentlest feelings of the female sex.

Annette, assuming courage from her mistress's dauntless demeanour, clapped her hands together as she left the room, saying, but in a low voice, 'I see that, after all, it is something to be a baroness, if one can assert her dignity conformingly. How could I be so much frightened for this rude man !'

CHAPTER XXIII

Affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Henry VIII. Act V.

THE approach of the steward was now boldly expected by the little party. Arthur, flattered at once and elevated by the firmness which Anne had shown when this person's arrival was announced, hastily considered the part which he was to act in the approaching scene, and prudently determined to avoid all active and personal interference, till he should observe, from the demeanour of Anne, that such was likely to be useful or agreeable to her. He resumed his place, therefore, at a distant part of the board, on which their meal had been lately spread, and remained there, determined to act in the manner Anne's behaviour should suggest as most prudent and fitting — veiling, at the same time, the most acute internal anxiety by an appearance when admitted to the presence of one of inferior rank adopts when admitted to prepare herself for a superior. Anne, on her part, seemed to prepare herself for an interview of interest. An air of conscious dignity succeeded the extreme agitation which she had so lately displayed, and, busying herself with some articles of female work, she also seemed to expect with tranquillity the visit to which her attendant was disposed to attach so much alarm.

A step was heard upon the stair, hurried and unequal, as that of some one in confusion as well as haste; the door flew open, and Ital Schreckenwald entered.

This person, with whom the details given to the elder Philipson by the Landamman Biederman have made the reader in some degree acquainted, was a tall, well-made, soldierly-looking man. His dress, like that of persons of rank at the period in Germany, was more varied in colour, more cut and

ornamented, slashed and jagged, than the habit worn in France and England. The never-failing hawk's feather decked his cap, secured with a medal of gold, which served as a clasp. His doublet was of buff, for defence, but 'laid down,' as it was called in the tailors' craft, with rich lace on each seam, and displaying on the breast a golden chain, the emblem of his rank in the baron's household. He entered with rather a hasty step, and busy and offended look, and said, somewhat rudely — 'Why, how now, young lady — wherefore this? Strangers in the castle at this period of night!'

Anne of Geierstein, though she had been long absent from her native country, was not ignorant of its habits and customs, and knew the haughty manner in which all who were noble exerted their authority over their dependants.

'Are you a vassal of Arnheim, Ital Schreckenwald, and do you speak to the Lady of Arnheim in her own castle with an elevated voice, a saucy look, and bonneted withal? Know your place; and, when you have demanded pardon for your insolence, and told your errand in such terms as befit your condition and mine, I may listen to what you have to say.'

Schreckenwald's hand, in spite of him, stole to his bonnet, and uncovered his haughty brow.

'Noble lady,' he said, in a somewhat milder tone, 'excuse me if my haste be unmannerly, but the alarm is instant. The soldiery of the Rhinegrave have mutinied, plucked down the banners of their master, and set up an independent ensign, which they call the pennon of St. Nicholas, under which they declare that they will maintain peace with God and war with all the world. This castle cannot escape them, when they consider that the first course to maintain themselves must be to take possession of some place of strength. You must up, then, and ride with the very peep of dawn. For the present, they are busy with the wine-skins of the peasants, but when they wake in the morning they will unquestionably march hither: and you may chance to fall into the hands of those who will think of the terrors of the Castle of Arnheim as the figments of a fairy tale, and laugh at its mistress's pretensions to honour and respect.'

'Is it impossible to make resistance? The castle is strong,' said the young lady, 'and I am unwilling to leave the house of my fathers without attempting somewhat in our defence.'

'Five hundred men,' said Schreckenwald, 'might garrison Arnheim, battlement and tower. With a less number it were

madness to attempt to keep such an extent of walls ; and how to get twenty soldiers together, I am sure I know not. So, having now the truth of the story, let me beseech you to dismiss this guest — too young, I think, to be the inmate of a lady's bower — and I will point to him the highest way out of the castle ; for this is a strait in which we must all be contented with looking to our own safety.'

'And whither is it that you propose to go?' said the baroness, continuing to maintain, in respect to Ital Schreckenwald, the complete and calm assertion of absolute superiority, to which the seneschal gave way with such marks of impatience as a fiery steed exhibits under the management of a complete cavalier.

'To Strasburg I propose to go — that is, if it so please you — with such slight escort as I can get hastily together by day-break. I trust we may escape being observed by the mutineers ; or, if we fall in with a party of stragglers, I apprehend but little difficulty in forcing my way.'

'And wherefore do you prefer Strasburg as a place of asylum ?'

'Because I trust we shall there meet your Excellency's father, the noble Count Albert of Geierstein.'

'It is well,' said the young lady. 'You also, I think, Signior Philipson, spoke of directing your course to Strasburg. If it consist with your convenience, you may avail yourself of the protection of my escort as far as that city, where you expect to meet your father.'

It will readily be believed that Arthur cheerfully bowed assent to a proposal which was to prolong their remaining in society together ; and might possibly, as his romantic imagination suggested, afford him an opportunity, on a road beset with dangers, to render some service of importance.

Ital Schreckenwald attempted to remonstrate.

'Lady — lady !' he said, with some marks of impatience.

'Take breath and leisure, Schreckenwald,' said Anne, 'and you will be more able to express yourself with distinctness and with respectful propriety.'

The impatient vassal muttered an oath betwixt his teeth, and answered with forced civility — 'Permit me to state, that our case requires we should charge ourselves with the care of no one but you. We shall be few enough for your defence, and I cannot permit any stranger to travel with us.'

'If,' said Arthur, 'I conceived that I was to be a useless

encumbrance on the retreat of this noble young lady, worlds, sir squire, would not induce me to accept her offer. But I am neither child nor woman : I am a full-grown man, and ready to show such good service as manhood may in defence of your lady.'

'If we must not challenge your valour and ability, young sir,' said Schreckenwald, 'who shall answer for your fidelity?'

'To question that elsewhere,' said Arthur, 'might be dangerous.'

But Anne interfered between them. 'We must straight to rest, and remain prompt for alarm, perhaps even before the hour of dawn. Schreckenwald, I trust to your care for due watch and ward. You have men enough at least for that purpose. And hear and mark — it is my desire and command that this gentleman be accommodated with lodgings here for this night, and that he travel with us to-morrow. For this I will be responsible to my father, and your part is only to obey my commands. I have long had occasion to know both the young man's father and himself, who were ancient guests of my uncle, the Landamman. On the journey you will keep the youth beside you, and use such courtesy to him as your rugged temper will permit.'

Ital Schreckenwald intimated his acquiescence with a look of bitterness, which it were vain to attempt to describe. It expressed spite, mortification, humbled pride, and reluctant submission. He did submit, however, and ushered young Philipson into a decent apartment with a bed, which the fatigue and agitation of the preceding day rendered very acceptable.

Notwithstanding the ardour with which Arthur expected the rise of the next dawn, his deep repose, the fruit of fatigue, held him until the reddening of the east, when the voice of Schreckenwald exclaimed, 'Up, sir Englishman, if you mean to accomplish your boast of royal service. It is time we were in the saddle, and we shall tarry for no sluggards.'

Arthur was on the floor of the apartment, and dressed, in almost an instant, not forgetting to put on his shirt of mail, and assume whatever weapons seemed most fit to render him an efficient part of the convoy. He next hastened to seek out the stable, to have his horse in readiness ; and, descending for that purpose into the under story of the lower mass of buildings, he was wandering in search of the way which led to the offices, when the voice of Annette Veilchen softly whispered, 'This way, Signior Philipson ; I would speak with you.'

The Swiss maiden, at the same time, beckoned him into a small room, where he found her alone.

'Were you not surprised,' she said, 'to see my lady queen it so over Ital Schreckenwald, who keeps every other person in awe with his stern looks and cross words? But the air of command seems so natural to her that, instead of being a baroness, she might have been an empress. It must come of birth, I think, after all, for I tried last night to take state upon me, after the fashion of my mistress, and, would you think it, the brute Schreckenwald threatened to throw me out of the window? But if ever I see Martin Sprenger again, I'll know if there is strength in a Swiss arm, and virtue in a Swiss quarter-staff. But here I stand prating, and my lady wishes to see you for a minute ere we take to horse.'

'Your lady!' said Arthur, starting. 'Why did you lose an instant?—why not tell me before?'

'Because I was only to keep you here till she came, and—here she is.'

Anne of Geierstein entered, fully attired for her journey. Annette, always willing to do as she would wish to be done by, was about to leave the apartment, when her mistress, who had apparently made up her mind concerning what she had to do or say, commanded her positively to remain.

'I am sure,' she said, 'Signior Philipson will rightly understand the feelings of hospitality—I will say of friendship—which prevented my suffering him to be expelled from my castle last night, and which have determined me this morning to admit of his company on the somewhat dangerous road to Strasburg. At the gate of that town we part, I to join my father, you to place yourself under the direction of yours. From that moment intercourse between us ends, and our remembrance of each other must be as the thoughts which we pay to friends deceased.'

'Tender recollections,' said Arthur, passionately, 'more dear to our bosoms than all we have surviving upon earth.'

'Not a word in that tone,' answered the maiden. 'With night delusion should end, and reason awaken with dawning. One word more. Do not address me on the road; you may, by doing so, expose me to vexatious and insulting suspicion, and yourself to quarrels and peril. Farewell, our party is ready to take horse.'

She left the apartment, where Arthur remained for a moment deeply bewildered in grief and disappointment. The patience,

encumbrance on the retreat of this noble young lady, worlds, sir squire, would not induce me to accept her offer. But I am neither child nor woman : I am a full-grown man, and ready to show such good service as manhood may in defence of your lady.'

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attendant were in the centre of the little body, followed by the unwarlike train of servants, while two or three experienced cavaliers brought up the rear, with strict orders to guard against surprise.

On their being put into motion, the first thing which surprised Arthur was, that the horses' hoofs no longer sent forth the sharp and ringing sound arising from the collision of iron and flint, and, as the morning light increased, he could perceive that the fetlock and hoof of every steed, his own included, had been carefully wrapped around with a sufficient quantity of wool to prevent the usual noise which accompanied their motions. It was a singular thing to behold the passage of the little body of cavalry down the rocky road which led from the castle, unattended with the noise which we are disposed to consider as inseparable from the motions of horse, the absence of which seemed to give a peculiar and almost an unearthly appearance to the cavalcade.

They passed in this manner the winding path which led from the Castle of Arnheim to the adjacent village, which, as was the ancient feudal custom, lay so near the fortress that its inhabitants, when summoned by their lord, could instantly repair for its defence. But it was at present occupied by very different inhabitants, the mutinous soldiers of the Rhinegrave. When the party from Arnheim approached the entrance of the village, Schreckenwald made a signal to halt, which was instantly obeyed by his followers. He then rode forward in person to reconnoitre, accompanied by Arthur Philipson, both moving with the utmost steadiness and precaution. The deepest silence prevailed in the deserted streets. Here and there a soldier was seen, seemingly designed for a sentinel, but uniformly fast asleep.

'The swinish mutineers!' said Schreckenwald; 'a fair night-watch they keep, and a beautiful morning's rouse would I treat them with, were not the point to protect yonder peevish wench. Halt thou here, stranger, while I ride back and bring them on; there is no danger.'

Schreckenwald left Arthur as he spoke, who, alone in the street of a village filled with banditti, though they were lulled into temporary insensibility, had no reason to consider his case as very comfortable. The chorus of a wassail song, which some reveller was trolling over in his sleep; or, in its turn, the growling of some village cur, seemed the signal for an hundred ruffians to start up around him. But in the space of two or

may, even favour, with which Anne of Geierstein had, on the previous night, listened to his passion had not prepared him for the terms of reserve and distance which she now adopted towards him. He was ignorant that noble maids, if feeling or passion has for a moment swayed them from the strict path of principle and duty, endeavour to atone for it by instantly returning, and severely adhering, to the line from which they have made a momentary departure. He looked mournfully on Annette, who, as she had been in the room before Anne's arrival, took the privilege of remaining a minute after her departure; but he read no comfort in the glances of the confidante, who seemed as much disconcerted as himself.

'I cannot imagine what hath happened to her,' said Annette; 'to me she is kind as ever, but to every other person about her she plays countess and baroness with a witness; and now she is begun to tyrannise over her own natural feelings, and—if this be greatness, Annette Veilchen trusts always to remain the penniless Swiss girl; she is mistress of her own freedom, and at liberty to speak with her bachelor when she pleases, so as religion and maiden modesty suffer nothing in the conversation. Oh, a single daisy twisted with content into one's hair is worth all the opals in India, if they bind us to torment ourselves and other people, or hinder us from speaking our mind, when our heart is upon our tongue. But never fear, Arthur; for, if she has the cruelty to think of forgetting you, you may rely on one friend who, while she has a tongue and Anne has ears, will make it impossible for her to do so.'

So saying, away tripped Annette, having first indicated to Philipson the passage by which he would find the lower court of the castle. There his steed stood ready, among about twenty others. Twelve of these were accoutred with war saddles and frontlets of proof, being intended for the use of as many cavaliers, or troopers, retainers of the family of Arnheim, whom the seneschal's exertions had been able to collect on the spur of the occasion. Two palfreys, somewhat distinguished by their trappings, were designed for Anne of Geierstein and her favourite female attendant. The other menials, chiefly boys and women servants, had inferior horses. At a signal made, the troopers took their lances and stood by their steeds, till the females and menials were mounted and in order; they then sprang into their saddles and began to move forward, slowly and with great precaution. Schreckenwald led the van, and kept Arthur Philipson close beside him. Anne and her

attendant were in the centre of the little body, followed by the unwarlike train of servants, while two or three experienced cavaliers brought up the rear, with strict orders to guard against surprise.

On their being put into motion, the first thing which surprised Arthur was, that the horses' hoofs no longer sent forth the sharp and ringing sound arising from the collision of iron and flint, and, as the morning light increased, he could perceive that the fetlock and hoof of every steed, his own included, had been carefully wrapped around with a sufficient quantity of wool to prevent the usual noise which accompanied their motions. It was a singular thing to behold the passage of the little body of cavalry down the rocky road which led from the castle, unattended with the noise which we are disposed to consider as inseparable from the motions of horse, the absence of which seemed to give a peculiar and almost an unearthly appearance to the cavalcade.

They passed in this manner the winding path which led from the Castle of Arnheim to the adjacent village, which, as was the ancient feudal custom, lay so near the fortress that its inhabitants, when summoned by their lord, could instantly repair for its defence. But it was at present occupied by very different inhabitants, the mutinous soldiers of the Rhinegrave. When the party from Arnheim approached the entrance of the village, Schreckenwald made a signal to halt, which was instantly obeyed by his followers. He then rode forward in person to reconnoitre, accompanied by Arthur Philipson, both moving with the utmost steadiness and precaution. The deepest silence prevailed in the deserted streets. Here and there a soldier was seen, seemingly designed for a sentinel, but uniformly fast asleep.

'The swinish mutineers!' said Schreckenwald; 'a fair night-watch they keep, and a beautiful morning's rouse would I treat them with, were not the point to protect yonder peevish wench. Halt thou here, stranger, while I ride back and bring them on; there is no danger.'

Schreckenwald left Arthur as he spoke, who, alone in the street of a village filled with banditti, though they were lulled into temporary insensibility, had no reason to consider his case as very comfortable. The chorus of a wassail song, which some reveller was trolling over in his sleep; or, in its turn, the growling of some village cur, seemed the signal for an hundred ruffians to start up around him. But in the space of two or

three minutes the noiseless cavalcade, headed by Ital Schreckenwald, again joined him, and followed their leader, observing the utmost precaution not to give an alarm. All went well till they reached the farther end of the village, where, although the *Baarenhauter*¹ who kept guard was as drunk as his companions on duty, a large shaggy dog which lay beside him was more vigilant. As the little troop approached, the animal sent forth a ferocious yell, loud enough to have broken the rest of the Seven Sleepers, and which effectually dispelled the slumbers of its master. The soldier snatched up his carabine and fired, he knew not well at what, or for what reason. The ball, however, struck Arthur's horse under him, and, as the animal fell, the sentinel rushed forward to kill or make prisoner the rider.

'Haste on — haste on, men of Arnheim ! care for nothing but the young lady's safety,' exclaimed the leader of the band.

'Stay, I command you ; aid the stranger, on your lives !' said Anne, in a voice which, usually gentle and meek, she now made heard by those around her, like the note of a silver clarion. 'I will not stir till he is rescued.'

Schreckenwald had already spurred his horse for flight ; but, perceiving Anne's reluctance to follow him, he dashed back, and seizing a horse, which, bridled and saddled, stood picqueted near him, he threw the reins to Arthur Philipson ; and pushing his own horse, at the same time, betwixt the Englishman and the soldier, he forced the latter to quit the hold he had on his person. In an instant Philipson was again mounted, when, seizing a battle-axe which hung at the saddle-bow of his new steed, he struck down the staggering sentinel, who was endeavouring again to seize upon him. The whole troop then rode off at a gallop, for the alarm began to grow general in the village ; some soldiers were seen coming out of their quarters, and others were beginning to get upon horseback. Before Schreckenwald and his party had ridden a mile, they heard more than once the sound of bugles ; and when they arrived upon the summit of an eminence commanding a view of the village, their leader, who, during the retreat, had placed himself in the rear of his company, now halted to reconnoitre the enemy they had left behind them. There was bustle and confusion in the street, but there did not appear to be any pursuit ; so that Schreckenwald followed his route down the river, with

¹ *Baarenhauter* [*Bürenhütter*] — he of the bear's hide — a nickname for a German private soldier.

speed and activity indeed, but with so much steadiness at the same time as not to distress the slowest horse of his party.

When they had ridden two hours and more, the confidence of their leader was so much augmented, that he ventured to command a halt at the edge of a pleasant grove, which served to conceal their number, whilst both riders and horses took some refreshment, for which purpose forage and provisions had been borne along with them. Ital Schreckenwald having held some communication with the baroness, continued to offer their travelling companion a sort of surly civility. He invited him to partake of his own mess, which was indeed little different from that which was served out to the other troopers, but was seasoned with a glass of wine from a more choice flask.

‘To your health, brother,’ he said; ‘if you tell this day’s story truly, you will allow that I was a true comrade to you two hours since, in riding through the village of Arnheim.’

‘I will never deny it, fair sir,’ said Philipson, ‘and I return you thanks for your timely assistance, alike whether it sprang from your mistress’s order or your own good-will.’

‘Ho! ho! my friend,’ said Schreckenwald, laughing, ‘you are a philosopher, and can try conclusions while your horse lies rolling above you, and a *baarenhauser* aims his sword at your throat? Well, since your wit hath discovered so much, I care not if you know that I should not have had much scruple to sacrifice twenty such smooth-faced gentlemen as yourself, rather than the young Baroness of Arnheim had incurred the slightest danger.’

‘The propriety of the sentiment,’ said Philipson, ‘is so undoubtedly correct, that I subscribe to it, even though it is something discourteously expressed towards myself.’

In making this reply, the young man, provoked at the insolence of Schreckenwald’s manner, raised his voice a little. The circumstance did not escape observation, for on the instant Annette Veilchen stood before them with her mistress’s commands on them both to speak in whispers, or rather to be altogether silent.

‘Say to your mistress that I am mute,’ said Philipson.

‘Our mistress, the baroness, says,’ continued Annette, with an emphasis on the title, to which she began to ascribe some talismanic influence — ‘the baroness, I tell you, says, that silence much concerns our safety, for it were most hazardous to draw upon this little fugitive party the notice of any passengers who may pass along the road during the necessary halt; and so,

sirs, it is the baroness's request that you will continue the exercise of your teeth as fast as you can, and forbear that of your tongues till you are in a safer condition.'

'My lady is wise,' answered Ital Schreckenwald, 'and her maiden is witty. I drink, Mrs. Annette, in a cup of Rudesheimer, to the continuance of her sagacity, and of your amiable liveliness of disposition. Will it please you, fair mistress, to pledge me in this generous liquor?'

'Out, thou German wine-flask! Out, thou eternal swill-flagon! Heard you ever of a modest maiden who drank wine before she had dined?'

'Remain without the generous inspiration, then,' said the German, 'and nourish thy satirical vein on sour cider or acid whey.'

A short space having been allowed to refresh themselves, the little party again mounted their horses, and travelled with such speed, that long before noon they arrived at the strongly fortified town of Kehl, opposite to Strasburg, on the eastern bank of the Rhine.

It is for local antiquaries to discover whether the travellers crossed from Kehl to Strasburg by the celebrated bridge of boats which at present maintains the communication across the river, or whether they were wafted over by some other mode of transportation. It is enough that they passed in safety, and had landed on the other side, where — whether she dreaded that he might forget the charge she had given him, that here they were to separate, or whether she thought that something more might be said in the moment of parting — the young baroness, before remounting her horse, once more approached Arthur Philipson, who too truly guessed the tenor of what she had to say.

'Gentle stranger,' she said, 'I must now bid you farewell. But first let me ask if you know whereabouts you are to seek your father?'

'In an inn called the Flying Stag,' said Arthur, dejectedly; 'but where that is situated in this large town, I know not.'

'Do you know the place, Ital Schreckenwald?'

'I, young lady? Not I — I know nothing of Strasburg and its inns. I believe most of our party are as ignorant as I am.'

'You and they speak German, I suppose,' said the baroness, drily, 'and can make inquiry more easily than a foreigner? Go, sir, and forget not that humanity to the stranger is a religious duty.'

With that shrug of the shoulders which testifies a displeased messenger, Ital went to make some inquiry, and in his absence, brief as it was, Anne took an opportunity to say apart — 'Farewell — farewell! Accept this token of friendship, and wear it for my sake. May you be happy!'

Her slender fingers dropped into his hand a very small parcel. He turned to thank her, but she was already at some distance; and Schreckenwald, who had taken his place by his side, said in his harsh voice, 'Come, sir squire, I have found out your place of rendezvous, and I have but little time to play the gentleman-usher.'

He then rode on; and Philipson, mounted on his military charger, followed him in silence to the point where a large street joined, or rather crossed, that which led from the quay on which they had landed.

'Yonder swings the Flying Stag,' said Ital, pointing to an immense sign, which, mounted on a huge wooden frame, crossed almost the whole breadth of the street. 'Your intelligence can, I think, hardly abandon you, with such a guide-post in your eye.'

So saying, he turned his horse without further farewell, and rode back to join his mistress and her attendants.

Philipson's eyes rested on the same group for a moment, when he was recalled to a sense of his situation by the thoughts of his father; and, spurring his jaded horse down the cross street, he reached the hostelry of the Flying Stag.

CHAPTER XXIV

I was, I must confess,
Fair Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trode my title down,
And with dishonour laid me in the dust,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

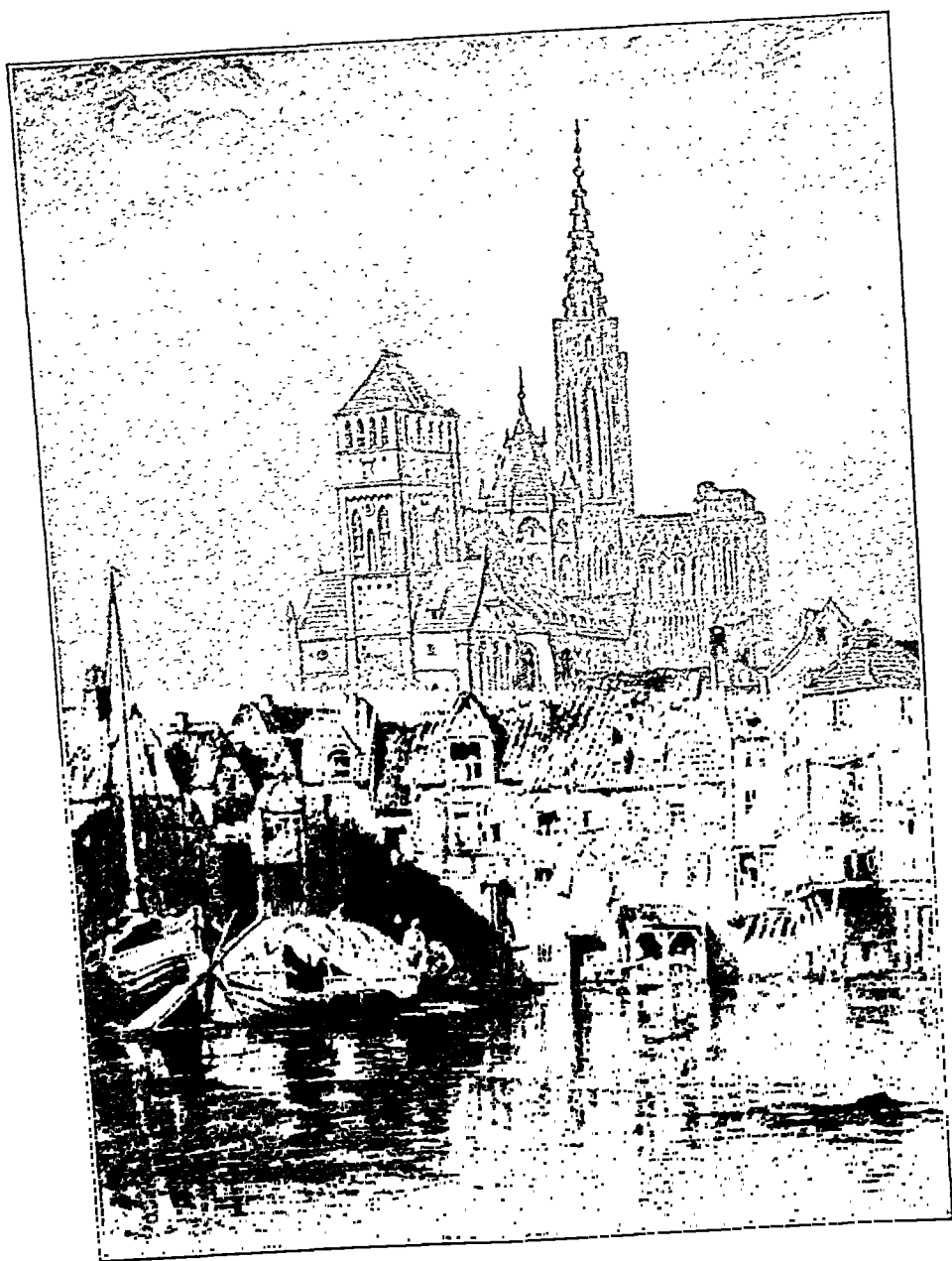
Henry VI. Part III.

THE hostelry of the Flying Stag, in Strasburg, was, like every inn in the Empire at the period, conducted much with the same discourteous inattention to the wants and accommodation of the guests as that of John Mengs. But the youth and good looks of Arthur Philipson, circumstances which seldom or never fail to produce some effect where the fair are concerned, prevailed upon a short, plump, dimpled, blue-eyed, fair-skinned *yungfrau*, the daughter of the landlord of the Flying Stag, himself a fat old man, pinned to the oaken chair in the *stube*, to carry herself to the young Englishman with a degree of condescension which, in the privileged race to which she belonged, was little short of degradation. She not only put her light buskins and her pretty ankles in danger of being soiled by tripping across the yard to point out an unoccupied stable, but, on Arthur's inquiry after his father, condescended to recollect that such a guest as he described had lodged in the house last night, and had said he expected to meet there a young person, his fellow-traveller.

'I will send him out to you, fair sir,' said the little *yungfrau* with a smile, which, if things of the kind are to be valued by their rare occurrence, must have been reckoned inestimable.

She was as good as her word. In a few instants the elder Philipson entered the stable, and folded his son in his arms.

'My son — my dear son!' said the Englishman, his usual stoicism broken down and melted by natural feeling and parental tenderness. 'Welcome to me at all times — welcome



ST. OMER AND THE CATHEDRAL, STRASBURG.
From a painting by Stanfield.



in a period of doubt and danger — and most welcome of all in a moment which forms the very crisis of our fate. In a few hours I shall know what we may expect from the Duke of Burgundy. Hast thou the token?’

Arthur's hand first sought that which was nearest to his heart, both in the literal and allegorical sense, the small parcel, namely, which Anne had given him at parting. But he recollected himself in the instant, and presented to his father the packet which had been so strangely lost and recovered at La Ferette.

‘It hath run its own risk since you saw it,’ he observed to his father, ‘and so have I mine. I received hospitality at a castle last night, and behold a body of lanzknechts in the neighbourhood began in the morning to mutiny for their pay. The inhabitants fled from the castle to escape their violence, and, as we passed their leaguer in the grey of the morning, a drunken *baarenhouter* shot my poor horse, and I was forced, in the way of exchange, to take up with his heavy Flemish animal, with its steel saddle and its clumsy chaffron.’

‘Our road is beset with perils,’ said his father. ‘I too have had my share, having been in great danger (he told not its precise nature) at an inn where I rested last night. But I left it in the morning, and proceeded hither in safety. I have at length, however, obtained a safe escort to conduct me to the Duke's camp near Dijon; and I trust to have an audience of him this evening. Then, if our last hope should fail, we will seek the seaport of Marseilles, hoist sail for Candia or for Rhodes, and spend our lives in defence of Christendom, since we may no longer fight for England.’

Arthur heard these ominous words without reply; but they did not the less sink upon his heart, deadly as the doom of the judge which secludes the criminal from society and all its joys, and condemns him to an eternal prison-house. The bells from the cathedral began to toll at this instant, and reminded the elder Philipson of the duty of hearing mass, which was said at all hours in some one or other of the separate chapels which are contained in that magnificent pile. His son followed, on an intimation of his pleasure.

In approaching the access to this superb cathedral, the travellers found it obstructed, as is usual in Catholic countries, by the number of mendicants of both sexes who crowded round the entrance to give the worshippers an opportunity of discharging the duty of almsgiving, so positively enjoined as a



bred in devoted adherence to the now dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was one of the most distinguished supporters; and his earliest deeds of arms, which, though unfortunate, were neither obscure nor ignoble, had been done in their cause. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he in the same instant flung his bonnet on the pavement and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign.

Margaret threw back the veil which concealed those noble and majestic features which even yet, though rivers of tears had furrowed her cheek, though care, disappointment, domestic grief, and humbled pride had quenched the fire of her eye, and wasted the smooth dignity of her forehead—even yet showed the remains of that beauty which once was held unequalled in Europe. The apathy with which a succession of misfortunes and disappointed hopes had chilled the feelings of the unfortunate princess was for a moment melted by the sight of the fair youth's enthusiasm. She abandoned one hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses, and with the other stroked with maternal tenderness his curled locks, as she endeavoured to raise him from the posture he had assumed. His father, in the meanwhile, shut the door of the chapel and placed his back against it, withdrawing himself thus from the group, as if for the purpose of preventing any stranger from entering during a scene so extraordinary.

'And thou, then,' said Margaret, in a voice where female tenderness combated strangely with her natural pride of rank, and with the calm, stoical indifference induced by the intensity of her personal misfortunes—'thou, fair youth, art the last scion of the noble stem so many fair boughs of which have fallen in our hapless cause. Alas—alas! what can I do for thee? Margaret has not even a blessing to bestow. So wayward is her fate, that her benedictions are curses, and she has but to look on you and wish you well to ensure your speedy and utter ruin. I—I have been the fatal poison-tree whose influence has blighted and destroyed all the fair plants that arose beside and around me, and brought death upon every one, yet am myself unable to find it!'

'Noble and royal mistress,' said the elder Englishman, 'let not your princely courage, which has borne such extremities, be dismayed, now that they are passed over, and that a chance at least of happier times is approaching to you and to England.'

'To England, to *me*, noble Oxford!' said the forlorn and

chief observance of their church. The Englishmen extricated themselves from their importunity by bestowing, as is usual on such occasions, a donative of small coin upon those who appeared most needy, or most deserving of their charity. One tall woman stood on the steps close to the door, and extended her hand to the elder Philipson, who, struck with her appearance, exchanged for a piece of silver the copper coins which he had been distributing amongst others.

‘A marvel!’ she said, in the English language, but in a tone calculated only to be heard by him alone, although his son also caught the sound and sense of what she said — ‘ay, a miracle! An Englishman still possesses a silver piece, and can afford to bestow it on the poor!’

Arthur was sensible that his father started somewhat at the voice or words, which bore, even in his ear, something of deeper import than the observation of an ordinary mendicant. But, after a glance at the female who thus addressed him, his father passed onwards into the body of the church, and was soon engaged in attending to the solemn ceremony of the mass, as it was performed by a priest at the altar of a chapel divided from the main body of the splendid edifice, and dedicated, as it appeared from the image over the altar, to St. George — that military saint whose real history is so obscure, though his popular legend rendered him an object of peculiar veneration during the feudal ages. The ceremony was begun and finished with all customary forms. The officiating priest, with his attendants, withdrew, and though some of the few worshippers who had assisted at the solemnity remained telling their beads, and occupied with the performance of their private devotions, far the greater part left the chapel, to visit other shrines, or to return to the prosecution of their secular affairs.

But Arthur Philipson remarked that, whilst they dropped off one after another, the tall woman who had received his father’s alms continued to kneel near the altar; and he was yet more surprised to see that his father himself, who, he had many reasons to know, was desirous to spend in the church no more time than the duties of devotion absolutely claimed, remained also on his knees, with his eyes resting on the form of the veiled devotee (such she seemed from her dress), as if his own motions were to be guided by hers. By no idea which occurred to him was Arthur able to form the least conjecture as to his father’s motives; he only knew that he was engaged in a critical and dangerous negotiation, liable to influence or interruption from

various quarters; and that political suspicion was so generally awake both in France, Italy, and Flanders, that the most important agents were often obliged to assume the most impenetrable disguises, in order to insinuate themselves without suspicion into the countries where their services were required. Louis XI., in particular, whose singular policy seemed in some degree to give a character to the age in which he lived, was well known to have disguised his principal emissaries and envoys in the fictitious garbs of mendicant monks, minstrels, gipsies, and other privileged wanderers of the meanest description.

Arthur concluded, therefore, that it was not improbable that this female might, like themselves, be something more than her dress imported; and he resolved to observe his father's deportment towards her, and regulate his own actions accordingly. A bell at last announced that mass, upon a more splendid scale, was about to be celebrated before the high altar of the cathedral itself, and its sound withdrew from the sequestered chapel of St. George the few who had remained at the shrine of the military saint, excepting the father and son, and the female penitent who kneeled opposite to them. When the last of the worshippers had retired, the female arose and advanced towards the elder Philipson, who, folding his arms on his bosom, and stooping his head, in an attitude of obeisance which his son had never before seen him assume, appeared rather to wait what she had to say than to propose addressing her.

There was a pause. Four lamps, lighted before the shrine of the saint, cast a dim radiance on his armour and steed, represented as he was in the act of transfixing with his lance the prostrate dragon, whose outstretched wings and writhing neck were in part touched by their beams. The rest of the chapel was dimly illuminated by the autumnal sun, which could scarce find its way through the stained panes of the small lanceolated window, which was its only aperture to the open air. The light fell doubtful and gloomy, tinged with the various hues through which it passed, upon the stately, yet somewhat broken and dejected, form of the female, and on those of the melancholy and anxious father, and his son, who, with all the eager interest of youth, suspected and anticipated extraordinary consequences from so singular an interview.

At length the female approached to the same side of the shrine with Arthur and his father, as if to be more distinctly

heard, without being obliged to raise the slow, solemn voice in which she had spoken.

‘Do you here worship,’ she said, ‘the St. George of Burgundy or the St. George of Merry England, the flower of chivalry?’

‘I serve,’ said Philipson, folding his hands humbly on his bosom, ‘the saint to whom this chapel is dedicated, and the Deity with whom I hope for his holy intercession, whether here or in my native country.’

‘Ay — you,’ said the female, ‘even you can forget — you, even you, who have been numbered among the mirror of knight-hood — can forget that you have worshipped in the royal fane of Windsor — that you have there bent a *gartered* knee, where kings and princes kneeled around you — you can forget this, and make your orisons at a foreign shrine, with a heart undisturbed with the thoughts of what you have been — praying, like some poor peasant, for bread and life during the day that passes over you.’

‘Lady,’ replied Philipson, ‘in my proudest hours I was, before the Being to whom I preferred my prayers, but as a worm in the dust. In His eyes I am now neither less nor more, degraded as I may be in the opinion of my fellow-reptiles.’

‘How canst thou think thus?’ said the devotee; ‘and yet it is well with thee that thou canst. But what have thy losses been compared to mine?’

She put her hand to her brow, and seemed for a moment overpowered by agonizing recollections.

Arthur pressed to his father’s side, and inquired, in a tone of interest which could not be repressed, ‘Father, who is this lady? Is it my mother?’

‘No, my son,’ answered Philipson. ‘Peace, for the sake of all you hold dear or holy!’

The singular female, however, heard both the question and answer, though expressed in a whisper.

‘Yes,’ she said, ‘young man, I am — I should say I was — your mother — the mother, the protectress, of all that was noble in England. I am Margaret of Anjou.’

Arthur sank on his knees before the dauntless widow of Henry the Sixth, who so long, and in such desperate circumstances, upheld, by unyielding courage and deep policy, the sinking cause of her feeble husband; and who, if she occasionally abused victory by cruelty and revenge, had made some atonement by the indomitable resolution with which she had supported the fiercest storms of adversity. Arthur had been

bred in devoted adherence to the now dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was one of the most distinguished supporters; and his earliest deeds of arms, which, though unfortunate, were neither obscure nor ignoble, had been done in their cause. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he in the same instant flung his bonnet on the pavement and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign.

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'Noble and royal mistress,' said the elder Englishman, 'let not your princely courage, which has borne such extremities, be dismayed, now that they are passed over, and that a chance at least of happier times is approaching to you and to England.'

'To England, to *me*, noble Oxford!' said the forlorn and

widowed Queen. 'If to-morrow's sun could place me once more on the throne of England, could it give back to me what I have lost? I speak not of wealth or power; they are as nothing in the balance. I speak not of the hosts of noble friends who have fallen in defence of me and mine — Somersets, Percys, Staffords, Cliffords; they have found their place in fame, in the annals of their country. I speak not of my husband; he has exchanged the state of a suffering saint upon earth for that of a glorified saint in Heaven. But O, Oxford, my son — my Edward! Is it possible for me to look on this youth, and not remember that thy countess and I on the same night gave birth to two fair boys? How oft we endeavoured to prophesy their future fortunes, and to persuade ourselves that the same constellation which shone on their birth would influence their succeeding life, and hold a friendly and equal bias till they reached some destined goal of happiness and honour! Thy Arthur lives; but, alas! my Edward, born under the same auspices, fills a bloody grave.'

She wrapped her head in her mantle, as if to stifle the complaints and groans which maternal affection poured forth at these cruel recollections. Philipson, or the exiled Earl of Oxford, as we may now term him, distinguished in those changeful times by the steadiness with which he had always maintained his loyalty to the line of Lancaster, saw the imprudence of indulging his sovereign in her weakness.

'Royal mistress,' he said, 'life's journey is that of a brief winter's day, and its course will run on whether we avail ourselves of its progress or no. My sovereign is, I trust, too much mistress of herself to suffer lamentation for what is passed to deprive her of the power of using the present time. I am here in obedience to your command; I am to see Burgundy forthwith, and if I find him pliant to the purpose to which we would turn him, events may follow which will change into gladness our present mourning. But we must use our opportunity with speed as well as zeal. Let me know, then, madam, for what reason your Majesty hath come hither, disguised and in danger? Surely it was not merely to weep over this young man that the high-minded Queen Margaret left her father's court, disguised herself in mean attire, and came from a place of safety to one of doubt at least, if not of danger?'

'You mock me, Oxford,' said the unfortunate Queen, 'or you deceive yourself, if you think you still serve that Margaret whose word was never spoken without a reason, and whose

slightest action was influenced by a motive. Alas! I am no longer the same firm and rational being. The feverish character of grief, while it makes one place hateful to me, drives me to another in very impotence and impatience of spirit. My father's residence, thou sayst, is safe; but is it tolerable for such a soul as mine? Can one who has been deprived of the noblest and richest kingdom of Europe — one who has lost hosts of noble friends — one who is a widowed consort, a childless mother — one upon whose head Heaven hath poured forth its last vial of unmitigated wrath — can she stoop to be the companion of a weak old man, who, in sonnets and in music, in mummery and folly, in harping and rhyming, finds a comfort for all that poverty has that is distressing, and, what is still worse, even a solace in all that is ridiculous and contemptible?

'Nay, with your leave, madam,' said her counsellor, 'blame not the good King René because, persecuted by fortune, he has been able to find out for himself humbler sources of solace, which your prouder spirit is disposed to disdain. A contention among his minstrels has for him the animation of a knightly combat; and a crown of flowers, twined by his troubadours, and graced by their sonnets, he accounts a valuable compensation for the diadems of Jerusalem, of Naples, and of both Sicilies, of which he only possesses the empty titles.'

'Speak not to me of the pitiable old man,' said Margaret — 'sunk below even the hatred of his worst enemies, and never thought worthy of anything more than contempt. I tell thee, noble Oxford, I have been driven nearly mad with my forced residence at Aix, in the paltry circle which he calls his court. My ears, tuned as they now are only to sounds of affliction, are not so weary of the eternal tinkling of harps, and squeaking of rebecks, and snapping of castanets; my eyes are not so tired of the beggarly affectation of court ceremonial, which is only respectable when it implies wealth and expresses power — as my very soul is sick of the paltry ambition which can find pleasure in spangles, tassels, and trumpery, when the reality of all that is great and noble hath passed away. No, Oxford. If I am doomed to lose the last cast which fickle fortune seems to offer me, I will retreat into the meanest convent in the Pyrenean hills, and at least escape the insult of the idiot gaiety of my father. Let him pass from our memory as from the page of history, in which his name will never be recorded. I have much of more importance both to hear and to tell. And now,

my Oxford, what news from Italy? Will the Duke of Milan afford us assistance with his counsels, or with his treasures?’

‘With his counsels willingly, madam; but how you will relish them I know not, since he recommends to us submission to our hapless fate, and resignation to the will of Providence.’

‘The wily Italian! Will not, then, Galeasso advance any part of his hoards, or assist a friend to whom he hath in his time full often sworn faith?’

‘Not even the diamonds which I offered to deposit in his hands,’ answered the Earl, ‘could make him unlock his treasury to supply us with ducats for our enterprise. Yet he said, if Charles of Burgundy should think seriously of an exertion in our favour, such was his regard for that great prince and his deep sense of your Majesty’s misfortunes, that he would consider what the state of his exchequer, though much exhausted, and the condition of his subjects, though impoverished by taxes and talliages, would permit him to advance in your behalf.’

‘The double-faced hypocrite!’ said Margaret. ‘If the assistance of the princely Burgundy lends us a chance of regaining what is our own, then he will give us some paltry parcel of crowns, that our restored prosperity may forget his indifference to our adversity! But what of Burgundy? I have ventured hither to tell you what I have learned, and to hear report of your proceedings—a trusty watch provides for the secrecy of our interview. My impatience to see you brought me hither in this mean disguise. I have a small retinue at a convent a mile beyond the town—I have had your arrival watched by the faithful Lambert—and now I come to know your hopes or your fears, and to tell you my own.’

‘Royal lady,’ said the Earl, ‘I have not seen the Duke. You know his temper to be wilful, sudden, haughty, and unpersuadable. If he can adopt the calm and sustained policy which the times require, I little doubt his obtaining full amends of Louis, his sworn enemy, and even of Edward, his ambitious brother-in-law. But if he continues to yield to extravagant fits of passion, with or without provocation, he may hurry into a quarrel with the poor but hardy Helvetians, and is likely to engage in a perilous contest, in which he cannot be expected to gain anything, while he undergoes a chance of the most serious losses.’

‘Surely,’ replied the Queen, ‘he will not trust the usurper Edward, even in the very moment when he is giving the greatest proof of treachery to his alliance?’

'In what respect, madam?' replied Oxford. 'The news you allude to has not reached me.'

'How, my lord? Am I then the first to tell you that Edward of York has crossed the sea with such an army as scarce even the renowned Henry V., my father-in-law, ever transported from France to Italy?'

'So much I have indeed heard was expected,' said Oxford; 'and I anticipated the effect as fatal to our cause.'

'Edward is arrived,' said Margaret, 'and the traitor and usurper hath sent defiance to Louis of France, and demanded of him the crown of that kingdom as his own right — that crown which was placed on the head of my unhappy husband, when he was yet a child in the cradle.'

'It is then decided — the English are in France!' answered Oxford, in a tone expressive of the deepest anxiety. 'And whom brings Edward with him on this expedition?'

'All — all the bitterest enemies of our house and cause. The false, the traitorous, the dishonoured George, whom he calls Duke of Clarence — the blood-drinker, Richard — the licentious Hastings — Howard — Stanley — in a word, the leaders of all those traitors whom I would not name, unless by doing so my curses could sweep them from the face of the earth.'

'And — I tremble to ask,' said the Earl — 'does Burgundy prepare to join them as a brother of the war, and make common cause with this Yorkish host against King Louis of France?'

'By my advices,' replied the Queen, 'and they are both private and sure, besides that they are confirmed by the bruit of common fame — no, my good Oxford — no!'

'For that may the saints be praised!' answered Oxford. 'Edward of York — I will not malign even an enemy — is a bold and fearless leader; but he is neither Edward the Third nor the heroic Black Prince, nor is he that fifth Henry of Lancaster under whom I won my spurs, and to whose lineage the thoughts of his glorious memory would have made me faithful, had my plighted vows of allegiance ever permitted me to entertain a thought of varying or of defection. Let Edward engage in war with Louis without the aid of Burgundy, on which he has reckoned. Louis is indeed no hero, but he is a cautious and skilful general, more to be dreaded, perhaps, in these politic days than if Charlemagne could again raise the oriflamme, surrounded by Roland and all his paladins. Louis will not hazard such fields as those of Cressy, of Poitiers, or of Agincourt. With a thousand lances from Hainault, and twenty

thousand crowns from Burgundy, Edward shall risk the loss of England, while he is engaged in a protracted struggle for the recovery of Normandy and Guienne. But what are the movements of Burgundy ?'

'He has menaced Germany,' said Margaret, 'and his troops are now employed in overrunning Lorraine, of which he has seized the principal towns and castles.'

'Where is Ferrand de Vaudemont — a youth, it is said, of courage and enterprise, and claiming Lorraine in right of his mother, Yolande of Anjou, the sister of your Grace ?'

'Fled,' replied the Queen, 'into Germany or Helvetia.'

'Let Burgundy beware of him,' said the experienced Earl ; 'for, should the disinherited youth obtain confederates in Germany and allies among the hardy Swiss, Charles of Burgundy may find him a far more formidable enemy than he expects. We are strong for the present only in the Duke's strength, and if it is wasted in idle and desultory efforts our hopes, alas ! vanish with his power, even if he should be found to have the decided will to assist us. My friends in England are resolute not to stir without men and money from Burgundy.'

'It is a fear,' said Margaret, 'but not our worst fear. I dread more the policy of Louis, who, unless my espials have grossly deceived me, has even already proposed a secret peace to Edward, offering with large sums of money to purchase England to the Yorkists, and a truce of seven years.'

'It cannot be,' said Oxford. 'No Englishman, commanding such an army as Edward must now lead, dares for very shame to retire from France without a manly attempt to recover his lost provinces.'

'Such would have been the thoughts of a rightful prince,' said Margaret, 'who left behind him an obedient and faithful kingdom. Such may not be the thoughts of this Edward, misnamed Plantagenet, base perhaps in mind as in blood, since they say his real father was one Blackburn, an archer of Middleham — usurper, at least, if not bastard — such will not be his thoughts.¹ Every breeze that blows from England will bring with it apprehensions of defection amongst those over whom he has usurped authority. He will not sleep in peace till he returns to England with those cut-throats, whom he relies upon for the defence of his stolen crown. He will engage in no war with Louis, for Louis will not hesitate to soothe his

¹ The Lancastrian party threw the imputation of bastardy (which was totally unfounded) upon Edward IV.

pride by humiliation, to gorge his avarice and pamper his voluptuous prodigality by sums of gold ; and I fear much we shall soon hear of the English army retiring from France with the idle boast that they have displayed their banners once more, for a week or two, in the provinces which were formerly their own.'

'It the more becomes us to be speedy in moving Burgundy to decision,' replied Oxford ; 'and for that purpose I post to Dijon. Such an army as Edward's cannot be transported over the narrow seas in several weeks. The probability is that they must winter in France, even if they should have truce with King Louis. With a thousand Hainault lances from the eastern part of Flanders, I can be soon in the North, where we have many friends, besides the assurance of help from Scotland. The faithful West will rise at a signal — a Clifford can be found, though the mountain mists have hid him from Richard's researches — the Welsh will assemble at the rallying word of Tudor — the Red Rose raises its head once more — and so, God save King Henry !'

'Alas !' said the Queen. 'But no husband — no friend of mine — the son but of my mother-in-law by a Welsh chieftain — cold, they say, and crafty. But be it so — let me only see Lancaster triumph and obtain revenge upon York, and I will die contented !'

'It is then your pleasure that I should make the proffers expressed by your Grace's former mandates, to induce Burgundy to stir himself in our cause ? If he learns the proposal of a truce betwixt France and England, it will sting sharper than aught I can say.'

'Promise all, however,' said the Queen. 'I know his inmost soul : it is set upon extending the dominions of his house in every direction. For this he has seized Gueldres — for this he now overruns and occupies Lorraine — for this he covets such poor remnants of Provence as my father still calls his own. With such augmented territories, he proposes to exchange his ducal diadem for an arched crown of independent sovereignty. Tell the Duke, Margaret can assist his views ; tell him that my father René shall disown the opposition made to the Duke's seizure of Lorraine — he shall do more, he shall declare Charles his heir in Provence, with my ample consent ; tell him, the old man shall cede his dominions to him upon the instant that his Hainaulters embark for England, some small pension deducted to maintain a concert of fiddlers and a troop of morrice-dancers.

These are René's only earthly wants. Mine are still fewer. Revenge upon York, and a speedy grave! For the paltry gold which we may need, thou hast jewels to pledge. For the other conditions, security if required.'

'For these, madam, I can pledge my knightly word, in addition to your royal faith; and if more is required, my son shall be a hostage with Burgundy.'

'Oh no — no!' exclaimed the dethroned Queen, touched by perhaps the only tender feeling which repeated and extraordinary misfortunes had not chilled into insensibility. 'Hazard not the life of the noble youth — he that is the last of the loyal and faithful house of Vere — he that should have been the brother in arms of my beloved Edward — he that had so nearly been his companion in a bloody and untimely grave! Do not involve this poor child in these fatal intrigues, which have been so baneful to his family. Let him go with me. Him at least I will shelter from danger whilst I live, and provide for when I am no more.'

'Forgive me, madam,' said Oxford, with the firmness which distinguished him. 'My son, as you deign to recollect, is a De Vere, destined, perhaps, to be the last of his name. Fall he may, but it must not be without honour. To whatever dangers his duty and allegiance call him, be it from sword or lance, axe or gibbet, to these he must expose himself frankly, when his doing so can mark his allegiance. His ancestors have shown him how to brave them all.'

'True — true,' exclaimed the unfortunate Queen, raising her arms wildly. 'All must perish — all that have honoured Lancaster — all that have loved Margaret, or whom she has loved! The destruction must be universal — the young must fall with the old — not a lamb of the scattered flock shall escape!'

'For God's sake, gracious madam,' said Oxford, 'compose yourself! I hear them knock on the chapel door.'

'It is the signal of parting,' said the exiled Queen, collecting herself. 'Do not fear, noble Oxford, I am not often thus; but how seldom do I see those friends whose faces and voices can disturb the composure of my despair! Let me tie this relic about thy neck, good youth, and fear not its evil influence, though you receive it from an ill-omened hand. It was my husband's, blessed by many a prayer, and sanctified by many a holy tear; even my unhappy hands cannot pollute it. I should have bound it on my Edward's bosom on the dreadful morning of Tewkesbury fight; but he armed early

— went to the field without seeing me, and all my purpose was vain.'

She passed a golden chain round Arthur's neck as she spoke, which contained a small gold crucifix of rich but barbarous manufacture. It had belonged, said tradition, to Edward the Confessor. The knock at the door of the chapel was repeated.

'We must not tarry,' said Margaret; 'let us part here—you for Dijon, I to Aix, my abode of unrest in Provence. Farewell; we may meet in a better hour—yet how can I hope it? Thus I said on the morning before the fight of St. Albans—thus on the dark dawning of Towton—thus on the yet more bloody field of Tewkesbury—and what was the event? Yet hope is a plant which cannot be rooted out of a noble breast till the last heart-string crack as it is pulled away.'

So saying, she passed through the chapel door, and mingled in the miscellaneous assemblage of personages who worshipped, or indulged their curiosity, or consumed their idle hours, amongst the aisles of the cathedral.

Philipson and his son, both deeply impressed with the singular interview which had just taken place, returned to their inn, where they found a pursuivant, with the Duke of Burgundy's badge and livery, who informed them that, if they were the English merchants who were carrying wares of value to the court of the Duke, he had orders to afford them the countenance of his escort and inviolable character. Under his protection they set out from Strasburg; but such was the uncertainty of the Duke of Burgundy's motions, and such the numerous obstacles which occurred to interrupt their journey, in a country disturbed by the constant passage of troops and preparation for war, that it was evening on the second day ere they reached the plain near Dijon on which the whole, or great part, of his power lay encamped.

CHAPTER XXV

Thus said the Duke — thus did the Duke infer.

Richard III.

THE eyes of the elder traveller were well accustomed to sights of martial splendour, yet even he was dazzled with the rich and glorious display of the Burgundian camp, in which, near the walls of Dijon, Charles, the wealthiest prince in Europe, had displayed his own extravagance, and encouraged his followers to similar profusion. The pavilions of the meanest officers were of silk and samite, while those of the nobility and great leaders glittered with cloth of silver, cloth of gold, variegated tapestry, and other precious materials, which in no other situation would have been employed as a cover from the weather, but would themselves have been thought worthy of the most careful protection. The horsemen and infantry who mounted guard were arrayed in the richest and most gorgeous armour. A beautiful and very numerous train of artillery was drawn up near the entrance of the camp, and in its commander Philipson (to give the Earl the travelling name to which our readers are accustomed) recognised Henry Colvin, an Englishman of inferior birth, but distinguished for his skill in conducting these terrible engines which had of late come into general use in war. The banners and pennons which were displayed by every knight, baron, and man of rank floated before their tents, and the owners of these transitory dwellings sat at the door half-armed, and enjoyed the military contests of the soldiers, in wrestling, pitching the bar, and other athletic exercises.

Long rows of the noblest horses were seen at picquet, prancing and tossing their heads, as impatient of the inactivity to which they were confined, or were heard neighing over the provender which was spread plentifully before them. The soldiers formed joyous groups around the minstrels and strolling jugglers, or were engaged in drinking-parties at the sutlers' tents; others strolled about with folded arms, casting their

eyes now and then to the sinking sun, as if desirous that the hour should arrive which should put an end to a day unoccupied, and therefore tedious.

At length the travellers reached, amidst the dazzling varieties of this military display, the pavilion of the Duke himself, before which floated heavily in the evening breeze the broad and rich banner in which glowed the armorial bearings and quarterings of a prince, duke of six provinces, and count of fifteen counties, who was, from his power, his disposition, and the success which seemed to attend his enterprises, the general dread of Europe. The pursuivant made himself known to some of the household, and the Englishmen were immediately received with courtesy, though not such as to draw attention upon them, and conveyed to a neighbouring tent, the residence of a general officer, which they were given to understand was destined for their accommodation, and where their packages accordingly were deposited, and refreshments offered them.

‘As the camp is filled,’ said the domestic who waited upon them, ‘with soldiers of different nations and uncertain dispositions, the Duke of Burgundy, for the safety of your merchandise, has ordered you the protection of a regular sentinel. In the meantime, be in readiness to wait on his Highness, seeing you may look to be presently sent for.’

Accordingly, the elder Philipson was shortly after summoned to the Duke’s presence, introduced by a back entrance into the ducal pavilion, and into that part of it which, screened by close curtains and wooden barricades, formed Charles’s own separate apartment. The plainness of the furniture, and the coarse apparatus of the Duke’s toilette, formed a strong contrast to the appearance of the exterior of the pavilion; for Charles, whose character was, in that as in other things, far from consistent, exhibited in his own person during war an austerity, or rather coarseness, of dress, and sometimes of manners also, which was more like the rudeness of a German lanzknecht than the bearing of a prince of exalted rank; while, at the same time, he encouraged and enjoined a great splendour of expense and display amongst his vassals and courtiers, as if to be rudely attired, and to despise every restraint, even of ordinary ceremony, were a privilege of the sovereign alone. Yet, when it pleased him to assume state in person and manners, none knew better than Charles of Burgundy how he ought to adorn and demean himself.

Upon his toilette appeared brushes and combs which might

have claimed dismissal as past the term of service, overworn hats and doublets, dog-leashes, leather belts, and other such paltry articles; amongst which lay at random, as it seemed, the great diamond called Sanci, the three rubies termed the Three Brothers of Antwerp, another great diamond called the Lamp of Flanders, and other precious stones of scarcely inferior value and rarity. This extraordinary display somewhat resembled the character of the Duke himself, who mixed cruelty with justice, magnanimity with meanness of spirit, economy with extravagance, and liberality with avarice; being, in fact, consistent in nothing excepting in his obstinate determination to follow the opinion he had once formed, in every situation of things, and through all variety of risks.

In the midst of the valueless and inestimable articles of his wardrobe and toilette, the Duke of Burgundy called out to the English traveller, 'Welcome, Herr Philipson — welcome, you of a nation whose traders are princes, and their merchants the mighty ones of the earth. What new commodities have you brought to gull us with? You merchants, by St. George, are a wily generation.'

'Faith, no new merchandise I, my lord,' answered the elder Englishman: 'I bring but the commodities which I showed your Highness the last time I communicated with you, in the hope of a poor trader that your Grace may find them more acceptable upon a review than when you first saw them.'

'It is well, Sir — Philipville, I think they call you? You are a simple trader, or you take me for a silly purchaser, that you think to gull me with the same wares which I fancied not formerly. Change of fashion, man — novelty — is the motto of commerce; your Lancaster wares have had their day, and I have bought of them like others, and was like enough to have paid dear for them too. York is all the vogue now.'

'It may be so among the vulgar,' said the Earl of Oxford; 'but for souls like your Highness faith, honour, and loyalty are jewels which change of fancy or mutability of taste cannot put out of fashion.'

'Why, it may be, noble Oxford,' said the Duke, 'that I preserve in my secret mind some veneration for these old-fashioned qualities, else why should I have such regard for your person, in which they have ever been distinguished? But my situation is painfully urgent, and should I make a false step at this crisis, I might break the purposes of my whole life. Observe me, sir merchant. Here has come over your old competitor,

Blackburn, whom some call Edward of York and of London, with a commodity of bows and bills such as never entered France since King Arthur's time; and he offers to enter into joint adventure with me, or, in plain speech, to make common cause with Burgundy, till we smoke out of his earths the old fox Louis, and nail his hide to the stable-door. In a word, England invites me to take part with him against my most wily and inveterate enemy, the King of France; to rid myself of the chain of vassalage, and to ascend into the rank of independent princes; how think you, noble earl, can I forego this seducing temptation?

'You must ask this of some of your counsellors of Burgundy,' said Oxford; 'it is a question fraught too deeply with ruin to my cause for me to give a fair opinion on it.'

'Nevertheless,' said Charles, 'I ask thee, as an honourable man, what objections you see to the course proposed to me? Speak your mind, and speak it freely.'

'My lord, I know it is in your Highness's nature to entertain no doubts of the facility of executing anything which you have once determined shall be done. Yet, though this princelike disposition may in some cases prepare for its own success, and has often done so, there are others in which, persisting in our purpose, merely because we have once willed it, leads not to success, but to ruin. Look, therefore, at this English army. Winter is approaching, where are they to be lodged? how are they to be victualled? by whom are they to be paid? Is your Highness to take all the expense and labour of fitting them for the summer campaign? for, rely on it, an English army never was, nor will be, fit for service till they have been out of their own island long enough to accustom them to military duty. They are men, I grant, the fittest for soldiers in the world, but they are not soldiers as yet, and must be trained to become such at your Highness's expense.'

'Be it so,' said Charles; 'I think the Low Countries can find food for the beef-consuming knaves for a few weeks, and villages for them to lie in, and officers to train their sturdy limbs to war, and provost-marshal enough to reduce their refractory spirit to discipline.'

'What happens next?' said Oxford. 'You march to Paris, add to Edward's usurped power another kingdom, restore to him all the possessions which England ever had in France, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Gascony, and all besides — can you trust this Edward when you shall have thus fostered his strength,

and made him far stronger than this Louis whom you have united to pull down ?'

'By St. George, I will not dissemble with you ! It is in that very point that my doubts trouble me. Edward is indeed my brother-in-law, but I am a man little inclined to put my head under my wife's girdle.'

'And the times,' said Philipson, 'have too often shown the inefficiency of family alliances to prevent the most gross breaches of faith.'

'You say well, earl. Clarence betrayed his father-in-law ; Louis poisoned his brother. Domestic affections, pshaw ! they sit warm enough by a private man's fireside, but they cannot come into fields of battle, or princes' halls, where the wind blows cold. No, my alliance with Edward by marriage were little succour to me in time of need. I would as soon ride an unbroken horse, with no better bridle than a lady's garter. But what then is the result ? He wars on Louis ; whichever gains the better, I, who must be strengthened in their mutual weakness, receive the advantage. The Englishmen slay the French with their cloth-yard shafts, and the Frenchmen, by skirmishes, waste, weaken, and destroy the English. With spring I take the field with an army superior to both, and then, St. George for Burgundy !'

'And if, in the meanwhile, your Highness will deign to assist, even in the most trifling degree, a cause the most honourable that ever knight laid lance in rest for, a moderate sum of money, and a small body of Hainault lances, who may gain both fame and fortune by the service, may replace the injured heir of Lancaster in the possession of his native and rightful dominion.'

'Ay, marry, sir earl,' said the Duke, 'you come roundly to the point ; but we have seen, and indeed partly assisted at, so many turns betwixt York and Lancaster, that we have some doubt which is the side to which Heaven has given the right, and the inclinations of the people the effectual power ; we are surprised into absolute giddiness by so many extraordinary revolutions of fortune as England has exhibited.'

'A proof, my lord, that these mutations are not yet ended, and that your generous aid may give to the better side an effectual turn of advantage.'

'And lend my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, my arm to dethrone my wife's brother ? Perhaps he deserves small goodwill at my hands, since he and his insolent nobles have been

urging me with remonstrances, and even threats, to lay aside all my own important affairs, and join Edward, forsooth, in his knight-errant expedition against Louis. I will march against Louis at my own time, and not sooner; and, by St. George! neither island king nor island noble shall dictate to Charles of Burgundy. You are fine conceited companions, you English of both sides, that think the matters of your own bedlam island are as interesting to all the world as to yourselves. But neither York nor Lancaster, neither brother Blackburn nor cousin Margaret of Anjou, not with John de Vere to back her, shall gull me. Men lure no hawks with empty hands.'

Oxford, familiar with the Duke's disposition, suffered him to exhaust himself in chafing, that any one should pretend to dictate his course of conduct, and, when he was at length silent, replied with calmness — 'Do I live to hear the noble Duke of Burgundy, the mirror of European chivalry, say that no reason has been shown to him for an adventure where a helpless queen is to be redressed — a royal house raised from the dust? Is there not immortal *los* and honour — the trumpet of fame to proclaim the sovereign who, alone in a degenerate age, has united the duties of a generous knight with those of a princely sovereign —'

The Duke interrupted him, striking him at the same time on the shoulder — 'And King René's five hundred fiddlers to tune their cracked violins in my praise, and King René himself to listen to them, and say, "Well fought, Duke — well played, fiddler"? I tell thee, John of Oxford, when thou and I wore maiden armour, such words as fame, honour, *los*, knightly glory, lady's love, and so forth, were good mottoes for our snow-white shields, and a fair enough argument for splintering lances — ay, and in tilt-yard, though somewhat old for these fierce follies, I would jeopard my person in such a quarrel yet, as becomes a knight of the order; but when we come to paying down of crowns, and embarking of large squadrons, we must have to propose to our subjects some substantial excuse for plunging them in war — some proposal for the public good — or, by St. George! for our own private advantage, which is the same thing. This is the course the world runs, and, Oxford, to tell the plain truth, I mean to hold the same bias.'

'Heaven forbid that I should expect your Highness to act otherwise than with a view to your subjects' welfare — the increase, that is, as your Grace happily expresses it, of your own power and dominion. The money we require is not in benev-

olence, but in loan; and Margaret is willing to deposit these jewels, of which I think your Grace knows the value, till she shall repay the sum which your friendship may advance in her necessity.'

'Ha, ha!' said the Duke, 'would our cousin make a pawn-broker of us, and have us deal with her like a Jewish usurer with his debtor? Yet, in faith, Oxford, we may need the diamonds, for if this business were otherwise feasible, it is possible that I myself must become a borrower to aid my cousin's necessities. I have applied to the states of the duchy, who are now sitting, and expect, as is reasonable, a large supply. But there are restless heads and close hands among them, and they may be niggardly. So place the jewels on the table in the meanwhile. Well, say I am to be no sufferer in purse by this feat of knight-errantry which you propose to me, still princes enter not into war without some view of advantage?'

'Listen to me, noble sovereign. You are naturally bent to unite the great estates of your father and those you have acquired by your own arms into a compact and firm dukedom——'

'Call it kingdom,' said Charles; 'it is the worthier word.'

'Into a kingdom, of which the crown shall sit as fair and even on your Grace's brow as that of France on your present suzerain, Louis.'

'It needs not such shrewdness as yours to descry that such is my purpose,' said the Duke; 'else, wherefore am I here with helm on my head and sword by my side? And wherefore are my troops seizing on the strong places in Lorraine, and chasing before them the beggarly De Vaudemont, who has the insolence to claim it as his inheritance? Yes, my friend, the aggrandisement of Burgundy is a theme for which the duke of that fair province is bound to fight, while he can put foot in stirrup.'

'But think you not,' said the English earl, 'since you allow me to speak freely with your Grace on the footing of old acquaintanceship—think you not that in this chart of your dominions, otherwise so fairly bounded, there is something on the southern frontier which might be arranged more advantageously for a King of Burgundy?'

'I cannot guess whither you would lead me,' said the Duke, looking at a map of the duchy and his other possessions, to which the Englishman had pointed his attention, and then turning his broad keen eye upon the face of the banished earl.

'I would say,' replied the latter, 'that, to so powerful a prince as your Grace, there is no safe neighbour but the sea. Here is Provence, which interferes betwixt you and the Mediterranean — Provence, with its princely harbours and fertile cornfields and vineyards. Were it not well to include it in your map of sovereignty, and thus touch the middle sea with one hand, while the other rested on the sea-coast of Flanders?'

'Provence, said you?' replied the Duke, eagerly; 'why, man, my very dreams are of Provence. I cannot smell an orange but it reminds me of its perfumed woods and bowers, its olives, citrons, and pomegranates. But how to frame pretensions to it? Shame it were to disturb René, the harmless old man, nor would it become a near relation. Then he is the uncle of Louis; and most probably, failing his daughter Margaret, or perhaps in preference to her, he hath named the French king his heir.'

'A better claim might be raised up in your Grace's own person,' said the Earl of Oxford, 'if you will afford Margaret of Anjou the succour she requires by me.'

'Take the aid thou requirest,' replied the Duke — 'take double the amount of it in men and money! Let me but have a claim upon Provence, though thin as a single thread of thy Queen Margaret's hair, and let me alone for twisting it into the tough texture of a quadruple cable. But I am a fool to listen to the dreams of one who, ruined himself, can lose little by holding forth to others the most extravagant hopes.'

Charles breathed high, and changed complexion as he spoke.

'I am not such a person, my Lord Duke,' said the Earl. 'Listen to me — René is broken with years, fond of repose, and too poor to maintain his rank with the necessary dignity; too good-natured, or too feeble-minded, to lay farther imposts on his subjects; weary of contending with bad fortune, and desirous to resign his territories —'

'His territories!' said Charles.

'Yes, all he actually possesses, and the much more extensive dominions which he has claim to, but which have passed from his sway.'

'You take away my breath!' said the Duke. 'René resign Provence! And what says Margaret — the proud, the high-minded Margaret — will she subscribe to so humiliating a proceeding?'

'For the chance of seeing Lancaster triumph in England, she would resign, not only dominion, but life itself. And in

truth the sacrifice is less than it may seem to be. It is certain that, when René dies, the King of France will claim the old man's county of Provence as a male fief, and there is no one strong enough to back Margaret's claim of inheritance, however just it may be.'

'It is just,' said Charles — 'it is undeniable! I will not hear of its being denied or challenged — that is, when once it is established in our own person. It is the true principle of the war for the public good, that none of the great fiefs be suffered to revert again to the crown of France, least of all while it stands on a brow so astucious and unprincipled as that of Louis. Burgundy joined to Provence — a dominion from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean! Oxford, thou art my better angel!'

'Your Grace must, however, reflect,' said Oxford, 'that honourable provision must be made for King René.'

'Certainly, man — certainly: he shall have a score of fiddlers and jugglers to play, roar, and recite to him from morning till night. He shall have a court of troubadours, who shall do nothing but drink, flute, and fiddle to him, and pronounce *arrests of love*, to be confirmed or reversed by an appeal to himself, the supreme *roi d'amour*. And Margaret shall also be honourably sustained, in the manner you may point out.'

'That will be easily settled,' answered the English earl. 'If our attempts on England succeed, she will need no aid from Burgundy. If she fails, she retires into a cloister, and it will not be long that she will need the honourable maintenance which, I am sure, your Grace's generosity will willingly assign her.'

'Unquestionably,' answered Charles, 'and on a scale which will become us both; but, by my halidome, John of Vere, the abess into whose cloister Margaret of Anjou shall retire will have an ungovernable penitent under her charge. Well do I know her; and, sir earl, I will not clog our discourse by expressing any doubts that, if she pleases, she can compel her father to resign his estates to whomsoever she will. She is like my brache, Gorgon, who compels whatsoever hound is coupled with her to go the way she chooses, or she strangles him if he resists. So has Margaret acted with her simple-minded husband, and I am aware that her father, a fool of a different cast, must of necessity be equally tractable. I think I could have matched her, though my very neck aches at the thought of the struggles we should have had for mastery. But

you look grave, because I jest with the pertinacious temper of my unhappy cousin.'

'My lord,' said Oxford, 'whatever are or have been the defects of my mistress, she is in distress, and almost in desolation. She is my sovereign, and your Highness's cousin not the less.'

'Enough said, sir earl,' answered the Duke. 'Let us speak seriously. Whatever we may think of the abdication of King René, I fear we shall find it difficult to make Louis XI. see the matter as favourably as we do. He will hold that the county of Provence is a male fief, and that neither the resignation of René nor the consent of his daughter can prevent its reverting to the crown of France, as the King of Sicily, as they call him, hath no male issue.'

'That, may it please your Grace, is a question for battle to decide; and your Highness has successfully braved Louis for a less important stake. All I can say is, that, if your Grace's active assistance enables the young Earl of Richmond to succeed in his enterprise, you shall have the aid of three thousand English archers, if old John of Oxford, for want of a better leader, were to bring them over himself.'

'A noble aid,' said the Duke, 'graced still more by him who promises to lead them. Thy succour, noble Oxford, were precious to me, did you but come with your sword by your side and a single page at your back. I know you well, both heart and head. But let us to this gear; exiles, even the wisest, are privileged in promises, and sometimes—excuse me, noble Oxford—impose on themselves as well as on their friends. What are the hopes on which you desire me again to embark on so troubled and uncertain an ocean as these civil contests of yours?'

The Earl of Oxford produced a schedule, and explained to the Duke the plan of his expedition, to be backed by an insurrection of the friends of Lancaster, of which it is enough to say, that it was bold to the verge of temerity; but yet so well compacted and put together as to bear, in those times of rapid revolution, and under a leader of Oxford's approved military skill and political sagacity, a strong appearance of probable success.

While Duke Charles mused over the particulars of an enterprise attractive and congenial to his own disposition, while he counted over the affronts which he had received from his brother-in-law, Edward IV., the present opportunity for taking a signal revenge, and the rich acquisition which he hoped to

make in Provence by the cession in his favour of René of Anjou and his daughter, the Englishman failed not to press on his consideration the urgent necessity of suffering no time to escape.

‘The accomplishment of this scheme,’ he said, ‘demands the utmost promptitude. To have a chance of success, I must be in England, with your Grace’s auxiliary forces, before Edward of York can return from France with his army.’

‘And having come hither,’ said the Duke, ‘our worthy brother will be in no hurry to return again. He will meet with black-eyed French women and ruby-coloured French wine, and brother Blackburn is no man to leave such commodities in a hurry.’

‘My Lord Duke, I will speak truth of my enemy. Edward is indolent and luxurious when things are easy around him, but let him feel the spur of necessity, and he becomes as eager as a pampered steed. Louis, too, who seldom fails in finding means to accomplish his ends, is bent upon determining the English king to recross the sea; therefore, speed, noble prince — speed is the soul of your enterprise.’

‘Speed!’ said the Duke of Burgundy. ‘Why, I will go with you and see the embarkation myself; and tried, approved soldiers you shall have, such as are nowhere to be found save in Artois and Hainault.’

‘But pardon yet, noble Duke, the impatience of a drowning wretch urgently pressing for assistance. When shall we to the coast of Flanders to order this important measure?’

‘Why, in a fortnight, or perchance a week, or, in a word, so soon as I shall have chastised to purpose a certain gang of thieves and robbers who, as the scum of the caldron will always be uppermost, have got up into the fastnesses of the Alps, and from thence annoy our frontiers by contraband traffic, pillage, and robbery.’

‘Your Highness means the Swiss confederates?’

‘Ay, the peasant churls give themselves such a name. They are a sort of manumitted slaves of Austria, and, like a ban-dog whose chain is broken, they avail themselves of their liberty to annoy and rend whatever comes in their way.’

‘I travelled through their country from Italy,’ said the exiled earl, ‘and I heard it was the purpose of the cantons to send envoys to solicit peace of your Highness.’

‘Peace!’ exclaimed Charles. ‘A proper sort of peaceful proceedings those of their embassy have been! Availing themselves of a mutiny of the burghers of La Ferette, the first

garison town which they entered, they stormed the walls, seized on Archibald de Hagenbach, who commanded the place on my part, and put him to death in the market-place. Such an insult must be punished, Sir John de Vere; and if you do not see me in the storm of passion which it well deserves, it is because I have already given orders to hang up the base runagates who call themselves ambassadors.'

'For God's sake, noble Duke,' said the Englishman, throwing himself at Charles's feet, 'for your own character, for the sake of the peace of Christendom, revoke such an order if it is really given!'

'What means this passion?' said Duke Charles. 'What are these men's lives to thee, excepting that the consequences of a war may delay your expedition for a few days?'

'May render it altogether abortive,' said the Earl; 'nay, *must* needs do so. Hear me, Lord Duke. I was with these men on a part of their journey.'

'You!' said the Duke — 'you a companion of the paltry Swiss peasants? Misfortune has sunk the pride of English nobility to a low ebb, when you selected such associates.'

'I was thrown amongst them by accident,' said the Earl. 'Some of them are of noble blood, and are, besides, men for whose peaceable intentions I ventured to constitute myself their warrant.'

'On my honour, my Lord of Oxford, you graced them highly, and me no less, in interfering between the Swiss and myself! Allow me to say that I condescend when, in deference to past friendship, I permit you to speak to me of your own English affairs. Methinks you might well spare me your opinion upon topics with which you have no natural concern.'

'My Lord of Burgundy,' replied Oxford, 'I followed your banner to Paris, and had the good luck to rescue you in the fight at Mont L'Héry, when you were beset by the French men-at-arms —'

'We have not forgot it,' said Duke Charles; 'and it is a sign that we keep the action in remembrance, that you have been suffered to stand before us so long, pleading the cause of a set of rascals whom we are required to spare from the gallows that groans for them because, forsooth, they have been the fellow-travellers of the Earl of Oxford!'

'Not so, my lord. I ask their lives only because they are upon a peaceful errand, and the leaders amongst them at least have no accession to the crime of which you complain.'

The Duke traversed the apartment with unequal steps in much agitation, his large eyebrows drawn down over his eyes, his hands clenched, and his teeth set, until at length he seemed to take a resolution. He rung a handbell of silver, which stood upon his table.

'Here, Contay,' he said to the gentleman of his chamber who entered, 'are these mountain fellows yet executed?'

'No, may it please your Highness; but the executioner waits them so soon as the priest hath confessed them.'

'Let them live,' said the Duke. 'We will hear to-morrow in what manner they propose to justify their proceedings towards us.'

Contay bowed and left the apartment; then turning to the Englishman, the Duke said, with an indescribable mixture of haughtiness with familiarity, and even kindness, but having his brows cleared and his looks composed — 'We are now clear of obligation, my Lord of Oxford: you have obtained life for life — nay, to make up some inequality which there may be betwixt the value of the commodities bestowed, you have obtained six lives for one. I will, therefore, pay no more attention to you should you again upbraid me with the stumbling horse at Mont L'Héry, or your own achievements on that occasion. Most princes are contented with privately hating such men as have rendered them extraordinary services. I feel no such disposition — I only detest being reminded of having had occasion for them. Pshaw! I am half-choked with the effort of foregoing my own fixed resolution. So ho! who waits there? Bring me to drink.'

An usher entered, bearing a large silver flagon, which, instead of wine, was filled with tisanne, slightly flavoured by aromatic herbs.

'I am so hot and choleric by nature,' said the Duke, 'that our leeches prohibit me from drinking wine. But you, Oxford, are bound by no such regimen. Get thee to thy countryman, Colvin, the general of our artillery. We commend thee to his custody and hospitality till to-morrow, which must be a busy day, since I expect to receive the answer of these wiseacres of the Dijon assembly of estates; and have also to hear — thanks to your lordship's interference — these miserable Swiss envoys, as they call themselves. Well, no more on't. Good-night. You may communicate freely with Colvin, who is, like yourself, an old Lancastrian. But harkye, not a word respecting Provence — not even in your sleep. Contay, conduct this

English gentleman to Colvin's tent. He knows my pleasure respecting him.'

'So please your Grace,' answered Contay, 'I left the English gentleman's son with Monsieur de Colvin.'

'What! thine own son, Oxford? And with thee here? Why did you not tell me of him? Is he a true scion of the ancient tree?'

'It is my pride to believe so, my lord. He has been the faithful companion of all my dangers and wanderings.'

'Happy man!' said the Duke, with a sigh. 'You, Oxford, have a son to share your poverty and distress; I have none to be partner and successor to my greatness.'

'You have a daughter, my lord,' said the noble De Vere, 'and it is to be hoped she will one day wed some powerful prince, who may be the stay of your Highness's house.'

'Never! By St. George—never!' answered the Duke, sharply and shortly. 'I will have no son-in-law, who may make the daughter's bed a stepping-stone to reach the father's crown. Oxford, I have spoken more freely than I am wont, perhaps more freely than I ought; but I hold some men trustworthy, and believe you, Sir John de Vere, to be one of them.'

The English nobleman bowed, and was about to leave his presence, but the Duke presently recalled him.

'There is one thing more, Oxford. The cession of Provence is not quite enough. René and Margaret must disavow this hot-brained Ferrand de Vaudemont, who is making some foolish stir in Lorraine, in right of his mother Yolande.'

'My lord,' said Oxford, 'Ferrand is the grandson of King René, the nephew of Queen Margaret; but yet——'

'But yet, by St. George, his rights, as he calls them, on Lorraine must positively be disowned. You talk of their family feelings, while you are urging me to make war on my own brother-in-law!'

'René's best apology for deserting his grandson,' answered Oxford, 'will be his total inability to support and assist him. I will communicate your Grace's condition, though it is a hard one.'

So saying, he left the pavilion.

CHAPTER XXVI

I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch' this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King Henry VIII.

COLVIN, the English officer, to whom the Duke of Burgundy, with splendid pay and appointments, committed the charge of his artillery, was owner of the tent assigned for the Englishman's lodging, and received the Earl of Oxford with the respect due to his rank, and to the Duke's especial orders upon that subject. He had been himself a follower of the Lancaster faction, and, of course, was well disposed towards one of the very few men of distinction whom he had known personally, and who had constantly adhered to that family through the train of misfortunes by which they seemed to be totally overwhelmed. A repast, of which his son had already partaken, was offered to the Earl by Colvin, who omitted not to recommend, by precept and example, the good wine of Burgundy, from which the sovereign of the province was himself obliged to refrain.

'His Grace shows command of passion in that,' said Colvin. 'For, sooth to speak, and only conversing betwixt friends, his temper grows too headlong to bear the spur which a cup of cordial beverage gives to the blood, and he, therefore, wisely restricts himself to such liquid as may cool rather than inflame his natural fire of disposition.'

'I can perceive as much,' said the Lancastrian noble. 'When I first knew the noble Duke, who was then Earl of Charolais, his temper, though always sufficiently fiery, was calmness to the impetuosity which he now displays on the smallest contradiction. Such is the course of an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. He has ascended, by his own courage and the advantage of circumstances, from the doubtful place of a feudatory and tributary prince to rank with the most powerful sovereigns in

Europe, and to assume independent majesty. But I trust the noble starts of generosity which atoned for his wilful and wayward temper are not more few than formerly ?

‘I have good right to say that they are not,’ replied the soldier of fortune, who understood generosity in the restricted sense of liberality. ‘The Duke is a noble and open-handed master.’

‘I trust his bounty is conferred on men who are as faithful and steady in their service as you, Colvin, have ever been. But I see a change in your army. I know the banners of most of the old houses in Burgundy — how is it that I observe so few of them in the Duke’s camp ? I see flags, and pennons, and pennoncelles ; but even to me, who have been so many years acquainted with the nobility both of France and Flanders, their bearings are unknown.’

‘My noble Lord of Oxford,’ answered the officer, ‘it ill becomes a man who lives on the Duke’s pay to censure his conduct ; but his Highness hath of late trusted too much, as it seems to me, to the hired arms of foreign levies, and too little to his own native subjects and retainers. He holds it better to take into his pay large bands of German and Italian mercenary soldiers than to repose confidence in the knights and squires who are bound to him by allegiance and feudal faith. He uses the aid of his own subjects but as the means of producing him sums of money, which he bestows on his hired troops. The Germans are honest knaves enough while regularly paid ; but Heaven preserve me from the Duke’s Italian bands, and that Campo-basso, their leader, who waits but the highest price to sell his Highness like a sheep for the shambles !’

‘Think you so ill of him ?’ demanded the Earl.

‘So very ill indeed, that, I believe,’ replied Colvin, ‘there is no sort of treachery which the heart can devise or the arm perpetrate that hath not ready reception in his breast and prompt execution at his hand. It is painful, my lord, for an honest Englishman like me to serve in an army where such traitors have command. But what can I do, unless I could once more find me a soldier’s occupation in my native country ? I often hope it will please merciful Heaven again to awaken those brave civil wars in my own dear England, where all was fair fighting, and treason was unheard of.’

Lord Oxford gave his host to understand that there was a possibility that his pious wish of living and dying in his own country, and in the practice of his profession, was not to be

despaired of. Meantime he requested of him, that early on the next morning he would procure him a pass and an escort for his son, whom he was compelled to despatch forthwith to Nancy [Aix], the residence of King René.

‘What!’ said Colvin, ‘is my young Lord of Oxford to take a degree in the Court of Love, for no other business is listened to at King René’s capital save love and poetry?’

‘I am not ambitious of such distinction for him, my good host,’ answered Oxford; ‘but Queen Margaret is with her father, and it is but fitting that the youth should kiss her hand.’

‘Enough spoken,’ said the veteran Lancastrian. ‘I trust, though winter is fast approaching, the Red Rose may bloom in spring.’

He then ushered the Earl of Oxford to the partition of the tent which he was to occupy, in which there was a couch for Arthur also, their host, as Colvin might be termed, assuring them that, with peep of day, horses and faithful attendants should be ready to speed the youth on his journey to Nancy [Aix].

‘And now, Arthur,’ said his father, ‘we must part once more. I dare give thee, in this land of danger, no written communication to my mistress, Queen Margaret; but say to her, that I have found the Duke of Burgundy wedded to his own views of interest, but not averse to combine them with hers. Say, that I have little doubt that he will grant us the required aid, but not without the expected resignation in his favour by herself and King René. Say, I would never have recommended such a sacrifice for the precarious chance of overthrowing the house of York, but that I am satisfied that France and Burgundy are hanging like vultures over Provence, and that the one or other, or both princes, are ready, on her father’s demise, to pounce on such possessions as they have reluctantly spared to him during his life. An accommodation with Burgundy may, therefore, on the one hand, ensure his active co-operation in the attempt on England; and, on the other, if our high-spirited princess complies not with the Duke’s request, the justice of her cause will give no additional security to her hereditary claims on her father’s dominions. Bid Queen Margaret, therefore, unless she should have changed her views, obtain King René’s formal deed of cession, conveying his estates to the Duke of Burgundy, with her Majesty’s consent. The necessary provisions to the King and to herself may be filled up at her Grace’s pleasure, or they may be left blank. I can trust to the Duke’s generosity to their being

suitably arranged. All that I fear is, that Charles may embroil himself——’

‘In some silly exploit, necessary for his own honour and the safety of his dominions,’ answered a voice behind the lining of the tent, ‘and, by doing so, attend to his own affairs more than to ours—ha, sir earl?’

At the same time the curtain was drawn aside, and a person entered, in whom, though clothed with the jerkin and bonnet of a private soldier of the Walloon guard, Oxford instantly recognised the Duke of Burgundy’s harsh features and fierce eyes, as they sparkled from under the fur and feather with which the cap was ornamented.

Arthur, who knew not the Prince’s person, started at the intrusion, and laid his hand on his dagger; but his father made a signal which staid his hand, and he gazed with wonder on the solemn respect with which the Earl received the intrusive soldier. The first word informed him of the cause.

‘If this masking be done in proof of my faith, noble Duke, permit me to say it is superfluous.’

‘Nay, Oxford,’ answered the Duke, ‘I was a courteous spy; for I ceased to play the eavesdropper at the very moment when I had reason to expect you were about to say something to anger me.’

‘As I am a true knight, my Lord Duke, if you had remained behind the arras, you would only have heard the same truths which I am ready to tell in your Grace’s presence, though it may have chanced they might have been more bluntly expressed.’

‘Well, speak them, then, in whatever phrase thou wilt: they lie in their throats that say Charles of Burgundy was ever offended by advice from a well-meaning friend.’

‘I would then have said,’ replied the English earl, ‘that all which Margaret of Anjou had to apprehend was that the Duke of Burgundy, when buckling on his armour to win Provence for himself, and to afford to her his powerful assistance to assert her rights in England, was likely to be withdrawn from such high objects by an imprudently eager desire to avenge himself of imaginary affronts offered to him, as he supposed, by certain confederacies of Alpine mountaineers, over whom it is impossible to gain any important advantage or acquire reputation, while, on the contrary, there is a risk of losing both. These men dwell amongst rocks and deserts which are almost inaccessible, and subsist in a manner so rude, that the

poorest of your subjects would starve if subjected to such diet. They are formed by nature to be the garrison of the mountain fortresses in which she has placed them; for Heaven's sake meddle not with them, but follow forth your own nobler and more important objects, without stirring a nest of hornets, which, once in motion, may sting you into madness.'

The Duke had promised patience, and endeavoured to keep his word; but the swollen muscles of his face, and his flashing eyes, showed how painful to him it was to suppress his resentment.

'You are misinformed, my lord,' he said: 'these men are not the inoffensive herdsmen and peasants you are pleased to suppose them. If they were, I might afford to despise them. But, flushed with some victories over the sluggish Austrians, they have shaken off all reverence for authority, assume airs of independence, form leagues, make inroads, storm towns, doom and execute men of noble birth at their pleasure. Thou art dull, and look'st as if thou dost not apprehend me. To rouse thy English blood, and make thee sympathise with my feelings to these mountaineers, know that these Swiss are very Scots to my dominions in their neighbourhood — poor, proud, ferocious; easily offended, because they gain by war; ill to be appeased, because they nourish deep revenge; ever ready to seize the moment of advantage, and attack a neighbour when he is engaged in other affairs. The same unquiet, perfidious, and inveterate enemies that the Scots are to England are the Swiss to Burgundy and to my allies. What say you? Can I undertake anything of consequence till I have crushed the pride of such a people? It will be but a few days' work. I will grasp the mountain hedgehog, prickles and all, with my steel-gauntlet.'

'Your Grace will then have shorter work with them,' replied the disguised nobleman, 'than our English kings have had with Scotland. The wars there have lasted so long, and proved so bloody, that wise men regret we ever began them.'

'Nay,' said the Duke, 'I will not dishonour the Scots by comparing them in all respects to these mountain churls of the cantons. The Scots have blood and gentry among them, and we have seen many examples of both; these Swiss are a mere brood of peasants, and the few gentlemen of birth they can boast must hide their distinction in the dress and manners of clowns. They will, I think, scarce stand against a charge of Hainaulters.'

‘Not if the Hainaulters find ground to ride upon. But ——’
‘Nay, to silence your scruples,’ said the Duke, interrupting him, ‘know, that these people encourage, by their countenance and aid, the formation of the most dangerous conspiracies in my dominions. Look here—I told you that my officer, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, was murdered when the town of Brisach was treacherously taken by these harmless Switzers of yours. And here is a scroll of parchment which announces that my servant was murdered by doom of the Vehmegericht, a band of secret assassins, whom I will not permit to meet in any part of my dominions. O, could I but catch them above ground as they are found lurking below, they should know what the life of a nobleman is worth! Then, look at the insolence of their attestation.’

The scroll bore, with the day and date adjected, that judgment had been done on Archibald de Hagenbach, for tyranny, violence, and oppression, by order of the Holy Vehme, and that it was executed by their officials, who were responsible for the same to their tribunal alone. It was countersigned in red ink, with the badges of the Secret Society, a coil of ropes and a drawn dagger.

‘This document I found stuck to my toilette with a knife,’ said the Duke — ‘another trick by which they give mystery to their murderous jugglery.’

The thought of what he had undergone in John Mengs’s house, and reflections upon the extent and omnipresence of these secret associations, struck even the brave Englishman with an involuntary shudder.

‘For the sake of every saint in Heaven,’ he said, ‘forbear, my lord, to speak of these tremendous societies, whose creatures are above, beneath, and around us. No man is secure of his life, however guarded, if it be sought by a man who is careless of his own. You are surrounded by Germans, Italians, and other strangers. How many amongst these may be bound by the secret ties which withdraw men from every other social bond, to unite them together in one inextricable, though secret, compact? Beware, noble Prince, of the situation on which your throne is placed, though it still exhibits all the splendour of power and all the solidity of foundation that belong to so august a structure. I — the friend of thy house — were it with my dying breath, must needs tell thee that the Swiss hang like an avalanche over thy head, and the secret associations work beneath thee like the first throes of the coming earthquake.’

Provoke not the contest, and the snow will rest undisturbed on the mountain-side, the agitation of the subterranean vapours will be hushed to rest; but a single word of defiance or one flash of indignant scorn may call their terrors into instant action.'

'You speak,' said the Duke, 'with more awe of a pack of naked churls and a band of midnight assassins than I have seen you show for real danger. Yet I will not scorn your counsel: I will hear the Swiss envoys patiently, and I will not, if I can help it, show the contempt with which I cannot but regard their pretensions to treat as independent states. On the Secret Associations I will be silent, till time gives me the means of acting in combination with the Emperor, the Diet, and the Princes of the Empire, that they may be driven from all their burrows at once. Ha, sir earl, said I well?'

'It is well thought, my lord, but it may be unhappily spoken. You are in a position where one word overheard by a traitor might produce death and ruin.'

'I keep no traitors about me,' said Charles. 'If I thought there were such in my camp, I would rather die by them at once than live in perpetual terror and suspicion.'

'Your Highness's ancient followers and servants,' said the Earl, 'speak unfavourably of the Count of Campo-basso, who holds so high a rank in your confidence.'

'Ay,' replied the Duke, with composure, 'it is easy to decry the most faithful servant in a court by the unanimous hatred of all the others. I warrant me your bull-headed countryman, Colvin, has been railing against the Count like the rest of them; for Campo-basso sees nothing amiss in any department but he reports it to me without fear or favour. And then his opinions are cast so much in the same mould with my own, that I can hardly get him to enlarge upon what he best understands, if it seems in any respect different from my sentiments. Add to this, a noble person, grace, gaiety, skill in the exercises of war and in the courtly arts of peace—such is Campo-basso; and being such, is he not a gem for a prince's cabinet?'

'The very materials out of which a favourite is formed,' answered the Earl of Oxford, 'but something less adapted for making a faithful counsellor.'

'Why, thou mistrustful fool,' said the Duke, 'must I tell thee the very inmost secret respecting this man, Campo-basso, and will nothing short of it stay these imaginary suspicions which thy new trade of an itinerant merchant hath led thee to entertain so rashly?'

'If your Highness honours me with your confidence,' said the Earl of Oxford, 'I can only say that my fidelity shall deserve it.'

'Know then, thou misbelieving mortal, that my good friend and brother, Louis of France, sent me private information through no less a person than his famous barber, Oliver le Diable, that Campo-basso had for a certain sum offered to put my person into his hands, alive or dead. You start?'

'I do indeed, recollecting your Highness's practice of riding out lightly armed, and with a very small attendance, to reconnoitre the ground and visit the outposts, and therefore how easily such a treacherous device might be carried into execution.'

'Pshaw!' answered the Duke. 'Thou seest the danger as if it were real, whereas nothing can be more certain than that, if my cousin of France had ever received such an offer, he would have been the last person to have put me on my guard against the attempt. No, he knows the value I set on Campo-basso's services, and forged the accusation to deprive me of them.'

'And yet, my lord,' replied the English earl, 'your Highness, by my counsel, will not unnecessarily or impatiently fling aside your armour of proof, or ride without the escort of some score of your trusty Walloons.'

'Tush, man, thou wouldst make a carbonado of a fever-stirred wretch like myself betwixt the bright iron and the burning sun. But I will be cautious though I jest thus; and you, young man, may assure my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, that I will consider her affairs as my own. And remember, youth, that the secrets of princes are fatal gifts, if he to whom they are imparted blaze them abroad; but if duly treasured up, they enrich the bearer. And thou shalt have cause to say so if thou canst bring back with thee from Aix the deed of resignation of which thy father hath spoken. Good-night — good-night!'

He left the apartment.

'You have just seen,' said the Earl of Oxford to his son, 'a sketch of this extraordinary prince by his own pencil. It is easy to excite his ambition or thirst of power, but wellnigh impossible to limit him to the just measures by which it is most likely to be gratified. He is ever like the young archer, startled from his mark by some swallow crossing his eye, even careless as he draws the string. Now irregularly and offensively suspicious, now unreservedly lavish of his confidence; not long since the enemy of the line of Lancaster, and the ally of her deadly foe, now its last and only stay and hope. God mend

all ! It is a weary thing to look on the game and see how it might be won, while we are debarred by the caprice of others from the power of playing it according to our own skill. How much must depend on the decision of Duke Charles upon the morrow, and how little do I possess the power of influencing him, either for his own safety or our advantage ! Good-night, my son, and let us trust events to Him who alone can control them.'

CHAPTER XXVII

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience.

Henry IV.

THE dawn of morning roused the banished Earl of Oxford and his son, and its lights were scarce abroad on the eastern heaven ere their host, Colvin, entered with an attendant, bearing some bundles, which he placed on the floor of the tent, and instantly retired. The officer of the Duke's ordnance then announced that he came with a message from the Duke of Burgundy.

'His Highness,' he said, 'has sent four stout yeomen, with a commission of credence to my young master of Oxford, and an ample purse of gold, to furnish his expenses to Aix, and while his affairs may detain him there ; also a letter of credence to King René, to ensure his reception, and two suits of honour for his use, as for an English gentleman, desirous to witness the festive solemnities of Provence, and in whose safety the Duke deigns to take deep interest. His farther affairs there, if he hath any, his Highness recommends to him to manage with prudence and secrecy. His Highness hath also sent a couple of horses for his use—one an ambling jennet for the road, and another a strong barbed horse of Flanders, in case he hath aught to do. It will be fitting that my young master change his dress, and assume attire more near his proper rank. His attendants know the road, and have power, in case of need, to summon, in the Duke's name, assistance from all faithful Burgundians. I have but to add, the sooner the young gentleman sets forward, it will be the better sign of a successful journey.'

'I am ready to mount the instant that I have changed my dress,' said Arthur.

'And I,' said his father, 'have no wish to detain him on the

service in which he is now employed. Neither he nor I will say more than "God be with you." How and where we are to meet again, who can tell?

'I believe,' said Colvin, 'that must rest on the motions of the Duke, which, perchance, are not yet determined upon; but his Highness depends upon your remaining with him, my noble lord, till the affairs of which you come to treat may be more fully decided. Something I have for your lordship's private ear, when your son hath parted on his journey.'

While Colvin was thus talking with his father, Arthur, who was not above half-dressed when he entered the tent, had availed himself of an obscure corner, in which he exchanged the plain garb belonging to his supposed condition as a merchant for such a riding-suit as became a young man of some quality attached to the court of Burgundy. It was not without a natural sensation of pleasure that the youth resumed an apparel suitable to his birth, and which no one was personally more fitted to become; but it was with much deeper feeling that he hastily, and as secretly as possible, flung round his neck, and concealed under the collar and folds of his ornamented doublet, a small thin chain of gold, curiously linked in what was called Morisco work. This was the contents of the parcel which Anne of Geierstein had indulged his feelings, and perhaps her own, by putting into his hands as they parted. The chain was secured by a slight plate of gold, on which a bodkin, or a point of a knife, had traced on the one side, in distinct though light characters, ADIEU FOR EVER! while on the reverse there was much more obscurely traced the word REMEMBER!—A. VON G.

All who may read this are, have been, or will be, lovers; and there is none, therefore, who may not be able to comprehend why this token was carefully suspended around Arthur's neck, so that the inscription might rest on the region of his heart, without the interruption of any substance which could prevent the pledge from being agitated by every throb of that busy organ.

This being hastily ensured, a few minutes completed the rest of his toilette; and he kneeled before his father to ask his blessing and his further commands for Aix.

His father blessed him almost inarticulately, and then said, with recovered firmness, that he was already possessed of all the knowledge necessary for success on his mission.

'When you can bring me the deeds wanted,' he whispered

with more firmness, 'you will find me near the person of the Duke of Burgundy.'

They went forth of the tent in silence, and found before it the four Burgundian yeomen, tall and active-looking men, ready mounted themselves, and holding two saddled horses — the one accoutred for war, the other a spirited jennet, for the purposes of the journey. One of them led a sumpter-horse, on which Colvin informed Arthur he would find the change of habit necessary when he should arrive at Aix; and at the same time delivered to him a heavy purse of gold.

'Thiebault,' he continued, pointing out the eldest of the attendant troopers, 'may be trusted — I will be warrant for his sagacity and fidelity. The other three are picked men, who will not fear their skin-cutting.'

Arthur vaulted into the saddle with a sensation of pleasure which was natural to a young cavalier who had not for many months felt a spirited horse beneath him. The lively jennet reared with impatience. Arthur, sitting firm on his seat, as if he had been a part of the animal, only said, 'Ere we are long acquainted, thy spirit, my fair roan, will be something more tamed.'

'One word more, my son,' said his father, and whispered in Arthur's ear, as he stooped from the saddle; 'if you receive a letter from me, do not think yourself fully acquainted with the contents till the paper has been held opposite to a hot fire.'

Arthur bowed, and motioned to the elder trooper to lead the way, when all, giving rein to their horses, rode off through the encampment at a round pace, the young leader signing an adieu to his father and Colvin.

The Earl stood like a man in a dream, following his son with his eyes, in a kind of reverie, which was only broken when Colvin said, 'I marvel not, my lord, that you are anxious about my young master: he is a gallant youth, well worth a father's caring for, and the times we live in are both false and bloody.'

'God and St. Mary be my witness,' said the Earl, 'that if I grieve, it is not for my own house only; if I am anxious, it is not for the sake of my own son alone; but it is hard to risk a last stake in a cause so perilous. What commands brought you from the Duke?'

'His Grace,' said Colvin, 'will get on horseback after he has breakfasted. He sends you some garments, which, if not fitting your quality, are yet nearer to suitable apparel than those you

now wear, and he desires that, observing your incognito as an English merchant of eminence, you will join him in his cavalcade to Dijon, where he is to receive the answer of the Estates of Burgundy concerning matters submitted to their consideration, and thereafter give public audience to the deputies from Switzerland. His Highness has charged me with the care of finding you suitable accommodation during the ceremonies of the day, which he thinks you will, as a stranger, be pleased to look upon. But he probably told you all this himself, for I think you saw him last night in disguise. Nay, look as strange as you will — the Duke plays that trick too often to be able to do it with secrecy: the very horse-boys know him while he traverses the tents of the common soldiery, and sutler women give him the name of the spied spy. If it were only honest Harry Colvin who knew this, it should not cross his lips. But it is practised too openly, and too widely known. Come, noble lord, though I must teach my tongue to forego that courtesy, will you along to breakfast?’

The meal, according to the practice of the time, was a solemn and solid one; and a favoured officer of the great Duke of Burgundy lacked no means, it may be believed, of rendering due hospitality to a guest having claims of such high respect. But, ere the breakfast was over, a clamorous flourish of trumpets announced that the Duke, with his attendants and retinue, was sounding to horse. Philipson, as he was still called, was, in the name of the Duke, presented with a stately charger, and with his host mingled in the splendid assembly which began to gather in front of the Duke’s pavilion. In a few minutes, the Prince himself issued forth, in the superb dress of the Order of the Golden Fleece, of which his father Philip had been the founder, and Charles was himself the patron and sovereign. Several of his courtiers were dressed in the same magnificent robes, and, with their followers and attendants, displayed so much wealth and splendour of appearance as to warrant the common saying, that the Duke of Burgundy maintained the most magnificent court in Christendom. The officers of his household attended in their order, together with heralds and pursuivants, the grotesque richness of whose habits had a singular effect among those of the high clergy in their albes and dalmatiques, and of the knights and crown vassals who were arrayed in armour. Among these last, who were variously equipped, according to the different character of their service, rode Oxford, but in a peaceful habit,

neither so plain as to be out of place amongst such splendour, nor so rich as to draw on him a special or particular degree of attention. He rode by the side of Colvin, his tall, muscular figure and deep-marked features forming a strong contrast to the rough, almost ignoble, cast of countenance, and stout, thick-set form, of the less distinguished soldier of fortune.

Ranged into a solemn procession, the rear of which was closed by a guard of two hundred picked arquebusiers, a description of soldiers who were just then coming into notice, and as many mounted men-at-arms, the Duke and his retinue, leaving the barriers of the camp, directed their march to the town, or rather city, of Dijon, in those days the capital of all Burgundy.

It was a town well secured with walls and ditches, which last were filled by means of a small river, named Dousche [Ouche], which combines its waters for that purpose with a torrent called Suzon. Four gates, with appropriate barbicans, outworks, and drawbridges, corresponded nearly to the cardinal points of the compass, and gave admission to the city. The number of towers, which stood high above its walls, and defended them at different angles, was thirty-three; and the walls themselves, which exceeded in most places the height of thirty feet, were built of stones hewn and squared, and were of great thickness. This stately city was surrounded on the outside with hills covered with vineyards, while from within its walls rose the towers of many noble buildings, both public and private, as well as the steeples of magnificent churches and of well-endowed convents, attesting the wealth and devotion of the house of Burgundy.

When the trumpets of the Duke's procession had summoned the burgher guard at the gate of St. Nicholas, the drawbridge fell, the portcullis rose, the people shouted joyously, the windows were hung with tapestry; and as, in the midst of his retinue, Charles himself came riding on a milk-white steed, attended only by six pages under fourteen years old, with each a gilded partizan in his hand, the acclamations with which he was received on all sides showed that, if some instances of misrule had diminished his popularity, enough of it remained to render his reception into his capital decorous at least, if not enthusiastic. It is probable that the veneration attached to his father's memory counteracted for a long time the unfavourable effect which some of his own actions were calculated to produce on the public mind.

The procession halted before a large Gothic building in the centre of Dijon. This was then called *Maison du Duc*, as, after the union of Burgundy with France, it was termed *Maison du Roy*. The *maire* of Dijon attended on the steps before this palace, accompanied by his official brethren, and escorted by a hundred able-bodied citizens, in black velvet cloaks, bearing half-pikes in their hands. The *maire* kneeled to kiss the stirrup of the Duke, and at the moment when Charles descended from his horse every bell in the city commenced so thundering a peal, that they might almost have awakened the dead who slept in the vicinity of the steeples, which rocked with their clangour. Under the influence of this stunning peal of welcome, the Duke entered the great hall of the building, at the upper end of which were erected a throne for the sovereign, seats for his more distinguished officers of state and higher vassals, with benches behind for persons of less note. On one of these, but in a spot from which he might possess a commanding view of the whole assembly, as well as of the Duke himself, Colvin placed the noble Englishman; and Charles, whose quick, stern eye glanced rapidly over the party when they were seated, seemed, by a nod so slight as to be almost imperceptible to those around him, to give his approbation of the arrangement adopted.

When the Duke and his assistants were seated and in order, the *maire*, again approaching, in the most humble manner, and kneeling on the lowest step of the ducal throne, requested to know if his Highness's leisure permitted him to hear the inhabitants of his capital express their devoted zeal to his person, and to accept the benevolence which, in the shape of a silver cup filled with gold pieces, he had the distinguished honour to place before his feet, in name of the citizens and community of Dijon.

Charles, who at no time affected much courtesy, answered briefly and bluntly, with a voice which was naturally harsh and dissonant, 'All things in their order, good Master *Maire*. Let us first hear what the Estates of Burgundy have to say to us; we will then listen to the burghers of Dijon.'

The *maire* rose and retired, bearing in his hand the silver cup, and experiencing probably some vexation, as well as surprise, that its contents had not secured an instant and gracious acceptance.

'I expected,' said Duke Charles, 'to have met at this hour and place our Estates of the duchy of Burgundy, or a deputation

of them, with an answer to our message conveyed to them three days since by our chancellor. Is there no one here on their part ?'

The *maire*, as none else made any attempt to answer, said that the members of the Estates had been in close deliberation the whole of that morning, and doubtless would instantly wait upon his Highness when they heard that he had honoured the town with his presence.

'Go, Toison d'Or,' said the Duke to the herald of the order of the Golden Fleece,¹ 'bear to these gentlemen the tidings that we desire to know the end of their deliberations ; and that neither in courtesy nor in loyalty can they expect us to wait long. Be round with them, sir herald, or we shall be as round with you.'

While the herald was absent on his mission, we may remind our readers that, in all feudalised countries (that is to say, in almost all Europe during the middle ages), an ardent spirit of liberty pervaded the constitution ; and the only fault that could be found was, that the privileges and freedom for which the great vassals contended did not sufficiently descend to the lower orders of society, or extend protection to those who were most likely to need it. The two first ranks in the estate, the nobles and clergy, enjoyed high and important privileges, and even the third estate, or citizens, had this immunity in peculiar, that no new duties, customs, or taxes of any kind could be exacted from them save by their own consent.

The memory of Duke Philip, the father of Charles, was dear to the Burgundians ; for during twenty years that sage prince had maintained his rank amongst the sovereigns of Europe with much dignity, and had accumulated treasure without exacting or receiving any great increase of supplies from the rich countries which he governed. But the extravagant schemes and immoderate expense of Duke Charles had already excited the suspicion of his Estates ; and the mutual good-will betwixt the prince and people began to be exchanged for suspicion and distrust on the one side and defiance on the other. The refractory disposition of the Estates had of late increased, for they had disapproved of various wars in which their Duke had needlessly embarked ; and from his levying such large bodies of mercenary troops, they came to suspect he might finally employ the wealth voted to him by his subjects for the undue extension of his royal prerogative, and the destruction of the liberties of the people.

¹ The chief order of knighthood in the state of Burgundy.

At the same time, the Duke's uniform success in enterprises which appeared desperate as well as difficult, esteem for the frankness and openness of his character, and dread of the obstinacy and headstrong tendency of a temper which could seldom bear persuasion, and never endured opposition, still threw awe and terror around the throne, which was materially aided by the attachment of the common people to the person of the present duke and to the memory of his father. It had been understood, that upon the present occasion there was strong opposition amongst the Estates to the system of taxation proposed on the part of the Duke, and the issue was expected with considerable anxiety by the Duke's counsellors, and with fretful impatience by the sovereign himself.

After a space of about ten minutes had elapsed, the Chancellor of Burgundy, who was Archbishop of Vienne, and a prelate of high rank, entered the hall with his train; and passing behind the ducal throne to occupy one of the most distinguished places in the assembly, he stopped for a moment to urge his master to receive the answer of his Estates in a private manner, giving him at the same time to understand that the result of the deliberations had been by no means satisfactory.

'By St. George of Burgundy, my Lord Archbishop,' answered the Duke, sternly and aloud, 'we are not a prince of a mind so paltry that we need to shun the moody looks of a discontented and insolent faction. If the Estates of Burgundy send a disobedient and disloyal answer to our paternal message, let them deliver it in open court, that the assembled people may learn how to decide between their duke and those petty yet intriguing spirits who would interfere with our authority.'

The chancellor bowed gravely and took his seat; while the English earl observed, that most of the members of the assembly, excepting such as in doing so could not escape the Duke's notice, passed some observations to their neighbours, which were received with a half-expressed nod, shrug, or shake of the head, as men treat a proposal upon which it is dangerous to decide. At the same time, Toison d'Or, who acted as master of the ceremonies, introduced into the hall a committee of the Estates, consisting of twelve members, four from each branch of the Estates, announced as empowered to deliver the answer of that assembly to the Duke of Burgundy.

When the deputation entered the hall, Charles arose from his throne, according to ancient custom, and taking from his

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

head his bonnet, charged with a huge plume of feathers, 'Health and welcome,' he said, 'to my good subjects of the Estates of Burgundy!' All the numerous train of courtiers rose and uncovered their heads with the same ceremony. The members of the states then dropt on one knee, the four ecclesiastics, among whom Oxford recognised the black priest of St. Paul's, approaching nearest to the Duke's person, the nobles kneeling behind them, and the burgesses in the rear of the whole. "Noble Duke," said the priest of St. Paul's, 'will it best please you to hear the answer of your good and loyal Estates of Burgundy by the voice of one member speaking for the whole, or by three persons, each delivering the sense of the body to which he belongs?'

'As you will,' said the Duke of Burgundy. 'A priest, a noble, and a free burgher,' said the churchman, still on one knee, 'will address your Highness in succession. For though, blessed be the God who leads brethren to dwell together in unity! we are agreed in the general answer, yet each body of the Estates may have special and separate reasons to allege for the common opinion.'

'We will hear you separately,' said Duke Charles, casting his hat upon his head, and throwing himself carelessly back into his seat. At the same time, all who were of noble blood, whether in the committee or amongst the spectators, vouched their right to be peers of their sovereign by assuming their bonnets; and a cloud of waving plumes at once added grace and dignity to the assembly.

When the Duke resumed his seat, the deputation arose from their knees, and the black priest of St. Paul's, again stepping forth, addressed him in these words:—

'My Lord Duke, your loyal and faithful clergy have considered your Highness's proposal to lay a talliage on your people, in order to make war on the Confederate Cantons in the country of the Alps. The quarrel, my liege lord, seems to your clergy an unjust and oppressive one on your Highness's part; nor can they hope that God will bless those who arm in it. They are therefore compelled to reject your Highness's proposal.'

The Duke's eye lowered gloomily on the deliverer of this unpalatable message. He shook his head with one of those stern and menacing looks which the harsh composition of his features rendered them peculiarly qualified to express. 'You have spoken, sir priest,' was the only reply which he deigned to make.

At the same time, the Duke's uniform success in enterprises which appeared desperate as well as difficult, esteem for the frankness and openness of his character, and dread of the obstinacy and headstrong tendency of a temper which could seldom bear persuasion, and never endured opposition, still threw awe and terror around the throne, which was materially aided by the attachment of the common people to the person of the present duke and to the memory of his father. It had been understood, that upon the present occasion there was strong opposition amongst the Estates to the system of taxation proposed on the part of the Duke, and the issue was expected with considerable anxiety by the Duke's counsellors, and with fretful impatience by the sovereign himself.

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ing, too? The nobles may claim leave to speak, for they can fight; the clergy may use their tongues, for it is their trade; but thou, that hast never shed blood, save that of bullocks more stupid than thou art thyself—must thou and thy herd come hither, privileged, forsooth, to bellow at a prince's footstool? Know, brute as thou art, that steers are never introduced into temples but to be sacrificed, or butchers and mechanics brought before their sovereign, save that they may have the honour to supply the public wants from their own swelling hoards!

A murmur of displeasure, which even the terror of the Duke's wrath could not repress, ran through the audience at these words; and the burgher of Dijon, a sturdy plebeian, replied, with little reverence—'Our purses, my Lord Duke, are our own; we will not put the strings of them into your Highness's hands, unless we are satisfied with the purposes to which the money is to be applied; and we know well how to protect our persons and our goods against foreign ruffians and plunderers.'

Charles was on the point of ordering the deputy to be arrested, when, having cast his eye towards the Earl of Oxford, whose presence, in despite of himself, imposed a certain degree of restraint upon him, he exchanged that piece of imprudence for another.

'I see,' he said, addressing the committee of Estates, 'that you are all leagued to disappoint my purposes, and doubtless to deprive me of all the power of a sovereign save that of wearing a coronet, and being served on the knee like a second Charles the Simple, while the Estates of my kingdom divide the power among them. But you shall know that you have to do with Charles of Burgundy—a prince who, though he has deigned to consult you, is fully able to fight battles without the aid of his nobles, since they refuse him the assistance of their swords; to defray the expense without the help of his sordid burghers; and, it may be, to find out a path to Heaven without the assistance of an ungrateful priesthood. I will show all that are here present how little my mind is affected, or my purpose changed, by your seditious reply to the message with which I honoured you. Here, Toison d'Or, admit into our presence these men from the confederated towns and cantons, as they call themselves, of Switzerland.'

Oxford, and all who really interested themselves in the Duke's welfare, heard, with the utmost apprehension, his resolution to give an audience to the Swiss envoys, prepossessed

One of the four nobles, the Sire de Myrebeau, then expressed himself thus :—

‘Your Highness has asked of your faithful nobles to consent to new imposts and exactions, to be levied through Burgundy, for the raising of additional bands of hired soldiers for the maintenance of the quarrels of the state. My lord, the swords of the Burgundian nobles, knights, and gentlemen have been ever at your Highness’s command, as those of our ancestors have been readily wielded for your predecessors. In your Highness’s just quarrel we will go farther, and fight firmer, than any hired fellows who can be procured, whether from France, or Germany, or Italy. We will not give our consent that the people should be taxed for paying mercenaries to discharge that military duty which it is alike our pride and our exclusive privilege to render.’

‘You have spoken, Sire de Myrebeau,’ were again the only words of the Duke’s reply. He uttered them slowly and with deliberation, as if afraid lest some phrase of imprudent violence should escape along with what he purposed to say. Oxford thought he cast a glance towards him before he spoke, as if the consciousness of his presence was some additional restraint on his passion. ‘Now, Heaven grant,’ he said to himself, ‘that this opposition may work its proper effect, and induce the Duke to renounce an imprudent attempt, so hazardous and so unnecessary!’

While he muttered these thoughts, the Duke made a sign to one of the *tiers état*, or commons, to speak in his turn. The person who obeyed the signal was Martin Block, a wealthy butcher and grazier of Dijon. His words were these :— ‘Noble Prince, our fathers were the dutiful subjects of your predecessors; we are the same to you; our children will be alike the liegemen of your successors. But, touching the request your chancellor has made to us, it is such as our ancestors never complied with, such as we are determined to refuse, and such as will never be conceded by the Estates of Burgundy to any prince whatsoever, even to the end of time.’

Charles had borne with impatient silence the speeches of the two former orators; but this blunt and hardy reply of the third Estate excited him beyond what his nature could endure. He gave way to the impetuosity of his disposition, stamped on the floor till the throne shook and the high vault rung over their heads, and overwhelmed the bold burgher with reproaches. ‘Beast of burden,’ he said, ‘am I to be stunned with thy bray-

ing, too? The nobles may claim leave to speak, for they can fight; the clergy may use their tongues, for it is their trade; but thou, that hast never shed blood, save that of bullocks more stupid than thou art thyself—must thou and thy herd come hither, privileged, forsooth, to bellow at a prince's footstool? Know, brute as thou art, that steers are never introduced into temples but to be sacrificed, or butchers and mechanics brought before their sovereign, save that they may have the honour to supply the public wants from their own swelling hoards!

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as he was against them, and in the moment when his mood was chafed to the uttermost by the refusal of the Estates to grant him supplies. They were aware that obstacles opposed to the current of his passion were like rocks in the bed of a river, whose course they cannot interrupt, while they provoke it to rage and foam. All were sensible that the die was cast, but none who were not endowed with more than mortal prescience could have imagined how deep was the pledge which depended upon it. Oxford, in particular, conceived that the execution of his plan of a descent upon England was the principal point compromised by the Duke in his rash obstinacy ; but he suspected not — he dreamed not of supposing — that the life of Charles himself, and the independence of Burgundy as a separate kingdom, hung quivering in the same scales.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Why, 't is a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers. Why, she defies us,
Like Turk to Christian.

As You Like It.

THE doors of the hall were now opened to the Swiss deputies, who for the preceding hour had been kept in attendance on the outside of the building, without receiving the slightest of those attentions which among civilised nations are universally paid to the representatives of a foreign state. Indeed, their very appearance, dressed in coarse grey frocks, like mountain hunters or shepherds, in the midst of an assembly blazing with divers-coloured garments, gold and silver lace, embroidery, and precious stones, served to confirm the idea that they could only have come hither in the capacity of the most humble petitioners.

Oxford, however, who watched closely the deportment of his late fellow-travellers, failed not to observe that they retained each in his own person the character of firmness and indifference which formerly distinguished them. Rudolph Donnerhugel preserved his bold and haughty look; the banneret, the military indifference which made him look with apparent apathy on all around him; the burgher of Soleure was as formal and important as ever; nor did any of the three show themselves affected in the slightest degree by the splendour of the scene around them, or embarrassed by the consideration of their own comparative inferiority of appointments. But the noble Landamman, on whom Oxford chiefly bent his attention, seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the precarious state in which his country was placed, fearing, from the rude and unhonoured manner in which they were received, that war was unavoidable, while, at the same time, like a good patriot, he mourned over the consequences of ruin to the freedom of his country by defeat, or injury to her simplicity and virtuous indifference of

wealth by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the evils attending on conquest.

Well acquainted with the opinions of Arnold Biederman, Oxford could easily explain his sadness, while his comrade Bonstetten, less capable of comprehending his friend's feelings, looked at him with the expression which may be seen in the countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or appreciate its cause. A look of wonder now and then glided around the splendid assembly on the part of all the forlorn group, excepting Donnerhugel and the Landamman; for the indomitable pride of the one and the steady patriotism of the other could not for even an instant be diverted by external objects from their own deep and stern reflections.

After a silence of nearly five minutes, the Duke spoke, with the haughty and harsh manner which he might imagine belonged to his place, and which certainly expressed his character.

'Men of Berne, of Schwytz, or of whatever hamlet and wilderness you may represent, know that we had not honoured you, rebels as you are to the dominion of your lawful superiors, with an audience in our own presence, but for the intercession of a well-esteemed friend, who has sojourned among your mountains, and whom you may know by the name of Philipson, an Englishman, following the trade of a merchant, and charged with certain valuable matters of traffic to our court. To his intercession we have so far given way, that, instead of commanding you, according to your demerits, to the gibbet and the wheel in the Place de Morimont, we have condescended to receive you into our own presence, sitting in our *cour plénière*, to hear from you such submission as you can offer for your outrageous storm of our town of La Ferette, the slaughter of many of our liegemen, and the deliberate murder of the noble knight, Archibald of Hagenbach, executed in your presence, and by your countenance and device. Speak, if you can say aught in defence of your felony and treason, either to deprecate just punishment or crave undeserved mercy.'

The Landamman seemed about to answer; but Rudolph Donnerhugel, with his characteristic boldness and hardihood, took the task of reply on himself. He confronted the proud Duke with an eye unappalled, and a countenance as stern as his own.

'We came not here,' he said, 'to compromise our own honour, or the dignity of the free people whom we represent, by pleading

guilty in their name or our own to crimes of which we are innocent. And when you term us rebels, you must remember that a long train of victories, whose history is written in the noblest blood of Austria, has restored to the confederacy of our communities the freedom of which an unjust tyranny in vain attempted to deprive us. While Austria was a just and beneficent mistress, we served her with our lives; when she became oppressive and tyrannical, we assumed independence. If she has aught yet to claim from us, the descendants of Tell, Faust [Furst], and Stauffacher will be as ready to assert their liberties as their fathers were to gain them. Your Grace — if such be your title — has no concern with any dispute betwixt us and Austria. For your threats of gibbet and wheel, we are here defenceless men, on whom you may work your pleasure; but we know how to die, and our countrymen know how to avenge us.'

The fiery Duke would have replied by commanding the instant arrest, and probably the immediate execution, of the whole deputation. But his chancellor, availing himself of the privilege of his office, rose, and, doffing his cap with a deep reverence to the Duke, requested leave to reply to the misproud young man, who had, he said, so greatly mistaken the purpose of his Highness's speech.

Charles, feeling perhaps at the moment too much irritated to form a calm decision, threw himself back in his chair of state, and with an impatient and angry nod gave his chancellor permission to speak.

'Young man,' said that high officer, 'you have mistaken the meaning of the high and mighty sovereign in whose presence you stand. Whatever be the lawful rights of Austria over the revolted villages which have flung off their allegiance to their native superior, we have no call to enter on that argument. But that for which Burgundy demands your answer is wherefore, coming here in the guise and with the character of peaceful envoys, on affairs touching your own communities and the rights of the Duke's subjects, you have raised war in our peaceful dominions, stormed a fortress, massacred its garrison, and put to death a noble knight; its commander? — all of them actions contrary to the law of nations, and highly deserving of the punishment with which you have been justly threatened, but with which I hope our gracious sovereign will dispense, if you express some sufficient reason for such outrageous insolence, with an offer of due submission to his Highness's pleasure, and satisfactory reparation for such a high injury.'

'You are a priest, grave sir?' answered Rudolph Donnerhugel, addressing the Chancellor of Burgundy. 'If there be a soldier in this assembly who will avouch your charge, I challenge him to the combat, man to man. We did not storm the garrison of La Ferette: we were admitted into the gates in a peaceful manner, and were there instantly surrounded by the soldiers of the late Archibald de Hagenbach, with the obvious purpose of assaulting and murdering us on our peaceful mission. I promise you there had been news of more men dying than us. But an uproar broke out among the inhabitants of the town, assisted, I believe, by many neighbours, to whom the insolence and oppression of Archibald de Hagenbach had become odious, as to all who were within his reach. We rendered them no assistance; and, I trust, it was not expected that we should interfere in the favour of men who had stood prepared to do the worst against us. But not a pike or sword belonging to us or our attendants was dipped in Burgundian blood. Archibald de Hagenbach perished, it is true, on a scaffold, and I saw him die with pleasure, under a sentence pronounced by a competent court, such as is recognised in Westphalia and its dependencies on this side of the Rhine. I am not obliged to vindicate their proceedings; but I aver, that the Duke has received full proof of his regular sentence; and, in fine, that it was amply deserved by oppression, tyranny, and foul abuse of his authority, I will uphold against all gainsayers, with the body of a man. There lies my glove.'

And, with an action suited to the language he used, the stern Swiss flung his right-hand glove on the floor of the hall. In the spirit of the age, with the love of distinction in arms which it nourished, and perhaps with the desire of gaining the Duke's favour, there was a general motion among the young Burgundians to accept the challenge, and more than six or eight gloves were hastily doffed by the young knights present, those who were more remote flinging them over the heads of the nearest, and each proclaiming his name and title as he proffered the gage of combat.

'I set at all,' said the daring young Swiss, gathering the gauntlets as they fell clashing around him. 'More, gentlemen — more! a glove for every finger! come on, one at once — fair lists, equal judges of the field, the combat on foot, and the weapons two-handed swords, and I will not budge for a score of you.'

'Hold, gentlemen — on your allegiance, hold!' said the

Duke, gratified at the same time and somewhat appeased by the zeal which was displayed in his cause; moved by the strain of reckless bravery evinced by the challenger, with a hardihood akin to his own; perhaps also not unwilling to display, in the view of his *cour plénière*, more temperance than he had been at first capable of. 'Hold, I command you all. Toison d'Or, gather up these gauntlets, and return them each to his owner. God and St. George forbid that we should hazard the life of even the least of our noble Burgundian gentry against such a churl as this Swiss peasant, who never so much as mounted a horse, and knows not a jot of knightly courtesy or the grace of chivalry. Carry your vulgar brawls elsewhere, young man, and know that, on the present occasion, the Place Morimont were your only fitting lists, and the hangman your meet antagonist. And you, sirs, his companions, whose behaviour in suffering this swaggerer to take the lead amongst you seems to show that the laws of nature, as well as of society, are inverted, and that youth is preferred to age, as peasants to gentry—you white-bearded men, I say, is there none of you who can speak your errand in such language as it becomes a sovereign prince to listen to?'

'God forbid else,' said the Landamman, stepping forward and silencing Rudolph Donnerhugel, who was commencing an answer of defiance—'God forbid,' he said, 'noble Duke, that we should not be able to speak so as to be understood before your Highness, since, I trust, we shall speak the language of truth, peace, and justice. Nay, should it incline your Highness to listen to us the more favourably for our humility, I am willing to humble myself rather than you should shun to hear us. For my own part, I can truly say that, though I have lived, and by free choice have resolved to die, a husbandman and a hunter on the Alps of the Unterwald, I may claim by birth the hereditary right to speak before dukes and kings, and the Emperor himself. There is no one, my Lord Duke, in this proud assembly who derives his descent from a nobler source than Geierstein.'

'We have heard of you,' said the Duke. 'Men call you the peasant count. Your birth is your shame—or perhaps your mother's, if your father had happened to have a handsome ploughman, the fitting father of one who has become a willing serf.'

'No serf, my lord,' answered the Landamman, 'but a free-man, who will neither oppress others nor be himself tyrannised over. My father was a noble lord, my mother a most virtuous lady. But I will not be provoked by taunt or scornful jest

to refrain from stating with calmness what my country has given me in charge to say. The inhabitants of the bleak and inhospitable regions of the Alps desire, mighty sir, to remain at peace with all their neighbours, and to enjoy the government they have chosen, as best fitted to their condition and habits, leaving all other states and countries to their free-will in the same respects. Especially, they desire to remain at peace and in unity with the princely house of Burgundy, whose dominions approach their possessions on so many points. My lord, they desire it, they entreat it, they even consent to pray for it. We have been termed stubborn, intractable, and insolent contemnners of authority, and headers of sedition and rebellion. In evidence of the contrary, my Lord Duke, I, who never bent a knee but to Heaven, feel no dishonour in kneeling before your Highness, as before a sovereign prince in the *cour plénière* of his dominions, where he has a right to exact homage from his subjects out of duty, and from strangers out of courtesy. No vain pride of mine,' said the noble old man, his eyes swelling with tears, as he knelt on one knee, shall prevent me from personal humiliation, when peace — that blessed peace, so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man — is in danger of being broken off.'

The whole assembly, even the Duke himself, were affected by the noble and stately manner in which the brave old man made a genuflection, which was obviously dictated by neither meanness nor timidity. 'Arise, sir,' said Charles; 'if we have said aught which can wound your private feelings, we retract it as publicly as the reproach was spoken, and sit prepared to hear you, as a fair-meaning envoy.'

'For that, my noble lord, thanks; and I shall hold it a blessed day if I can find words worthy of the cause I have to plead. My lord, a schedule in your Highness's hands has stated the sense of many injuries received at the hand of your Highness's officers, and those of Romont Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser, we have a right to suppose, under your Highness's countenance. For Count Romont, he has already felt with whom he has to contend; but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of your Highness's authority to intercept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even, in some instances, take their lives. The affray at La Ferette — I can vouch for what I saw — had no origin or abettance from us; nevertheless, it is

impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries, and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defence of our rights. What, then, must follow, unless your Highness listens to the terms which I am commissioned to offer? War — a war to extermination; for so long as one of our confederacy can wield a halberd, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war betwixt your powerful realms and our poor and barren states. And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife? Is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of your Highness's household troops than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honour to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men clad in mail over half-armed husbandmen and shepherds — of such conquest small were the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers — if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it with your Highness to judge what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbours? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Ay, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master.'

The speech of the Landamman made an obvious impression on the assembly. The Duke observed it, and his hereditary obstinacy was irritated by the general disposition which he saw entertained in favour of the ambassador. This evil principle overcame some impression which the address of the noble Biederman had not failed to make upon him. He answered with a lowering brow, interrupting the old man as he was about to continue his speech — 'You argue falsely, sir count, or sir landamman, or by whatever name you call yourself, if you think we war on you from any hope of spoil, or any desire of glory. We know as well as you can tell us that there is neither profit nor fame to be achieved by conquering you. But sovereigns, to whom Heaven has given the power, must root

out a band of robbers, though there is dishonour in measuring swords with them ; and we hunt to death a herd of wolves, though their flesh is carrion and their skins are nought.'

The Landamman shook his grey head, and replied, without testifying emotion, and even with something approaching to a smile — 'I am an older woodsman than you, my Lord Duke, and, it may be, a more experienced one. The boldest, the hardest hunter will not safely drive the wolf to his den. I have shown your Highness the poor chance of gain and the great risk of loss, which even you, powerful as you are, must incur by risking a war with determined and desperate men. Let me now tell what we are willing to do to secure a sincere and lasting peace with our powerful neighbour of Burgundy. Your Grace is in the act of engrossing Lorraine, and it seems probable, under so vigorous and enterprising a prince, your authority may be extended to the shores of the Mediterranean ; be our noble friend and sincere ally, and our mountains, defended by warriors familiar with victory, will be your barriers against Germany and Italy. For your sake we will admit the Count of Savoy to terms, and restore to him our conquests, on such conditions as your Highness shall yourself judge reasonable. Of past subjects of offence on the part of your lieutenants and governors upon the frontier we will be silent, so we have assurance of no such aggressions in future. Nay more, and it is my last and proudest offer, we will send three thousand of our youth to assist your Highness in any war which you may engage in, whether against Louis of France or the Emperor of Germany. They are a different set of men — proudly and truly may I state it — from the scum of Germany and Italy, who form themselves into mercenary bands of soldiers. And, if Heaven should decide your Highness to accept our offer, there will be one corps in your army which will leave their carcasses on the field ere a man of them break their plighted troth.'

A swarthy, but tall and handsome, man, wearing a corslet richly engraved with arabesque work, started from his seat with the air of one provoked beyond the bounds of restraint. This was the Count de Campo-basso, commander of Charles's Italian mercenaries, who possessed, as has been alluded to, much influence over the Duke's mind, chiefly obtained by accommodating himself to his master's opinions and prejudices, and placing before the Duke specious arguments to justify him for following his own way.

'This lofty presence must excuse me,' he said, 'if I speak

in defence of my honour, and those of my bold lances, who have followed my fortunes from Italy to serve the bravest prince in Christendom. I might, indeed, pass over without resentment the outrageous language of this grey-haired churl, whose words cannot affect a knight and a nobleman more than the yelling of a peasant's mastiff. But when I hear him propose to associate his bands of mutinous, misgoverned ruffians with your Highness's troops, I must let him know that there is not a horse-boy in my ranks who would fight in such fellowship. No, even I myself, bound by a thousand ties of gratitude, could not submit to strive abreast with such comrades. I would fold up my banners, and lead five thousand men to seek — not a nobler master, for the world has none such — but wars in which we might not be obliged to blush for our assistants.'

'Silence, Campo-basso,' said the Duke, 'and be assured you serve a prince who knows your worth too well to exchange it for the untried and untrustful services of those whom we have only known as vexatious and malignant neighbours.'

Then addressing himself to Arnold Biederman, he said coldly and sternly, 'Sir Landamman, we have heard you fairly. We have heard you, although you come before us with hands dyed deep in the blood of our servant, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach; for, supposing he was murdered by a villainous association — which, by St. George! shall never, while we live and reign, raise its pestilential head on this side of the Rhine — yet it is not the less undeniable and undenied, that you stood by in arms, and encouraged the deed the assassins performed under your countenance. Return to your mountains, and be thankful that you return in life. Tell those who sent you that I will be presently on their frontiers. A deputation of your most notable persons, who meet me with halters round their necks, torches in their left hands, in their right their swords held by the point, may learn on what conditions we will grant you peace.'

'Then farewell peace, and welcome war,' said the Landamman; 'and be its plagues and curses on the heads of those who choose blood and strife rather than peace and union! We will meet you on our frontiers with our naked swords, but the hilts, not their points, shall be in our grasp. Charles of Burgundy, Flanders, and Lorraine, Duke of seven [six] dukedoms, Count of seventeen [fifteen] earldoms, I bid you defiance; and declare war against you in the name of the Confederated Cantons, and

such others as shall adhere to them. 'There,' he said, 'are my letters of defiance.'

The herald took from Arnold Biederman the fatal denunciation.

'Read it not, Toison d'Or!' said the haughty Duke. 'Let the executioner drag it through the streets at his horse's tail, and nail it to the gibbet, to show in what account we hold the paltry scroll, and those who sent it. Away, sirs,' speaking to the Swiss, 'trudge back to your wildernesses with such haste as your feet can use. When we next meet, you shall better know whom you have offended. Get our horse ready; the council is broken up.'

The *maire* of Dijon, when all were in motion to leave the hall, again approached the Duke, and timidly expressed some hopes that his Highness would deign to partake of a banquet which the magistracy had prepared, in expectation he might do them such an honour.

'No, by St. George of Burgundy, sir *maire*,' said Charles, with one of the withering glances by which he was wont to express indignation mixed with contempt; 'you have not pleased us so well with our breakfast as to induce us to trust our dinner to the loyalty of our good town of Dijon.'

So saying, he rudely turned off from the mortified chief magistrate, and, mounting his horse, rode back to his camp, conversing earnestly on the way with the Count of Campo-basso.

'I would offer you dinner, my Lord of Oxford,' said Colvin to that nobleman, when he alighted at his tent, 'but I foresee, ere you could swallow a mouthful, you will be summoned to the Duke's presence; for it is our Charles's way, when he has fixed on a wrong course, to wrangle with his friends and counsellors, in order to prove it is a right one. Marry, he always makes a convert of yon supple Italian.'

Colvin's augury was speedily realised, for a page almost immediately summoned the English merchant, Philipson, to attend the Duke. Without waiting an instant, Charles poured forth an incoherent tide of reproaches against the Estates of his dukedom, for refusing him their countenance in so slight a matter, and launched out in explanations of the necessity which he alleged there was for punishing the audacity of the Swiss. 'And thou, too, Oxford,' he concluded, 'art such an impatient fool as to wish me to engage in a distant war with England, and transport forces over the sea, when I have such insolent mutineers to chastise on my own frontiers?'

When he was at length silent, the English earl laid before him, with respectful earnestness, the danger that appeared to be involved in engaging with a people, poor indeed, but universally dreaded, from their discipline and courage, and that under the eye of so dangerous a rival as Louis of France, who was sure to support the Duke's enemies underhand, if he did not join them openly. On this point the Duke's resolution was immovable. 'It shall never,' he said, 'be told of me, that I uttered threats which I dared not execute. These boors have declared war against me, and they shall learn whose wrath it is that they have wantonly provoked; but I do not, therefore, renounce thy scheme, my good Oxford. If thou canst procure me this same cession of Provence, and induce old René to give up the cause of his grandson, Ferrand of Vaudemont, in Lorraine, thou wilt make it well worth my while to send thee brave aid against my brother Blackburn, who, while he is drinking healths pottle-deep in France, may well come to lose his lands in England. And be not impatient because I cannot at this very instant send men across the seas. The march which I am making towards Neufchatel, which is, I think, the nearest point where I shall find these churls, will be but like a morning's excursion. I trust you will go with us, old companion. I should like to see if you have forgotten, among yonder mountains, how to back a horse and lay a lance in rest.'

'I will wait on your Highness,' said the Earl, 'as is my duty, for my motions must depend on your pleasure. But I will not carry arms, especially against those people of Helvetia, from whom I have experienced hospitality, unless it be for my own personal defence.'

'Well,' replied the Duke, 'e'en be it so; we shall have in you an excellent judge, to tell us who best discharges his devoir against the mountain clowns.'

At this point in the conversation there was a knocking at the entrance of the pavilion, and the Chancellor of Burgundy presently entered, in great haste and anxiety. 'News, my lord—news of France and England,' said the prelate, and then, observing the presence of a stranger, he looked at the Duke and was silent.

'It is a faithful friend, my Lord Bishop,' said the Duke; 'you may tell your news before him.'

'It will soon be generally known,' said the chancellor—
'Louis and Edward are fully accorded.'

Both the Duke and the English earl started.

'I expected this,' said the Duke, 'but not so soon.'

'The kings have met,' answered his minister.

'How—in battle?' said Oxford, forgetting himself in his extreme eagerness.

The chancellor was somewhat surprised, but, as the Duke seemed to expect him to give an answer, he replied, 'No, sir stranger, not in battle, but upon appointment, and in peace and amity.'

'The sight must have been worth seeing,' said the Duke, 'when the old fox Louis and my brother Black—I mean my brother Edward—met. Where held they their rendezvous?'

'On a bridge over the Seine, at Picquigny.'

'I would thou hadst been there,' said the Duke, looking to Oxford, 'with a good axe in thy hand, to strike one fair blow for England and another for Burgundy. My grandfather was treacherously slain at just such a meeting, at the bridge of Montereau, upon the Yonne.'

'To prevent a similar chance,' said the chancellor, 'a strong barricade, such as closes the cages in which men keep wild beasts, was raised in the midst of the bridge, and prevented the possibility of their even touching each other's hands.'

'Ha—ha! By St. George, that smells of Louis's craft and caution; for the Englishman, to give him his due, is as little acquainted with fear as with policy. But what terms have they made? Where do the English army winter? What towns, fortresses, and castles are surrendered to them, in pledge or in perpetuity?'

'None, my liege,' said the chancellor. 'The English army returns into England as fast as shipping can be procured to transport them; and Louis will accommodate them with every sail and oar in his dominions, rather than they should not instantly evacuate France.'

'And by what concessions has Louis bought a peace so necessary to his affairs?'

'By fair words,' said the chancellor, 'by liberal presents, and by some five hundred tuns of wine.'

'Wine!' exclaimed the Duke. 'Heardst thou ever the like, Signior Philipson? Why, your countrymen are little better than Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Marry, I must confess I never saw an Englishman who loved a dry-lipped bargain.'

'I can scarce believe this news,' said the Earl of Oxford. 'If this Edward were content to cross the sea with fifty

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

thousand Englishmen merely to return again, there are in his camp both proud nobles and haughty commons enough to resist his disgraceful purpose.

'The money of Louis,' said the statesman, 'has found noble hands willing to clutch it. The wine of France has flooded every throat in the English army; the riot and uproar was unbounded; and at one time the town of Amiens, where Louis himself resided, was full of so many English archers, all of them intoxicated, that the person of the King of France was almost in their hands. Their sense of national honour has been lost in the universal revel, and those amongst them who would be more dignified, and play the wise politicians, say that, having come to France by connivance of the Duke of Burgundy, and that prince having failed to join them with his forces, they have done well, wisely, and gallantly, considering the season of the year, and the impossibility of obtaining quarters, to take tribute of France, and return home in triumph.'

'And leave Louis,' said Oxford, 'at undisturbed freedom to attack Burgundy with all his forces?'

'Not so, friend Philipson,' said Duke Charles; 'know, that there is a truce betwixt Burgundy and France for the space of seven years, and had not this been granted and signed, it is probable that we might have found some means of marring the treaty betwixt Edward and Louis, even at the expense of affording those voracious islanders beef and beer during the winter months. Sir chancellor, you may leave us, but be within reach of a hasty summons.'

When his minister left the pavilion, the Duke, who with his rude and imperious character united much kindness, if it could not be termed generosity, of disposition, came up to the Lancasterian lord, who stood like one at whose feet a thunderbolt has just broken, and who is still appalled by the terrors of the shock.

'My poor Oxford,' he said, 'thou art stupified by this news, which thou canst not doubt must have a fatal effect on the plan which thy brave bosom cherishes with such devoted fidelity. I would for thy sake I could have detained the English a little longer in France; but had I attempted to do so, there were an end of my truce with Louis, and of course to my power to chastise these paltry cantons, or send forth an expedition to England. As matters stand, give me but a week to punish these mountaineers, and you shall have a larger force

than your modesty has requested of me for your enterprise; and, in the meanwhile, I will take care that Blackburn and his cousin-archers have no assistance of shipping from Flanders. Tush, man, never fear it — thou wilt be in England long ere they; and, once more, rely on my assistance — always, thou knowest, the cession of Provence being executed, as in reason. Our cousin Margaret's diamonds we must keep for a time; and perhaps they may pass as a pledge, with some of our own, for the godly purpose of setting at freedom the imprisoned angels of our Flemish usurers, who will not lend even to their sovereign, unless on good current security. To such straits has the disobedient avarice of our Estates for the moment reduced us.'

'Alas! my lord,' said the dejected nobleman, 'I were ungrateful to doubt the sincerity of your good intentions. But who can presume on the events of war, especially when time presses for instant decision? You are pleased to trust me. Let your Highness extend your confidence thus far: I will take my horse, and ride after the Landamman, if he hath already set forth. I have little doubt to make such an accommodation with him that you may be secure on all your south-eastern frontiers. You may then with security work your will in Lorraine and Provence.'

'Do not speak of it,' said the Duke, sharply; 'thou forget'st thyself and me, when thou supposest that a prince who has pledged his word to his people can recall it like a merchant chaffering for his paltry wares. Go to — we will assist you, but we will be ourselves judge of the time and manner. Yet, having both kind will to our distressed cousin of Anjou and being your good friend, we will not linger in the matter. Our host have orders to break up this evening and direct their march against Neufchatel, where these proud Swiss shall have a taste of the fire and sword which they have provoked.'

Oxford sighed deeply, but made no farther remonstrance, in which he acted wisely, since it was likely to have exasperated the fiery temper of the sovereign to whom it was addressed, while it was certain that it would not in the slightest degree alter his resolution.

He took farewell of the Duke, and returned to Colvin, whom he found immersed in the business of his department, and preparing for the removal of the artillery — an operation which the clumsiness of the ordnance and the execrable state of the roads rendered at that time a much more troublesome

operation than at present, though it is even still one of the most laborious movements attending the march of an army. The master of the ordnance welcomed Oxford with much glee, and congratulated himself on the distinguished honour of enjoying his company during the campaign, and acquainted him that, by the especial command of the Duke, he had made fitting preparations for his accommodation, suitable to the disguised character which he meant to maintain, but in every other respect as convenient as a camp could admit of.

CHAPTER XXIX

A mirthful man he was — the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

Old Play.

LEAVING the Earl of Oxford in attendance on the stubborn Duke of Burgundy during an expedition which the one represented as a brief excursion, more resembling a hunting-party than a campaign, and which the other considered in a much graver and more perilous light, we return to Arthur de Vere, or the younger Philipson, as he continued to be called, who was conducted by his guide with fidelity and success, but certainly very slowly, upon his journey into Provence.

The state of Lorraine, overrun by the Duke of Burgundy's army, and infested at the same time by different scattered bands, who took the field or held out the castles, as they alleged, for the interest of Count Ferrand de Vaudemont, rendered journeying so dangerous, that it was often necessary to leave the main road and to take circuitous tracks, in order to avoid such unfriendly encounters as travellers might otherwise have met with.

Arthur, taught by sad experience to distrust strange guides, found himself, nevertheless, in this eventful and perilous journey, disposed to rest considerable confidence in his present conductor, Thiebault, a Provençal by birth, intimately acquainted with the roads which they took, and, as far as he could judge, disposed to discharge his office with fidelity. Prudence alike, and the habits which he had acquired in travelling, as well as the character of a merchant which he still sustained, induced him to waive the *morgue*, or haughty superiority of a knight and noble towards an inferior personage, especially as he rightly conjectured that free intercourse with

this man, whose acquirements seemed of a superior cast, was likely to render him a judge of his opinions and disposition towards him. In return for his condescension, he obtained a good deal of information concerning the province which he was approaching.

As they drew near the boundaries of Provence, the communications of Thiebault became more fluent and interesting. He could not only tell the name and history of each romantic castle which they passed in their devious and doubtful route, but had at his command the chivalrous history of the noble knights and barons to whom they now pertained, or had belonged in earlier days, and could recount their exploits against the Saracens by repelling their attacks upon Christendom, or their efforts to recover the Holy Sepulchre from pagan hands. In the course of such narrations, Thiebault was led to speak of the troubadours, a race of native poets of Provençal origin, differing widely from the minstrels of Normandy and the adjacent provinces of France, with whose tales of chivalry, as well as the numerous translations of their works into Norman-French and English, Arthur, like most of the noble youth of his country, was intimately acquainted and deeply imbued. Thiebault boasted that his grandsire, of humble birth indeed, but of distinguished talent, was one of this gifted race, whose compositions produced so great an effect on the temper and manners of their age and country. It was, however, to be regretted that, inculcating as the prime duty of life a fantastic spirit of gallantry, which sometimes crossed the Platonic bound prescribed to it, the poetry of the troubadours¹ was too frequently used to soften and seduce the heart and corrupt the principles.

Arthur's attention was called to this peculiarity by Thiebault singing, which he could do with good skill, the history of a troubadour named William Cabestaing, who loved, *par amours*, a noble and beautiful lady, Margaret, the wife of a baron called Raymond de Roussillon. The jealous husband obtained proof of his dishonour, and having put Cabestaing to death by assassination, he took his heart from his bosom, and, causing it to be dressed like that of an animal, ordered it to be served up to his lady; and when she had eaten of the horrible mess, told her of what her banquet was composed. The lady replied that, since she had been made to partake of food so precious, no coarser morsel should ever after cross her lips. She persisted

¹ See Note 8.

in her resolution, and thus starved herself to death. The troubadour who celebrated this tragic history had displayed in his composition a good deal of poetic art. Glossing over the error of the lovers as the fault of their destiny, dwelling on their tragical fate with considerable pathos, and finally execrating the blind fury of the husband with the full fervour of poetical indignation, he recorded, with vindictive pleasure, how every bold knight and true lover in the south of France assembled to besiege the baron's castle, stormed it by main force, left not one stone upon another, and put the tyrant himself to an ignominious death. Arthur was interested in the melancholy tale, which even beguiled him of a few tears; but as he thought farther on its purport, he dried his eyes, and said, with some sternness — 'Thiebault, sing me no more such lays. I have heard my father say that the readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man is to bestow upon vice the pity and the praise which are due only to virtue. Your Baron of Roussillon is a monster of cruelty; but your unfortunate lovers were not the less guilty. It is by giving fair names to foul actions that those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons, under the disguise of virtue.'

'I would you knew, signior,' answered Thiebault, 'that this *Lay of Cabestaing and the Lady Margaret of Roussillon* is reckoned a masterpiece of the joyous science. Fie, sir, you are too young to be so strict a censor of morals. What will you do when your head is grey, if you are thus severe when it is scarcely brown?'

'A head which listens to folly in youth will hardly be honourable in old age,' answered Arthur.

Thiebault had no mind to carry the dispute farther.

'It is not for me to contend with your worship. I only think, with every true son of chivalry and song, that a knight without a mistress is like a sky without a star.'

'Do I not know that?' answered Arthur; 'but yet better remain in darkness than be guided by such false lights as shower down vice and pestilence.'

'Nay, it may be your seignorie is right,' answered the guide. 'It is certain, that even in Provence here we have lost much of our keen judgment on matters of love — its difficulties, its intricacies, and its errors, since the troubadours are no longer regarded as usual, and since the High and Noble Parliament of Love¹ has ceased to hold its sittings.'

¹ See Note 9.

'But in these latter days,' continued the Provençal, 'kings, dukes, and sovereigns, instead of being the foremost and most faithful vassals of the court of Cupid, are themselves the slaves of selfishness and love of gain. Instead of winning hearts by breaking lances in the lists, they are breaking the hearts of their impoverished vassals by the most cruel exactions; instead of attempting to deserve the smile and favours of their lady-loves, they are meditating how to steal castles, towns, and provinces from their neighbours. But long life to the good and venerable King René! While he has an acre of land left, his residence will be the resort of valiant knights, whose only aim is praise in arms, of true lovers who are persecuted by fortune, and of high-toned harpers, who know how to celebrate faith and valour.'

Arthur, interested in learning something more precise than common fame had taught him on the subject of this prince, easily induced the talkative Provençal to enlarge upon the virtues of his old sovereign's character, as just, joyous, and debonair, a friend to the most noble exercises of the chase and the tilt-yard, and still more so to the joyous science of poetry and music; who gave away more revenue than he received, in largesses to knights-errant and itinerant musicians, with whom his petty court was crowded, as one of the very few in which the ancient hospitality was still maintained.

Such was the picture which Thiebault drew of the last minstrel monarch; and though the eulogium was exaggerated, perhaps the facts were not overcharged.

Born of royal parentage, and with high pretensions, René had at no period of his life been able to match his fortunes to his claims. Of the kingdoms to which he asserted right, nothing remained in his possession but the county of Provence itself, a fair and friendly principality, but diminished by the many claims which France had acquired upon portions of it by advances of money to supply the personal expenses of its master, and by other portions which Burgundy, to whom René had been a prisoner, held in pledge for his ransom. In his youth he engaged in more than one military enterprise, in the hope of attaining some part of the territory of which he was styled sovereign. His courage is not impeached, but fortune did not smile on his military adventures; and he seems at last to have become sensible that the power of admiring and celebrating warlike merit is very different from possessing that quality. In fact, René was a prince of very moderate parts, endowed

with a love of the fine arts, which he carried to extremity, and a degree of good-humour which never permitted him to repine at fortune, but rendered its possessor happy, when a prince of keener feelings would have died of despair. This insouciant, light-tempered, gay, and thoughtless disposition conducted René, free from all the passions which embitter life, and often shorten it, to a hale and mirthful old age. Even domestic losses, which often affect those who are proof against mere reverses of fortune, made no deep impression on the feelings of this cheerful old monarch. Most of his children had died young; René took it not to heart. His daughter Margaret's marriage with the powerful Henry of England was considered a connexion much above the fortunes of the King of the Troubadours. But in the issue, instead of René deriving any splendour from the match, he was involved in the misfortunes of his daughter, and repeatedly obliged to impoverish himself to supply her ransom. Perhaps in his private soul the old king did not think these losses so mortifying as the necessity of receiving Margaret into his court and family. On fire when reflecting on the losses she had sustained, mourning over friends slain and kingdoms lost, the proudest and most passionate of princesses was ill suited to dwell with the gayest and best-humoured of sovereigns, whose pursuits she contemned, and whose lightness of temper, for finding comfort in such trifles, she could not forgive. The discomfort attached to her presence and vindictive recollections embarrassed the good-humoured old monarch, though it was unable to drive him beyond his equanimity.

Another distress pressed him more sorely. Yolande, a daughter of his first wife, Isabella, had succeeded to his claims upon the duchy of Lorraine, and transmitted them to her son, Ferrand Count of Vaudemont, a young man of courage and spirit, engaged at this time in the apparently desperate undertaking of making his title good against the Duke of Burgundy, who, with little right but great power, was seizing upon and overrunning this rich duchy, which he laid claim to as a male fief. And to conclude, while the aged king on one side beheld his dethroned daughter in hopeless despair, and on the other his disinherited grandson in vain attempting to recover part of their rights, he had the additional misfortune to know that his nephew, Louis of France, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, were secretly contending which should succeed him in that portion of Provence which he still continued to possess,



RENÉ, DUKE OF ANJOU, KING OF NAPLES AND SICILY.
From an old engraving.

and that it was only jealousy of each other which prevented his being despoiled of this last remnant of his territory. Yet, amid all this distress, René feasted and received guests, danced, sung, composed poetry, used the pencil or brush with no small skill, devised and conducted festivals and processions, and studying to promote, as far as possible, the immediate mirth and good-humour of his subjects, if he could not materially enlarge their more permanent prosperity, was never mentioned by them excepting as *Le bon Roi René*, a distinction conferred on him down to the present day, and due to him certainly by the qualities of his heart, if not by those of his head.

Whilst Arthur was receiving from his guide a full account of the peculiarities of King René, they entered the territories of that merry monarch. It was late in the autumn, and about the period when the south-eastern counties of France rather show to least advantage. The foliage of the olive-tree is then decayed and withered, and as it predominates in the landscape, and resembles the scorched complexion of the soil itself, an ashen and arid hue is given to the whole. Still, however, there were scenes in the hilly and pastoral parts of the country where the quantity of evergreens relieved the eye even in this dead season.

The appearance of the country, in general, had much in it that was peculiar.

The travellers perceived at every turn some marks of the King's singular character. Provence, as the part of Gaul which first received Roman civilisation, and as having been still longer the residence of the Grecian colony who founded Marseilles, is more full of the splendid relics of ancient architecture than any other country in Europe, Italy and Greece excepted. The good taste of the King René had dictated some attempts to clear out and to restore these memorials of antiquity. Was there a triumphal arch or an ancient temple — huts and hovels were cleared away from its vicinity, and means were used at least to retard the approach of ruin. Was there a marble fountain, which superstition had dedicated to some sequestered naiad — it was surrounded by olives, almond, and orange trees; its cistern was repaired, and taught once more to retain its crystal treasures. The huge amphitheatres and gigantic colonnades experienced the same anxious care, attesting that the noblest specimens of the fine arts found one admirer and preserver in King René, even during the course of those which are termed the dark and barbarous ages.

A change of manners could also be observed in passing from Burgundy and Lorraine, where society relished of German bluntness, into the pastoral country of Provence, where the influence of a fine climate and melodious language, joined to the pursuits of the romantic old monarch, with the universal taste for music and poetry, had introduced a civilisation of manners which approached to affectation. The shepherd literally marched abroad in the morning, piping his flocks forth to the pasture with some love sonnet, the composition of an amorous troubadour; and his 'fleecey care' seemed actually to be under the influence of his music, instead of being ungraciously insensible to its melody, as is the case in colder climates. Arthur observed, too, that the Provençal sheep, instead of being driven before the shepherd, regularly followed him, and did not disperse to feed until the swain, by turning his face round to them, remaining stationary, and executing variations on the air which he was playing, seemed to remind them that it was proper to do so. While in motion, his huge dog, of a species which is trained to face the wolf; and who is respected by the sheep as their guardian, and not feared as their tyrant, followed his master with his ears pricked, like the chief critic and prime judge of the performance, at some tones of which he seldom failed to intimate disapprobation; while the flock, like the generality of an audience, followed in unanimous though silent applause. At the hour of noon, the shepherd had sometimes acquired an augmentation to his audience, in some comely matron or blooming maiden, with whom he had rendezvoused by such a fountain as we have described, and who listened to the husband's or lover's *chalmereau*, or mingled her voice with his in the duets of which the songs of the troubadours have left so many examples. In the cool of the evening, the dance on the village green, or the concert before the hamlet door, the little repast of fruits, cheese, and bread, which the traveller was readily invited to share, gave new charms to the illusion, and seemed in earnest to point out Provence as the Arcadia of France.

But the greatest singularity was, in the eyes of Arthur, the total absence of armed men and soldiers in this peaceful country. In England, no man stirred without his long-bow, sword, and buckler. In France, the hind wore armour even when he was betwixt the stilts of his plough. In Germany, you could not look along a mile of highway, but the eye was encountered by clouds of dust, out of which were seen, by fits, waving feathers and flashing armour. Even in Switzerland, the peasant, if he

had a journey to make, though but of a mile or two, cared not to travel without his halberd and two-handed sword. But in Provence all seemed quiet and peaceful, as if the music of the lute had lulled to sleep all its wrathful passions. Now and then a mounted cavalier might pass them, the harp at whose saddle-bow, or carried by one of his attendants, attested the character of a troubadour, which was affixed by men of all ranks; and then only a short sword on his left thigh, borne for show rather than use, was a necessary and appropriate part of his equipment.

'Peace,' said Arthur, as he looked around him, 'is an inestimable jewel; but it will be soon snatched from those who are not prepared with heart and hand to defend it.'

The sight of the ancient and interesting town of Aix, where King René held his court, dispelled reflections of a general character, and recalled to the young Englishman the peculiar mission on which he was engaged.

He then required to know from the Provençal Thiebault, whether his instructions were to leave him, now that he had successfully attained the end of his journey.

'My instructions,' answered Thiebault, 'are to remain in Aix while there is any chance of your seignorie's continuing there, to be of such use to you as you may require, either as a guide or an attendant, and to keep these men in readiness to wait upon you when you have occasion for messengers or guards. With your approbation, I will see them disposed of in fitting quarters, and receive my farther instructions from your seignorie wherever you please to appoint me. I propose this separation, because I understand it is your present pleasure to be private.'

'I must go to court,' answered Arthur, 'without any delay. Wait for me in half an hour by that fountain in the street, which projects into the air such a magnificent pillar of water, surrounded, I would almost swear, by a vapour-like steam, serving as a shroud to the jet which it envelopes.'

'The jet is so surrounded,' answered the Provençal, 'because it is supplied by a hot spring rising from the bowels of the earth, and the touch of frost on this autumn morning makes the vapour more distinguishable than usual. But if it is good King René whom you seek, you will find him at this time walking in his chimney. Do not be afraid of approaching him, for there never was a monarch so easy of access, especially to good-looking strangers like your seignorie.'

‘But his ushers,’ said Arthur, ‘will not admit me into his hall.’

‘His hall!’ repeated Thiebault. ‘Whose hall?’

‘Why, King René’s, I apprehend. If he is walking in a chimney, it can only be in that of his hall, and a stately one it must be to give him room for such exercise.’

‘You mistake my meaning,’ said the guide, laughing. ‘What we call King René’s chimney is the narrow parapet yonder; it extends between these two towers, has an exposure to the south, and is sheltered in every other direction. Yonder it is his pleasure to walk and enjoy the beams of the sun, on such cool mornings as the present. It nurses, he says, his poetical vein. If you approach his promenade he will readily speak to you, unless, indeed, he is in the very act of a poetical composition.’

Arthur could not forbear smiling at the thoughts of a king, eighty years of age, broken down with misfortunes and beset with dangers, who yet amused himself with walking on an open parapet, and composing poetry in presence of all such of his loving subjects as chose to look on.

‘If you will walk a few steps this way,’ said Thiebault, ‘you may see the good king, and judge whether or not you will accost him at present. I will dispose of the people, and await your orders at the fountain in the corso.’

Arthur saw no objection to the proposal of his guide, and was not unwilling to have an opportunity of seeing something of the good King René before he was introduced to his presence.

CHAPTER XXX

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He hath doft
The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside
The yet more galling diadem of gold ;
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
He reigns the king of lovers and of poets.

A CAUTIOUS approach to the chimney, that is, the favourite walk of the King, who is described by Shakespeare as bearing

The style of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicilies, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman,

gave Arthur the perfect survey of his Majesty in person. He saw an old man, with locks and beard which, in amplitude and whiteness, nearly rivalled those of the envoy from Schwytz, but with a fresh and ruddy colour in his cheek, and an eye of great vivacity. His dress was showy to a degree almost inconsistent with his years ; and his step, not only firm but full of alertness and vivacity, while occupied in traversing the short and sheltered walk, which he had chosen rather for comfort than for privacy, showed juvenile vigour still animating an aged frame. The old king carried his tablets and a pencil in his hand, seeming totally abstracted in his own thoughts, and indifferent to being observed by several persons from the public street beneath his elevated promenade.

Of these, some, from their dress and manner, seemed themselves troubadours ; for they held in their hands rebecks, rotes, small portable harps, and other indications of their profession. Such appeared to be stationary, as if engaged in observing and recording their remarks on the meditations of their prince. Other passengers, bent on their own more serious affairs, looked up to the King as to some one whom they were accustomed to see daily, but never passed without

doffing their bonnets, and expressing, by a suitable obeisance, a respect and affection towards his person which appeared to make up in cordiality of feeling what it wanted in deep and solemn deference.

René, in the meanwhile, was apparently unconscious both of the gaze of such as stood still or the greeting of those who passed on, his mind seeming altogether engrossed with the apparent labour of some arduous task in poetry or music. He walked fast or slow as best suited the progress of composition. At times he stopped to mark hastily down on his tablets something which seemed to occur to him as deserving of preservation; at other times he dashed out what he had written, and flung down the pencil as if in a sort of despair. On these occasions, the Sibylline leaf was carefully picked up by a beautiful page, his only attendant, who reverently observed the first suitable opportunity of restoring it again to his royal hand. The same youth bore a viol, on which, at a signal from his master, he occasionally struck a few musical notes, to which the old king listened, now with a soothed and satisfied air, now with a discontented and anxious brow. At times his enthusiasm rose so high that he even hopped and skipped, with an activity which his years did not promise; at other times his motions were extremely slow, and occasionally he stood still, like one wrapped in the deepest and most anxious meditation. When he chanced to look on the group which seemed to watch his motions, and who ventured even to salute him with a murmur of applause, it was only to distinguish them with a friendly and good-humoured nod — a salutation with which, likewise, he failed not to reply to the greeting of the occasional passengers, when his earnest attention to his task, whatever it might be, permitted him to observe them.

At length the royal eye lighted upon Arthur, whose attitude of silent observation, and the distinction of his figure, pointed him out as a stranger. René beckoned to his page, who, receiving his master's commands in a whisper, descended from the royal chimney to the broader platform beneath, which was open to general resort. The youth, addressing Arthur with much courtesy, informed him the King desired to speak with him. The young Englishman had no alternative but that of approaching, though pondering much in his own mind how he ought to comport himself towards such a singular specimen of royalty.

When he drew near, King René addressed him in a tone of

courtesy not unmingled with dignity, and Arthur's awe in his immediate presence was greater than he himself could have anticipated from his previous conception of the royal character.

'You are, from your appearance, fair sir,' said King René, 'a stranger in this country. By what name must we call you, and to what business are we to ascribe the happiness of seeing you at our court?'

Arthur remained a moment silent, and the good old man, imputing it to awe and timidity, proceeded in an encouraging tone.

'Modesty in youth is ever commendable: you are doubtless an acolyte in the noble and joyous science of minstrelsy and music, drawn hither by the willing welcome which we afford to the professors of those arts, in which — praise be to Our Lady and the saints! — we have ourself been deemed a proficient.'

'I do not aspire to the honours of a troubadour,' answered Arthur.

'I believe you,' answered the King, 'for your speech smacks of the northern, or Norman, French, such as is spoken in England and other unrefined nations. But you are a minstrel, perhaps, from these ultramontane parts. Be assured we despise not their efforts; for we have listened, not without pleasure and instruction, to many of their bold and wild romaunts, which, though rude in device and language, and, therefore, far inferior to the regulated poetry of our troubadours, have yet something in their powerful and rough measure which occasionally rouses the heart like the sound of a trumpet.'

'I have felt the truth of your Grace's observation, when I have heard the songs of my country,' said Arthur; 'but I have neither skill nor audacity to imitate what I admire. My latest residence has been in Italy.'

'You are perhaps, then, a proficient in painting,' said René. — 'an art which applies itself to the eye as poetry and music do to the ear, and is scarce less in esteem with us. If you are skilful in the art, you have come to a monarch who loves it, and the fair country in which it is practised.'

'In simple truth, sire, I am an Englishman, and my hand has been too much welked and hardened by practice of the bow, the lance, and the sword to touch the harp, or even the pencil.'

'An Englishman!' said René, obviously relaxing in the warmth of his welcome; 'and what brings you here? England and I have long had little friendship together.'

‘It is even on that account that I am here,’ said Arthur. ‘I come to pay my homage to your Grace’s daughter, the Princess Margaret of Anjou, whom I and many true Englishmen regard still as our queen, though traitors have usurped her title.’

‘Alas, good youth,’ said René, ‘I must grieve for you, while I respect your loyalty and faith. Had my daughter Margaret been of my mind, she had long since abandoned pretensions which have drowned in seas of blood the noblest and bravest of her adherents.’

The King seemed about to say more, but checked himself.

‘Go to my palace,’ he said; ‘inquire for the seneschal, Hugh de St. Cyr, he will give thee the means of seeing Margaret—that is, if it be her will to see thee. If not, good English youth, return to my palace, and thou shalt have hospitable entertainment; for a king who loves minstrelsy, music, and painting is ever most sensible to the claims of honour, virtue, and loyalty; and I read in thy looks thou art possessed of these qualities, and willingly believe thou mayst, in more quiet times, aspire to share the honours of the joyous science. But if thou hast a heart to be touched by the sense of beauty and fair proportion, it will leap within thee at the first sight of my palace, the stately grace of which may be compared to the faultless form of some high-bred dame, or the artful, yet seemingly simple, modulations of such a tune as we have been now composing.’

The King seemed disposed to take his instrument and indulge the youth with a rehearsal of the strain he had just arranged; but Arthur at that moment experienced the painful internal feeling of that peculiar species of shame which well-constructed minds feel when they see others express a great assumption of importance, with a confidence that they are exciting admiration, when in fact they are only exposing themselves to ridicule. Arthur, in short, took leave, ‘in very shame,’ of the King of Naples, both the Sicilies, and Jerusalem in a manner somewhat more abrupt than ceremony demanded. The King looked after him with some wonder at this want of breeding, which, however, he imputed to his visitor’s insular education, and then again began to twangle his viol.

‘The old fool!’ said Arthur; ‘his daughter is dethroned, his dominions crumbling to pieces, his family on the eve of becoming extinct, his grandson driven from one lurking-place to another, and expelled from his mother’s inheritance, and he

can find amusement in these fopperies ! I thought him, with his long white beard, like Nicholas Bonstetten ; but the old Swiss is a Solomon compared with him.'

As these and other reflections, highly disparaging to King René, passed through Arthur's mind, he reached the place of rendezvous, and found Thiebault beneath the steaming fountain, forced from one of those hot springs which had been the delight of the Romans from an early period. Thiebault, having assured his master that his retinue, horse and man, were so disposed as to be ready on an instant's call, readily undertook to guide him to King René's palace, which, from its singularity, and indeed its beauty of architecture, deserved the eulogium which the old monarch had bestowed upon it. The front consisted of three towers of Roman architecture, two of them being placed on the angles of the palace, and the third, which served the purpose of a mausoleum, forming a part of the group, though somewhat detached from the other buildings. This last was a structure of beautiful proportions. The lower part of the edifice was square, serving as a sort of pedestal to the upper part, which was circular, and surrounded by columns of massive granite. The other two towers at the angles of the palace were round, and also ornamented with pillars, and with a double row of windows. In front of, and connected with, these Roman remains, to which a date has been assigned as early as the 5th or 6th century, arose the ancient palace of the Counts of Provence, built a century or two later, but where a rich Gothic or Moorish front contrasted, and yet harmonised, with the more regular and massive architecture of the lords of the world. It is not more than thirty or forty years since this very curious remnant of antique art was destroyed, to make room for new public buildings, which have never yet been erected.

Arthur really experienced some sensation of the kind which the old king had prophesied, and stood looking with wonder at the ever-open gate of the palace, into which men of all kinds seemed to enter freely. After looking around for a few minutes, the young Englishman ascended the steps of a noble portico, and asked of a porter, as old and as lazy as a great man's domestic ought to be, for the seneschal named to him by the King. The corpulent janitor, with great politeness, put the stranger under the charge of a page, who ushered him to a chamber, in which he found another aged functionary of higher rank, with a comely face, a clear, composed eye, and a brow

which, having never been knit into gravity, intimated that the seneschal of Aix was a proficient in the philosophy of his royal master. He recognised Arthur the moment he addressed him.

'You speak northern French, fair sir; you have lighter hair and a fairer complexion than the natives of this country; you ask after Queen Margaret — by all these marks I read you English. Her Grace of England is at this moment paying a vow at the monastery of Mont St. Victoire, and if your name be Arthur Philipson, I have commission to forward you to her presence immediately — that is, as soon as you have tasted of the royal provision.'

The young man would have remonstrated, but the seneschal left him no leisure.

'Meat and mass,' he said, 'never hindered work: it is perilous to youth to journey too far on an empty stomach; he himself would take a mouthful with the Queen's guest, and pledge him to boot in a flask of old Hermitage.'

The board was covered with an alacrity which showed that hospitality was familiarly exercised in King René's dominions. Pasties, dishes of game, the gallant boar's head, and other delicacies were placed on the table, and the seneschal played the merry host, frequently apologising (unnecessarily) for showing an indifferent example, as it was his duty to carve before King René, and the good king was never pleased unless he saw him feed lustily as well as carve featly.

'But for you, sir guest, eat freely, since you may not see food again till sunset; for the good queen takes her misfortunes so to heart that sighs are her food, and her tears a bottle of drink, as the Psalmist hath it. But I bethink me you will need steeds for yourself and your equipage to reach Mont St. Victoire, which is seven miles from Aix.'

Arthur intimated that he had a guide and horses in attendance, and begged permission to take his adieu. The worthy seneschal, his fair round belly graced with a gold chain, accompanied him to the gate with a step which a gentle fit of the gout had rendered uncertain, but which, he assured Arthur, would vanish before three days' use of the hot springs. Thiebault appeared before the gate, not with the tired steeds from which they had dismounted an hour since, but with fresh palfreys from the stable of the King.

'They are yours from the moment you have put foot in stirrup,' said the seneschal: 'the good King René never

received back as his property a horse which he had lent to a guest; and that is perhaps one reason why his Highness and we of his household must walk often a-foot.

Here the seneschal exchanged greetings with his young visitor, who rode forth to seek Queen Margaret's place of temporary retirement at the celebrated monastery of St. Victoire. He demanded of his guide in which direction it lay, who pointed with an air of triumph to a mountain three thousand feet and upwards in height, which arose at five or six miles' distance from the town, and which its bold and rocky summit rendered the most distinguished object of the landscape. Thiebault spoke of it with unusual glee and energy, so much so as to lead Arthur to conceive that his trusty squire had not neglected to avail himself of the lavish hospitality of *Le bon Roi René*. Thiebault, however, continued to expatiate on the fame of the mountain and monastery. They derived their name, he said, from a great victory which was gained by a Roman general named Caio Mario, against two large armies of Saracens with ultramontane names (the Teutones probably and Cimbri), in gratitude to Heaven for which victory Caio Mario vowed to build a monastery on the mountain for the service of the Virgin Mary, in honour of whom he had been baptized. With all the importance of a local connoisseur, Thiebault proceeded to prove his general assertion by specific facts.

'Yonder,' he said, 'was the camp of the Saracens, from which, when the battle was apparently decided, their wives and women rushed, with horrible screams, dishevelled hair, and the gestures of furies, and for a time prevailed in stopping the flight of the men.' He pointed out, too, the river for access to which, cut off by the superior generalship of the Romans, the barbarians, whom he called Saracens, hazarded the action, and whose streams they empurpled with their blood. In short, he mentioned many circumstances which showed how accurately tradition will preserve the particulars of ancient events, even whilst forgetting, misstating, and confounding dates and persons.

Perceiving that Arthur lent him a not unwilling ear—for it may be supposed that the education of a youth bred up in the heat of civil wars was not well qualified to criticise his account of the wars of a distant period—the Provençal, when he had exhausted this topic, drew up close to his master's side, and asked, in a suppressed tone, whether he knew, or was desirous

of being made acquainted with, the cause of Margaret's having left Aix, to establish herself in the monastery of St. Victoire.

'For the accomplishment of a vow,' answered Arthur; 'all the world knows it.'

'All Aix knows the contrary,' said Thiebault; 'and I can tell you the truth, so I were sure it would not offend your seignorie.'

'The truth can offend no reasonable man, so it be expressed in the terms of which Queen Margaret must be spoken in the presence of an Englishman.'

Thus replied Arthur, willing to receive what information he could gather, and desirous, at the same time, to check the petulance of his attendant.

'I have nothing,' replied his follower, 'to state in disparagement of the gracious queen, whose only misfortune is that, like her royal father, she has more titles than towns. Besides, I know well that you Englishmen, though you speak wildly of your sovereigns yourselves, will not permit others to fail in respect to them.'

Say on, then,' answered Arthur.

'Your seignorie must know, then,' said Thiebault, 'that the good King René has been much disturbed by the deep melancholy which afflicted Queen Margaret, and has bent himself with all his power to change it into a gayer humour. He made entertainments in public and in private; he assembled minstrels and troubadours, whose music and poetry might have drawn smiles from one on his death-bed. The whole country resounded with mirth and glee, and the gracious queen could not stir abroad in the most private manner, but, before she had gone a hundred paces, she lighted on an ambush, consisting of some pretty pageant, or festitious mummary, composed often by the good king himself, which interrupted her solitude, in purpose of relieving her heavy thoughts with some pleasant pastime. But the Queen's deep melancholy rejected all these modes of dispelling it, and at length she confined herself to her own apartments, and absolutely refused to see even her royal father, because he generally brought into her presence those whose productions he thought likely to soothe her sorrow. Indeed, she seemed to hear the harpers with loathing, and, excepting one wandering Englishman, who sung a rude and melancholy ballad, which threw her into a flood of tears, and to whom she gave a chain of price, she never seemed to look at or be conscious of the presence of any one. And at length,

as I have had the honour to tell your seignorie, she refused to see even her royal father unless he came alone; and that he found no heart to do.'

'I wonder not at it,' said the young man; 'by the white swan, I am rather surprised his mummerly drove her not to frenzy.'

'Something like it indeed took place,' said Thiebault; 'and I will tell your seignorie how it chanced. You must know that good King René, unwilling to abandon his daughter to the foul fiend of melancholy, bethought him of making a grand effort. You must know further, that the King, powerful in all the craft of troubadours and jongleurs, is held in peculiar esteem for conducting mysteries, and other of those gamesome and delightful sports and processions with which our Holy Church permits her graver ceremonies to be relieved and diversified, to the cheering of the hearts of all true children of religion. It is admitted that no one has ever been able to approach his excellence in the arrangement of the Fête-Dieu; and the tune to which the devils cudgel King Herod, to the great edification of all Christian spectators, is of our good king's royal composition. He hath danced at Tarasconne in the ballet of St. Martha and the Dragon, and was accounted in his own person the only actor competent to present the Tarrasque. His Highness introduced also a new ritual into the consecration of the Boy Bishop, and composed an entire set of grotesque music for the Festival of Asses. In short, his Grace's strength lies in those pleasing and becoming festivities which strew the path of edification with flowers, and send men dancing and singing on their way to Heaven.

'Now the good King René, feeling his own genius for such recreative compositions, resolved to exert it to the utmost, in the hope that he might thereby relieve the melancholy in which his daughter was plunged; and which infected all that approached her. It chanced, some short time since, that the Queen was absent for certain days, I know not where or on what business, but it gave the good king time to make his preparations. So, when his daughter returned, he with much importunity prevailed on her to make part of a religious procession to St. Sauveur, the principal church in Aix. The Queen, innocent of what was intended, decked herself with solemnity, to witness and partake of what she expected would prove a work of grave piety. But no sooner had she appeared on the esplanade in front of the palace than more than an hundred masks, dressed up like Turks, Jews, Saracens, Moors, and I

St. Victoire, and in front of the singular convent of the same name.

We have already said that the crest of the mountain, consisting entirely of one bare and solid rock, was divided by a cleft or opening into two heads or peaks, between which the convent was built, occupying all the space between them. The front of the building was of the most ancient and sombre cast of the old Gothic, or rather, as it has been termed, the Saxon; and in that respect corresponded with the savage exterior of the naked cliffs, of which the structure seemed to make a part, and by which it was entirely surrounded, excepting a small open space of more level ground, where, at the expense of much toil, and by carrying earth up the hill, from different spots where they could collect it in small quantities, the good fathers had been able to arrange the accommodations of a garden.

A bell summoned a lay-brother, the porter of this singularly situated monastery, to whom Arthur announced himself as an English merchant, Philipson by name, who came to pay his duty to Queen Margaret. The porter, with much respect, showed the stranger into the convent, and ushered him into a parlour, which, looking towards Aix, commanded an extensive and splendid prospect over the southern and western parts of Provence. This was the direction in which Arthur had approached the mountain from Aix; but the circuitous path by which he had ascended had completely carried him round the hill. The western side of the monastery, to which the parlour looked, commanded the noble view we have mentioned; and a species of balcony, which, connecting the two twin crags, at this place not above four or five yards asunder, ran along the front of the building, and appeared to be constructed for the purpose of enjoying it. But on stepping from one of the windows of the parlour upon this battlemented bartizan, Arthur became aware that the wall on which the parapet rested stretched along the edge of a precipice, which sunk sheer down five hundred feet at least from the foundations of the convent. Surprised and startled at finding himself on so giddy a verge, Arthur turned his eyes from the gulf beneath him to admire the distant landscape, partly illumined, with ominous lustre, by the now westerly sun. The setting beams showed in dark red splendour a vast variety of hill and dale, champaign and cultivated ground, with towns, churches, and castles, some of which rose from among trees, while others seemed founded on rocky eminences; others again lurked by the side of streams

or lakes, to which the heat and drought of the climate naturally attracted them.

The rest of the landscape presented similar objects when the weather was serene, but they were now rendered indistinct, or altogether obliterated, by the sullen shade of the approaching clouds, which gradually spread over great part of the horizon, and threatened altogether to eclipse the sun, though the lord of the horizon still struggled to maintain his influence, and, like a dying hero, seemed most glorious even in the moment of defeat. Wild sounds, like groans and howls, formed by the wind in the numerous caverns of the rocky mountain, added to the terrors of the scene, and seemed to foretell the fury of some distant storm, though the air in general was even unnaturally calm and breathless. In gazing on this extraordinary scene, Arthur did justice to the monks who had chosen this wild and grotesque situation, from which they could witness nature in her wildest and grandest demonstrations, and compare the nothingness of humanity with her awful convulsions.

So much was Arthur awed by the scene before him, that he had almost forgotten, while gazing from the bartizan, the important business which had brought him to this place, when it was suddenly recalled by finding himself in the presence of Margaret of Anjou, who, not seeing him in the parlour of reception, had stepped upon the balcony, that she might meet with him the sooner.

The Queen's dress was black, without any ornament except a gold coronal of an inch in breadth, restraining her long black tresses, of which advancing years, and misfortunes, had partly altered the hue. There was placed within the circlet a black plume with a red rose, the last of the season, which the good father who kept the garden had presented to her that morning, as the badge of her husband's house. Care, fatigue, and sorrow seemed to dwell on her brow and her features. To another messenger, she would in all probability have administered a sharp rebuke for not being alert in his duty to receive her as she entered; but Arthur's age and appearance corresponded with that of her loved and lost son. He was the son of a lady whom Margaret had loved with almost sisterly affection, and the presence of Arthur continued to excite in the dethroned queen the same feelings of maternal tenderness which had been awakened on their first meeting in the cathedral of Strasburg. She raised him as he kneeled at her feet, spoke to him with much kindness, and encouraged him to detail at full length his

know not whom besides, crowded around to offer her their homage, in the character of the Queen of Sheba; and a grotesque piece of music called them to arrange themselves for a ludicrous ballet, in which they addressed the Queen in the most entertaining manner, and with the most extravagant gestures. The Queen, stunned with the noise, and affronted with the petulance of this unexpected onset, would have gone back into the palace; but the doors had been shut by the King's order so soon as she set forth, and her retreat in that direction was cut off. Finding herself excluded from the palace, the Queen advanced to the front of the façade, and endeavoured by signs and words to appease the hubbub; but the maskers, who had their instructions, only answered with songs, music, and shouts.'

'I would,' said Arthur, 'there had been a score of English yeomen in presence, with their quarter-staves, to teach the bawling villains respect for one that has worn the crown of England!'

'All the noise that was made before was silence and soft music,' continued Thiebault, 'till that when the good king himself appeared, grotesquely dressed in the character of King Solomon ——'

'To whom, of all princes, he has the least resemblance ——' said Arthur.

'With such capers and gesticulations of welcome to the Queen of Sheba as, I am assured by those who saw it, would have brought a dead man alive again, or killed a living man with laughing. Among other properties, he had in his hand a truncheon, somewhat formed like a fool's bauble ——'

'A most fit sceptre for such a sovereign ——' said Arthur.

'Which was headed,' continued Thiebault, 'by a model of the Jewish Temple, finely gilded and curiously cut in paste-board. He managed this with the utmost grace, and delighted every spectator by his gaiety and activity, excepting the Queen, who, the more he skipped and capered, seemed to be the more incensed, until, on his approaching her to conduct her to the procession, she seemed roused to a sort of frenzy, struck the truncheon out of his hand, and breaking through the crowd, who felt as if a tigress had leapt amongst them from a showman's cart, rushed into the royal court-yard. Ere the order of the scenic representation, which her violence had interrupted, could be restored, the Queen again issued forth, mounted and attended by two or three English cavaliers of her Majesty's suite. She forced her way through the crowd, without regard-

ing either their safety or her own, flew like a hail-storm along the streets, and never drew bridle till she was as far up this same Mont St. Victoire as the road would permit. She was then received into the convent, and has since remained there; and a vow of penance is the pretext to cover over the quarrel betwixt her and her father.'

'How long may it be,' said Arthur, 'since these things chanced?'

'It is but three days since Queen Margaret left Aix in the manner I have told you. But we are come as far up the mountain as men usually ride. See, yonder is the monastery rising betwixt two huge rocks, which form the very top of Mont St. Victoire. There is no more open ground than is afforded by the cleft, into which the convent of St. Mary of Victory is, as it were, niched; and the access is guarded by the most dangerous precipices. To ascend the mountain, you must keep that narrow path, which, winding and turning among the cliffs, leads at length to the summit of the hill, and the gate of the monastery.'

'And what becomes of you and the horses?' said Arthur.

'We will rest,' said Thiebault, 'in the hospital maintained by the good fathers at the bottom of the mountain, for the accommodation of those who attend on pilgrims; for I promise you the shrine is visited by many who come from afar, and are attended both by man and horse. Care not for me, I shall be first under cover; but there muster yonder in the west some threatening clouds, from which your seignorie may suffer inconvenience, unless you reach the convent in time. I will give you an hour to do the feat, and will say you are as active as a chamois hunter if you reach it within the time.'

Arthur looked around him, and did indeed remark a mustering of clouds in the distant west, which threatened soon to change the character of the day, which had hitherto been brilliantly clear, and so serene that the falling of a leaf might have been heard. He therefore turned him to the steep and rocky path which ascended the mountain, sometimes by scaling almost precipitous rocks, and sometimes by reaching their tops by a more circuitous process. It winded through thickets of wild boxwood and other low aromatic shrubs, which afforded some pasture for the mountain goats, but were a bitter annoyance to the traveller who had to press through them. Such obstacles were so frequent, that the full hour allowed by Thiebault had elapsed before he stood on the summit of Mont

father's message, and such other news as his brief residence at Dijon had made him acquainted with.

She demanded which way Duke Charles had moved with his army.

'As I was given to understand by the master of his artillery,' said Arthur, 'towards the Lake of Neufchatel, on which side he proposes his first attack on the Swiss.'

'The headstrong fool!' said Queen Margaret, 'he resembles the poor lunatic who went to the summit of the mountain that he might meet the rain half-way. Does thy father, then,' continued Margaret, 'advise me to give up the last remains of the extensive territories once the dominions of our royal house, and for some thousand crowns, and the paltry aid of a few hundred lances, to relinquish what is left of our patrimony to our proud and selfish kinsman of Burgundy, who extends his claim to our all, and affords so little help, or even promise of help, in return?'

'I should have ill discharged my father's commission,' said Arthur, 'if I had left your Highness to think that he recommends so great a sacrifice. He feels most deeply the Duke of Burgundy's grasping desire of dominion. Nevertheless, he thinks that Provence must, on King René's death, or sooner, fall either to the share of Duke Charles or to Louis of France, whatever opposition your Highness may make to such a destination; and it may be that my father, as a knight and a soldier, hopes much from obtaining the means to make another attempt on Britain. But the decision must rest with your Highness.'

'Young man,' said the Queen, 'the contemplation of a question so doubtful almost deprives me of reason.'

As she spoke, she sunk down as one who needs rest on a stone seat placed on the very verge of the balcony, regardless of the storm, which now began to rise with dreadful gusts of wind, the course of which being intermitted and altered by the crags round which they howled, it seemed as if in very deed Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, unchaining the winds from every quarter of heaven, were contending for mastery around the convent of Our Lady of Victory. Amid this tumult, and amid billows of mist which concealed the bottom of the precipice, and masses of clouds which racked fearfully over their heads, the roar of the descending waters rather resembled the fall of cataracts than the rushing of torrents of rain. The seat on which Margaret had placed herself was in a considerable degree sheltered from the storm, but its eddies, varying in every

direction, often tossed aloft her dishevelled hair; and we cannot describe the appearance of her noble and beautiful, yet ghastly and wasted, features, agitated strongly by anxious hesitation and conflicting thoughts, unless to those of our readers who have had the advantage of having seen our inimitable Siddons in such a character as this. Arthur, confounded by anxiety and terror, could only beseech her Majesty to retire before the fury of the approaching storm into the interior of the convent.

‘No,’ she replied with firmness; ‘roofs and walls have ears, and monks, though they have forsworn the world, are not the less curious to know what passes beyond their cells. It is in this place you must hear what I have to say. As a soldier you should scorn a blast of wind or a shower of rain; and to me, who have often held counsel amidst the sound of trumpets and clash of arms, prompt for instant fight, the war of elements is an unnoticed trifle. I tell thee, young Arthur Vere, as I would to your father — as I would to my son — if indeed Heaven had left such a blessing to a wretch forlorn —’

She paused, and then proceeded.

‘I tell thee, as I would have told my beloved Edward, that Margaret, whose resolutions were once firm and immovable as these rocks among which we are placed, is now doubtful and variable as the clouds which are drifting around us. I told your father, in the joy of meeting once more a subject of such inappreciable loyalty, of the sacrifices I would make to assure the assistance of Charles of Burgundy to so gallant an undertaking as that proposed to him by the faithful Oxford. But since I saw him I have had cause of deep reflection. I met my aged father only to offend, and, I say it with shame, to insult, the old man in presence of his people. Our tempers are as opposed as the sunshine, which a short space since gilded a serene and beautiful landscape, differs from the tempests which are now wasting it. I spurned with open scorn and contempt what he, in his mistaken affection, had devised for means of consolation, and, disgusted with the idle follies which he had devised for curing the melancholy of a dethroned queen, a widowed spouse, and, alas! a childless mother, I retired hither from the noisy and idle mirth, which was the bitterest aggravation of my sorrows. Such and so gentle is René’s temper, that even my unfilial conduct will not diminish my influence over him; and if your father had announced that the Duke of Burgundy, like a knight and a sovereign, had

cordially and nobly entered into the plan of the faithful Oxford, I could have found it in my heart to obtain the cession of territory his cold and ambitious policy requires, in order to ensure the assistance which he now postpones to afford till he has gratified his own haughty humour by settling needless quarrels with his unoffending neighbours. Since I have been here, and calmness and solitude have given me time to reflect, I have thought on the offences I have given the old man, and on the wrongs I was about to do him. My father, let me do him justice, is also the father of his people. They have dwelt under their vines and fig-trees, in ignoble ease, perhaps, but free from oppression and exaction, and their happiness has been that of their good king. Must I change all this? Must I aid in turning over these contented people to a fierce, headlong, arbitrary prince? May I not break even the easy and thoughtless heart of my poor old father, should I succeed in urging him to do so? These are questions which I shudder even to ask myself. On the other hand, to disappoint the toils, the venturous hopes of your father, to forego the only opportunity which may ever again offer itself of revenge on the bloody traitors of York, and restoration of the house of Lancaster! Arthur, the scene around us is not so convulsed by the fearful tempest and the driving clouds as my mind is by doubt and uncertainty.'

'Alas,' replied Arthur, 'I am too young and inexperienced to be your Majesty's adviser in a case so arduous. I would my father had been in presence himself.'

'I know what he would have said,' replied the Queen; 'but knowing all, I despair of aid from human counsellors. I have sought others, but they also are deaf to my entreaties. Yes, Arthur, Margaret's misfortunes have rendered her superstitious. Know, that beneath these rocks, and under the foundation of this convent, there runs a cavern, entering by a secret and defended passage a little to the westward of the summit, and running through the mountain, having an opening to the south, from which, as from this bartizan, you can view the landscape so lately seen from this balcony, or the strife of winds and confusion of clouds which we now behold. In the middle of this cavernous thoroughfare is a natural pit, or perforation, of great but unknown depth. A stone dropped into it is heard to dash from side to side, until the noise of its descent, thundering from cliff to cliff, dies away in distant and faint tinkling, less loud than that of a sheep's bell at a mile's distance. The common people, in their jargon, call this fearful gulf Lou Gara-

goule; and the traditions of the monastery annex wild and fearful recollections to a place in itself sufficiently terrible. Oracles, it is said, spoke from thence in pagan days, by subterranean voices, arising from the abyss; and from these the Roman general is said to have heard, in strange and uncouth rhymes, promises of the victory which gives name to this mountain. These oracles, it is averred, may be yet consulted after performance of strange rites, in which heathen ceremonies are mixed with Christian acts of devotion. The abbots of Mont St. Victoire have denounced the consultation of Lou Garagoule, and the spirits who reside there, to be criminal. But, as the sin may be expiated by presents to the church, by masses, and penances, the door is sometimes opened by the complaisant fathers to those whose daring curiosity leads them, at all risks, and by whatever means, to search into futurity. Arthur, I have made the experiment, and am even now returned from the gloomy cavern, in which, according to the traditional ritual, I have spent six hours by the margin of the gulf, a place so dismal, that after its horrors even this tempestuous scene is refreshing.'

The Queen stopped, and Arthur, the more struck with the wild tale that it reminded him of his place of imprisonment at La Ferette, asked anxiously if her inquiries had obtained any answer.

'None whatever,' replied the unhappy princess. 'The demons of Garagoule, if there be such, are deaf to the suit of an unfortunate wretch like me, to whom neither friends nor fiends will afford counsel or assistance. It is my father's circumstances which prevent my instant and strong resolution. Were my own claims on this piping and paltry nation of troubadours alone interested, I could, for the chance of once more setting my foot in Merry England, as easily and willingly resign them and their paltry coronet as I commit to the storm this idle emblem of the royal rank which I have lost.'

As Margaret spoke, she tore from her hair the sable feather and rose which the tempest had detached from the circlet in which they were placed, and tossed them from the battlement with a gesture of wild energy. They were instantly whirled off in a bickering eddy of the agitated clouds, which swept the feather far distant into empty space, through which the eye could not pursue it. But while that of Arthur involuntarily strove to follow its course, a contrary gust of wind caught the

red rose and drove it back against his breast, so that it was easy for him to catch hold of and retain it.

'Joy—joy, and good fortune, royal mistress!' he said, returning to her the emblematic flower: 'the tempest brings back the badge of Lancaster to its proper owner.'

'I accept the omen,' said Margaret; 'but it concerns yourself, noble youth, and not me. The feather, which is borne away to waste and desolation, is Margaret's emblem. My eyes will never see the restoration of the line of Lancaster. But you will live to behold it, and to aid to achieve it, and to dye our red rose deeper yet in the blood of tyrants and traitors. My thoughts are so strangely poised, that a feather or a flower may turn the scale. But my head is still giddy and my heart sick. To-morrow you shall see another Margaret, and till then adieu.'

It was time to retire, for the tempest began to be mingled with fiercer showers of rain. When they re-entered the parlour, the Queen clapped her hands, and two female attendants entered.

'Let the father abbot know,' she said, 'that it is our desire that this young gentleman receive for this night such hospitality as befits an esteemed friend of ours. Till to-morrow, young sir, farewell.'

With a countenance which betrayed not the late emotion of her mind, and with a stately courtesy that would have become her when she graced the halls of Windsor, she extended her hand, which the youth saluted respectfully. After her leaving the parlour, the abbot entered, and in his attention to Arthur's entertainment and accommodation for the evening showed his anxiety to meet and obey Queen Margaret's wishes.

CHAPTER XXXI

Want you a man
Experienced in the world and its affairs?
Here he is for your purpose. He's a monk.
He hath forsworn the world and all its work,
The rather that he knows it passing well,
Special the worst of it, for he's a monk.

Old Play.

WHILE the dawn of the morning was yet grey, Arthur was awakened by a loud ringing at the gate of the monastery, and presently afterwards the porter entered the cell which had been allotted to him for his lodgings, to tell him that, if his name was Arthur Philipson, a brother of their order had brought him despatches from his father. The youth started up, hastily attired himself, and was introduced in the parlour to a Carmelite monk, being of the same order with the community of St. Victoire.

'I have ridden many a mile, young man, to present you with this letter,' said the monk, 'having undertaken to your father that it should be delivered without delay. I came to Aix last night during the storm, and learning at the palace that you had ridden hither, I mounted as soon as the tempest abated, and here I am.'

'I am beholden to you, father,' said the youth, 'and if I could repay your pains with a small donative to your convent——'

'By no means,' answered the good father; 'I took my personal trouble out of friendship to your father, and mine own errand led me this way. The expenses of my long journey have been amply provided for. But open your packet, I can answer your questions at leisure.'

The young man accordingly stepped into an embrasure of the window, and read as follows:—

'SON ARTHUR—Touching the state of the country, in so far as concerns the safety of travelling, know that the same is

precarious. The Duke hath taken the towns of Brie and Granson, and put to death five hundred men whom he made prisoners in garrison there. But the Confederates are approaching with a large force, and God will judge for the right. Howsoever the game may go, these are sharp wars, in which little quarter is spoken of on either side, and therefore there is no safety for men of our profession till something decisive shall happen. In the meantime, you may assure the widowed lady that our correspondent continues well disposed to purchase the property which she has in hand; but will scarce be able to pay the price till his present pressing affairs shall be settled, which I hope will be in time to permit us to embark the funds in the profitable adventure I told our friend of. I have employed a friar, travelling to Provence, to carry this letter, which I trust will come safe. The bearer may be trusted.

‘Your affectionate father,

‘JOHN PHILIPSON.’

Arthur easily comprehended the latter part of the epistle, and rejoiced he had received it at so critical a moment. He questioned the Carmelite on the amount of the Duke’s army, which the monk stated to amount to sixty thousand men, while he said the Confederates, though making every exertion, had not yet been able to assemble the third part of that number. The young Ferrand de Vaudemont was with their army, and had received, it was thought, some secret assistance from France; but as he was little known in arms, and had few followers, the empty title of general which he bore added little to the strength of the Confederates. Upon the whole, he reported that every chance appeared to be in favour of Charles, and Arthur, who looked upon his success as presenting the only chance in favour of his father’s enterprise, was not a little pleased to find it ensured, as far as depended on a great superiority of force. He had no leisure to make farther inquiries, for the Queen at that moment entered the apartment, and the Carmelite, learning her quality, withdrew from her presence in deep reverence.

The paleness of her complexion still bespoke the fatigues of the day preceding; but, as she graciously bestowed on Arthur the greetings of the morning, her voice was firm, her eye clear, and her countenance steady. ‘I meet you,’ she said, ‘not as I left you, but determined in my purpose. I am satisfied that,

if René does not voluntarily yield up his throne of Provence, by some step like that which we propose, he will be hurled from it by violence, in which, it may be, his life will not be spared. We will, therefore, to work with all speed. The worst is, that I cannot leave this convent till I have made the necessary penances for having visited the Garagoule, without performing which I were no Christian woman. When you return to Aix, inquire at the palace for my secretary, with whom this line will give you credence. I have, even before this door of hope opened to me, endeavoured to form an estimate of King René's situation, and collected the documents for that purpose. Tell him to send me, duly sealed and under fitting charge, the small cabinet hooped with silver. Hours of penance for past errors may be employed to prevent others; and, from the contents of that cabinet, I shall learn whether I am, in this weighty matter, sacrificing my father's interests to my own half-desperate hopes. But of this I have little or no doubt. I can cause the deeds of resignation and transference to be drawn up here under my own direction, and arrange the execution of them when I return to Aix, which shall be the first moment after my penance is concluded.'

'And this letter, gracious madam,' said Arthur, 'will inform you what events are approaching, and of what importance it may be to take time by the forelock. Place me but in possession of these momentous deeds, and I will travel night and day till I reach the Duke's camp. I shall find him most likely in the moment of victory, and with his heart too much open to refuse a boon to the royal kinswoman who is surrendering to him all. We will, we must in such an hour obtain princely succours; and we shall soon see if the licentious Edward of York, the savage Richard, the treacherous and perjured Clarence, are hereafter to be lords of Merry England, or whether they must give place to a more rightful sovereign and better man. But O! royal madam, all depends on haste.'

'True; yet a few days may, nay, must, cast the die between Charles and his opponents; and, ere making so great a surrender, it were as well to be assured that he whom we would propitiate is in capacity to assist us. All the events of a tragic and varied life have led me to see there is no such thing as an inconsiderable enemy. I will make haste, however, trusting in the interim we may have good news from the banks of the lake at Neufchatel.'

'But who shall be employed to draw these most important deeds?' said the young man.

Margaret mused ere she replied — 'The father guardian is complaisant, and I think faithful; but I would not willingly repose confidence in one of the Provençal monks. Stay, let me think; your father says the Carmelite who brought the letter may be trusted — he shall do the turn. He is a stranger, and will be silent for a piece of money. Farewell, Arthur de Vere. You will be treated with all hospitality by my father. If thou dost receive farther tidings, thou wilt let me know them; or, should I have instructions to send, thou wilt hear from me. So, *benedicite*.'

Arthur proceeded to wind down the mountain at a much quicker pace than he had ascended on the day before. The weather was now gloriously serene, and the beauties of vegetation, in a country where it never totally slumbers, were at once delicious and refreshing. His thoughts wandered from the crags of Mont St. Victoire to the cliff of the canton of Unterwalden, and fancy recalled the moments when his walks through such scenery were not solitary, but when there was a form by his side whose simple beauty was engraved on his memory. Such thoughts were of a preoccupying nature, and I grieve to say that they entirely drowned the recollection of the mysterious caution given him by his father, intimating that Arthur might not be able to comprehend such letters as he should receive from him till they were warmed before a fire.

The first thing which reminded him of this singular caution was the seeing a chafing-dish of charcoal in the kitchen of the hostelry at the bottom of the mountain, where he found Thiebault and his horses. This was the first fire which he had seen since receiving his father's letter, and it reminded him not unnaturally of what the Earl had recommended. Great was his surprise to see that, after exposing the paper to the fire as if to dry it, a word emerged in an important passage of the letter, and the concluding words now read — 'The bearer may not be trusted.' Wellnigh choked with shame and vexation, Arthur could think of no other remedy than instantly to return to the convent and acquaint the Queen with this discovery, which he hoped still to convey to her in time to prevent any risk being incurred by the Carmelite's treachery.

Incensed at himself, and eager to redeem his fault, he bent his manly breast against the steep hill, which was probably never scaled in so short time as by the young heir of De Vere;

for, within forty minutes from his commencing the ascent, he stood breathless and panting in the presence of Queen Margaret, who was alike surprised at his appearance and his exhausted condition.

'Trust not the Carmelite!' he exclaimed. 'You are betrayed, noble Queen, and it is by my negligence. Here is my dagger; bid me strike it into my heart!'

Margaret demanded and obtained a more special explanation, and when it was given, she said, 'It is an unhappy chance; but your father's instructions ought to have been more distinct. I have told yonder Carmelite the purpose of the contracts, and engaged with him to draw them. He has but now left me to serve at the choir. There is no withdrawing the confidence I have unhappily placed; but I can easily prevail with the father guardian to prevent the monk from leaving the convent till we are indifferent to his secrecy. It is our best chance to secure it, and we will take care that what inconvenience he sustains by his detention shall be well recompensed. Meanwhile, rest thou, good Arthur, and undo the throat of thy mantle. Poor youth, thou art wellnigh exhausted with thy haste.'

Arthur obeyed, and sat down on a seat in the parlour; for the speed which he had exerted rendered him almost incapable of standing.

'If I could but see,' he said, 'the false monk, I would find a way to charm him to secrecy!'

'Better leave him to me,' said the Queen; 'and in a word, I forbid you to meddle with him. The coif can treat better with the cowl than the casque can do. Say no more of him. I joy to see you wear around your neck the holy relic I bestowed on you; but what Moorish charmlet is that you wear beside it? Alas! I need not ask. Your heightened colour, almost as deep as when you entered a quarter of an hour hence [since], confesses a true-love token. Alas! poor boy, hast thou not only such a share of thy country's woes to bear, but also thine own load of affliction, not the less poignant now that future time will show thee how fantastic it is? Margaret of Anjou could once have aided wherever thy affections were placed; but now she can only contribute to the misery of her friends, not to their happiness. But this lady of the charm, Arthur, is she fair — is she wise and virtuous — is she of noble birth — and does she love?' She perused his countenance with the glance of an eagle, and continued, 'To all thou wouldst answer "Yes," if

shamefacedness permitted thee. Love her then in turn, my gallant boy, for love is the parent of brave actions. Go, my noble youth; high-born and loyal, valorous and virtuous, enamoured and youthful, to what mayst thou not rise? The chivalry of ancient Europe only lives in a bosom like thine. Go, and let the praises of a queen fire thy bosom with the love of honour and achievement. In three days we meet at Aix.'

Arthur, highly gratified with the Queen's condescension, once more left her presence.

Returning down the mountain with a speed very different from that which he had used in the ascent, he again found his Provençal squire, who had remained in much surprise at witnessing the confusion in which his master had left the inn, almost immediately after he had entered it without any apparent haste or agitation. Arthur explained his hasty return by alleging he had forgot his purse at the convent. 'Nay, in that case,' said Thiebault, 'considering what you left and where you left it, I do not wonder at your speed, though, Our Lady save me, as I never saw living creature, save a goat with a wolf at his heels, make his way over crag and briers with half such rapidity as you did.'

They reached Aix after about an hour's riding, and Arthur lost no time in waiting upon the good King René, who gave him a kind reception, both in respect of the letter from the Duke of Burgundy and in consideration of his being an Englishman, the avowed subject of the unfortunate Margaret. The placable monarch soon forgave his young guest the want of complaisance with which he had eschewed to listen to his compositions; and Arthur speedily found that to apologise for his want of breeding in that particular was likely to lead to a great deal more rehearsing than he could find patience to tolerate. He could only avoid the old king's extreme desire to recite his own poems and perform his own music by engaging him in speaking of his daughter Margaret. Arthur had been sometimes induced to doubt the influence which the Queen boasted herself to possess over her aged father; but, on being acquainted with him personally, he became convinced that her powerful understanding and violent passions inspired the feeble-minded and passive king with a mixture of pride, affection, and fear, which united to give her the most ample authority over him.

Although she had parted with him but a day or two since, and in a manner so ungracious on her side, René was as much overjoyed at hearing of the probability of her speedy return as

the fondest father could have been at the prospect of being reunited to the most dutiful child, whom he had not seen for years. The old king was impatient as a boy for the day of her arrival, and, still strangely unenlightened on the difference of her taste from his own, he was with difficulty induced to lay aside a project of meeting her in the character of old Palemon —

The prince of shepherds, and their pride —

at the head of an Arcadian procession of nymphs and swains, to inspire whose choral dances and songs every pipe and tambourine in the country was to be placed in requisition. Even the old seneschal, however, intimated his disapprobation of this species of *joyeuse entrée*; so that René suffered himself at length to be persuaded that the Queen was too much occupied by the religious impressions to which she had been of late exposed to receive any agreeable sensation from sights or sounds of levity. The King gave way to reasons which he could not sympathise with; and thus Margaret escaped the shock of welcome, which would perhaps have driven her in her impatience back to the mountain of St. Victoire, and the sable cavern of Lou Garagoule.

During the time of her absence, the days of the court of Provence were employed in sports and rejoicings of every description — tilting at the barrier with blunted spears, riding at the ring, parties for hare-hunting and falconry, frequented by the youth of both sexes, in the company of whom the King delighted, while the evenings were consumed in dancing and music.

Arthur could not but be sensible that not long since all this would have made him perfectly happy; but the last months of his existence had developed his understanding and passions. He was now initiated in the actual business of human life, and looked on its amusements with an air of something like contempt; so that among the young and gay noblesse who composed this merry court he acquired the title of the youthful philosopher, which was not bestowed upon him, it may be supposed, as inferring anything of peculiar compliment.

On the fourth day news were received, by an express messenger, that Queen Margaret would enter Aix before the hour of noon, to resume her residence in her father's palace. The good King René seemed, as it drew nigh, to fear the interview with his daughter as much as he had previously desired it, and contrived to make all around him partake of his fidgety anxiety. He tormented his steward and cooks to recollect what dishes

they had ever observed her to taste of with approbation; he pressed the musicians to remember the tunes which she approved, and when one of them boldly replied he had never known her Majesty endure any strain with patience, the old monarch threatened to turn him out of his service for slandering the taste of his daughter. The banquet was ordered to be served at half-past eleven, as if accelerating it would have had the least effect upon hurrying the arrival of the expected guests; and the old king, with his napkin over his arm, traversed the hall from window to window, wearying every one with questions whether they saw anything of the Queen of England. Exactly as the bells tolled noon, the Queen, with a very small retinue, chiefly English, and in mourning habits like herself, rode into the town of Aix. King René, at the head of his court, failed not to descend from the front of his stately palace and move along the street to meet his daughter. Lofty, proud, and jealous of incurring ridicule, Margaret was not pleased with this public greeting in the market-place. But she was desirous at present to make amends for her late petulance, and therefore she descended from her palfrey; and although something shocked at seeing René equipped with a napkin, she humbled herself to bend the knee to him, asking at once his blessing and forgiveness.

‘Thou hast — thou hast my blessing, my suffering dove,’ said the simple king to the proudest and most impatient princess that ever wept for a lost crown. ‘And for thy pardon, how canst thou ask it, who never didst me an offence since God made me father to so gracious a child? Rise — I say rise; nay, it is for me to ask thy pardon. True, I said in my ignorance, and thought within myself, that my heart had indited a goodly thing; but it vexed thee. It is therefore for me to crave pardon.’ And down sunk good King René upon both knees; and the people, who are usually captivated with anything resembling the ‘trick of the scene, applauded with much noise, and some smothered laughter, a situation in which the royal daughter and her parent seemed about to rehearse the scene of the Roman Charity.

Margaret, sensitively alive to shame, and fully aware that her present position was sufficiently ludicrous in its publicity at least, signed sharply to Arthur, whom she saw in the King’s suite, to come to her; and, using his arm to rise, she muttered to him aside, and in English — ‘To what saint shall I vow myself, that I may preserve patience when I so much need it?’

‘For pity’s sake, royal madam, recall your firmness of mind

and composure,' whispered her esquire, who felt at the moment more embarrassed than honoured by his distinguished office, for he could feel that the Queen actually trembled with vexation and impatience.

They at length resumed their route to the palace, the father and daughter arm in arm—a posture most agreeable to Margaret, who could bring herself to endure her father's effusions of tenderness, and the general tone of his conversation, so that he was not overheard by others. In the same manner, she bore with laudable patience the teasing attentions which he addressed to her at table, noticed some of his particular courtiers, inquired after others, led the way to his favourite subjects of conversation on poetry, painting, and music, till the good king was as much delighted with the unwonted civilities of his daughter as ever was lover with the favourable confessions of his mistress, when, after years of warm courtship, the ice of her bosom is at length thawed. It cost the haughty Margaret an effort to bend herself to play this part. Her pride rebuked her for stooping to flatter her father's foibles in order to bring him over to the resignation of his dominions; yet, having undertaken to do so, and so much having been already hazarded upon this sole remaining chance of success in an attack upon England, she saw, or was willing to see, no alternative.

Betwixt the banquet and the ball by which it was to be followed, the Queen sought an opportunity of speaking to Arthur.

'Bad news, my sage counsellor,' she said. 'The Carmelite never returned to the convent after the service was over. Having learned that you had come back in great haste, he had, I suppose, concluded he might stand in suspicion, so he left the convent of Mont St. Victoire.'

'We must hasten the measures which your Majesty has resolved to adopt,' answered Arthur.

'I will speak with my father to-morrow. Meanwhile, you must enjoy the pleasures of the evening, for to you they may be pleasures. Young lady of Boisgelin, I give you this cavalier to be your partner for the evening.'

The black-eyed and pretty Provençale courtesied with due decorum, and glanced at the handsome young Englishman with an eye of approbation; but, whether afraid of his character as a philosopher or his doubtful rank, added the saving clause—
'If my mother approves.'

'Your mother, damsel, will scarce, I think, disapprove of

any partner whom you receive from the hands of Margaret of Anjou. Happy privilege of youth,' she added with a sigh, as the youthful couple went off to take their place in the *bransle*, 'which can snatch a flower even on the roughest road!'

Arthur acquitted himself so well during the evening, that perhaps the young countess was only sorry that so gay and handsome a gallant limited his compliments and attentions within the cold bounds of that courtesy enjoined by the rules of ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXII

For I have given here my full consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king,
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud Majesty a subject, state a peasant.

Richard II.

THE next day opened a grave scene. King René had not forgotten to arrange the pleasures of the day, when, to his horror and discomfiture, Margaret demanded an interview upon serious business. If there was a proposition in the world which René from his soul detested, it was any that related to the very name of business.

‘What was it that his child wanted?’ he said. ‘Was it money? He would give her whatever ready sums he had, though he owned his exchequer was somewhat bare; yet he had received his income for the season. It was ten thousand crowns. How much should he desire to be paid to her—the half, three parts, or the whole? All was at her command.’

‘Alas, my dear father,’ said Margaret, ‘it is not my affairs, but your own, on which I desire to speak with you.’

‘If the affairs are mine,’ said René, ‘I am surely master to put them off to another day—to some rainy, dull day, fit for no better purpose. See, my love, the hawking-party are all on their steeds and ready, the horses are neighing and pawing, the gallants and maidens mounted, and ready with hawk on fist, the spaniels struggling in the leash. It were a sin, with wind and weather to friend, to lose so lovely a morning.’

‘Let them ride their way,’ said Queen Margaret, ‘and find their sport; for the matter I have to speak concerning involves honour and rank, life and means of living.’

‘Nay, but I have to hear and judge between Calezon and John of Acqua Mortis, the two most celebrated troubadours.’

‘Postpone their cause till to-morrow,’ said Margaret, ‘and dedicate an hour or two to more important affairs.’

'If you are peremptory,' replied King René, 'you are aware, my child, I cannot say you nay.'

And with reluctance he gave orders for the hawkers to go on and follow their sport, as he could not attend them that day.

The old king then suffered himself, like an unwilling greyhound withheld from the chase, to be led into a separate apartment. To ensure privacy, Margaret stationed her secretary Mordaunt, with Arthur, in an ante-chamber, giving them orders to prevent all intrusion.

'Nay, for myself, Margaret,' said the good-natured old man, 'since it must be, I consent to be put *au secret*; but why keep old Mordaunt from taking a walk in this beautiful morning, and why prevent young Arthur from going forth with the rest? I promise you, though they term him a philosopher, yet he showed as light a pair of heels last night, with the young Countess de Boisgelin, as any gallant in Provence.'

'They are come from a country,' said Margaret, 'in which men are trained from infancy to prefer their duty to their pleasure.'

The poor king, led into the council-closet, saw with internal shuddering the fatal cabinet of ebony, bound with silver, which had never been opened but to overwhelm him with weariness, and dolefully calculated how many yawns he must strangle ere he sustained the consideration of its contents. They proved, however, when laid before him, of a kind that excited even his interest, though painfully.

His daughter presented him with a short and clear view of the debts which were secured on his dominions, and for which they were mortgaged in various pieces and parcels. She then showed him, by another schedule, the large claims of which payment was instantly demanded, to discharge which no funds could be found or assigned. The King defended himself like others in his forlorn situation. To every claim of six, seven, or eight thousand ducats, he replied by the assertion that he had ten thousand crowns in his chancery, and showed some reluctance to be convinced, till repeatedly urged upon him, that the same sum could not be adequate to the discharge of thirty times the amount.

'Then,' said the King, somewhat impatiently, 'why not pay off those who are most pressing, and let the others wait till receipts come round?'

'It is a practice which has been too often resorted to,'

replied the Queen, 'and it is but a part of honesty to pay creditors who have advanced their all in your Grace's service.'

'But are we not,' said René, 'king of both the Sicilies, Naples, Arragon, and Jerusalem? And why is the monarch of such fair kingdoms to be pushed to the wall, like a bankrupt yeoman, for a few bags of paltry crowns?'

'You are indeed monarch of these kingdoms,' said Margaret; 'but is it necessary to remind your Majesty that it is but as I am Queen of England, in which I have not an acre of land, and cannot command a penny of revenue? You have no dominions which are a source of revenue, save those which you see in this scroll, with an exact list of the income they afford. It is totally inadequate, you see, to maintain your state and to pay the large engagements incurred to former creditors.'

'It is cruel to press me to the wall thus,' said the poor king. 'What can I do? If I am poor, I cannot help it. I am sure I would pay the debts you talk of, if I knew the way.'

'Royal father, I will show it you. Resign your useless and unavailing dignity, which, with the pretensions attending it, serves but to make your miseries ridiculous. Resign your rights as a sovereign, and the income which cannot be stretched out to the empty excesses of a beggarly court will enable you to enjoy, in ease and opulence, all the pleasures you most delight in as a private baron.'

'Margaret, you speak folly,' answered René, somewhat sternly. 'A king and his people are bound by ties which neither can sever without guilt. My subjects are my flock; I am their shepherd. They are assigned to my governance by Heaven, and I dare not renounce the charge of protecting them.'

'Were you in condition to do so,' answered the Queen, 'Margaret would bid you fight to the death. But don your harness, long disused, mount your war-steed, cry "René for Provence!" and see if a hundred men will gather round your standard. Your fortresses are in the hands of strangers; army you have none; your vassals may have good-will, but they lack all military skill and soldierlike discipline. You stand but the mere skeleton of monarchy, which France or Burgundy may prostrate on the earth, whichever first puts forth his arm to throw it down.'

The tears trickled fast down the old king's cheeks when this unflattering prospect was set before him, and he could not

forbear owning his total want of power to defend himself and his dominions, and admitting that he had often thought of the necessity of compounding for his resignation with one of his powerful neighbours.

‘It was thy interest, Margaret, harsh and severe as you are, which prevented my entering, before now, into measures most painful to my feelings, but perhaps best calculated for my advantage. But I had hoped it would hold on for my day; and thou, my child, with the talents Heaven has given thee, wouldst, I thought, have found remedy for distresses which I cannot escape otherwise than by shunning the thoughts of them.’

‘If it is in earnest you speak of my interest,’ said Margaret, ‘know, that your resigning Provence will satisfy the nearest, and almost the only, wish that my bosom can form; but, so judge me Heaven, as it is on your account, gracious sire, as well as mine, that I advise your compliance.’

‘Say no more on’t, child; give me the parchment of resignation and I will sign it. I see thou hast it ready drawn; let us sign it, and then we will overtake the hawkers. We must suffer woe, but there is little need to sit down and weep for it.’

‘Do you not ask,’ said Margaret, surprised at his apathy, ‘to whom you cede your dominions?’

‘What boots it,’ answered the King, ‘since they must be no more my own? It must be either to Charles of Burgundy or my nephew Louis—both powerful and politic princes. God send my poor people may have no cause to wish their old man back again, whose only pleasure was to see them happy and mirthful.’

‘It is to Burgundy you resign Provence,’ said Margaret.

‘I would have preferred him,’ answered René: ‘he is fierce, but not malignant. One word more—are my subjects’ privileges and immunities fully secured?’

‘Amplly,’ replied the Queen; ‘and your own wants of all kinds honourably provided for. I would not leave the stipulations in your favour in blank, though I might perhaps have trusted Charles of Burgundy where money alone is concerned.’

‘I ask not for myself; with my viol and my pencil, René the troubadour will be as happy as ever was René the king.’

So saying, with practical philosophy he whistled the burden of his last composed ariette, and signed away the rest of his

royal possessions without pulling off his glove or even reading the instrument.

'What is this?' he said, looking at another and separate parchment of much briefer contents. 'Must my kinsman Charles have both the Sicilies, Catalonia, Naples, and Jerusalem, as well as the poor remainder of Provence? Methinks, in decency, some greater extent of parchment should have been allowed to so ample a cession.'

'That deed,' said Margaret, 'only disowns and relinquishes all countenance of Ferrand de Vaudemont's rash attempt on Lorraine, and renounces all quarrel on that account against Charles of Burgundy.'

For once Margaret miscalculated the tractability of her father's temper. René positively started, coloured, and stammered with passion, as he interrupted her — '*Only* disown — *only* relinquish — *only* renounce the cause of my grandchild, the son of my dear Yolande — his rightful claims on his mother's inheritance! Margaret, I am ashamed for thee. Thy pride is an excuse for thy evil temper; but what is pride worth which can stoop to commit an act of dishonourable meanness? To desert, nay, disown, my own flesh and blood, because the youth is a bold knight under shield and disposed to battle for his right — I were worthy that harp and horn rung out shame on me, should I listen to thee.'

Margaret was overcome in some measure by the old man's unexpected opposition. She endeavoured, however, to show that there was no occasion, in point of honour, why René should engage in the cause of a wild adventurer, whose right, be it good, be it bad, was only upheld by some petty and under-hand supplies of money from France, and the countenance of a few of the restless banditti who inhabit the borders of all nations. But, ere René could answer, voices, raised to an unusual pitch, were heard in the ante-chamber, the door of which was flung open by an armed knight, covered with dust, who exhibited all the marks of a long journey.

'Here I am,' he said, 'father of my mother — behold your grandson — Ferrand de Vaudemont; the son of your lost Yolande kneels at your feet, and implores a blessing on him and his enterprise.'

'Thou hast it,' replied René, 'and may it prosper with thee, gallant youth, image of thy sainted mother — my blessings, my prayers, my hopes, go with you!'

'And you, fair aunt of England,' said the young knight,

addressing Margaret — ‘you who are yourself dispossessed by traitors, will you not own the cause of a kinsman who is struggling for his inheritance?’

‘I wish all good to your person, fair nephew,’ answered the Queen of England, ‘although your features are strange to me. But to advise this old man to adopt your cause, when it is desperate in the eyes of all wise men, were impious madness.’

‘Is my cause, then, so desperate?’ said Ferrand; ‘forgive me if I was not aware of it. And does my aunt Margaret say this, whose strength of mind supported Lancaster so long, after the spirits of her warriors had been quelled by defeat? What — forgive me, for my cause must be pleaded — what would you have said had my mother Yolande been capable to advise her father to disown your own Edward, had God permitted him to reach Provence in safety?’

‘Edward,’ said Margaret, weeping as she spoke, ‘was incapable of desiring his friends to espouse a quarrel that was irremediable. His, too, was a cause for which mighty princes and peers laid lance in rest.’

‘Yet Heaven blessed it not ——’ said Vaudemont.

‘Thine,’ continued Margaret, ‘is but embraced by the robber nobles of Germany, the upstart burghers of the Rhine cities, the paltry and clownish confederates of the cantons.’

‘But Heaven *has blessed it*,’ replied Vaudemont. ‘Know, proud woman, that I come to interrupt your treacherous intrigues — no petty adventurer, subsisting and maintaining warfare by sleight rather than force, but a conqueror from a bloody field of battle, in which Heaven has tamed the pride of the tyrant of Burgundy.’

‘It is false!’ said the Queen, starting. ‘I believe it not.’

‘It is true,’ said De Vaudemont, ‘as true as Heaven is above us. It is four days since I left the field of Granson, heaped with Burgundy’s mercenaries; his wealth, his jewels, his plate, his magnificent decorations, the prize of the poor Swiss, who scarce can tell their value. Know you this, Queen Margaret?’ continued the young soldier, showing the well-known jewel which decorated the Duke’s order of the Golden Fleece; ‘think you not the lion was closely hunted when he left such trophies as these behind him?’

Margaret looked with dazzled eyes and bewildered thoughts upon a token which confirmed the Duke’s defeat, and the extinction of her last hopes. Her father, on the contrary, was struck with the heroism of the young warrior — a quality which,

except as it existed in his daughter Margaret, had, he feared, taken leave of his family. Admiring in his heart the youth who exposed himself to danger for the meed of praise almost as much as he did the poets by whom the warrior's fame is rendered immortal, he hugged his grandson to his bosom, bidding him 'gird on his sword in strength,' and assuring him, if money could advance his affairs, he, King René, could command ten thousand crowns, any part, or the whole, of which was at Ferrand's command; thus giving proof of what had been said of him, that his head was incapable of containing two ideas at the same time.

We return to Arthur, who, with the Queen of England's secretary, Mordaunt, had been not a little surprised by the entrance of the Count de Vaudemont, calling himself Duke of Lorraine, into the ante-room, in which they kept a kind of guard, followed by a tall strong Swiss, with a huge halberd over his shoulder. The prince naming himself, Arthur did not think it becoming to oppose his entrance to the presence of his grandfather and aunt, especially as it was obvious that his opposition must have created an affray. In the huge staring halberdier, who had sense enough to remain in the ante-room, Arthur was not a little surprised to recognise Sigismund Biederman, who, after staring wildly at him for a moment, like a dog which suddenly recognises a favourite, rushed up to the young Englishman with a wild cry of gladness, and in hurried accents told him how happy he was to meet with him, and that he had matters of importance to tell him. It was at no time easy for Sigismund to arrange his ideas, and now they were altogether confused by the triumphant joy which he expressed for the recent victory of his countrymen over the Duke of Burgundy; and it was with wonder that Arthur heard his confused and rude, but faithful, tale.

'Look you, King Arthur, the Duke had come up with his huge army as far as Granson, which is near the outlet of the great lake of Neufchatel. There were five or six hundred Confederates in the place, and they held it till provisions failed, and then you know they were forced to give it over. But, though hunger is hard to bear, they had better have borne it a day or two longer, for the butcher Charles hung them all up by the neck, upon trees round the place; and there was no swallowing for them, you know, after such usage as that. Meanwhile, all was busy on our hills, and every man that had a sword or lance accoutred himself with it. We met at Neufchatel, and some Germans joined us with the noble Duke of

Lorraine. Ah, King Arthur, there is a leader! we all think him second but to Rudolph of Donnerhugel. You saw him even now — it was he that went into that room; and you saw him before — it is he that was the Blue Knight of Bâle; but we called him Laurenz then, for Rudolph said his presence among us must not be known to our father, and I did not know myself at that time who he really was. Well, when we came to Neufchatel we were a goodly company: we were fifteen thousand stout Confederates, and of others, Germans and Lorraine men, I will warrant you five thousand more. We heard that the Burgundian was sixty thousand in the field; but we heard, at the same time, that Charles had hung up our brethren like dogs, and the man was not among us — among the Confederates, I mean — who would stay to count heads, when the question was to avenge them. I would you could have heard the roar of fifteen thousand Swiss demanding to be led against the butcher of their brethren! My father himself, who, you know, is usually so eager for peace, now gave the first voice for battle; so, in the grey of the morning, we descended the lake towards Granson, with tears in our eyes and weapons in our hands, determined to have death or vengeance. We came to a sort of strait, between Vauxmoreux and the lake; there were horse on the level ground between the mountain and the lake, and a large body of infantry on the side of the hill. The Duke of Lorraine and his followers engaged the horse, while we climbed the hill to dispossess the infantry. It was with us the affair of a moment. Every man of us was at home among the crags, and Charles's men were stuck among them as thou wert, Arthur, when thou didst first come to Geierstein. But there were no kind maidens to lend them their hands to help them down. No — no, there were pikes, clubs, and halberds, many a one, to dash and thrust them from places where they could hardly keep their feet had there been no one to disturb them. So the horsemen, pushed by the Lorrainers, and seeing us upon their flanks, fled as fast as their horses could carry them. Then we drew together again on a fair field, which is *buon campagna*, as the Italian says, where the hills retire from the lake. But lo you, we had scarce arrayed our ranks, when we heard such a din and clash of instruments, such a trample of their great horses, such a shouting and crying of men, as if all the soldiers, and all the minstrels, in France and Germany, were striving which should make the loudest noise. Then there was a huge cloud of dust approaching us, and we began to see we must do

or die, for this was Charles and his whole army come to support his vanguard. A blast from the mountain dispersed the dust, for they had halted to prepare for battle. O, good Arthur, you would have given ten years of life but to have seen the sight! There were thousands of horse all in complete array, glancing against the sun, and hundreds of knights with crowns of gold and silver on their helmets, and thick masses of spears on foot, and cannon, as they call them. I did not know what things they were which they drew on heavily with bullocks and placed before their army, but I knew more of them before the morning was over. Well, we were ordered to draw up in a hollow square, as we are taught at exercise, and before we pushed forwards, we were commanded, as is the godly rule and guise of our warfare, to kneel down and pray to God, Our Lady, and the blessed saints; and we afterwards learned that Charles, in his arrogance, thought we asked for mercy. Ha! ha! a proper jest. If my father once knelt to him, it was for the sake of Christian blood and godly peace; but on the field of battle, Arnold Biederman would not have knelt to him and his whole chivalry, though he had stood alone with his sons on that field. Well, but Charles, supposing we asked grace, was determined to show us that we had asked it at a graceless face, for he cried, "Fire my cannon on the coward slaves; it is all the mercy they have to expect from me!" Bang—bang—bang—off went the things I told you of, like thunder and lightning; and some mischief they did, but the less that we were kneeling, and the saints doubtless gave the huge balls a hoist over the heads of those who were asking grace from them, but from no mortal creatures. So we had the signal to rise and rush on, and I promise you there were no sluggards. Every man felt ten men's strength. My halberd is no child's toy—if you have forgotten it, there it is—and yet it trembled in my grasp as if it had been a willow wand to drive cows with. On we went, when suddenly the cannon were silent, and the earth shook with another and continued growl and battering, like thunder under ground. It was the men-at-arms rushing to charge us. But our leaders knew their trade, and had seen such a sight before; it was "Halt, halt—kneel down in the front—stoop in the second rank—close shoulder to shoulder like brethren—lean all spears forward and receive them like an iron wall!" On they rushed, and there was a rending of lances that would have served the Unterwalden old women with splinters of firewood

for a twelvemonth. Down went armed horse — down went accoutred knight — down went banner and bannerman — down went peaked boot and crowned helmet, and of those who fell not a man escaped with life. So they drew off in confusion, and were getting in order to charge again, when the noble Duke Ferrand and his horsemen dashed at them in their own way, and we moved onward to support him. Thus on we pressed, and the foot hardly waited for us, seeing their cavalry so handled. Then if you had seen the dust and heard the blows! The noise of a hundred thousand thrashers, the flight of the chaff which they drive about, would be but a type of it. On my word, I almost thought it shame to dash about my halberd, the rout was so helplessly piteous. Hundreds were slain unresisting, and the whole army was in complete flight.'

'My father — my father!' exclaimed Arthur; 'in such a rout, what can have become of him?'

'He escaped safely,' said the Swiss — 'fled with Charles.'

'It must have been a bloody field ere he fled,' replied the Englishman.

'Nay,' answered Sigismund, 'he took no part in the fight, but merely remained by Charles; and prisoners said it was well for us, for that he is a man of great counsel and action in the wars. And as to flying, a man in such a matter must go back if he cannot press forward, and there is no shame in it, especially if you be not engaged in your own person.'

As he spoke thus, their conversation was interrupted by Mordaunt, with 'Hush — hush, the King and Queen come forth.'

'What am I to do?' said Sigismund, in some alarm. 'I care not for the Duke of Lorraine; but what am I to do when kings and queens enter?'

'Do nothing but rise, unbonnet yourself, and be silent.'

Sigismund did as he was directed.

King René came forth arm in arm with his grandson; and Margaret followed, with deep disappointment and vexation on her brow. She signed to Arthur as she passed, and said to him — 'Make thyself master of the truth of this most unexpected news, and bring the particulars to me. Mordaunt will introduce thee.'

She then cast a look on the young Swiss, and replied courteously to his awkward salutation. The royal party then left the room, René bent on carrying his grandson to the sporting-party, which had been interrupted, and Margaret to

seek the solitude of her private apartment, and await the confirmation of what she regarded as evil tidings.

They were no sooner passed, than Sigismund observed — ‘And so that is a king and queen! *Peste!* the King looks somewhat like old Jacomo, the violer, that used to scrape on the fiddle to us when he came to Geierstein in his rounds. But the Queen is a stately creature. The chief cow of the herd, who carries the bouquets and garlands, and leads the rest to the chalet, has not a statelier pace. And how deftly you approached her and spoke to her! I could not have done it with so much grace. But it is like that you have served apprenticeship to the court trade?’

‘Leave that for the present, good Sigismund,’ answered Arthur, ‘and tell me more of this battle.’

‘By St. Mary, but I must have some victuals and drink first,’ said Sigismund, ‘if your credit in this fine place reaches so far.’

‘Doubt it not, Sigismund,’ said Arthur; and, by the intervention of Mordaunt, he easily procured, in a more retired apartment, a collation and wine, to which the young Biederman did great honour, smacking his lips with much gusto after the delicious wines, to which, in spite of his father’s ascetic precepts, his palate was beginning to be considerably formed and habituated. When he found himself alone with a flask of *côté rôti* and a biscuit, and his friend Arthur, he was easily led to continue his tale of conquest.

‘Well — where was I? Oh, where we broke their infantry — well — they never rallied, and fell into greater confusion at every step — and we might have slaughtered one half of them, had we not stopt to examine Charles’s camp. Mercy on us, Arthur, what a sight was there! Every pavilion was full of rich clothes, splendid armour, and great dishes and flagons, which some men said were of silver; but I knew there was not so much silver in the world, and was sure they must be of pewter, rarely burnished. Here there were hosts of laced lackeys, and grooms, and pages, and as many attendants as there were soldiers in the army; and thousands, for what I knew, of pretty maidens. By the same token, both menials and maidens placed themselves at the disposal of the victors; but I promise you that my father was right severe on any who would abuse the rights of war. But some of our young men did not mind him, till he taught them obedience with the staff of his halberd. Well, Arthur, there was fine plundering, for the Germans and French that were with us rifled everything, and some of our men followed

the example — it is very catching. So I got into Charles's own pavilion, where Rudolph and some of his people were trying to keep out every one, that he might have the spoiling of it himself, I think; but neither he nor any Bernese of them all dared lay truncheon over my pate; so I entered, and saw them putting piles of pewter-trenchers, so clean as to look like silver, into chests and trunks. I pressed through them into the inner place, and there was Charles's pallet-bed — I will do him justice, it was the only hard one in his camp — and there were fine sparkling stones and pebbles lying about among gauntlets, boots, vambraces, and such-like gear. So I thought of your father and you, and looked for something, when what should I see but my old friend here (here he drew Queen Margaret's necklace from his bosom), which I knew, because you remember I recovered it from the *scharfgericht* at Brisach. "Oho! you pretty sparklers," said I, "you shall be Burgundian no longer, but go back to my honest English friends," and therefore —

'It is of immense value,' said Arthur, 'and belongs not to my father or to me, but to the queen you saw but now.'

'And she will become it rarely,' answered Sigismund. 'Were she but a score, or a score and a half, years younger, she were a gallant wife for a Swiss landholder. I would warrant her to keep his household in high order.'

'She will reward thee liberally for recovering her property,' said Arthur, scarce suppressing a smile at the idea of the proud Margaret becoming the housewife of a Swiss shepherd.

'How — reward!' said the Swiss. 'Bethink thee I am Sigismund Biederman, the son of the Landamman of Unterwalden. I am not a base lanzknecht, to be paid for courtesy with piastres. Let her grant me a kind word of thanks, or the matter of a kiss, and I am well contented.'

'A kiss of her hand, perhaps,' said Arthur, again smiling at his friend's simplicity.

'Umph, the hand! Well, it may do for a queen of some fifty years and odd, but would be poor homage to a Queen of May.'

Arthur here brought back the youth to the subject of his battle, and learned that the slaughter of the Duke's forces in the flight had been in no degree equal to the importance of the action.

'Many rode off on horseback,' said Sigismund; 'and our German *reiters* flew on the spoil, when they should have followed the chase. And besides, to speak truth, Charles's camp delayed our very selves in the pursuit; but had we gone

half a mile further, and seen our friends hanging on trees, not a Confederate would have stopped from the chase while he had limbs to carry him in pursuit.

'And what has become of the Duke?'

'Charles has retreated into Burgundy, like a boar who has felt the touch of the spear, and is more enraged than hurt; but is, they say, sad and sulky. Others report that he has collected all his scattered army, and immense forces besides, and has screwed his subjects to give him money, so that we may expect another brush. But all Switzerland will join us after such a victory.'

'And my father is with him?' said Arthur.

'Truly he is, and has in a right godly manner tried to set afoot a treaty of peace with my own father. But it will scarce succeed. Charles is as mad as ever; and our people are right proud of our victory, and so they well may. Nevertheless, my father for ever preaches that such victories, and such heaps of wealth, will change our ancient manners, and that the ploughman will leave his labour to turn soldier. He says much about it; but why money, choice meat and wine, and fine clothing should do so much harm, I cannot bring my poor brains to see. And many better heads than mine are as much puzzled. Here's to you, friend Arthur. This is choice liquor.'

'And what brings you and your general, Prince Ferrand, post to Nancy [Aix]?' said the young Englishman.

'Faith, you are yourself the cause of our journey.'

'I the cause?' said Arthur. 'Why, how could that be?'

'Why, it is said you and Queen Margaret are urging this old fiddling King René to yield up his territories to Charles, and to disown Ferrand in his claim upon Lorraine. And the Duke of Lorraine sent a man that you know well — that is, you do not know *him*, but you know some of his family, and he knows more of you than you wot — to put a spoke in your wheel, and prevent your getting for Charles the county of Provence, or preventing Ferrand being troubled or traversed in his natural rights over Lorraine.'

'On my word, Sigismund, I cannot comprehend you,' said Arthur.

'Well,' replied the Swiss, 'my lot is a hard one. All our house say that I can comprehend nothing, and I shall be next told that nobody can comprehend me. Well, in plain language, I mean my uncle, Count Albert, as he calls himself, of Geierstein — my father's brother.'

‘Anne of Geierstein’s father!’ echoed Arthur.

‘Ay, truly; I thought we should find some mark to make you know him by.’

‘But I never saw him.’

‘Ay, but you have though. An able man he is, and knows more of every man’s business than the man does himself. Oh! it was not for nothing that he married the daughter of a salamander!’

‘Pshaw, Sigismund, how can you believe that nonsense?’ answered Arthur.

‘Rudolph told me you were as much bewildered as I was that night at Graffslust,’ answered the Swiss.

‘If I were so, I was the greater ass for my pains,’ answered Arthur.

‘Well, but this uncle of mine has got some of the old conjuring books from the library at Arnheim, and they say he can pass from place to place with more than mortal speed; and that he is helped in his designs by mightier counsellors than mere men. Always, however, though so able and highly endowed, his gifts, whether coming from a lawful or unlawful quarter, bring him no abiding advantage. He is eternally plunged into strife and danger.’

‘I know few particulars of his life,’ said Arthur, disguising as much as he could his anxiety to hear more of him; ‘but I have heard that he left Switzerland to join the Emperor.’

‘True,’ answered the young Swiss, ‘and married the young Baroness of Arnheim; but afterwards he incurred my name-sake’s imperial displeasure, and not less that of the Duke of Austria. They say you cannot live in Rome and strive with the Pope; so my uncle thought it best to cross the Rhine, and betake himself to Charles’s court, who willingly received noblemen from all countries, so that they had good sounding names, with the title of count, marquis, baron, or such-like, to march in front of them. So my uncle was most kindly received; but within this year or two all this friendship has been broken up. Uncle Albert obtained a great lead in some mysterious societies, of which Charles disapproved, and set so hard at my poor uncle, that he was fain to take orders and shave his hair, rather than lose his head. But, though he cut off his hair, his brain remains as busy as ever; and although the Duke suffered him to be at large, yet he found him so often in his way, that all men believed he waited but an excuse for seizing upon him and putting him to death. But my uncle persists that he fears not

Charles; and that, duke as he is, Charles has more occasion to be afraid of him. And so you saw how boldly he played his part at La Ferette.'

'By St. George of Windsor,' exclaimed Arthur, 'the black priest of St. Paul's!'

'Oh ho! you understand me now. Well, he took it upon him that Charles would not dare to punish him for his share in De Hagenbach's death; and no more did he, although uncle Albert sat and voted in the Estates of Burgundy, and stirred them up all he could to refuse giving Charles the money he asked of them. But when the Swiss war broke out, uncle Albert became assured his being a clergyman would be no longer his protection, and that the Duke intended to have him accused of corresponding with his brother and countrymen; and so he appeared suddenly in Ferrand's camp at Neufchatel, and sent a message to Charles that he renounced his allegiance, and bid him defiance.'

'A singular story of an active and versatile man,' said the young Englishman.

'Oh, you may seek the world for a man like uncle Albert. Then he knows everything; and he told Duke Ferrand what you were about here, and offered to go and bring more certain information; ay, though he left the Swiss camp but five or six days before the battle, and the distance between Arles¹ and Neufchatel be four hundred miles complete, yet he met him on his return, when Duke Ferrand, with me to show him the way, was hastening hitherward, having set off from the very field of battle.'

'Met him!' said Arthur. 'Met whom? Met the black priest of St. Paul's?'

'Ay, I mean so,' replied Sigismund; 'but he was habited as a Carmelite monk.'

'A Carmelite!' said Arthur, a sudden light flashing on him; 'and I was so blind as to recommend his services to the Queen! I remember well that he kept his face much concealed in his cowl; and I, foolish beast, to fall so grossly into the snare! And yet perhaps it is as well the transaction was interrupted, since I fear, if carried successfully through, all must have been disconcerted by this astounding defeat.'

Their conversation had thus far proceeded, when Mordaunt, appearing, summoned Arthur to his royal mistress's apartment.

¹ [Should be Aix: the true distance from Neufchatel to Aix is about two hundred and fifty miles.]

In that gay palace, a gloomy room, whose windows looked upon some part of the ruins of the Roman edifice, but excluded every other object, save broken walls and tottering columns, was the retreat which Margaret had chosen for her own. She received Albert [Arthur] with a kindness more touching that it was the inmate of so proud and fiery a disposition — of a heart assailed with many woes, and feeling them severely.

‘Alas, poor Arthur!’ she said, ‘thy life begins where thy father’s threatens to end, in useless labour to save a sinking vessel. The rushing leak pours in its waters faster than human force can lighten or discharge. All — all goes wrong when our unhappy cause becomes connected with it. Strength becomes weakness, wisdom folly, and valour cowardice. The Duke of Burgundy, hitherto victorious in all his bold undertakings, has but to entertain the momentary thought of yielding succour to Lancaster, and behold his sword is broken by a peasant’s flail; and his disciplined army, held to be the finest in the world, flies like chaff before the wind; while their spoils are divided by renegade German hirelings and barbarous Alpine shepherds! What more hast thou learned of this strange tale?’

‘Little, madam, but what you have heard. The worst additions are, that the battle was shamefully cowardlike, and completely lost, with every advantage to have won it; the best, that the Burgundian army has been rather dispersed than destroyed, and that the Duke himself has escaped, and is rallying his forces in Upper Burgundy.’

‘To sustain a new defeat, or engage in a protracted and doubtful contest, fatal to his reputation as defeat itself. Where is thy father?’

‘With the Duke, madam, as I have been informed,’ replied Arthur.

‘Hie to him, and say I charge him to look after his own safety, and care no farther for my interests. This last blow has sunk me: I am without an ally, without a friend, without treasure —’

‘Not so, madam,’ replied Arthur. ‘One piece of good fortune has brought back to your Grace this inestimable relic of your fortunes.’ And producing the precious necklace, he gave the history of its recovery.

‘I rejoice at the chance which has restored these diamonds,’ said the Queen, ‘that in point of gratitude, at least, I may not be utterly bankrupt. Carry them to your father; tell him my

schemes are over, and my heart, which so long clung to hope, is broken at last. Tell him the trinkets are his own, and to his own use let him apply them. They will but poorly repay the noble earldom of Oxford, lost in the cause of her who sends them.'

'Royal madam,' said the youth, 'he assured my father would sooner live by service as a *schwarzreiter* than become a burden on your misfortunes.'

'He never yet disobeyed command of mine,' said Margaret; 'and this is the last I will lay upon him. If he is too rich or too proud to benefit by his queen's behest, he will find enough of poor Lancastrians who have fewer means or fewer scruples.'

'There is yet a circumstance I have to communicate,' said Arthur, and recounted the history of Albert of Geierstein, and the disguise of a Carmelite monk.

'Are you such a fool,' answered the Queen, 'as to suppose this man has any supernatural powers to aid him in his ambitious projects and his hasty journeys?'

'No, madam; but it is whispered that the Count Albert of Geierstein, or this black priest of St. Paul's, is a chief amongst the secret societies of Germany, which even princes dread whilst they hate them; for the man that can command a hundred daggers must be feared even by those who rule thousands of swords.'

'Can this person,' said the Queen, 'being now a churchman, retain authority amongst those who deal in life and death? It is contrary to the canons.'

'It would seem so, royal madam; but everything in these dark institutions differs from what is practised in the light of day. Prelates are often heads of a Vehmique bench, and the Archbishop of Cologne exercises the dreadful office of their chief, as Duke of Westphalia, the principal region in which these societies flourish.¹ Such privileges attach to the secret influence of the chiefs of this dark association as may well seem supernatural to those who are unapprised of circumstances of which men shun to speak in plain terms.'

'Let him be wizard or assassin,' said the Queen, 'I thank him for having contributed to interrupt my plan of the old man's cession of Provence, which, as events stand, would have stripped René of his dominions, without furthering our plan of invading England. Once more, be stirring with the dawn, and bend thy way back to thy father, and charge him to care for

¹ See Head of the Vehmick Tribunals. Note 10.

himself and think no more of me. Bretagne, where the heir of Lancaster resides, will be the safest place of refuge for its bravest followers. Along the Rhine, the Invisible Tribunal, it would seem, haunts both shores, and to be innocent of ill is no security; even here the proposed treaty with Burgundy may take air, and the Provençaux carry daggers as well as crooks and pipes. But I hear the horses fast returning from the hawking-party, and the silly old man, forgetting all the eventful proceedings of the day, whistling as he ascends the steps. Well, we will soon part, and my removal will be, I think, a relief to him. Prepare for banquet and ball, for noise and nonsense — above all, to bid adieu to Aix with morning dawn.'

Thus dismissed from the Queen's presence, Arthur's first care was to summon Thiebault to have all things in readiness for his departure; his next to prepare himself for the pleasures of the evening, not perhaps so heavily affected by the failure of his negotiation as to be incapable of consolation in such a scene; for the truth was, that his mind secretly revolted at the thoughts of the simple old king being despoiled of his dominions to further an invasion of England, in which, whatever interest he might have in his daughter's rights, there was little chance of success.

If such feelings were censurable, they had their punishment. Although few knew how completely the arrival of the Duke of Lorraine, and the intelligence he brought with him, had disconcerted the plans of Queen Margaret, it was well known there had been little love betwixt the Queen and his mother Yolande; and the young prince found himself at the head of a numerous party in the court of his grandfather, who disliked his aunt's haughty manners, and were wearied by the unceasing melancholy of her looks and conversation, and her undisguised contempt of the frivolities which passed around her. Ferrand, besides, was young, handsome, a victor just arrived from a field of battle, fought gloriously, and gained against all chances to the contrary. That he was a general favourite, and excluded Arthur Philipson, as an adherent of the unpopular Queen, from the notice her influence had on a former evening procured him, was only a natural consequence of their relative condition. But what somewhat hurt Arthur's feelings was to see his friend Sigismund the Simple, as his brethren called him, shining with the reflected glory of the Duke Ferrand of Lorraine, who introduced to all the ladies present the gallant young Swiss as Count Sigismund of Geierstein. His care had procured for his

follower a dress rather more suitable for such a scene than the country attire of the count, otherwise Sigismund Biederman.

For a certain time, whatever of novelty is introduced into society is pleasing, though it has nothing else to recommend it. The Swiss were little known personally out of their own country, but they were much talked of; it was a recommendation to be of that country. Sigismund's manners were blunt—a mixture of awkwardness and rudeness, which was termed frankness during the moment of his favour. He spoke bad French and worse Italian; it gave naïveté to all he said. His limbs were too bulky to be elegant; his dancing, for Count Sigismund failed not to dance, was the bounding and gambolling of a young elephant; yet they were preferred to the handsome proportions and courtly movements of the youthful Englishman, even by the black-eyed countess, in whose good graces Arthur had made some progress on the preceding evening. Arthur, thus thrown into the shade, felt as Mr. Pepys afterwards did when he tore his camlet cloak: the damage was not great, but it troubled him.

Nevertheless, the passing evening brought him some revenge. There are some works of art the defects of which are not seen till they are injudiciously placed in too strong a light, and such was the case with Sigismund the Simple. The quick-witted though fantastic Provençaux soon found out the heaviness of his intellect and the extent of his good-nature, and amused themselves at his expense by ironical compliments and well-veiled raillery. It is probable they would have been less delicate on the subject had not the Swiss brought into the dancing-room along with him his eternal halberd, the size, and weight, and thickness of which boded little good to any one whom the owner might detect in the act of making merry at his expense. But Sigismund did no further mischief that night, except that, in achieving a superb *entrechat*, he alighted with his whole weight on the miniature foot of his pretty partner, which he wellnigh crushed to pieces.

Arthur had hitherto avoided looking towards Queen Margaret during the course of the evening, lest he should disturb her thoughts from the channel in which they were rolling, by seeming to lay a claim on her protection. But there was something so whimsical in the awkward physiognomy of the maladroit Swiss, that he could not help glancing an eye to the alcove where the Queen's chair of state was placed, to see if she observed him. The very first view was such as to rivet

his attention. Margaret's head was reclined on the chair, her eyes scarcely open, her features drawn up and pinched, her hands closed with effort. The English lady of honour who stood behind her, old, deaf, and dim-sighted, had not discovered anything in her mistress's position more than the abstracted and indifferent attitude with which the Queen was wont to be present in body and absent in mind during the festivities of the Provençal court. But when Arthur, greatly alarmed, came behind the seat to press her attention to her mistress, she exclaimed, after a minute's investigation, 'Mother of Heaven, the Queen is dead!' And it was so. It seemed that the last fibre of life in that fiery and ambitious mind had, as she herself prophesied, given way at the same time with the last thread of political hope.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Toll, toll the bell !
Greatness is o'er,
The heart has broke,
To ache no more ;
An unsubstantial pageant all !
Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

Old Poem.

THE commotion and shrieks of fear and amazement which were excited among the ladies of the court by an event so singular and shocking had begun to abate, and the sighs, more serious though less intrusive, of the few English attendants of the deceased queen began to be heard, together with the groans of old King René, whose emotions were as acute as they were short-lived. The leeches had held a busy but unavailing consultation, and the body that was once a queen's was delivered to the priest of St. Sauveur, that beautiful church in which the spoils of pagan temples have contributed to fill up the magnificence of the Christian edifice. The stately pile was duly lighted up, and the funeral provided with such splendour as Aix could supply. The Queen's papers being examined, it was found that Margaret, by disposing of jewels and living at small expense, had realised the means of making a decent provision for life for her very few English attendants. Her diamond necklace, described in her last will as in the hands of an English merchant named John Philipson, or his son, or the price thereof, if by them sold or pledged, she left to the said John Philipson and his son Arthur Philipson, with a view to the prosecution of the design which they had been destined to advance, or, if that should prove impossible, to their own use and profit. The charge of her funeral rites was wholly entrusted to Arthur, called Philipson, with a request that they should be conducted entirely after the forms observed in England. This trust was expressed in an addition to her will, signed the very day on which she died.

Arthur lost no time in despatching Thiebault express to his father with a letter, explaining, in such terms as he knew would be understood, the tenor of all that had happened since he came to Aix, and above all, the death of Queen Margaret.

Finally, he requested directions for his motions, since the necessary delay occupied by the obsequies of a person of such eminent rank must detain him at Aix till he should receive them.

The old king sustained the shock of his daughter's death so easily, that on the second day after the event he was engaged in arranging a pompous procession for the funeral, and composing an elegy, to be sung to a tune also of his own composing, in honour of the deceased queen, who was likened to the goddesses of heathen mythology, and to Judith, Deborah, and all the other holy women, not to mention the saints of the Christian dispensation. It cannot be concealed that, when the first burst of grief was over, King René could not help feeling that Margaret's death cut a political knot which he might have otherwise found it difficult to untie, and permitted him to take open part with his grandson, so far indeed as to afford him a considerable share of the contents of the Provençal treasury, which amounted to no larger sum than ten thousand crowns. Ferrand, having received the blessing of his grandfather in a form which his affairs rendered most important to him, returned to the resolute whom he commanded; and with him, after a most loving farewell to Arthur, went the stout but simple-minded young Swiss, Sigismund Biederman.

The little court of Aix were left to their mourning. King René, for whom ceremonial and show, whether of a joyful or melancholy character, was always matter of importance, would willingly have bestowed on solemnising the obsequies of his daughter Margaret what remained of his revenue, but was prevented from doing so, partly by remonstrances from his ministers, partly by the obstacles opposed by the young Englishman, who, acting upon the presumed will of the dead, interfered to prevent any such fantastic exhibitions being produced at the obsequies of the Queen as had disgusted her during her life.

The funeral, therefore, after many days had been spent in public prayers and acts of devotion, was solemnised with the mournful magnificence due to the birth of the deceased, and with which the Church of Rome so well knows how to affect at once the eye, ear, and feelings.

Amid the various nobles who assisted on the solemn occasion, there was one who arrived just as the tolling of the great bells of St. Sauveur had announced that the procession was already on its way to the cathedral. The stranger hastily exchanged his travelling-dress for a suit of deep mourning, which was made after the fashion proper to England. So attired, he repaired to the cathedral, where the noble mien of the cavalier imposed such respect on the attendants, that he was permitted to approach close to the side of the bier; and it was across the coffin of the queen for whom he had acted and suffered so much that the gallant Earl of Oxford exchanged a melancholy glance with his son. The assistants, especially the English servants of Margaret, gazed on them both with respect and wonder, and the elder cavalier, in particular, seemed to them no unapt representative of the faithful subjects of England, paying their last duty at the tomb of her who had so long swayed the sceptre, if not faultlessly, yet always with a bold and resolved hand.

The last sound of the solemn dirge had died away, and almost all the funeral attendants had retired, when the father and son still lingered in mournful silence beside the remains of their sovereign. The clergy at length approached, and intimated they were about to conclude the last duties, by removing the body which had been lately occupied and animated by so haughty and restless a spirit to the dust, darkness, and silence of the vault, where the long-descended Counts of Provence awaited dissolution. Six priests raised the bier on their shoulders, others bore huge waxen torches before and behind the body; as they carried it down a private staircase which yawned in the floor to admit their descent. The last notes of the requiem, in which the churchmen joined, had died away along the high and fretted arches of the cathedral, the last flash of light which arose from the mouth of the vault had glimmered and disappeared, when the Earl of Oxford, taking his son by the arm, led him in silence forth into a small cloistered court behind the building, where they found themselves alone. They were silent for a few minutes, for both, and particularly the father, were deeply affected. At length the Earl spoke.

‘And this, then, is her end,’ said he. ‘Here, royal lady, all that we have planned and pledged life upon falls to pieces with thy dissolution! The heart of resolution, the head of policy is gone; and what avails it that the limbs of the enterprise still have motion and life? Alas, Margaret of Anjou! may

Heaven reward thy virtues, and absolve thee from the consequence of thine errors! Both belonged to thy station, and if thou didst hoist too high a sail in prosperity, never lived there princess who defied more proudly the storms of adversity, or bore up against them with such dauntless nobility of determination. With this event the drama has closed, and our parts, my son, are ended.'

'We bear arms, then, against the infidels, my lord?' said Arthur, with a sigh that was, however, hardly audible.

'Not,' answered the Earl, 'until I learn that Henry of Richmond, the undoubted heir of the house of Lancaster, has no occasion for my services. In these jewels of which you wrote me, so strangely lost and recovered, I may be able to supply him with resources more needful than either your services or mine. But I return no more to the camp of the Duke of Burgundy; for in him there is no help.'

'Can it be possible that the power of so great a sovereign has been overthrown in one fatal battle?' said Arthur.

'By no means,' replied his father. 'The loss at Granson was very great; but to the strength of Burgundy it is but a scratch on the shoulders of a giant. It is the spirit of Charles himself, his wisdom, at least, and his foresight, which have given way under the mortification of a defeat by such as he accounted inconsiderable enemies, and expected to have trampled down with a few squadrons of his men-at-arms. Then his temper is become froward, peevish, and arbitrary, devoted to those who flatter and, as there is too much reason to believe, betray him, and suspicious of those counsellors who give him wholesome advice. Even I have had my share of distrust. Thou knowest I refused to bear arms against our late hosts the Swiss, and he saw in that no reason for rejecting my attendance on his march. But since the defeat of Granson, I have observed a strong and sudden change, owing, perhaps, in some degree to the insinuations of Campo-basso, and not a little to the injured pride of the Duke, who was unwilling that an indifferent person in my situation, and thinking as I do, should witness the disgrace of his arms. He spoke in my hearing of lukewarm friends, cold-blooded neutrals—of those who, not being with him, must be against him. I tell thee, Arthur de Vere, the Duke has said that which touched my honour so nearly, that nothing but the commands of Queen Margaret and the interests of the house of Lancaster could have made me remain in his camp. That is over. My royal mistress has

no more occasion for my poor services ; the Duke can spare no aid to our cause, and if he could, we can no longer dispose of the only bribe which might have induced him to afford us succours. The power of seconding his views on Provence is buried with Margaret of Anjou.'

'What, then, is your purpose ?' demanded his son.

'I propose,' said Oxford, 'to wait at the court of King René until I can hear from the Earl of Richmond, as we must still call him. I am aware that banished men are rarely welcome at the court of a foreign prince ; but I have been the faithful follower of his daughter Margaret. I only propose to reside in disguise, and desire neither notice nor maintenance ; so methinks King René will not refuse to permit me to breathe the air of his dominions, until I learn in what direction fortune or duty shall call me.'

'Be assured he will not,' answered Arthur. 'René is incapable of a base or ignoble thought ; and if he could despise trifles as he detests dishonour, he might be ranked high in the list of monarchs.'

This resolution being adopted, the son presented his father at King René's court, whom he privately made acquainted that he was a man of quality, and a distinguished Lancastrian. The good king would in his heart have preferred a guest of lighter accomplishments and gayer temper to Oxford, a statesman and a soldier of melancholy and grave habits. The Earl was conscious of this, and seldom troubled his benevolent and light-hearted host with his presence. He had, however, an opportunity of rendering the old king a favour of peculiar value. This was in conducting an important treaty betwixt René and Louis XI. of France, his nephew. Upon that crafty monarch René finally settled his principality ; for the necessity of extricating his affairs by such a measure was now apparent even to himself, every thought of favouring Charles of Burgundy in the arrangement having died with Queen Margaret. The policy and wisdom of the English earl, who was entrusted with almost the sole charge of this secret and delicate measure, were of the utmost advantage to good King René, who was freed from personal and pecuniary vexations, and enabled to go piping and tabouring to his grave. Louis did not fail to propitiate the plenipotentiary, by throwing out distant hopes of aid to the efforts of the Lancastrian party in England. A faint and insecure negotiation was entered into upon the subject ; and these affairs, which rendered two journeys to Paris necessary on

the part of Oxford and his son in the spring and summer of the year 1476, occupied them until that year was half spent.

In the meanwhile, the wars of the Duke of Burgundy with the Swiss cantons and Count Ferrand of Lorraine continued to rage. Before midsummer 1476, Charles had assembled a new army of at least sixty thousand men, supported by one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, for the purpose of invading Switzerland, where the warlike mountaineers easily levied a host of thirty thousand Switzers, now accounted almost invincible, and called upon their confederates, the Free Cities on the Rhine, to support them with a powerful body of cavalry. The first efforts of Charles were successful. He overran the Pays de Vaud, and recovered most of the places which he had lost after the defeat at Granson. But, instead of attempting to secure a well-defended frontier, or, what would have been still more politic, to achieve a peace upon equitable terms with his redoubtable neighbours, this most obstinate of princes resumed the purpose of penetrating into the recesses of the Alpine mountains, and chastising the mountaineers even within their own strongholds, though experience might have taught him the danger, nay, desperation, of the attempt. Thus the news received by Oxford and his son, when they returned to Aix in midsummer, was, that Duke Charles had advanced to Morat (or Murten), situated upon a lake of the same name, at the very entrance of Switzerland. Here report said that Adrian de Bubenberg, a veteran knight of Berne, commanded and maintained the most obstinate defence, in expectation of the relief which his countrymen were hastily assembling.

'Alas, my old brother-in-arms!' said the Earl to his son, on hearing these tidings, 'this town besieged, these assaults repelled, this vicinity of an enemy's country, this profound lake, these inaccessible cliffs, threaten a second part of the tragedy of Granson, more calamitous perhaps than even the former!'

On the last week of July [June], the capital of Provence was agitated by one of those unauthorised, yet generally received, rumours which transmit great events with incredible swiftness, as an apple flung from hand to hand by a number of people will pass a given space infinitely faster than if borne by the most rapid series of expresses. The report announced a second defeat of the Burgundians, in terms so exaggerated as induced the Earl of Oxford to consider the greater part, if not the whole, as a fabrication.

CHAPTER XXXIV

And is the hostile troop arrived,
And have they won the day?
It must have been a bloody field
Ere Darwent fled away!

The Eltrick Shepherd.

SLEEP did not close the eyes of the Earl of Oxford or his son; for, although the success or defeat of the Duke of Burgundy could not now be of importance to their own private or political affairs, yet the father did not cease to interest himself in the fate of his former companion-in-arms; and the son, with the fire of youth, always eager after novelty,¹ expected to find something to advance or thwart his own progress in every remarkable event which agitated the world.

Arthur had risen from his bed, and was in the act of attiring himself, when the tread of a horse arrested his attention. He had no sooner looked out of the window than, exclaiming, 'News, my father — news from the army!' he rushed into the street, where a cavalier, who appeared to have ridden very hard, was inquiring for the two Philipsons, father and son. He had no difficulty in recognising Colvin, the master of the Burgundian ordnance. His ghastly look bespoke distress of mind; his disordered array and broken armour, which seemed rusted with rain or stained with blood, gave the intelligence of some affray in which he had probably been worsted; and so exhausted was his gallant steed, that it was with difficulty the animal could stand upright. The condition of the rider was not much better. When he alighted from his horse to greet Arthur, he reeled so much that he would have fallen without instant support. His horny eye had lost the power of speculation, his limbs possessed imperfectly that of motion, and it was with a half-suffocated voice that he muttered, 'Only fatigue — want of rest and of food.'

¹ Cupidus novarum rerum.

Arthur assisted him into the house, and refreshments were procured; but he refused all except a bowl of wine, after tasting which he set it down, and looking at the Earl of Oxford with an eye of the deepest affliction, he ejaculated, 'The Duke of Burgundy!'

'Slain?' replied the Earl; 'I trust not!'

'It might have been better if he were,' said the Englishman; 'but dishonour has come before death.'

'Defeated, then?' said Oxford.

'So completely and fearfully defeated,' answered the soldier, 'that all that I have seen of loss before was slight in comparison.'

'But how or where?' said the Earl of Oxford; 'you were superior in numbers, as we were informed.'

'Two to one at least,' answered Colvin; 'and when I speak of our encounter at this moment, I could rend my flesh with my teeth for being here to tell such a tale of shame. We had sat down for about a week before that paltry town of Murten, or Morat, or whatever it is called. The governor, one of those stubborn mountain bears of Berne, bade us defiance. He would not even condescend to shut his gates, but, when we summoned the town, returned for answer, we might enter if we pleased — we should be suitably received. I would have tried to bring him to reason by a salvo or two of artillery, but the Duke was too much irritated to listen to good counsel. Stimulated by that black traitor, Campo-basso, he deemed it better to run forward with his whole force upon a place which, though I could soon have battered it about their German ears, was yet too strong to be carried by swords, lances, and hagbuts. We were beaten off with great loss, and much discouragement to the soldiers. We then commenced more regularly, and my batteries would have brought these mad Switzers to their senses. Walls and ramparts went down before the lusty cannoneers of Burgundy; we were well secured also by intrenchments against those whom we heard of as approaching to raise the siege. But on the evening of the twentieth [twenty-first] of this month, we learned that they were close at hand, and Charles, consulting only his own bold spirit, advanced to meet them, relinquishing the advantage of our batteries and strong position. By his orders, though against my own judgment, I accompanied him with twenty good pieces, and the flower of my people. We broke up on the next morning, and had not advanced far before we saw the lances and thick array of halberds and two-handed swords

which crested the mountain. Heaven, too, added its terrors : a thunderstorm, with all the fury of those tempestuous climates, descended on both armies, but did most annoyance to ours, as our troops, especially the Italians, were more sensible to the torrents of rain which poured down, and the rivulets which, swelled into torrents, inundated and disordered our position. The Duke for once saw it necessary to alter his purpose of instant battle. He rode up to me, and directed me to defend with the cannon the retreat which he was about to commence, adding, that he himself would in person sustain me with the men-at-arms. The order was given to retreat. But the movement gave new spirit to an enemy already sufficiently audacious. The ranks of the Swiss instantly prostrated themselves in prayer — a practice on the field of battle which I have ridiculed, but I will do so no more. When, after five minutes, they sprung again on their feet, and began to advance rapidly, sounding their horns and crying their war-cries with all their usual ferocity, behold, my lord, the clouds of heaven opened, shedding on the Confederates the blessed light of the returning sun, while our ranks were still in the gloom of the tempest. My men were discouraged. The host behind them was retreating ; the sudden light thrown on the advancing Switzers showed along the mountains a profusion of banners, a glancing of arms, giving to the enemy the appearance of double the numbers that had hitherto been visible to us. I exhorted my followers to stand fast, but in doing so I thought a thought, and spoke a word, which was a grievous sin: "Stand fast, my brave cannoneers," I said, "we will presently let them hear louder thunders, and show them more fatal lightnings, than their prayers have put down !" My men shouted. But it was an impious thought — a blasphemous speech, and evil came after it. We levelled our guns on the advancing masses as fairly as cannon were ever pointed : I can vouch it, for I laid the Grand Duchess of Burgundy myself. Ah, poor Duchess ! what rude hands manage thee now ! The volley was fired, and ere the smoke spread from the muzzles I could see many a man and many a banner go down. It was natural to think such a discharge should have checked the attack, and whilst the smoke hid the enemy from us, I made every effort again to load our cannon, and anxiously endeavoured to look through the mist to discover the state of our opponents. But ere our smoke was cleared away, or the cannon again loaded, they came headlong down on us, horse and foot, old men and boys, men-at-arms and varlets, charging up to the muzzle of

the guns, and over them, with total disregard to their lives. My brave fellows were cut down, pierced through, and overrun, while they were again loading their pieces, nor do I believe that a single cannon was fired a second time.'

'And the Duke—' said the Earl of Oxford, 'did he not support you?'

'Most loyally and bravely,' answered Colvin, 'with his own body-guard of Walloons and Burgundians. But a thousand Italian mercenaries went off, and never showed face again. The pass, too, was cumbered with the artillery, and in itself narrow, bordering on mountains and cliffs, a deep lake close beside. In short, it was a place totally unfit for horsemen to act in. In spite of the Duke's utmost exertions, and those of the gallant Flemings who fought around him, all were borne back in complete disorder. I was on foot, fighting as I could, without hopes of my life, or indeed thoughts of saving it, when I saw the guns taken and my faithful cannoneers slain. But I saw Duke Charles hard pressed, and took my horse from my page that held him. Thou, too, art lost, my poor orphan boy! I could only aid Monseigneur de la Croye and others to extricate the Duke. Our retreat became a total rout, and when we reached our rear-guard, which we had left strongly encamped, the banners of the Switzers were waving on our batteries, for a large division had made a circuit through mountain passes known only to themselves, and attacked our camp, vigorously seconded by that accursed Adrian de Bubenbergh, who sallied from the beleaguered town, so that our entrenchments were stormed on both sides at once. I have more to say, but, having ridden day and night to bring you these evil tidings, my tongue clings to the roof of my mouth, and I feel that I can speak no more. The rest is all flight and massacre, disgraceful to every soldier that shared in it. For my part, I confess my contemptible self-confidence and insolence to man, as well as blasphemy to Heaven. If I live, it is but to hide my disgraced head in a cowl, and expiate the numerous sins of a licentious life.'

With difficulty the broken-minded soldier was prevailed upon to take some nourishment and repose, together with an opiate which was prescribed by the physician of King René, who recommended it as necessary to preserve even the reason of his patient, exhausted by the events of the battle and subsequent fatigue.

The Earl of Oxford, dismissing other assistance, watched alter-

nately with his son at Colvin's bedside. Notwithstanding the draught that had been administered, his repose was far from sound. Sudden starts, the perspiration which started from his brow, the distortions of his countenance, and the manner in which he clenched his fists and flung about his limbs, showed that in his dreams he was again encountering the terrors of a desperate and forlorn combat. This lasted for several hours; but about noon, fatigue and medicine prevailed over nervous excitement, and the defeated commander fell into a deep and untroubled repose till evening. About sunset he awakened, and, after learning with whom and where he was, he partook of refreshments, and, without any apparent consciousness of having told them before, detailed once more all the particulars of the battle of Murten.

'It were little wide of truth,' he said, 'to calculate that one half of the Duke's army fell by the sword or were driven into the lake. Those who escaped are great part of them scattered, never again to unite. Such a desperate and irretrievable rout was never witnessed. We fled like deer, sheep, or any other timid animals, which only remain in company because they are afraid to separate, but never think of order or of defence.'

'And the Duke?' said the Earl of Oxford.

'We hurried him with us,' said the soldier, rather from instinct than loyalty, as men flying from a conflagration snatch up what they have of value, without knowing what they are doing. Knight and knave, officer and soldier, fled in the same panic, and each blast of the horn of Uri in our rear added new wings to our flight.'

'And the Duke?' repeated Oxford.

'At first he resisted our efforts, and strove to turn back on the foe; but when the flight became general, he galloped along with us, without a word spoken or a command issued. At first we thought his silence and passiveness, so unusual in a temper so fiery, were fortunate for securing his personal safety. But when we rode the whole day, without being able to obtain a word of reply to all our questions, when he sternly refused refreshments of every kind, though he had tasted no food all that disastrous day, when every variation of his moody and uncertain temper was sunk into silent and sullen despair, we took counsel what was to be done, and it was by the general voice that I was despatched to entreat that you, for whose counsels alone Charles has been known to have had some occasional deference, would come instantly to his place of retreat, and exert all your influence

to awaken him from this lethargy, which may otherwise terminate his existence.'

'And what remedy can I interpose?' said Oxford. 'You know how he neglected my advice, when following it might have served my interest as well as his own. You are aware that my life was not safe among the miscreants that surrounded the Duke and exercised influence over him.'

'Most true,' answered Colvin; 'but I also know he is your ancient companion-in-arms, and it would ill become me to teach the noble Earl of Oxford what the laws of chivalry require. For your lordship's safety, every honest man in the army will give willing security.'

'It is for that I care least,' said Oxford indifferently; 'and if indeed my presence can be of service to the Duke — if I could believe that he desired it —'

'He does — he does, my lord,' said the faithful soldier, with tears in his eyes. 'We heard him name your name, as if the words escaped him in a painful dream.'

'I will go to him, such being the case,' said Oxford — 'I will go instantly. Where did he purpose to establish his headquarters?'

'He had fixed nothing for himself on that or other matters; but Monsieur de Contay named La Rivière, near Salins, in Upper Burgundy, as the place of his retreat.'

'Thither, then, will we, my son, with all haste of preparation. Thou, Colvin, hadst better remain here, and see some holy man, to be assoilzied for thy hasty speech on the battle-field of Morat. There was offence in it without doubt, but it will be ill atoned for by quitting a generous master when he hath most need of your good service; and it is but an act of cowardice to retreat into the cloister till we have no longer active duties to perform in this world.'

'It is true,' said Colvin, 'that, should I leave the Duke now, perhaps not a man would stay behind that could stell a cannon properly. The sight of your lordship cannot but operate favourably on my noble master, since it has waked the old soldier in myself. If your lordship can delay your journey till to-morrow, I will have my spiritual affairs settled, and my bodily health sufficiently restored, to be your guide to La Rivière; and, for the cloister, I will think of it when I have regained the good name which I have lost at Murten. But I will have masses said, and these right powerful, for the souls of my poor cannoneers.'

The proposal of Colvin was adopted, and Oxford, with his

son, attended by Thiebault, spent the day in preparation, excepting the time necessary to take formal leave of King René, who seemed to part with them with regret. In company with the ordnance officer of the discomfited duke, they traversed those parts of Provence, Dauphiné, and Franche-Compté which lie between Aix and the place to which the Duke of Burgundy had retreated; but the distance and inconvenience of so long a route consumed more than a fortnight on the road, and the month of July 1476 was commenced when the travellers arrived in Upper Burgundy, and at the Castle of La Rivière, about twenty miles to the south of the town of Salins. The castle, which was but of small size, was surrounded by very many tents, which were pitched in a crowded, disordered, and unsoldierlike manner, very unlike the discipline usually observed in the camp of Charles the Bold. That the Duke was present there, however, was attested by his broad banner, which, rich with all its quarterings, streamed from the battlements of the castle. The guard turned out to receive the strangers, but in a manner so disorderly, that the Earl looked to Colvin for explanation. The master of the ordnance shrugged up his shoulders and was silent.

Colvin having sent in notice of his arrival, and that of the English earl, Monsieur de Contay caused them presently to be admitted, and expressed much joy at their arrival.

'A few of us,' he said, 'true servants of the Duke, are holding counsel here, at which your assistance, my noble Lord of Oxford, will be of the utmost importance. Messieurs De la Croye, De Craon, Rubempré, and others, nobles of Burgundy, are now assembled to superintend the defence of the country at this exigence.'

They all expressed delight to see the Earl of Oxford, and had only abstained from thrusting their attentions on him the last time he was in the Duke's camp, as they understood it was his wish to observe incognito.

'His Grace,' said De Craon, 'has asked after you twice, and on both times by your assumed name of Philipson.'

'I wonder not at that, my Lord of Craon,' replied the English nobleman: 'the origin of the name took its rise in former days, when I was here during my first exile. It was then said that we poor Lancastrian nobles must assume other names than our own, and the good Duke Philip said, as I was brother-in-arms to his son Charles, I must be called after himself, by the name of Philipson. In memory of the good sovereign, I took that name when the day of need actually arrived, and I

see that the Duke thinks of our early intimacy by his distinguishing me so. How fares his Grace?’

The Burgundians looked at each other, and there was a pause.

‘Even like a man stunned, brave Oxford,’ at length De Contay replied. ‘Sieur d’Argenton,¹ you can best inform the noble Earl of the condition of our sovereign.’

‘He is like a man distracted,’ said the future historian of that busy period. ‘After the battle of Granson, he was never, to my thinking, of the same sound judgment as before. But then he was capricious, unreasonable, peremptory, and inconsistent, and resented every counsel that was offered, as if it had been meant in insult; was jealous of the least trespass in point of ceremonial, as if his subjects were holding him in contempt. Now there is a total change, as if this second blow had stunned him, and suppressed the violent passions which the first called into action. He is silent as a Carthusian, solitary as a hermit, expresses interest in nothing, least of all in the guidance of his army. He was, you know, anxious about his dress; so much so, that there was some affectation even in the rudenesses which he practised in that matter. But, woe’s me, you will see a change now: he will not suffer his hair or nails to be trimmed or arranged. He is totally heedless of respect or disrespect towards him, takes little or no nourishment, uses strong wines, which, however, do not seem to affect his understanding; he will hear nothing of war or state affairs, as little of hunting or of sport. Suppose an anchorite brought from a cell to govern a kingdom, you see in him, except in point of devotion, a picture of the fiery, active Charles of Burgundy.’

‘You speak of a mind deeply wounded, Sieur d’Argenton,’ replied the Englishman. ‘Think you it fit I should present myself before the Duke?’

‘I will inquire,’ said Contay; and leaving the apartment, returned presently, and made a sign to the Earl to follow him.

In a cabinet, or closet, the unfortunate Charles reclined in a large arm-chair, his legs carelessly stretched on a footstool, but so changed that the Earl of Oxford could have believed what he saw to be the ghost of the once fiery Duke. Indeed, the shaggy length of hair which, streaming from his head, mingled with his beard, the hollowness of the caverns at the bottom of which rolled his wild eyes, the falling in of the breast, and the advance of the shoulders, gave the ghastly

¹ Phillip des Comines, Sieur d’Argenton, author of *Historical Memoirs* (Laing). [See *Quentin Durward*, Notes 35, 45, pp. 444, 448.]

appearance of one who has suffered the final agony which takes from mortality the signs of life and energy. His very costume (a cloak flung loosely over him) increased his resemblance to a shrouded phantom. De Contay named the Earl of Oxford; but the Duke gazed on him with a lustreless eye, and gave him no answer.

'Speak to him, brave Oxford,' said the Burgundian, in a whisper; 'he is even worse than usual, but perhaps he may know your voice.'

Never, when the Duke of Burgundy was in the most palmy state of his fortunes, did the noble Englishman kneel to kiss his hand with such sincere reverence. He respected in him not only the afflicted friend, but the humbled sovereign, upon whose tower of trust the lightning had so recently broken. It was probably the falling of a tear upon his hand which seemed to awake the Duke's attention, for he looked towards the Earl and said, 'Oxford — Philipson — my old — my only friend, hast thou found me out in this retreat of shame and misery?'

'I am not your only friend, my lord,' said Oxford. 'Heaven has given you many affectionate friends among your natural and loyal subjects. But though a stranger, and saving the allegiance I owe to my lawful sovereign, I will yield to none of them in the respect and deference which I have paid to your Grace in prosperity, and now come to render to you in adversity.'

'Adversity indeed!' said the Duke — 'irremediable, intolerable adversity! I was lately Charles of Burgundy, called the Bold; now am I twice beaten by a scum of German peasants, my standard taken, my men-at-arms put to flight, my camp twice plundered, and each time of value more than equal to the price of all Switzerland fairly lost; myself hunted like a caitiff goat or chamois. The utmost spite of hell could never accumulate more shame on the head of a sovereign!'

'On the contrary, my lord,' said Oxford, 'it is a trial of Heaven, which calls for patience and strength of mind. The bravest and best knight may lose the saddle; he is but a laggard who lies rolling on the sand of the lists after the accident has chanced.'

'Ha, laggard, sayst thou?' said the Duke, some part of his ancient spirit awakened by the broad taunt. 'Leave my presence, sir, and return to it no more till you are summoned thither —'

'Which I trust will be no later than your Grace quits your dishabille, and disposes yourself to see your vassals and friends with such ceremony as befits you and them,' said the Earl, composedly.

'How mean you by that, sir earl? You are unmannerly.'

'If I be, my lord, I am taught my ill breeding by circumstances. I can mourn over fallen dignity; but I cannot honour him who dishonours himself by bending, like a regardless boy, beneath the scourge of evil fortune.'

'And who am I that you should term me such?' said Charles, starting up in all his natural pride and ferocity; 'or who are you but a miserable exile, that you should break in upon my privacy with such disrespectful upbraiding?'

'For me,' replied Oxford, 'I am, as you say, an unrespected exile; nor am I ashamed of my condition, since unshaken loyalty to my king and his successors has brought me to it. But in you, can I recognise the Duke of Burgundy in a sullen hermit, whose guards are a disorderly soldiery, dreadful only to their friends; whose councils are in confusion for want of their sovereign, and who himself lurks like a lamed wolf in its den, in an obscure castle, waiting but a blast of the Switzer's horn to fling open its gates, which there are none to defend; who wears not a knightly sword to protect his person, and cannot even die like a stag at bay, but must be worried like a hunted fox?'

'Death and hell, slanderous traitor!' thundered the Duke, glancing a look at his side, and perceiving himself without a weapon. 'It is well for thee I have no sword, or thou shouldst never boast of thine insolence going unpunished. Contay, step forth like a good knight and confute the calumniator. Say, are not my soldiers arrayed, disciplined, and in order?'

'My lord,' said Contay, trembling (brave as he was in battle) at the frantic rage which Charles exhibited, 'there are a numerous soldiery yet under your command, but they are in evil order, and in worse discipline, I think, than they were wont.'

'I see it — I see it,' said the Duke; 'idle and evil counsellors are ye all. Harken, Sir of Contay, what have you and the rest of you been doing, holding as you do large lands and high fiefs of us, that I cannot stretch my limbs on a sick-bed, when my heart is half broken, but my troops must fall into such scandalous disorder as exposes me to the scorn and reproach of each beggarly foreigner?'

'My lord,' replied Contay, more firmly, 'we have done what we could. But your Grace has accustomed your mercenary generals and leaders of Free Companies to take their orders only from your own mouth or hand. They clamor also for pay, and the treasurer refuses to issue it without your Grace's order, as he alleges it might cost him his head; and they will not be guided and restrained, either by us or those who compose your council.'

The Duke laughed sternly, but was evidently somewhat pleased with the reply.

'Ha, ha!' he said, 'it is only Burgundy who can ride his own wild horses, and rule his own wild soldiery. Hark thee, Contay. To-morrow I ride forth to review the troops; for what disorder has passed, allowance shall be made. Pay also shall be issued; but woe to those who shall have offended too deeply! Let my grooms of the chamber know to provide me fitting dress and arms. I have got a lesson (glancing a dark look at Oxford), and I will not again be insulted without the means of wreaking my vengeance. Begone, both of you. And, Contay, send the treasurer hither with his accounts, and woe to his soul if I find ought to complain of! Begone, I say, and send him hither.'

They left the apartment with suitable obeisance. As they retired, the Duke said, abruptly, 'Lord of Oxford, a word with you. Where did you study medicine? In your own famed university, I suppose. Thy physic hath wrought a wonder. Yet, Doctor Philipson, it might have cost thee thy life.'

'I have ever thought my life cheap,' said Oxford, 'when the object was to help my friend.'

'Thou art indeed a friend,' said Charles, 'and a fearless one. But go—I have been sore troubled, and thou hast tasked my temper closely. To-morrow we will speak further; meantime, I forgive thee, and I honour thee.'

The Earl of Oxford retired to the council-hall, where the Burgundian nobility, aware of what had passed, crowded around him with thanks, compliments, and congratulations. A general bustle now ensued; orders were hurried off in every direction. Those officers who had duties to perform which had been neglected hastened to conceal or to atone for their negligence. There was a general tumult in the camp, but it was a tumult of joy; for soldiers are always most pleased when they are best in order for performing their military service; and license or inactivity, however acceptable at times, are not, when continued,

so agreeable to their nature as strict discipline and a prospect of employment.

The treasurer, who was, luckily for him, a man of sense and method, having been two hours in private with the Duke, returned with looks of wonder, and professed that never, in Charles's most prosperous days, had he showed himself more acute in the department of finance, of which he had but that morning seemed totally incapable; and the merit was universally attributed to the visit of Lord Oxford, whose timely reprimand had, like the shot of a cannon dispersing foul mists, awakened the Duke from his black and bilious melancholy.

On the following day, Charles reviewed his troops with his usual attention, directed new levies, made various dispositions of his forces, and corrected the faults of their discipline by severe orders, which were enforced by some deserved punishments (of which the Italian mercenaries of Campo-basso had a large share), and rendered palatable by the payment of arrears, which was calculated to attach them to the standard under which they served.

The Duke also, after consulting with his council, agreed to convoke meetings of the States in his different territories, redress certain popular grievances, and grant some boons which he had hitherto denied; and thus began to open a new account of popularity with his subjects, in place of that which his rashness had exhausted.

CHAPTER XXXV

Here's a weapon now
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar.

Old Play.

FROM this time all was activity in the Duke of Burgundy's court and army. Money was collected, soldiers were levied, and certain news of the Confederates' motions only were wanting to bring on the campaign. But although Charles was, to all outward appearance, as active as ever, yet those who were more immediately about his person were of opinion that he did not display the soundness of mind or the energy of judgment which had been admired in him before these calamities. He was still liable to fits of moody melancholy, similar to those which descended upon Saul, and was vehemently furious when aroused out of them. Indeed, the Earl of Oxford himself seemed to have lost the power which he had exercised over him at first. Nay, though in general Charles was both grateful and affectionate towards him, he evidently felt humbled by the recollection of his having witnessed his impotent and disastrous condition, and was so much afraid of Lord Oxford being supposed to lead his counsels, that he often repelled his advice, merely, as it seemed, to show his own independence of mind.

In these froward humours, the Duke was much encouraged by Campo-basso. That wily traitor now saw his master's affairs tottering to their fall, and he resolved to lend his lever to the work, so as to entitle him to a share of the spoil. He regarded Oxford as one of the most able friends and counsellors who adhered to the Duke; he thought he saw in his looks that he fathomed his own treacherous purpose, and therefore he hated and feared him. Besides, in order perhaps to colour over, even to his own eyes, the abominable perfidy he meditated, he affected to be exceedingly enraged against the Duke for the late punish-

ment of marauders belonging to his Italian bands. He believed that chastisement to have been inflicted by the advice of Oxford; and he suspected that the measure was pressed with the hope of discovering that the Italians had not pillaged for their own emolument only, but for that of their commander. Believing that Oxford was thus hostile to him, Campo-basso would have speedily found means to take him out of his path, had not the Earl himself found it prudent to observe some precautions; and the lords of Flanders and Burgundy, who loved him for the very reasons for which the Italian abhorred him, watched over his safety with a vigilance of which he himself was ignorant, but which certainly was the means of preserving his life.

It was not to be supposed that Ferrand of Lorraine should have left his victory so long unimproved; but the Swiss Confederates, who were the strength of his forces, insisted that the first operations should take place in Savoy and the Pays de Vaud, where the Burgundians had many garrisons, which, though they received no relief, yet were not easily or speedily reduced. Besides, the Switzers being, like most of the national soldiers of the time, a kind of militia, most of them returned home to get in their harvest and to deposit their spoil in safety. Ferrand, therefore, though bent on pursuing his success with all the ardour of youthful chivalry, was prevented from making any movement in advance until the month of December 1476. In the meantime, the Duke of Burgundy's forces, to be least burdensome to the country, were cantoned in distant places of his dominions, where every exertion was made to perfect the discipline of the new levies. The Duke, if left to himself, would have precipitated the struggle by again assembling his forces and pushing forward into the Helvetian territories; but, though he inwardly foamed at the recollection of Granson and Murten, the memory of these disasters was too recent to permit such a plan of the campaign. Meantime, weeks glided past, and the month of December was far advanced when one morning, as the Duke was sitting in council, Campo-basso suddenly entered, with a degree of extravagant rapture in his countenance singularly different from the cold, regulated, and subtle smile which was usually his utmost advance towards laughter. '*Guantes*,'¹ he said — '*guantes*, for luck's sake, if it please your Grace.'

'And what of good fortune comes nigh us?' said the Duke. 'Methought she had forgot the way to our gates.'

'She has returned to them, please your Highness, with her

¹ See Note 11.

cornucopia full of choicest gifts, ready to pour her fruit, her flowers, her treasures, on the head of the sovereign of Europe most worthy to receive them.'

'The meaning of all this?' said Duke Charles: 'riddles are for children.'

'The hare-brained young madman Ferrand, who calls himself of Lorraine, has broken down from the mountains, at the head of a desultory army of scapegraces like himself; and what think you — ha! ha! ha! — they are overrunning Lorraine, and have taken Nancy — ha! ha! ha!'

'By my good faith, sir count,' said Contay, astonished at the gay humour with which the Italian treated a matter so serious, 'I have seldom heard a fool laugh more gaily at a more scurvy jest than you, a wise man, laugh at the loss of the principal town of the province we are fighting for.'

'I laugh,' said Campo-basso, 'among the spears, as my war-horse does — ha! ha! — among the trumpets. I laugh also over the destruction of the enemy, and the dividing of the spoil, as eagles scream their joy over the division of their prey. I laugh —'

'You laugh,' said the Lord of Contay, waxing impatient, 'when you have all the mirth to yourself, as you laughed after our losses at Granson and Murten.'

'Peace, sir!' said the Duke. 'The Count of Camp-basso has viewed the case as I do. This young knight-errant ventures from the protection of his mountains; and Heaven deal with me as I keep my oath, when I swear that the next fair field on which we meet shall see one of us dead! It is now the last week of the old year, and before Twelfth Day we will see whether he or I shall find the bean in the cake. To arms, my lords; let our camp instantly break up, and our troops move forward towards Lorraine. Send off the Italian and Albanian light cavalry, and the Stradiots, to scour the country in the van. Oxford, thou wilt bear arms in this journey, wilt thou not?'

'Surely,' said the Earl. 'I am eating your Highness's bread; and when enemies invade, it stands with my honour to fight for your Grace as if I was your born subject. With your Grace's permission, I will despatch a pursuivant, who shall carry letters to my late kind host, the Landamman of Unterwalden, acquainting him with my purpose.'

The Duke having given a ready assent, the pursuivant was dismissed accordingly, and returned in a few hours, so near had

the armies approached to each other. He bore a letter from the Landamman, in a tone of courtesy and even kindness, regretting that any cause should have occurred for bearing arms against his late guest, for whom he expressed high personal regard. The same pursuivant also brought greetings from the family of the Biedermans to their friend Arthur, and a separate letter, addressed to the same person, of which the contents ran thus :—

‘Rudolph Donnerhugel is desirous to give the young merchant, Arthur Philipson, the opportunity of finishing the bargain which remained unsettled between them in the castle-court of Geierstein. He is the more desirous of this, as he is aware that the said Arthur has done him wrong, in seducing the affections of a certain maiden of rank, to whom he, Philipson, is not, and cannot be, anything beyond an ordinary acquaintance. Rudolph Donnerhugel will send Arthur Philipson word when a fair and equal meeting can take place on neutral ground. In the meantime, he will be as often as possible in the first rank of the skirmishers.’

Young Arthur’s heart leapt high as he read the defiance, the piqued tone of which showed the state of the writer’s feelings, and argued sufficiently Rudolph’s disappointment on the subject of Anne of Geierstein, and his suspicion that she had bestowed her affections on the youthful stranger. Arthur found means of despatching a reply to the challenge of the Swiss, assuring him of the pleasure with which he would attend his commands, either in front of the line or elsewhere, as Rudolph might desire.

Meantime the armies were closely approaching to each other, and the light troops sometimes met. The Stradiots from the Venetian territory, a sort of cavalry resembling that of the Turks, performed much of that service on the part of the Burgundian army, for which, indeed if their fidelity could have been relied on, they were admirably well qualified. The Earl of Oxford observed, that these men, who were under the command of Campo-basso, always brought in intelligence that the enemy were in indifferent order and in full retreat. Besides, information was communicated through their means that sundry individuals, against whom the Duke of Burgundy entertained peculiar personal dislike, and whom he specially desired to get into his hands, had taken refuge in Nancy. This

greatly increased the Duke's ardour for retaking that place, which became perfectly ungovernable when he learned that Ferrand and his Swiss allies had drawn off to a neighbouring position called St. Nicholas, on the news of his arrival. The greater part of the Burgundian counsellors, together with the Earl of Oxford, protested against his besieging a place of some strength, while an active enemy lay in the neighbourhood to relieve it. They remonstrated on the smallness of his army, on the severity of the weather, on the difficulty of obtaining provisions, and exhorted the Duke, that, having made such a movement as had forced the enemy to retreat, he ought to suspend decisive operations till spring. Charles at first tried to dispute and repel these arguments; but when his counsellors reminded him that he was placing himself and his army in the same situation as at Granson and Murten, he became furious at the recollection, foamed at the mouth, and only answered by oaths and imprecations that he would be master of Nancy before Twelfth Day.

Accordingly, the army of Burgundy sat down before Nancy, in a strong position, protected by the hollow of a watercourse, and covered with thirty pieces of cannon, which Colvin had under his charge.

Having indulged his obstinate temper in thus arranging the campaign, the Duke seemed to give a little more heed to the advice of his counsellors touching the safety of his person, and permitted the Earl of Oxford, with his son, and two or three officers of his household, men of approved trust, to sleep within his pavilion, in addition to the usual guard.

It wanted three days of Christmas when the Duke sat down before Nancy, and on that very evening a tumult happened which seemed to justify the alarm for his personal safety. It was midnight, and all in the ducal pavilion were at rest, when a cry of treason arose. The Earl of Oxford, drawing his sword, and snatching up a light which burned beside him, rushed into the Duke's apartment, and found him standing on the floor totally undressed, but with his sword in his hand, and striking around him so furiously, that the Earl himself had difficulty in avoiding his blows. The rest of his officers rushed in, their weapons drawn, and their cloaks wrapped around their left arms. When the Duke was somewhat composed, and found himself surrounded by his friends, he informed them, with rage and agitation, that the officers of the Secret Tribunal had, in spite of the vigilant precautions taken, found means to gain

entrance into his chamber, and charged him, under the highest penalty, to appear before the Holy Vehm upon Christmas night.

The bystanders heard this story with astonishment, and some of them were uncertain whether they ought to consider it as a reality or a dream of the Duke's irritable fancy. But the citation was found on the Duke's toilette, written, as was the form, upon parchment, signeted with three crosses, and stuck to the table with a knife. A slip of wood had been also cut from the table. Oxford read the summons with attention. It named, as usual, a place, where the Duke was cited to come unarmed and unattended, and from which it was said he would be guided to the seat of judgment.

Charles, after looking at the scroll for some time, gave vent to his thoughts.

'I know from what quiver this arrow comes,' he said. 'It is shot by that degenerate noble, apostate priest, and accomplice of sorcerers, Albert of Geierstein. We have heard that he is among the motley group of murderers and outlaws whom the old fiddler of Provence's grandson has raked together. But, by St. George of Burgundy! neither monk's cowl, soldier's casque, nor conjurer's cap shall save him after such an insult as this. I will degrade him from knighthood, hang him from the highest steeple in Nancy, and his daughter shall choose between the meanest herd-boy in my army and the convent of *filles repentées*.'

'Whatever are your purposes, my lord,' said Contay, 'it were surely best be silent, when, from this late apparition, we may conjecture that more than we wot of may be within hearing.'

The Duke seemed struck with this hint, and was silent, or at least only muttered oaths and threats betwixt his teeth, while the strictest search was made for the intruder on his repose. But it was in vain.

Charles continued his researches, incensed at a flight of audacity higher than ever had been ventured upon by these Secret Societies, who, whatever might be the dread inspired by them, had not as yet attempted to cope with sovereigns. A trusty party of Burgundians were sent on Christmas night to watch the spot (a meeting of four cross roads), named in the summons, and make prisoners of any whom they could lay hands upon; but no suspicious persons appeared at or near the place. The Duke not the less continued to impute the affront he had received to Albert of Geierstein. There was a price set

upon his head ; and Campo-basso, always willing to please his master's mood, undertook that some of his Italians, sufficiently experienced in such feats, should bring the obnoxious baron before him, alive or dead. Colvin, Contay, and others laughed in secret at the Italian's promises.

'Subtle as he is,' said Colvin, 'he will lure the wild vulture from the heavens before he gets Albert of Geierstein into his power.'

Arthur, to whom the words of the Duke had given subject for no small anxiety, on account of Anne of Geierstein, and of her father for her sake, breathed more lightly on hearing his menaces held so cheaply.

It was the second day after this alarm that Oxford felt a desire to reconnoitre the camp of Ferrand of Lorraine, having some doubts whether the strength and position of it were accurately reported. He obtained the Duke's consent for this purpose, who at the same time made him and his son a present of two noble steeds of great power and speed, which he himself highly valued.

So soon as the Duke's pleasure was communicated to the Italian Count, he expressed the utmost joy that he was to have the assistance of Oxford's age and experience upon an exploratory party, and selected a chosen band of an hundred Stradiots, whom he said he had sent sometimes to skirmish up to the very beards of the Switzers. The Earl showed himself much satisfied with the active and intelligent manner in which these men performed their duty, and drove before them and dispersed some parties of Ferrand's cavalry. At the entrance of a little ascending valley, Campo-basso communicated to the English noblemen that, if they could advance to the farther extremity, they would have a full view of the enemy's position. Two or three Stradiots then spurred on to examine this defile, and, returning back, communicated with their leader in their own language, who, pronouncing the passage safe, invited the Earl of Oxford to accompany him. They proceeded through the valley without seeing an enemy, but, on issuing upon a plane at the point intimated by Campo-basso, Arthur, who was in the van of the Stradiots, and separated from his father, did indeed see the camp of Duke Ferrand within half a mile's distance ; but a body of cavalry had that instant issued from it, and were riding hastily towards the gorge of the valley, from which he had just emerged. He was about to wheel his horse and ride off, but, conscious of the great speed of the animal, he thought

he might venture to stay for a moment's more accurate survey of the camp. The Stradiots who attended him did not wait his orders to retire, but went off, as was indeed their duty, when attacked by a superior force.

Meantime, Arthur observed that the knight who seemed leader of the advancing squadron, mounted on a powerful horse that shook the earth beneath him, bore on his shield the Bear of Berne, and had otherwise the appearance of the massive frame of Rudolph Donnerhugel. He was satisfied of this when he beheld the cavalier halt his party and advance towards him alone, putting his lance in rest, and moving slowly, as if to give him time for preparation. To accept such a challenge, in such a moment, was dangerous, but to refuse it was disgraceful; and while Arthur's blood boiled at the idea of chastising an insolent rival, he was not a little pleased at heart that their meeting on horseback gave him an advantage over the Swiss, through his perfect acquaintance with the practice of the tourney, in which Rudolph might be supposed more ignorant.

They met, as was the phrase of the time, 'manful under shield.' The lance of the Swiss glanced from the helmet of the Englishman, against which it was addressed, while the spear of Arthur, directed right against the centre of his adversary's body, was so justly aimed, and so truly seconded by the full fury of the career, as to pierce, not only the shield which hung round the ill-fated warrior's neck, but a breastplate, and a shirt of mail which he wore beneath it. Passing clear through the body, the steel point of the weapon was only stopped by the back-piece of the unfortunate cavalier, who fell headlong from his horse, as if struck by lightning, rolled twice or thrice over on the ground, tore the earth with his hands, and then lay prostrate a dead corpse.

There was a cry of rage and grief among those men-at-arms whose ranks Rudolph had that instant left, and many couched their lances to avenge him; but Ferrand of Lorraine, who was present in person, ordered them to make prisoner, but not to harm, the successful champion. This was accomplished, for Arthur had not time to turn his bridle for flight, and resistance would have been madness.

When brought before Ferrand, he raised his visor, and said, 'Is it well, my lord, to make captive an adventurous knight for doing his devoir against a personal challenger?'

'Do not complain, Sir Arthur of Oxford,' said Ferrand; 'before you experience injury. You are free, sir knight. Your father

and you were faithful to my royal aunt Margaret, and, although she was my enemy, I do justice to your fidelity in her behalf; and from respect to her memory, disinherited as she was like myself, and to please my grandfather, who I think had some regard for you, I give you your freedom. But I must also care for your safety during your return to the camp of Burgundy. On this side of the hill we are loyal and true-hearted men; on the other they are traitors and murderers. You, sir count, will, I think, gladly see our captive placed in safety.'

The knight to whom Ferrand addressed himself, a tall stately man, put himself in motion to attend on Arthur, while the former was expressing to the young Duke of Lorraine the sense he entertained of his chivalrous conduct. 'Farewell, Sir Arthur de Vere,' said Ferrand. 'You have slain a noble champion, and to me a most useful and faithful friend. But it was done nobly and openly, with equal arms, and in the front of the line; and evil befall him who entertains feud first!' Arthur bowed to his saddle-bow. Ferrand returned the salutation, and they parted.

Arthur and his new companion had ridden but a little way up the ascent, when the stranger spoke thus:—

'We have been fellow-travellers before, young man, yet you remember me not.'

Arthur turned his eyes on the cavalier, and, observing that the crest which adorned his helmet was fashioned like a vulture, strange suspicions began to cross his mind, which were confirmed when the knight, opening his helmet, showed him the dark and severe features of the priest of St. Paul's.

'Count Albert of Geierstein!' said Arthur.

'The same,' replied the Count, 'though thou hast seen him in other garb and head-gear. But tyranny drives all men to arms, and I have resumed, by the license and command of my superiors, those which I had laid aside. A war against cruelty and oppression is holy as that waged in Palestine, in which priests bear armour.'

'My Lord Count,' said Arthur, eagerly, 'I cannot too soon entreat you to withdraw to Sir Ferrand of Lorraine's squadron. Here you are in peril, where no strength or courage can avail you. The Duke has placed a price on your head; and the country betwixt this and Nancy swarms with Stradiots and Italian light horsemen.'

'I laugh at them,' answered the Count. 'I have not lived so long in a stormy world, amid intrigues of war and policy, to fall

by the mean hand of such as they ; besides, thou art with me, and I have seen but now that thou canst bear thee nobly.'

'In your defence, my lord,' said Arthur, who thought of his companion as the father of Anne of Geierstein, 'I should try to do my best.'

'What, youth !' replied Count Albert with a stern sneer that was peculiar to his countenance ; 'wouldst thou aid the enemy of the lord under whose banner thou servest against his waged soldiers ?'

Arthur was somewhat abashed at the turn given to his ready offer of assistance, for which he had expected at least thanks ; but he instantly collected himself, and replied, 'My Lord Count Albert, you have been pleased to put yourself in peril to protect me from partizans of your party ; I am equally bound to defend you from those of our side.'

'It is happily answered,' said the count ; 'yet I think there is a little blind partizan, of whom troubadours and minstrels talk, to whose instigation I might, in case of need, owe the great zeal of my protector.'

He did not allow Arthur, who was a good deal embarrassed, time to reply, but proceeded — 'Hear me, young-man. Thy lance has this day done an evil deed to Switzerland, to Berne, and Duke Ferrand, in slaying their bravest champion. But to me the death of Rudolph Donnerhugel is a welcome event. Know that he was, as his services grew more indispensable, become importunate in requiring Duke Ferrand's interest with me for my daughter's hand. And the Duke himself, the son of a princess, blushed not to ask me to bestow the last of my house — for my brother's family are degenerate mongrels — upon a presumptuous young man, whose uncle was a domestic in the house of my wife's father, though they boasted some relationship, I believe, through an illegitimate channel, which yonder Rudolph was wont to make the most of, as it favoured his suit.'

'Surely,' said Arthur, 'a match with one so unequal in birth, and far more in every other respect, was too monstrous to be mentioned ?'

'While I lived,' replied Count Albert, 'never should such union have been formed, if the death both of bride and bridegroom by my dagger could have saved the honour of my house from violation. But when I — I whose days, whose very hours are numbered — shall be no more, what could prevent an undaunted suitor, fortified by Duke Ferrand's favour, by the general applause of his country, and perhaps by the unfortunate

prepossession of my brother Arnold, from carrying his point against the resistance and scruples of a solitary maiden?’

‘Rudolph is dead,’ replied Arthur, ‘and may Heaven assoilzie him from guilt! But were he alive, and urging his suit on Anne of Geierstein, he would find there was a combat to be fought——’

‘Which has been already decided,’ answered Count Albert. ‘Now, mark me, Arthur de Vere! My daughter has told me of the passages betwixt you and her. Your sentiments and conduct are worthy of the noble house you descend from, which I well know ranks with the most illustrious in Europe. You are indeed disinherited, but so is Anne of Geierstein, save such pittance as her uncle may impart to her of her paternal inheritance. If you share it together till better days — always supposing your noble father gives his consent, for my child shall enter no house against the will of its head — my daughter knows that she has my willing consent and my blessing. My brother shall also know my pleasure. He will approve my purpose; for, though dead to thoughts of honour and chivalry, he is alive to social feelings, loves his niece, and has friendship for thee and for thy father. What say’st thou, young man, to taking a beggarly countess to aid thee in the journey of life? I believe — nay, I prophesy, for I stand so much on the edge of the grave that methinks I command a view beyond it, that a lustre will one day, after I have long ended my doubtful and stormy life, beam on the coronets of De Vere and Geierstein.’

De Vere threw himself from his horse, clasped the hand of Count Albert, and was about to exhaust himself in thanks; but the Count insisted on his silence.

‘We are about to part,’ he said. ‘The time is short, the place is dangerous. You are to me, personally speaking, less than nothing. Had any one of the many schemes of ambition which I have pursued led me to success, the son of a banished earl had not been the son-in-law I had chosen. Rise and remount your horse; thanks are displeasing when they are not merited.’

Arthur arose, and, mounting his horse, threw his raptures into a more acceptable form, endeavouring to describe how his love for Anne, and efforts for her happiness, should express his gratitude to her father; and, observing that the Count listened with some pleasure to the picture he drew of their future life, he could not help exclaiming, ‘And you, my lord — you who have been the author of all this happiness, will you not be the

witness and partaker of it? Believe me, we will strive to soften the effect of the hard blows which fortune has dealt to you, and should a ray of better luck shine upon us, it will be the more welcome that you can share it.'

'Forbear such folly,' said the Count Albert of Geierstein. 'I know my last scene is approaching. Hear and tremble. The Duke of Burgundy is sentenced to die, and the Secret and Invisible Judges, who doom in secret and avenge in secret, like the Deity, have given the cord and the dagger to my hand.'

'Oh, cast from you these vile symbols!' exclaimed Arthur, with enthusiasm — 'let them find butchers and common stabbers to do such an office, and not dishonour the noble Lord of Geierstein!'

'Peace, foolish boy,' answered the Count. 'The oath by which I am sworn is higher than that clouded sky, more deeply fixed than those distant mountains. Nor think my act is that of an assassin, though for such I might plead the Duke's own example. I send not hirelings, like these base Stradiots, to hunt his life, without imperilling mine own. I give not his daughter, innocent of his offences, the choice betwixt a disgraceful marriage and a discreditable retreat from the world. No, Arthur de Vere, I seek Charles with the resolved mind of one who, to take the life of an adversary, exposes himself to certain death.'

'I pray you speak no farther of it,' said Arthur, very anxiously. 'Consider I serve for the present the prince whom you threaten —'

'And art bound,' interrupted the Count, 'to unfold to him what I tell you. I desire you should do so; and though he hath already neglected a summons of the Tribunal, I am glad to have this opportunity of sending him personal defiance. Say to Charles of Burgundy, that he has wronged Albert of Geierstein. He who is injured in his honour loses all value for his life, and whoever does so has full command over that of another man. Bid him keep himself well from me, since, if he see a second sun of the approaching year rise over the distant Alps, Albert of Geierstein is forsworn. And now begone, for I see a party approach under a Burgundian banner. They will ensure your safety, but, should I remain longer, would endanger mine.'

So saying, the Count of Geierstein turned his horse and rode off.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Faint the din of battle bray'd
Distant down the heavy wind ;
War and terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

MICKLE.

ARTHUR, left alone, and desirous perhaps to cover the retreat of Count Albert, rode towards the approaching body of Burgundian cavalry, who were arrayed under the Lord Contay's banner.

'Welcome—welcome,' said that nobleman, advancing hastily to the young knight. 'The Duke of Burgundy is a mile hence, with a body of horse to support the reconnoitring party. It is not half an hour since your father galloped up, and stated that you had been led into an ambuscade by the treachery of the Stradiots, and made prisoner. He has impeached Campobasso of treason, and challenged him to the combat. They have both been sent to the camp, under charge of the grand marshal, to prevent their fighting on the spot, though I think our Italian showed little desire to come to blows. The Duke holds their gages, and they are to fight upon Twelfth Day.'

'I doubt that day will never dawn for some who look for it,' said Arthur; 'but if it do, I will myself claim the combat, by my father's permission.'

He then turned with Contay, and met a still larger body of cavalry under the Duke's broad banner. He was instantly brought before Charles. The Duke heard, with some apparent anxiety, Arthur's support of his father's accusations against the Italian; in whose favour he was so deeply prejudiced. When assured that the Stradiots had been across the hill, and communicated with their leader just before he encouraged Arthur to advance, as it proved, into the midst of an ambush, the Duke shook his head, lowered his shaggy brows, and muttered to himself—'Ill will to Oxford, perhaps—these Italians are vindictive.' Then raising his head, he commanded Arthur to proceed.

He heard with a species of ecstasy the death of Rudolph Donnerhugel, and, taking a ponderous gold chain from his own neck, flung it over Arthur's.

'Why, thou hast forestalled all our honours, young Arthur: this was the biggest bear of them all: the rest are but suckling whelps to him. I think I have found a youthful David to match their huge thick-headed Goliath. But the idiot, to think his peasant hand could manage a lance! Well, my brave boy, what more? How camest thou off? By some wily device or agile stratagem, I warrant.'

'Pardon me, my lord,' answered Arthur. 'I was protected by their chief, Ferrand, who considered my encounter with Rudolph Donnerhugel as a personal duel; and desirous to use fair war, as he said, dismissed me honourably, with my horse and arms.'

'Umph!' said Charles, his bad humour returning; 'your Prince Adventurer must play the generous. Umph — well, it belongs to his part, but shall not be a line for me to square my conduct by. Proceed with your story, Sir Arthur de Vere.'

As Arthur proceeded to tell how, and under what circumstances, Count Albert of Geierstein named himself to him, the Duke fixed on him an eager look, and trembled with impatience as he fiercely interrupted him with the question — 'And you — you struck him with your poniard under the fifth rib, did you not?'

'I did not, my Lord Duke; we were pledged in mutual assurance to each other.'

'Yet you knew him to be my mortal enemy?' said the Duke. 'Go, young man, thy lukewarm indifference has cancelled thy merit. The escape of Albert of Geierstein hath counterbalanced the death of Rudolph Donnerhugel.'

'Be it so, my lord,' said Arthur, boldly. 'I neither claim your praises nor deprecate your censure. I had to move me in either case motives personal to myself: Donnerhugel was my enemy, and to Count Albert I owe some kindness.'

The Burgundian nobles who stood around were terrified for the effect of this bold speech. But it was never possible to guess with accuracy how such things would affect Charles. He looked around him with a laugh. 'Hear you this English cockerel, my lords; what a note will he one day sound, that already crows so bravely in a prince's presence?'

A few horsemen now came in from different quarters, recounting that the Duke Ferrand and his company had retired

into their encampment, and the country was clear of the enemy.

'Let us then draw back also,' said Charles, 'since there is no chance of breaking spears to-day. And thou, Arthur de Vere, attend me closely.'

Arrived in the Duke's pavilion, Arthur underwent an examination, in which he said nothing of Anne of Geierstein, or her father's designs concerning him, with which he considered Charles as having nothing to do; but he frankly conveyed to him the personal threats which the Count had openly used. The Duke listened with more temper, and when he heard the expression, 'That a man who is desperate of his own life might command that of any other person,' he said, 'But there is a life beyond this, in which he who is treacherously murdered and his base and desperate assassin shall each meet their deserts.' He then took from his bosom a gold cross, and kissed it, with much appearance of devotion. 'In this,' said he, 'I will place my trust. If I fail in this world, may I find grace in the next. Ho, sir marshal!' he exclaimed. 'Let your prisoners attend us.'

The marshal of Burgundy entered with the Earl of Oxford, and stated that his other prisoner, Campo-basso, had desired so earnestly that he might be suffered to go and post his sentinels on that part of the camp entrusted to the protection of his troops, that he, the marshal, had thought fit to comply with his request.

'It is well,' said Burgundy, without further remark. 'Then to you, my Lord Oxford, I would present your son, had you not already locked him in your arms. He has won great *los* and honour, and done me brave service. This is a period of the year when good men forgive their enemies. I know not why — my mind was little apt to be charged with such matters — but I feel an unconquerable desire to stop the approaching combat betwixt you and Campo-basso. For my sake, consent to be friends, and to receive back your gage of battle, and let me conclude this year — perhaps the last I may see — with a deed of peace.'

'My lord,' said Oxford, 'it is a small thing you ask of me, since your request only enforces a Christian duty. I was enraged at the loss of my son. I am grateful to Heaven and your Grace for restoring him. To be friends with Campo-basso is to me impossible. Faith and treason, truth and falsehood, might as soon shake hands and embrace. But the Italian shall

be to me no more than he has been before this rupture; and that is literally nothing. I put my honour in your Grace's hands; if he receives back his gage, I am willing to receive mine. John de Vere needs not be apprehensive that the world will suppose that he fears Campo-basso.'

The Duke returned sincere thanks, and detained the officers to spend the evening in his tent. His manners seemed to Arthur to be more placid than he had ever seen them before, while to the Earl of Oxford they recalled the earlier days in which their intimacy commenced, ere absolute power and unbounded success had spoiled Charles's rough but not ungenerous disposition. The Duke ordered a distribution of provisions and wine to the soldiers, and expressed an anxiety about their lodgings, the cure of the wounded, and the health of the army, to which he received only unpleasing answers. To some of his counsellors, apart, he said, 'Were it not for our vow, we would relinquish this purpose till spring, when our poor soldiers might take the field with less of suffering.'

Nothing else remarkable appeared in the Duke's manner, save that he inquired repeatedly after Campo-basso, and at length received accounts that he was indisposed, and that his physician had recommended rest; he had therefore retired to repose himself, in order that he might be stirring on his duty at peep of day, the safety of the camp depending much on his vigilance.

The Duke made no observation on the apology, which he considered as indicating some lurking disinclination on the Italian's part to meet Oxford. The guests at the ducal pavilion were dismissed an hour before midnight.

When Oxford and his son were in their own tent, the Earl fell into a deep reverie, which lasted nearly ten minutes. At length, starting suddenly up, he said, 'My son, give orders to Thiebault and thy yeomen to have our horses before the tent by break of day, or rather before it; and it would not be amiss if you ask our neighbour Colvin to ride along with us. I will visit the outposts by daybreak.'

'It is a sudden resolution, my lord,' said Arthur.

'And yet it may be taken too late,' said his father. 'Had it been moonlight, I would have made the rounds to-night.'

'It is dark as a wolf's throat,' said Arthur. 'But wherefore, my lord, can this night in particular excite your apprehensions?'

'Son Arthur, perhaps you will hold your father credulous.

But my nurse, Martha Nixon, was a Northern woman, and full of superstitions. In particular, she was wont to say that any sudden and causeless change of a man's nature, as from license to sobriety, from temperance to indulgence, from avarice to extravagance, from prodigality to love of money, or the like, indicates an immediate change of his fortunes; that some great alteration of circumstances, either for good or evil, and for evil most likely, since we live in an evil world, is impending over him whose disposition is so much altered. This old woman's fancy has recurred so strongly to my mind, that I am determined to see with mine own eyes, ere to-morrow's dawn, that all our guards and patrols around the camp are on the alert.'

Arthur made the necessary communications to Colvin and to Thiebault, and then retired to rest.

It was ere daybreak of the first of January 1477, a period long memorable for the events which marked it, that the Earl of Oxford, Colvin, and the young Englishman, followed only by Thiebault and two other servants, commenced their rounds of the Duke of Burgundy's encampment. For the greater part of their progress, they found sentinels and guards all on the alert and at their posts. It was a bitter morning. The ground was partly covered with snow, that snow had been partly melted by a thaw, which had prevailed for two days, and partly congealed into ice by a bitter frost, which had commenced the preceding evening and still continued. A more dreary scene could scarcely be witnessed.

But what were the surprise and alarm of the Earl of Oxford and his companions, when they came to that part of the camp which had been occupied the day before by Campo-basso and his Italians, who, reckoning men-at-arms and Stradiots, amounted to nigh two thousand men — not a challenge was given — not a horse neighed — no steeds were seen at picquet — no guard on the camp. They examined several of the tents and huts — they were empty.

'Let us back to alarm the camp,' said the Earl of Oxford; 'here is treachery.'

'Nay, my lord,' said Colvin, 'let us not carry back imperfect tidings. I have a battery an hundred yards in advance, covering the access to this hollow way; let us see if my German cannoneers are at their post, and I think I can swear that we shall find them so. The battery commands a narrow pass, by which alone the camp can be approached, and if my

men are at their duty, I will pawn my life that we make the pass good till you bring up succours from the main body.'

'Forward, then, in God's name!' said the Earl of Oxford.

They galloped, at every risk, over broken ground, slippery with ice in some places, encumbered with snow in others. They came to the cannon, judiciously placed to sweep the pass, which rose towards the artillery on the outward side, and then descended gently from the battery into the lower ground. The waning winter moon, mingling with the dawning light, showed them that the guns were in their places, but no sentinel was visible.

'The villains cannot have deserted!' said the astonished Colvin. 'But see, there is light in their cantonment. Oh, that unhallowed distribution of wine! Their usual sin of drunkenness has beset them. I will soon drive them from their revelry.'

He sprung from his horse, and rushed into the tent from whence the light issued. The cannoneers, or most of them, were still there, but stretched on the ground, their cups and flagons scattered around them; and so drenched were they in wassail, that Colvin could only, by commands and threats, awaken two or three, who, staggering, and obeying him rather from instinct than sense, reeled forward to man the battery. A heavy rushing sound, like that of men marching fast, was now heard coming up the pass.

'It is the roar of a distant avalanche,' said Arthur.

'It is an avalanche of Switzers, not of snow,' said Colvin. 'Oh, these drunken slaves! The cannon are deeply loaded and well pointed; this volley must check them if they were fiends, and the report will alarm the camp sooner than we can do. But, oh, these drunken villains!'

'Care not for their aid,' said the Earl: 'my son and I will each take a linstock, and be gunners for once.'

They dismounted, and bade Thiebault and the grooms look to the horses, while the Earl of Oxford and his son took each a linstock from one of the helpless gunners, three of whom were just sober enough to stand by their guns.

'Bravo!' cried the bold master of ordnance, 'never was a battery so noble. Now, my mates — your pardon, my lords, for there is no time for ceremony — and you, ye drunken knaves, take heed not to fire till I give the word, and, were the ribs of these trampers as flinty as their Alps, they shall know how old Colvin loads his guns.'

They stood breathless, each by his cannon. The dreaded sound approached nearer and more near, till the imperfect light showed a dark and shadowy, but dense, column of men, armed with long spears, pole-axes, and other weapons, amidst which banners dimly floated. Colvin suffered them to approach to the distance of about forty yards, and then gave the word, 'Fire!' But his own piece alone exploded; a slight flame flashed from the touch-hole of the others, which had been spiked by the Italian deserters, and left in reality disabled, though apparently fit for service. Had they been all in the same condition with that fired by Colvin, they would probably have verified his prophecy; for even that single discharge produced an awful effect, and made a long lane of dead and wounded through the Swiss column, in which the first and leading banner was struck down.

'Stand to it yet,' said Colvin, 'and aid me if possible to reload the piece.'

For this, however, no time was allowed. A stately form, conspicuous in the front of the staggered column, raised up the fallen banner, and a voice as of a giant exclaimed, 'What, countrymen! have you seen Murten and Granson, and are you daunted by a single gun? Berne—Uri—Schwytz—banners forward! Unterwalden, here is your standard! Cry your war-cries, wind your horns. Unterwalden, follow your Landamman!'

They rushed on like a raging ocean, with a roar as deafening and a course as impetuous. Colvin, still labouring to reload his gun, was struck down in the act. Oxford and his son were overthrown by the multitude, the closeness of which prevented any blows being aimed at them. Arthur partly saved himself by getting under the gun he was posted at; his father, less fortunate, was much trampled upon, and must have been crushed to death but for his armour of proof. The human inundation, consisting of at least four thousand men, rushed down into the camp, continuing their dreadful shouts, soon mingled with shrill shrieks, groans, and cries of alarm.

A broad red glare rising behind the assailants, and putting to shame the pallid lights of the winter morning, first recalled Arthur to a sense of his condition. The camp was on fire in his rear, and resounded with all the various shouts of conquest and terror that are heard in a town which is stormed. Starting to his feet, he looked around him for his father. He lay near him senseless, as were the gunners, whose condition prevented their attempting an escape. Having opened his

father's casque, he was rejoiced to see him give symptoms of reanimation.

'The horses — the horses!' said Arthur. 'Thiebault, where art thou?'

'At hand, my lord,' said that trusty attendant, who had saved himself and his charge by a prudent retreat into a small thicket, which the assailants had avoided that they might not disorder their ranks.

'Where is the gallant Colvin?' said the Earl; 'get him a horse, I will not leave him in jeopardy.'

'His wars are ended, my lord,' said Thiebault: 'he will never mount steed more.'

A look and a sigh as he saw Colvin, with the ramrod in his hand, before the muzzle of the piece, his head cleft by a Swiss battle-axe, was all the moment permitted.

'Whither must we take our course?' said Arthur to his father.

'To join the Duke,' said the Earl of Oxford. 'It is not on a day like this that I will leave him.'

'So please you,' said Thiebault, 'I saw the Duke, followed by some half-score of his guards, riding at full speed across this hollow watercourse, and making for the open country to the northward. I think I can guide you on the track.'

'If that be so,' replied Oxford, 'we will mount and follow him. The camp has been assailed on several places at once, and all must be over since he has fled.'

With difficulty they assisted the Earl of Oxford to his horse, and rode as fast as his returning strength permitted in the direction which the Provençal pointed out. Their other attendants were dispersed or slain.

They looked back more than once on the camp, now one great scene of conflagration, by whose red and glaring light they could discover on the ground the traces of Charles's retreat. About three miles from the scene of their defeat, the sound of which they still heard, mingled with the bells of Nancy, which were ringing in triumph, they reached a half-frozen swamp, round which lay several dead bodies. The most conspicuous was that of Charles of Burgundy,¹ once the possessor of such unlimited power, such unbounded wealth. He was partly stripped and plundered, as were those who lay round him. His body was pierced with several wounds, inflicted by various weapons. His sword was still in his hand, and the

¹ See Charles the Bold. Note 12.

singular ferocity which was wont to animate his features in battle still dwelt on his stiffened countenance. Close behind him, as if they had fallen in the act of mutual fight, lay the corpse of Count Albert of Geierstein ; and that of Ital Schreckenwald, the faithful though unscrupulous follower of the latter, lay not far distant. Both were in the dress of the men-at-arms composing the Duke's guard, a disguise probably assumed to execute the fatal commission of the Secret Tribunal. It is supposed that a party of the traitor Campo-basso's men had been engaged in the skirmish in which the Duke fell, for six or seven of them, and about the same number of the Duke's guards, were found near the spot.

The Earl of Oxford threw himself from his horse, and examined the body of his deceased brother-in-arms with all the sorrow inspired by early remembrance of his kindness. But, as he gave way to the feelings inspired by so melancholy an example of the fall of human greatness, Thiebault, who was looking out on the path they had just pursued, exclaimed, 'To horse, my lord ! here is no time to mourn the dead, and little to save the living — the Swiss are upon us.'

'Fly thyself, good fellow,' said the Earl ; 'and do thou, Arthur, fly also, and save thy youth for happier days. I cannot and will not fly farther. I will render me to the pursuers ; if they take me to grace, it is well ; if not, there is ONE above that will receive me to His.'

'I will not fly,' said Arthur, 'and leave you defenceless : I will stay and share your fate.'

'And I will remain also,' said Thiebault ; 'the Switzers make fair war when their blood has not been heated by much opposition, and they have had little enough to-day.'

The party of Swiss which came up proved to be Sigismund, with his brother Ernest and some of the youths of Unterwalden. Sigismund kindly and joyfully received them to mercy ; and thus, for the third time, rendered Arthur an important service, in return for the kindness he had expressed towards him.

'I will take you to my father,' said Sigismund, 'who will be right glad to see you ; only that he is ill at ease just now for the death of brother Rudiger, who fell with the banner in his hand, by the only cannon that was fired this morning ; the rest could not bark : Campo-basso had muzzled Colvin's mastiffs, or we should many more of us have been served like poor Rudiger. But Colvin himself is killed.'

'Campo-basso, then, was in your correspondence?' said Arthur.

'Not in ours — we scorn such companions — but some dealing there was between the Italian and Duke Ferrand; and having disabled the cannon, and filled the German gunners soundly drunk, he came off to our camp with fifteen hundred horse, and offered to act with us. "But no — no!" said my father, "traitors come not into our Swiss host"; and so, though we walked in at the door which he left open, we would not have his company. So he marched with Duke Ferrand to attack the other extremity of the camp, where he found them entrance by announcing them as the return of a reconnoitring party.'

'Nay, then,' said Arthur, 'a more accomplished traitor never drew breath, nor one who drew his net with such success.'

'You say well,' answered the young Swiss. 'The Duke will never, they say, be able to collect another army.'

'Never, young man,' said the Earl of Oxford, 'for he lies dead before you.'

Sigismund started; for he had an inherent respect, and somewhat of fear, for the lofty name of Charles the Bold, and could hardly believe that the mangled corpse which now lay before him was once the personage he had been taught to dread. But his surprise was mingled with sorrow when he saw the body of his uncle, Count Albert of Geierstein.

'Oh, my uncle!' he said — 'my dear uncle Albert! has all your greatness and your wisdom brought you to a death at the side of a ditch, like any crazed beggar? Come, this sad news must be presently told to my father, who will be concerned to hear of his brother's death, which will add gall to bitterness, coming on the back of poor Rudiger's. It is some comfort, however, that father and uncle never could abide each other.'

With some difficulty they once more assisted the Earl of Oxford to horseback, and were proceeding to set forward, when the English lord said, 'You will place a guard here, to save these bodies from farther dishonour, that they may be interred with due solemnity.'

'By Our Lady of Einsiedlen! I thank you for the hint,' said Sigismund. 'Yes, we should do all that the church can for uncle Albert. It is to be hoped he has not gambled away his soul beforehand, playing with Satan at odds and evens. I would we had a priest to stay by his poor body; but it

matters not, since no one ever heard of a demon appearing just before breakfast.'

They proceeded to the Landamman's quarters, through sights and scenes which Arthur, and even his father, so well accustomed to war in all its shapes, could not look upon without shuddering. But the simple Sigismund, as he walked by Arthur's side, contrived to hit upon a theme so interesting as to divert his sense of the horrors around them.

'Have you farther business in Burgundy, now this Duke of yours is at an end?'

'My father knows best,' said Arthur; 'but I apprehend we have none. The Duchess of Burgundy, who must now succeed to some sort of authority in her late husband's dominion, is sister to this Edward of York, and a mortal enemy to the house of Lancaster, and to those who have stood by it faithfully. It were neither prudent nor safe to tarry where she has influence.'

'In that case,' said Sigismund, 'my plan will fadge bravely. You shall go back to Geierstein, and take up your dwelling with us. Your father will be a brother to mine, and a better one than uncle Albert, whom he seldom saw or spoke with; while with your father he will converse from morning till night, and leave us all the work of the farm. And you, Arthur—you shall go with us, and be a brother to us all, in place of poor Rudiger, who was, to be sure, my real brother, which you cannot be. Nevertheless, I did not like him so well, in respect he was not so good-natured. And then Anne—cousin Anne—is left all to my father's charge, and is now at Geierstein; and you know, King Arthur, we used to call her Queen Guenever.'

'You spoke great folly then,' said Arthur.

'But it is great truth. For, look you, I loved to tell Anne tales of our hunting, and so forth; but she would not listen a word till I threw in something of King Arthur, and then I warrant she would sit still as a heath-hen when the hawk is in the heavens. And now Donnerhugel is slain, you know you may marry my cousin when you and she will, for nobody hath interest to prevent it.'

Arthur blushed with pleasure under his helmet, and almost forgave that new year's morning all its complicated distresses.

'You forget,' he replied to Sigismund, with as much indifference as he could assume, 'that I may be viewed in your country with prejudice on account of Rudolph's death.'

'Not a whit—not a whit; we bear no malice for what is done in fair fight under shield. It is no more than if you had beat him in wrestling or at quoits, only it is a game cannot be played over again.'

They now entered the town of Nancy; the windows were hung with tapestry, and the streets crowded with tumultuous and rejoicing multitudes, whom the success of the battle had relieved from great alarm for the formidable vengeance of Charles of Burgundy.

The prisoners were received with the utmost kindness by the Landamman, who assured them of his protection and friendship. He appeared to support the death of his son Rudiger with stern resignation.

'He had rather,' he said, 'his son fell in battle than that he should live to despise the old simplicity of his country, and think the object of combat was the gaining of spoil. The gold of the dead Burgundy,' he added, 'would injure the morals of Switzerland more irretrievably than ever his sword did their bodies.'

He heard of his brother's death without surprise, but apparently with emotion.

'It was the conclusion,' he said, 'of a long tissue of ambitious enterprises, which often offered fair prospects, but uniformly ended in disappointment.'

The Landamman farther intimated, that his brother had apprised him that he was engaged in an affair of so much danger that he was almost certain to perish in it, and had bequeathed his daughter to her uncle's care, with instructions respecting her.

Here they parted for the present, but shortly after the Landamman inquired earnestly of the Earl of Oxford what his motions were like to be, and whether he could assist them.

'I think of choosing Bretagne for my place of refuge,' answered the Earl, 'where my wife has dwelt since the battle of Tewkesbury expelled us from England.'

'Do not so,' said the kind Landamman, 'but come to Geierstein with the Countess, where, if she can, like you, endure our mountain manners and mountain fare, you are welcome, as to the house of a brother, to a soil where neither conspiracy nor treason ever flourished. Bethink you, the Duke of Bretagne is a weak prince, entirely governed by a wicked favourite, Peter Landais. He is as capable—I mean the minister—of selling brave men's blood as a butcher of selling bullock's flesh; and

you know there are those, both in France and Burgundy, that thirst after yours.'

The Earl of Oxford expressed his thanks for the proposal, and his determination to profit by it, if approved of by Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Richmond, whom he now regarded as his sovereign.

To close the tale, about three months after the battle of Nancy, the banished Earl of Oxford resumed his name of Philipson, bringing with his lady some remnants of their former wealth, which enabled them to procure a commodious residence near to Geierstein; and the Landamman's interest in the state procured for them the right of denizenship. The high blood and the moderate fortunes of Anne of Geierstein and Arthur de Vere, joined to their mutual inclination, made their marriage in every respect rational; and Annette with her bachelor took up their residence with the young people, not as servants, but mechanical aids in the duties of the farm; for Arthur continued to prefer the chase to the labours of husbandry, which was of little consequence, as his separate income amounted, in that poor country, to opulence. Time glided on, till it amounted to five years since the exiled family had been inhabitants of Switzerland. In the year 1482, the Landamman Biederman died the death of the righteous, lamented universally, as a model of the true and valiant, simple-minded and sagacious chiefs who ruled the ancient Switzers in peace, and headed them in battle. In the same year, the Earl of Oxford lost his noble countess.

But the star of Lancaster at that period began again to culminate, and called the banished lord and his son from their retirement, to mix once more in politics. The treasured necklace of Margaret was then put to its destined use, and the produce applied to levy those bands which shortly after fought the celebrated battle of Bosworth, in which the arms of Oxford and his son contributed so much to the success of Henry VII. This changed the destinies of De Vere and his lady. Their Swiss farm was conferred on Annette and her husband; and the manners and beauty of Anne of Geierstein attracted as much admiration at the English court as formerly in the Swiss chalet.

NOTES TO ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN

NOTE 1. — DOUBLE-GANGERS, p. 142

DOUBLE-WALKERS, a name in Germany for those aerial duplicates of humanity who represent the features and appearance of other living persons.

NOTE 2. — LOUIS XI.'S MINISTERS, p. 173

Louis XI. was probably the first king of France who shung aside all affectation of choosing his ministers from among the nobility. He often placed men of mean birth in situations of the highest trust.

NOTE 3. — GERMAN DUNGEON, p. 175

In connexion with the description of this dungeon, it may be stated that the Author, in composing this novel, derived considerable assistance from a journal of foreign travel, the work of his intimate friend the late James Skene of Rubislaw. It is also curious to observe that in the *Archæologia Scotica*, 1823, vol. lli. p. 17, there appears an account by Mr. Skene of a suite of apartments excavated from the rocks on which the castle of Baden, in Swabia, stands, supposed to have been connected with the jurisdiction of the Secret Tribunal in that country (*Laing*).

NOTE 4. — PUBLIC EXECUTIONER, p. 199

There is abundant evidence that in the middle ages the office of public executioner was esteemed highly honourable all over Germany. It still is, in such parts of that country as retain the old custom of execution by stroke of sword, very far from being held discreditable to the extent to which we carry our feelings on the subject, and which exposed the magistrates of a Scotch town, I rather think no less a one than Glasgow, to a good deal of ridicule when they advertised, some few years ago, on occasion of the death of their hangman, that 'none but persons of respectable character' need apply for the vacant situation. At this day in China, in Persia, and probably in other Oriental kingdoms, the chief executioner is one of the great officers of state, and is as proud of the emblem of his fatal duty as any European lord chamberlain of his golden key.

The circumstances of the strange trial and execution of the knight of Hagenbach are detailed minutely by M. de Barante from contemporary MS.

documents; and the reader will be gratified with a specimen of that writer's narrative. A translation is also given for the benefit of many of my kind readers.

De toutes parts on était accouru par milliers pour assister au procès de ce cruel gouverneur, tant la haine était grande contre lui. De sa prison, il entendait retentir sur le pont, et au-dessous des voûtes de la porte, le pas des chevaux, et s'enquerrait à son geôlier de ceux qui arrivaient, soit pour être ses juges, soit pour être témoins de son supplice. Parfois le geôlier répondait, 'Ce sont des étrangers; je ne les connais pas.' 'Ne sont-ce pas,' disait le prisonnier, 'des gens assez mal vêtus, de haute taille, de forte apparence, montés sur des chevaux aux courtes oreilles?' et si le geôlier répondait, 'Où?' — 'Ah ce sont les Suisses,' s'écriait Hagenbach. 'Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de moi!' et il se rappelait toutes les insultes qu'il leur avait faites, toutes ses insolences envers eux. Il pensait, mais trop tard, que c'était leur alliance avec la maison d'Autriche qui était cause de sa perte.

Le 4 Mai 1474, après avoir été mis à la question, il fut, à la diligence d'Hermann d'Eptingen, gouverneur pour l'archiduc, amené devant ses juges, sur la place publique de Brisach. Sa contenance était ferme et d'un homme qui ne craint pas la mort. Henri Iselin de Bâle porta la parole au nom d'Hermann d'Eptingen, agissant pour le seigneur et le [du] pays. Il parla à peu près en ces termes: 'Pierre de Hagenbach, chevalier, maître d'hôtel de Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, et son gouverneur dans les pays de Ferrette et Haute-Alsace, aurait dû respecter les privilèges réservés par l'acte d'engagement; mais il n'a pas moins foulé aux pieds les lois de Dieu et des hommes, que les droits jurés et garantis au pays. Il a fait mettre à mort sans jugement quatre honnêtes bourgeois de Thann; il a dépouillé la ville de Brisach de sa juridiction, et y a établi juges et conseils de son choix; il a rompu et dispersé les communautés de la bourgeoisie et des métiers; il a levé des impôts par sa seule volonté; il a, contre toutes les lois, logé chez les habitants des gens de guerre—Lombards, Français, Picards, ou Flamands; et a favorisé leur désordres et pillages. Il leur a même commandé d'engorger leurs hôtes durant la nuit, et avait fait préparer, pour y embarquer les femmes et les enfans, des bateaux qui devaient être submergés dans le Rhin. Enfin, lors même qu'il rejetterait de telles cruautés sur les ordres qu'il a reçus, comment pourrait-il s'excuser d'avoir fait violence et outrage à l'honneur de tant de filles et femmes, et même de saintes religieuses?'

D'autres accusations furent portées dans les interrogatoires; et des témoins attestèrent les violences faites aux gens de Mulhausen et aux marchands de Bâle.

Pour suivre toutes les formes de la justice, on avait donné un avocat à l'accusé. 'Messire Pierre de Hagenbach,' dit-il, 'ne reconnaît d'autre juge et d'autre seigneur que Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne, dont il avait commission, et recevait les commandemens. Il n'avait nul droit de contrôler les ordres qu'il était chargé d'exécuter, et son devoir était d'obéir. Ne sait-on pas quelle soumission les gens de guerre doivent à leur seigneur et maître? Croit-on que le landvogt de Monseigneur le Duc eût à lui remonter et à lui résister? Et monseigneur n'a-t-il pas ensuite, par sa présence, confirmé et ratifié tout ce qui avait été fait en son nom? Si des impôts ont été demandés, c'est qu'il avait besoin d'argent. Pour les recueillir, il a bien fallu punir ceux qui se refusaient à payer. C'est ce que Monseigneur le Duc, et même l'empereur, quand ils sont venus, ont reconnu nécessaire. Le logement des gens de guerre était aussi la suite des ordres du Duc. Quant à la juridiction de Brisach, le landvogt pouvait-il souffrir cette résistance? Enfin dans une affaire si grave, où il y va de la vie, convient-il de produire comme un véritable grief, le dernier dont a parlé l'accusateur? Parmi ceux qui écoutent, y en a-t-il un seul qui puisse se vanter de ne pas avoir saisi les occasions de se divertir? N'est-il pas clair que Messire de Hagenbach a seulement profité de la bonne volonté de quelques femmes ou filles; ou, pour mettre les choses au pis, qu'il n'a exercé d'autre contrainte envers elles qu'au moyen de son bon argent?'

Les juges siégèrent longtemps sur leur tribunal. Douze heures entières passèrent sans que l'affaire fût terminée. Le Sire de Hagenbach, toujours ferme et calme, n'alléguait d'autres défenses, d'autres excuses, que celles qu'il avait données déjà sous la torture — les ordres et la volonté de son seigneur, qui était son seul juge, et le seul qui pût lui demander compte.

Enfin, à sept heures du soir, à la clarté des flambeaux, les juges, après avoir déclaré qu'à eux appartenait le droit de prononcer sur les crimes imputés au landvogt, le firent rappeler, et rendirent leur sentence qui le condamna à mort. Il ne s'émut pas davantage, et demanda pour toute grâce d'avoir seulement la tête tranchée. Huit bourreaux des diverses villes se présentèrent pour exécuter l'arrêt. Celui de Colmar, qui passait pour le plus adroit, fut préféré. Avant de le conduire à l'échafaud, les seize chevaliers qui faisaient partie des juges requirèrent que Messire de Hagenbach fût dégradé de sa dignité de chevalier et de tous ses honneurs. Pour lors s'avança Gaspard Hurter, héraut de l'empereur, et il dit: 'Pierre de Hagenbach, il me déplaît grandement que

vous avez si mal employé votre vie mortelle, de sorte qu'il convient que vous perdiez non seulement la dignité et ordre de chevalerie, mais aussi la vie. Votre devoir était de rendre la justice, de protéger la veuve et l'orphelin, de respecter les femmes et les filles, d'honorer les saintes prêtres, de vous opposer à toute injuste violence, et, au contraire, vous avez commis tout ce que vous deviez empêcher. Ayant ainsi forfait au noble ordre de chevalerie, et aux sermens que vous aviez jurés, les chevaliers ici présens m'ont enjoint de vous en ôter les insignes. Ne les voyant pas sur vous en ce moment je vous proclame indigne chevalier de St. George, au nom et à l'honneur duquel on vous avait autrefois honoré du baudrier de chevalerie.' Puis s'avança Hermann d'Eptingen : 'Puis qu'on vient de te dégrader de chevalerie, je te dépouille de ton collier, chaîne d'or, anneau, poignard, éperon, gantelet.' Il les lui prit et lui en frappa le visage, et ajouta : 'Chevaliers, et vous qui désirez le devenir, j'espère que cette punition publique vous servira d'exemple, et que vous vivrez dans la crainte de Dieu, noblement et vaillamment, selon la dignité de la chevalerie et l'honneur de votre nom.' Enfin, Thomas Schutz, prévôt d'Einsishheim et maréchal de cette commission de juges, se leva, et s'adressant au bourreau, lui dit : 'Faites selon la justice.'

Tous les juges montèrent à cheval ainsi qu'Hermann d'Eptingen. Au milieu d'eux marchait Pierre de Hagenbach, entre deux prêtres. C'était pendant la nuit. Des torches éclairaient la marche; une foule immense se pressait autour de ce triste cortège. Le condamné s'entretenait avec son confesseur d'un air pieux et recueilli, mais ferme; se recommandant aussi aux prières de tous ceux qui l'entouraient. Arrivé dans une prairie devant la porte de la ville, il monta sur l'échafaud d'un pas assuré; puis élevant la voix —

'Je n'ai pas peur de la mort,' dit-il; 'encore que je ne l'attendisse pas de cette sorte, mais bien les armes à la main; ce que je plains c'est tout le sang que le mien fera couler. Monseigneur ne laissera point ce jour sans vengeance pour moi. Je ne regrette ni ma vie, ni mon corps. . . . J'étais homme — priez pour moi.' . . . Il s'entreteint encore un instant avec le confesseur, présenta la tête et reçut le coup. — [BRUGÈRE DE] BARANTE [*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, x. pp. 189-196].

TRANSLATION

Such was the detestation in which this cruel governor was held, that multitudes flocked in from all quarters to be present at his trial. He heard from his prison the bridge and the archway of the gate re-echo with the tread of horses, and would ask of his jailer respecting those who were arriving, whether they might be his judges, or those desirous of witnessing his punishment. Sometimes the jailer would answer, 'These are strangers whom I know not.' 'Are not they,' said the prisoner, 'men meanly clad, tall in stature, and of bold mien, mounted on short-eared horses?' And if the jailer answered in the affirmative, 'Ah, these are the Swiss,' cried Hagenbach. 'My God, have mercy on me!' and he recalled to mind all the insults and cruelties he had heaped upon them. He considered, but too late, that their alliance with the house of Austria had been his destruction.

On the 4th of May 1474, after being put to the torture, he was brought before his judges in the public square of Brisach, at the instance of Hermann d'Eptingen, who governed for the Archduke. His countenance was firm, as one who fears not death. Henry Iselin of Bâle first spoke in the name of Hermann d'Eptingen, who acted for the lord and [of] the country. He proceeded in nearly these terms: 'Peter de Hagenbach, knight, steward of my lord the Duke of Burgundy, and his governor in the country of Ferette and Haute-Alsace, was bound to observe the privileges reserved by act of compact, but he has alike trampled under foot the laws of God and man, and the rights which have been guaranteed by oath to the country. He has caused four worshipful burgesses of Thann to be put to death without trial; he has spoiled the city of Brisach, and established there judges and consuls chosen by himself; he has broken and dispersed the various communities of burghers and craftsmen; he has levied imposts of his own will; contrary to every law, he has quartered upon the inhabitants soldiers of various countries, Lombards, French, men of Picardy, and Flemings, and has encouraged them in pillage and disorder; he has even commanded these men to butcher their hosts during the night, and had caused boats to be prepared to embark therein women and children to be sunk in the Rhine. Finally, should he plead the orders which he had received as an excuse for these cruelties, how can he clear himself of having dishonoured so many women and maidens, even those under religious vows?'

Other accusations were brought against him by examination, and witnesses proved outrages committed on the people of Mulhausen and the merchants of Bâle.

That every form of justice might be observed, an advocate was appointed to defend the accused. 'Messire Peter de Hagenbach,' said he, 'recognises no other judge or master than my lord the Duke of Burgundy, whose commission he bore and whose

orders he received. He had no control over the orders he was charged to execute: his duty was to obey. Who is ignorant of the submission due by military retainers to their lord and master? Can any one believe that the landvogt of my lord the Duke could remonstrate with or resist him? And has not my lord confirmed and ratified by his presence all acts done in his name? If imposts have been levied, it was because he had need of money; to obtain it, it was necessary to punish those who refused payment; this proceeding my lord the Duke, and the Emperor himself, when present, have considered as expedient. The quartering of soldiers was also in accordance with the orders of the Duke. With respect to the jurisdiction of Brisach, could the landvogt permit any resistance from that quarter? To conclude, in so serious an affair—one which touches the life of the prisoner—can the last accusation be really considered a grievance? Among all those who hear me, is there one man who can say he has never committed similar imprudences? Is it not evident that Messire de Hagenbach has only taken advantage of the good-will of some girls and women, or, at the worst, that his money was the only restraint imposed upon them?

The judges sat for a long time on the tribunal. Twelve hours elapsed before the termination of the trial. The knight of Hagenbach, always calm and undaunted, brought forward no other defence or excuse than what he had before given when under the torture, viz. the orders and will of his lord, who alone was his judge, and who alone could demand an explanation. At length, at seven in the evening, and by the light of torches, the judges, after having declared it their province to pronounce judgment on the crimes of which the landvogt was accused, caused him to be called before them, and delivered their sentence condemning him to death. He betrayed no emotion, and only demanded as a favour that he should be beheaded. Eight executioners of various towns presented themselves to execute the sentence; the one belonging to Colmar, who was accounted the most expert, was preferred.

Before conducting him to the scaffold, the sixteen knights who acted as judges required that Messire de Hagenbach should be degraded from the dignity of knight, and from all his honours. Then advanced Gaspar Hurter, herald of the Emperor, and said—'Peter de Hagenbach, I deeply deplore that you have so employed your mortal life, that you must lose not only the dignity and honour of knighthood, but your life also. Your duty was to render justice, to protect the widow and orphan, to respect women and maidens, to honour the holy priests, to oppose every unjust outrage; but you have yourself committed what you ought to have opposed in others. Having broken, therefore, the oaths which you have sworn, and having forfeited the noble order of knighthood, the knights here present have enjoined me to deprive you of its insignia. Not perceiving them on your person at this moment, I proclaim you unworthy knight of St. George, in whose name and honour you were formerly admitted in the order of knighthood.' Then Hermann d'Eptingen advanced. 'Since you are degraded from knighthood, I deprive you of your collar, gold chain, ring, poniard, spur, and gauntlet.' He then took them from him, and, striking him on the face, added—'Knights, and you who aspire to that honour, I trust this public punishment will serve as an example to you, and that you will live in the fear of God, nobly and valiantly, in accordance with the dignity of knighthood and the honour of your name.' At last the provost of Einsisheim, and marshal of that commission of judges, arose, and addressing himself to the executioner—'Let justice be done.'

All the judges, along with Hermann d'Eptingen, mounted on horseback; in the midst of them walked Peter de Hagenbach between two priests. It was night, and they marched by the light of torches; an immense crowd pressed around this sad procession. The prisoner conversed with his confessor with pious, collected, and firm demeanour, recommending himself to the prayers of the spectators. On arriving at a meadow without the gate of the town, he mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and elevating his voice, exclaimed—

'I fear not death, I have always expected it; not, indeed, in this manner, but with arms in my hand. I regret alone the blood which mine will cause to be shed: my lord will not permit this day to pass unavenged. I regret neither my life or body. I was a man—pray for me!' He conversed an instant more with his confessor, presented his head, and received the blow.

NOTE 5.—'DER RHEIN, DER RHEIN,' p. 224

This is one of the best and most popular of the German ditties:—

Der Rhein, der Rhein, gesegnet sei der Rhein.
Da wachsen unsre Reben, etc.

NOTE 6. — VEHME, p. 253

The word 'Vehme' is of uncertain derivation, but was always used to intimate this inquisitorial and secret court. The members were termed *scissenden*, or initiated, answering to the modern phrase of *illuminati*. Mr. Palgrave seems inclined to derive the word 'Vehme' from 'ehme,' i. e. law, and he is probably right.

NOTE 7. — RED SOIL, p. 260

The parts of Germany subjected to the operation of the Secret Tribunal were called, from the blood which it spilt, or from some other reason (Mr. Palgrave suggests the ground tincture of the ancient banner of the district), the Red Soil. Westphalia, as the limits of that country were understood in the middle ages, which are considerably different from the present boundaries, was the principal theatre of the Vehme.

NOTE 8. — THE TROUBADOURS, p. 365

The smoothness of the Provencal dialect, partaking strongly of the Latin, which had been spoken for so many ages in what was called for distinction's sake the Roman province of Gaul, and the richness and fertility of a country abounding in all that could delight the senses and soothe the imagination, naturally disposed the inhabitants to cultivate the art of poetry, and to value and foster the genius of those who distinguished themselves by attaining excellence in it. Troubadours, that is, 'finders' or 'inventors,' equivalent to the Northern term of 'makers,' arose in every class, from the lowest to the highest, and success in their art dignified men of the meanest rank, and added fresh honours to those who were born in the patrician file of society. War and love, more especially the latter, were dictated to them by the chivalry of the times as the especial subjects of their verse. Such, too, were the themes of our Northern minstrels. But whilst the latter confined themselves in general to those well-known metrical histories in which scenes of strife and combat mingled with adventures of enchantment, and fables of giants and monsters subdued by vallant champions, such as best attracted the ears of the somewhat duller and more barbarous warriors of northern France, of Britain, and of Germany, the more lively troubadours produced poems which turned on human passion, and on love, affection, and dutiful observance, with which the faithful knight was bound to regard the object of his choice, and the honour and respect with which she was bound to recompense his faithful services.

Thus far it cannot be disputed that the themes selected by the troubadours were those on which poetry is most naturally exerted, and with the best chance of rising to excellence. But it usually happens that, when any one of the fine arts is cultivated exclusively, the taste of those who practise and admire its productions loses sight of nature, simplicity, and true taste, and the artist endeavours to discover, while the public learn to admire, some more complicated system, in which pedantry supersedes the dictates of natural feeling, and metaphysical ingenuity is used instead of the more obvious qualifications of simplicity and good sense. Thus, with the unanimous approbation of their hearers, the troubadours framed for themselves a species of poetry describing and inculcating a system of metaphysical affection as inconsistent with nature as the minstrel's tales of magicians and monsters; with this evil to society, that it was calculated deeply to injure its manners and its morals. Every troubadour, or good knight, who took the maxims of their poetical school for his rule, was bound to choose a lady love, the fairest and noblest to whom he had access, to whom he dedicated at once his lyre and his sword, and who, mar-

ried or single, was to be the object to whom his life, words, and actions were to be devoted. On the other hand, a lady thus honoured and distinguished was bound, by accepting the services of such a gallant, to consider him as her lover, and on all due occasions to grace him as such with distinguished marks of personal favour. It is true that, according to the best authorities, the intercourse betwixt her lover and herself was to be entirely of a Platonic character, and the loyal reward was not to require, or the chosen lady to grant, anything beyond the favour she might in strict modesty bestow. Even under this restriction, the system was like to make wild work with the domestic peace of families, since it permitted, or rather enjoined, such familiarity betwixt the fair dame and her poetical admirer; and very frequently human passions, placed in such a dangerous situation, proved too strong to be confined within the metaphysical bounds prescribed to them by so fantastic and perilous a system. The injured husbands on many occasions avenged themselves with severity, and even with dreadful cruelty, on the unfaithful ladies, and the musical skill and chivalrous character of the lover proved no protection to his person. But the real spirit of the system was seen in this, that in the poems of the other troubadours, by whom such events are recorded, their pity is all bestowed on the hapless lovers, while, without the least allowance for just provocation, the injured husband is held up to execration.

NOTE 9. — PARLIAMENT OF LOVE, p. 366

In Provence, during the flourishing time of the troubadours, love was esteemed so grave and formal a part of the business of life, that a Parliament or High Court of Love was appointed for deciding such questions. This singular tribunal was, it may be supposed, conversant with more of imaginary than of real suits; but it is astonishing with what cold and pedantic ingenuity the troubadours of whom it consisted set themselves to plead and to decide, upon reasoning which was not less singular and able than out of place, the absurd questions which their own fantastic imaginations had previously devised. There, for example, is a reported case of much celebrity, where a lady, sitting in company with three persons who were her admirers, listened to one with the most favourable smiles, while she pressed the hand of the second, and touched with her own foot the foot of the third. It was a case much agitated and keenly contested in the Parliament of Love which of these rivals had received the distinguishing mark of the lady's favour. Much ingenuity was wasted on this and similar cases, of which there is a collection, in all judicial form of legal proceedings, under the title of *arrêts d'amour* (adjudged cases of the Court of Love).

NOTE 10. — HEAD OF THE VEHMIC TRIBUNALS, p. 417

The Archbishop of Cologne was recognised as head of all the free tribunals (*i. e.* the Vehmique benches) in Westphalia, by a writ of privilege granted in 1353 by the Emperor Charles IV. Wincellaus confirmed this act by a privilege dated 1382, in which the archbishop is termed Grand Master of the Vehme, or Grand Inquisitor. And this prelate and other priests were encouraged to exercise such office by Pope Boniface III., whose ecclesiastical discipline permitted them in such cases to assume the right of judging in matters of life and death.

NOTE 11. — GUANTES, p. 440

Guantes, used by the Spanish as the French say *étrennes*, or the English handsell or luckpenny — phrases used by inferiors to their patrons as the bringers of good news.

NOTE 12. — CHARLES THE BOLD, p. 458

The following very striking passage is that in which Phillp de Comines sums up the last scene of Charles the Bold, whose various fortunes he had long watched with a dark anticipation that a character so reckless, and capable of such excess, must sooner or later lead to a tragical result:—

As soon as the Count de Campo-basso arrived in the Duke of Lorraine's army, word was sent him to leave the camp immediately, for they would not entertain, nor have any communication with, such traitors. Upon which message he retir'd with his party to Conde, a castle and pass not far off, where he fortified himself with carts and other things as well as he could, in hopes that, if the Duke of Burgundy was routed, he might have an opportunity of coming in for share of the plunder, as he did afterwards. Nor was this practice with the Duke of Lorraine the most execrable action that Campo-basso was guilty of; but before he left the army he conspir'd with several other officers (finding it was impracticable to attempt anything against the Duke of Burgundy's person) to leave him just as they came to charge, for at that time he suppos'd it would put the Duke into the greatest terror and consternation, and if he fled, he was sure he could not escape alive, for he had order'd thirteen or fourteen sure men, some to run as soon as the Germans came up to charge 'em, and others to watch the Duke of Burgundy, and kill him in the rout, which was well enough contrived; I myself have seen two or three of those who were employed to kill the Duke. Having thus settled his conspiracy at home, he went over to the Duke of Lorraine upon the approach of the German army; but finding they would not entertain him, he retired to Conde.

The German army march'd forward, and with 'em a considerable body of French horse, whom the King had given leave to be present at that action. Several parties lay in ambush not far off, that if the Duke of Burgundy was routed, they might surprise some person of quality, or take some considerable booty. By this every one may see into what a deplorable condition this poor Duke had brought himself by his contempt of good counsel. Both armies being join'd, the Duke of Burgundy's forces having been twice beaten before, and by consequence weak and dispirited, and ill provided besides, were quickly broken and entirely defeated. Many sav'd themselves and got off; the rest were either taken or kill'd; and among 'em the Duke of Burgundy himself was kill'd on the spot. . . . One Monsieur Claude of Bausmont, captain of the Castle of Dier in Lorraine, kill'd the Duke of Burgundy. Finding his army routed, he mounted a swift horse, and endeavouring to swim a little river in order to make his escape, his horse fell with him, and overset him. The Duke cry'd out for quarter to this gentleman who was pursuing him, but he being deaf, and not hearing him, immediately kill'd and stripp'd him, not knowing who he was, and left him naked in the ditch, where his body was found the next day after the battle; which the Duke of Lorraine (to his eternal honour) buried with great pomp and magnificence in St. George's church, in the old town of Nancy, himself and all his nobility, in deep mourning, attending the corpse to the grave. The following epitaph was some time afterwards engrav'd on his tomb:—

*Carolus hoc busto Burgundæ gloria gentis
Conditur, Europæ qui fuit ante timor. . . .*

I saw a seal ring of his, since his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon a sardonyx that I have seen him often wear in a riband at his breast, which was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a rascal that waited on him in his chamber. I have often seen the Duke dress'd and undress'd in great state and formality, and attended by very great persons; but at his death all this pomp and magnificence ceas'd, and his family was involv'd in the same ruin with himself. . . . and very likely as a punishment for his having deliver'd up the Constable not long before, out of a base and avaricious principle; but God forgive him. I have known him a powerful and honourable prince, in as great esteem, and as much courted by his neighbours (when his affairs were in a prosperous condition), as any prince in Europe, and perhaps more; and I cannot conceive what should provoke God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his self-love and arrogance, in appropriating all the success of his enterprises, and all the renown he ever acquir'd, to his own wisdom and conduct, without attributing anything to God. Yet, to speak truth, he was master of several good qualities. No prince ever had a greater ambition to entertain young noblemen than he, nor was more careful of their education. His presents and bounty were never profuse and extravagant, because he gave to many, and had a mind everybody should taste of it. No prince was ever more easy of access to his servants and

subjects. Whilst I was in his service he was never cruel, but a little before his death he took up that humour, which was an infallible sign of the shortness of his life. He was very splendid and curious in his dress, and in everything else, and indeed a little too much. He paid great honours to all ambassadors and foreigners, and entertain'd them nobly. His ambitious desire of fame was insatiable, and it was that which induced him to be eternally in wars, more than any other motive. He ambitiously desir'd to imitate the old kings and heroes of antiquity, whose actions still shine in history, and are so much talk'd of in the world, and his courage was equal to any prince's of his time.

But all his designs and imaginations were vain and extravagant, and turn'd afterwards to his own dishonour and confusion, for 't is the conquerors and not the conquer'd that purchase to themselves renown. I cannot easily determine towards whom God Almighty shew'd his anger most, whether towards him who died suddenly without pain or sickness in the field of battle, or towards his subjects who never enjoy'd peace after his death, but were continually involv'd in wars, against which they were not able to maintain themselves, upon account of the civil dissensions and cruel animosities that arose among 'em; and that which was the most insupportable was, that the very people to whom they were now oblig'd for their defence and preservation were the Germans, who were strangers, and not long since their profess'd enemies. In short, after the Duke's death, there was not a neighbouring state that wish'd them to prosper, nor even Germany that defended 'em. And by the management of their affairs, their understanding seem'd to be as much infatuated as their master's, for they rejected all good counsel, and pursued such methods as directly tended to their destruction; and they are still in such a condition, that though they have at present some little ease and relaxation from their sorrows, yet 't is with great danger of a relapse, and 't is well if it turns not in the end to their utter ruin.

I am partly of their opinion who maintain, that God gives princes, as He in His wisdom thinks fit, to punish or chastise the subjects; and He disposes the affection of subjects to their princes, as He has determin'd to raise or depress 'em. Just so it has pleas'd Him to deal with the house of Burgundy; for, after a long series of riches and prosperity, and six-and-twenty years' peace under three illustrious princes, predecessors to this Charles (all of 'em excellent persons, and of great prudence and discretion), it pleas'd God to send this Duke Charles, who involv'd them in bloody wars, as well winter as summer, to their great affliction and expense, in which most of their richest and stoutest men were either kill'd or utterly undone. Their misfortunes began at the siege of Nuz, and so continu'd for three or four battles successively to the very hour of his death; and after such a manner, that at the last the whole strength of their country was destroy'd, and all kill'd or taken prisoners who had any zeal or affection for the house of Burgundy, and had power to defend the state and dignity of that family; so that in a manner their losses were equal to, if not over-balance'd, their former prosperity; for as I have seen these princes heretofore puissant, rich, and honourable, so it fared the same with their subjects; for I think I have seen and known the greatest part of Europe; yet I never knew any province or country, tho' perhaps of a larger extent, so abounding in money, so extravagantly fine in furniture for their horses, so sumptuous in their buildings, so profuse in their expenses, so luxurious in their feasts and entertainments, and so prodigal in all respects, as the subjects of these princes, in my time . . . but it has pleas'd God at one blow to subvert and ruin this powerful and illustrious family. . . . Such changes and revolutions of states and kingdoms God in His providence has wrought before we were born, and will do again when we are in our graves; for this is a certain maxim, that the prosperity or adversity of princes are wholly at His disposal.—*COMINES, Book V. chap. ix.*

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- ÆTE**, to pay the penalty of, atone for
- ADJECTED**, appended, added
- AGNES, QUEEN** (p. 160), wife of King Andrew of Hungary, and daughter of the (Emperor) Albert, took in-human vengeance on her father's murderers
- AIGRETTE**, a plume of feathers
- ALBERT, EMPEROR**, more correctly **KING OF THE ROMANS**, was assassinated by his nephews and other conspirators near Habsburg in Switzerland in 1308
- ALMAIN, or ALLEMAGNE**, Germany
- ALTER EGO**, second self
- ARLETTE**, a little song
- ARQUEBUSIER**, a soldier armed with an arquebuse, an early form of musket
- ARRESTS OF LOVE**, decrees of the troubadour courts of love. *See* Note 9, p. 470
- ASI, or Æsir**, a class of gods in ancient Scandinavian mythology
- ASSES, FESTIVAL OF**. *See* Festival of Asses
- ASTUCIOUS**, astute, shrewd
- AU SECKET**, for a confidential consultation
- AVE, AVE MARIA**, Hail to thee, Mary! A prayer beginning with these words
- BAARENHAUTER**, correctly, **BÄRENHÄUTER**, a 'bear's-hider,' a nickname given to the *lanzknechte*, or *landsknechte*, at the time of the Thirty Years War, from their fondness for lying stretched at lazy ease on a bear-skin or similar rug
- BANNERET**, a standard-bearer
- BAN OF THE EMPIRE**, sentence of outlawry; authority
- BANQUETTE**, the walk behind the parapet of a fortress
- BARANTE, A. G. P. BRUGIÈRE**, **BARON DE**, author of *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, 12 vols. (1824-28)
- BARBER, LOUIS XI.'s**. *Compare* Oliver le Dain in *Quentin Durward*
- BARBICAN**, the outwork defending the gate of a fortress
- BARON OF THE EMPIRE**, a baron who owed no allegiance to any feudal superior except the emperor
- BARTIZAN**, a small overhanging turret, projecting parapet
- BEAN IN THE CAKE**. He who obtained the bean, previously placed in the Twelfth Night cake, was Twelfth Night King
- BENEDICTE**, my blessing rest upon you
- BERCHTOLD OF OFFRINGEN** (p. 160), a soldier and hermit, who established his cell near the spot where Albert (q.v.) was slain
- BICKERING**, quivering, rapidly fluttering
- BLACK FRIARS OF ST. FRANCIS'S ORDER**. *See* St. Francis's order
- BLINK OUT OF**, to evade, shirk
- BLUTACKER**. *See* Steinernherz, Francis, etc.
- BOREAS**, in ancient Greek mythology, the North Wind
- BOTARGO**, the roe of the mullet or tunny, salted and dried
- BOTH SICILIES**. *See* Sicilies, both
- BOWYER**, a maker of bows
- BOY BISHOP, CONSECRATION OF** (p. 381), an annual mummery in most English cathedral towns, on St. Nicholas's Day (6th December), a boy bishop being elected in mockery of the clergy
- BRACHE**, a kind of sporting dog, that hunted by scent
- BRANSLE**, a brawl, species of dance, resembling the cotillon
- BRETAGNE**, Brittany
- BROAD-PIECE**, an old English gold coin = 20s. first issued by James I. in 1619
- BROCKENBERG, or BROCKEN HILL**, a summit in the Harz Mountains of Germany, where the witches were believed to assemble for weird revelry at least once a year
- BRUT**, rumour
- BULL, WILD**, called in Latin *urus*, whence *Uri* (*see* p. 190)
- BUON CAMPAGNA**, open country
- BUTTISHOLZ**, near to Russwyl (q.v.) in the canton of Lucerne

CABARET, a wine-shop
CABERTAING, WILLIAM, a troubadour of Roussillon, who lived in the end of the 12th century
CALCONE, drawers
CANDIA, or **CRETE**, was at the date of this novel a possession of Venice; nearly all the Levant, except this island and Rhodes (*q. v.*), was subject to the Turks
CAROTT, a long shaggy overcoat
CAEAVANEREA, an inn
CARBONADO, a piece of meat or game, seasoned and broiled
CARCANET, a necklace, circlet of jewels
CAROLUS HOC EUSTO, etc. (p. 471). In this tomb is embalmed Charles, the glory of the Burgundian nation, formerly the terror of Europe
CARTHUSIAN PRIARS, take, amongst other vows, one of almost total silence
CATHAY, China
CAUUS, in ancient Greek mythology, the West-North-West Wind
CHAFRON, or **CHAMFRON**, the armoured frontlet of a horse
CHALUMEAU, a reed made into an instrument of music
CHARLES THE SHIPLE, a feeble puppet-king of France, who reigned in the end of the 9th and beginning of the 10th century
CLARENCE AND HIS FATHER-IN-LAW (p. 318). George Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., married Isabella, daughter of Warwick the King-maker. Clarence and Warwick went over to Henry VI.; but the duke soon abandoned his father-in-law and returned to join his brother
COIF, a woman's head-dress
CONSO, the chief street or square in an Italian town
CÔTÉ NÔTI, wine grown on a sunny slope
COUCI, **INGELRAM DE**, or **ENGUERRAND VII.**, married Isabella, a daughter of Edward III. of England, and in 1374-75 claimed certain Swiss territories as belonging to the dowry of

his mother, an Austrian princess

COKE FLÉNISSE, a great gathering of all a king's vassals

COUNIN-ARCHIER, associates, used contemptuously

CREDO, the Apostles' (or other) Creed

CRENET, a large kind of candlestick for holding a small fire or blunderbuss

DALMATIC, **DALMATIQUE**, a long ecclesiastical robe

DEO GRATIAS, To God be the thanks

'DEN RHEIN, DEN RHEIN', etc. (p. 468). The Rhine, the Rhine, blessed be the Rhine. There grow our noble grapes, etc.

DIENSTTAG, serving-day, Tuesday

DIET, the national assembly

DIXON (p. 301), is more than 100 miles from Strasburg as the crow flies, and lies south-west from Bâle, whereas Strasburg lies north from Bâle

DINSTAG, court-day, Tuesday

DOM DANIEL, in Oriental lore, a huge cavern supposed to lie 'under the roots of the ocean,' in which evil spirits, enchanters, and other wicked beings are confined

DOOMEN, all who gathered at the doorn, or great popular court

DOEFF, correctly **DOEF**, a village

DOUBLE-GANGER, or **DOR-PELGÄNGER**, a spectral counterpart of a living person

DUCAT, an old gold coin, worth about 9s. 4d.

ÉCHEVIN, sheriff, assessor

EINSEDELEN, or **EINSEDELEN**, a celebrated Benedictine abbey, a few miles south of the Lake of Zurich

EMPIRE, **BAN OF**. See **BAN** of the Empire

ENTRECHAT, a caper

ERESBURGH, an old frontier fortress or fortified camp of the ancient Saxons, about 18 miles south of Paderborn

ESCOSSAIS, Scotsmen

ESPADON, a long heavy sword

ETERNUS, a free gift, rather money

EVAS, in ancient Greek mythology, the East Wind

FAIGER, to succeed, to turn out well

FACERONT, challenge, the right claimed by the petty lords of the Empire to wage private warfare

FREITE, **LA**, a district or county in southern Alsace

FESTIVAL OF ASPE, celebrated on 14th January, in commemoration of the flight into Egypt of Joseph and Mary

FÊTE-DIEU, a five-days' festival, consisting of processions, spectacles, games, etc., first arranged by King René in 1462, and celebrated annually at Aix
FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA, Thy will be done

FILLES REPENTINES, fallen women

FOLTERKAMMER, a torture-chamber

FORST CANTON, Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, grouped around the Lake of Lucerne

FREE CITIES OF THE EMPIRE, owed allegiance to no prince or ruler except the emperor

FREE COUNT OF THE EMPIRE, a count who owed allegiance to no feudal superior except the emperor

FREIGRAVES, free counts, judges of the Vehmlic tribunals

FREYENACH, near Zurich; there the Confederates were attacked on 22d May 1443 by Austria and Zurich

FREYFELDERICHT, free field court

FREYGRAFSCHAFTEN, free counties

FREYSCHÖFFEN, or **FREISCHÖFFEN**, free bailiffs, sheriffs

FROHNER, a summoner, minor judicial officer

GALILEE, a porch or chapel beside a monastery or church, in which the monks received visitors, where processions were formed, penitents stationed, and so forth. See Note 25, p. 443, of *Fair Maid of Perth*

GAU, an administrative district of the German Empire

GAUDS, trinkets, ornaments

GEAR, business, affair; property, goods

GEIERSTEIN, vulture-stone

GEREFA, or **GRAF**, count, earl

GEYSLER, or **GESSLER**, the bailiff of the Duke of Austria in Switzerland, the oppressive tyrant who figures in the story of William Tell

GRAFFSLUST, or **GRAFENLUST**, means 'count's delight'

GRAVE, a count

GUTTER-BLOODED, of the meanest birth

HAGBUT, a musket, arquebuse

HANSEL, earnest-money

HANSE, or **HANSA**, an association of trading towns, very powerful on the Baltic and North Sea coasts of Germany

HAUPTMAN, more correctly **HAUPTMANN**, a captain

HEILBRONN, an old German town on the Neckar, about 30 miles north of Stuttgart

HEIMLICHE ACHT, the secret tribunal of the Vehmlic institution

HELVETIA, the Latin name for Switzerland

HENRY V. (p. 309), carried an invading army from England over to France, but not from France into Italy

HERMITAGE (p. 378), wine grown in a vineyard situated 10 or 11 miles north of Valence, in the south-east of France

HYPOCAUST, a stove, heating apparatus

'I HAVE SEEN THE WICKED MAN,' etc. (p. 159). Compare Psalm xxxvii. 35, 36

ILLUMINATI, a secret society founded by Adam Weishaupt at Ingolstadt in 1776 for promoting general enlightenment and combating tyranny

ILLUSTRISSIMO, very illustrious sir

INSOUCIANT, heedless, regardless

IRMINSULE, or **IRMINSÄULE**, a pillar dedicated to Irmin, an ancient Teutonic deity

JONGLEUR, a minstrel-poet of Northern France

JOYEUSE ENTRÉE, making entry in festal fashion

JOYOUS SCIENCE, minstrelsy

JUDGMENT OF GOD, trial by ordeal, such as judicial combat, carrying red-hot iron, etc.

JUNGHERRN, or **JUNGHERREN**, a general title given to the sons of nobles

KING OF GODS AND MEN, the Zeus of the Greeks, Jupiter of the Romans

KING OF NAPLES, style of, etc. (p. 373), from *Henry VI.*, Part III. Act i. sc. 4

KOENIGSFELDT, or **KÖNIGSFELDEN**, in the canton of Aargau, about 17 miles north-west of Zurich

KÖNIGSSTUHL, king's seat, seat of judgment

KREUTZER, or **CREUTZER**, an old silver or copper coin of Germany, formerly = 1½d.

LA FERETTE. See *Ferette*, La

LAMMERGEIER, or **LÄMMERGEIER**, the Bearded Vulture, the largest bird of prey of the Old World

LANDAIS, **PETER**, favourite of Francis II., Duke of Brittany; he was the son of a tailor, and was hanged at Nantes in 1485

LANDAMMAN, the chief magistrate in a Swiss canton

LANDVOGT, a bailiff

LANZKNECHT, or **LANDSKNECHT**, a German mercenary soldier

LAUPEN, in the canton of Berne; there the Swiss peasants defeated the neighbouring feudal nobles in 1339

LEAGUER, a fixed camp, generally fortified or entrenched

LE BON ROI RENÉ, good King René

LEUMUND, general bad reputation

LIEGE (p. 154), was taken by Charles of Burgundy in 1467, and, after a rising

of the citizens, again in 1468, when he treated the people with much severity and cruelty

LORETTO, **HOLY HOUSE OF**, a small room traditionally believed to have been the Nazareth home of the Virgin Mary, is revered at Loretto near Ancona, on the Adriatic coast of Italy

LOS, or **LAUS**, praise

LOSEL, a good-for-nothing, worthless fellow

LOUIS XI., **AGENTS OF**. One of his principal advisers was the ci-devant barber, Oliver le Dain, who figures so prominently in *Quentin Durward*; **LOUIS XI.** **POISONED HIS BROTHER** (p. 318). Louis caused his brother Charles, Duke of Guienne, to be put to death. See *Quentin Durward*, Note 40, p. 446

LYME-HOUND, a large dog, as a bloodhound

MAGNIFICO, your magnificence

MAILS, baggage

MAINCOUR, the thing stolen; fact, act

MAIRE, mayor

MAISON DU DUC, the ducal palace; **MAISON DU ROY**, the royal palace

MALECEDENCE, mistrust, the condition of not being believed

MEINHERR, Mr.

MERLIN, a kind of hawk, formerly trained to hunt game birds

METE-WAND, measuring-rod

MINNESINGER, a poet-minstrel of mediæval Germany

MONITION, a formal notice requiring the amendment of some offence

MONTEREAU, **BRIDGE OF** (p. 360), there in 1419 John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, was treacherously slain by the attendants of the Dauphin, son of Charles VI. of France

MONTERO-CAP, a huntsman's cap, provided with flaps for protecting the cheeks

MONT L'HÉRY (p. 325) fought on 16th July 1465 between Louis XI. on the

- one part and certain of the great nobles of Franco on the other
- MORAT, or MURTEM, about 12 miles from Neufchatel, on the east side of the Lake of Neufchatel
- MORGUE, the proud, disdainful look of a superior to an inferior
- MORISCO, a Moor of Spain, Moorish
- MOUNT HIRZEL, close to Zurich, stormed by the Confederated Swiss in 1443
- NANCY, BATTLE OF, was fought, not on 1st, but on 5th, January 1477. The body of Charles the Bold was found on the south-west, not, as p. 458 seems to imply, on the north, of the city
- NAZARENE, correctly NAZARITE, Samson the Judge of Israel. *See* Numbers vi. 2 and Judges xiii. 5
- NIERENSTEINER, grown at Nierstein, 10 miles south of Mayence, on the Rhine
- NIMMERBART, means 'never satisfied'
- NON FRATER, etc. (p. 259), brother is not safe from brother, nor the guest from his host
- OFFENBARE DING, the open court of the Vehmische institution
- OEIFLAMME, the sacred standard of the kingdom of France, was made of red silk with a flame-like edging, and borne on a gilded pole
- PALEMON, in Thomson's *Seasons*, Autumn
- PAR AMOURS, forbidden love
- PARDONER, a licensed seller of papal indulgences
- PAVIN, or PAVAN, a stately Spanish dance
- PAYS DE VAUD, the country of Vaud, a Swiss canton
- PELTREY, skins and furs of wild animals
- PENNONCELLE, a little flag fixed to a lance
- PEPYS, AND HIS CAMLET CLOAK (p. 419). *See* his *Diary*, under date 30th December 1667
- PIASTRE, a silver coin, worth 4s.
- PIGHT, pitched, placed, fixed
- PILATRE, MONT, more correctly PILATUS, a conspicuous peak beside Lake Lucerne
- PLUMT, a clump, collection
- POTZ ELEMENT, a German oath
- PUBLIC GOOD, WAR OF THE (p. 322), waged by the Dukes of Burgundy, Brittany, and other great feudatories of France against Louis XI. *See* *Quentin Durward*, p. 393
- QUESTIONARY, a pedlar of relics or indulgences
- RAM'S ALLEY, now Hare Place, off Fleet Street and near Whitefriars, a resort of thieves and low characters, and noted for its dirty cook-shops
- REBECK, or REBEC, a musical instrument of the viol class
- RED LAND, a name given to Westphalia, the peculiar home of the *Vehmgerichte* or Secret Tribunals. These were always most powerful in the West, not the east, of the Empire (p. 251). *See also* Note 7, p. 469
- REITER, a horse-soldier
- RHEINTHAL, the valley of the Rhine
- RHINEGRAVE, count of the Rhine county, a district near Wiesbaden
- RHODES, at the date of this novel, was garrisoned by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John
- RIGADOON, a dance with a peculiar hopping step
- RITTER, a knight
- ROBA DI GUADAGNO, profitable goods, booty
- ROI D'AMOUR, king of love, president of the troubadour courts
- ROMAUNT, a story or tale in verse
- ROTE, a kind of harp or viol, played by turning a wheel
- ROUSSILLON, MARGARET DE (p. 365), wife of Raymond of Roussillon. After she had partaken of the horrid dish of her lover's heart, she threw herself from a balcony in order to escape the murderous fury of her husband
- RÜDESHEIMER, or RÜDESHEIMER, a variety of Rhine wine, grown at Rudesheim, nearly opposite to Bingen
- RUSSWYL, or RUSWYL, in the canton, and west of the city, of Lucerne. *See* further p. 47; also Buttisholz and Couci, Ingelramde
- ST. FRANCIS'S ORDER, BLACK FRIARS OF (p. 250). The Franciscan friars wore grey gowns; it was the Dominicans who wore them black
- ST. GALL, or SAKT (p. 57) GALLER, in the Swiss canton of St. Gall, a famous seat of learning in the middle ages
- ST. JACOB, CHAPEL OF (p. 57), under the walls of Zurich, where in July 1443 the men of that town were routed by the Confederated Swiss. This must be distinguished from the heroic fight at St. Jacob, outside Bâle, against the French, in August 1444
- ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR, no doubt the Earl of Orkney, who was assassinated in 1115, hardly the 8th century monk of Füssen and St. Gall
- ST. MARTHA AND THE DRAGON. *See* Tairrasque
- ST. NICHOLAS (p. 290), the patron saint of thieves and highway robbers
- ST. PETER OF THE FETTERS. *Compare* Acts xii. The chains with which the Apostle was bound were long regarded (at Rome) with almost idolatrous devotion
- ST. WENDELIN, a hermit and swineherd of the district of Treves, in the 7th century
- SALTIRE-WISE, two lines crossing one another diagonally like a St. Andrew's cross
- SAMITE, a heavy silk textile
- SANCTUM SANCTORUM, the most private apartment
- SAPPERMENT DER TEUFEL, a German oath

GLOSSARY

SCAFFOLD, *shoriffs, affossors*
SCHAFFHAUSEN, *ACTAS OF*
 (p. 256), the falls of the
 Rhine at Schaffhausen,
 shortly after it emerges
 from the Lake of Con-
 stance

SCHAFVORLICHTER, or **SCHAF-
 RICHTER**, executioner
SCHLAFTRUNK, a sleeping-
 draught

SCHÖPFEN, should be written
SCHÖFFEN, the initiates of
 the *Vehmgerichte* or *Vehme*
SCHWARZBEER, black beer
SCHWARZREITER, a black
 rider, German mercenary
 horse-soldier wearing
 black uniform

SCIENTI, *JOYOTS*, minstrelsy
SEMPACH, in the canton of
 Lucerne; there the Swiss
 defeated the Austrian
 nobility in 1356

SEVEN SLEEPERS, noble youths
 of Ephesus, shut up in a
 cave during the persecu-
 tion of the Christians by
 the Roman Emperor
 Decius, about 250; there
 they slept until the year
 447, when they awakened
 for a short period

SIBYLLINE LEAF, the oracular
 or precious raving
SICILIES, *BOTH*. At different
 periods between the years
 1266 and 1713 the crown of
 Naples and the crown of
 Sicily were worn by one
 and the same ruler, who
 governed under the title
 of King of the Two
 Sicilies

SIDDONS, *SARAH*, the great
 tragic actress (1755-1831)
STADTHOLDER, an imperial
 deputy, governor

STAUFFACHER, one of the
 champions of Swiss inde-
 pendence, an associate of
 William Tell

STEINERNHERZ, *FRANCIS*
 (FRANZ) *VON BLUTACKEN*,
 equivalent in English to
 Francis Stonyheart of
 Blood-acre

STELL, to place, fix
STOUT, a drinking-cup
STRADIOTS, or **STRATIOTS**,
 light cavalry recruited in
 Albania and Morea (Greece)
STRAFPADO, a military pun-
 ishment: the offender's
 hands were tied behind his
 back, then he was lifted
 up by them to a consider-
 able height, and suddenly

STRICKLAND, the child of the
 chard, the prisoner on
 trial before the *Vehmische*
 tribunal

STUCCO, strictly, a living-room
 containing a stove (Germa.
ofen)

STÜHLMEYER, lord or judge of
 a *Vehmische* court
STUNDGAT, or **UTTER ALSACE**,
 the southern division of
 Alsace

SWABIA, an old duchy and
 division of the German
 empire, now embraced in
 Württemberg, Baden,
 Bavaria, and Switzer-
 land

SWAN, *WHITE*, sacred to
 Orpheus, the god of music,
 and so of minstrelsy

SWISS, *ERKE IN* (p. 217), the
 only language peculiar to
 Switzerland is the Ro-
 mansch, spoken in the
 canton of the Grisons.
 French, German, and
 Italian are the languages
 of the bulk of the people

SWITZER, a native of Switzer-
 land

TALLIAGE, a subsidy, tax
TARASCONNE, or **TARASCON**,
 a town on the Rhone,
 about 15 miles south-west
 of Avignon

TARASQUE, or **TARASQUE**, the
 name of the dragon which
 in ancient times terrorised
 Tarascon, and was driven
 out and into the Rhone by
 Martha, sister of Mary
 Magdalene. King René
 played the Tarasque in the year
 annual masque in the year
 1469

TÈRE-DU-FORT, the defensive
 outwork upon which the
 drawbridge rested when it
 was lowered

THANE, one in rank inter-
 mediate between a free-
 man and a great noble
'THE STYLE OF KING OF
NAPLES', etc. (p. 373),
 from *Henry VI.*, Part III.
 Act i. sc. 4

THOU, *USE OF*, IN *GERMANY*
 (p. 281). Annette Veil-
 chen would almost cer-
 tainly have used habitually
 'thou' and 'thee' to Anne
 of Geierstein, they being
 members of the same
 family and the period the
 15th century; but certainly
 she would not have used

it to a stranger like
 Arthur Philipson
TIERS ÉTAT, the third estate,
 or representatives of the
 people

TISANNE, or **PTISAN**, a decoction
 of barley

TREMELZON, *SOLDAN OF*, a
 kingdom in the north of
 Asia Minor, ruled over by
 a branch of the Imperial
 Byzantine family of the
 Comneni for two hundred
 and fifty years (till 1461)

TREILLAGE, trellis-work
TROUBADOUR, a minstrel-poet
 of the south of France
TURNSPIKE-STAIR, a spiral or
 winding staircase

URI (p. 190), from *urus*, the
 Latin name for the wild ox
USUM NON HABEO, I do not
 know how to use it

VADE RETRO, get thee behind
VALE, to doff, lower, take off
VANBRACE, the piece of
 armour that covered the
 forearm

VERFÄHRT, condemned by
 the *Vehme*, outlawed
VESTIARY, a room for keep-
 ing vestments
VISNE, venue, the district
 where a law action must
 be tried

WALLOON GUARD. See
 Glossary to *Quentin Dur-*
ward, 'Black Walloons'
WAPENTAKE, an old sub-
 division of the English
 counties

WARRANT, a defender
WASSAIL, ale or wine
 sweetened and flavoured
 with spices; revelry;
WASSAIL-SONG, a drinking-
 song, carousing-song

WEIN, wine
WELKEE, or **WHELKED**,
 marked with ridges like a
 wheel

WILD HUNTSMAN, a spec-
 tral hunter, who sweeps
 through the air with a
 spectral train of dogs and
 evil spirits

WIMPLE, a shawl worn by
 women out of doors
WINKELRIED, *ARNOLD*, the
 hero who, in the battle
 of Sempach (q.v.), gath-
 ered up an armful of
 Austrian spears and buried
 them in his own bosom,
 thus opening a path for
 the Swiss through the

close-locked ranks of the enemy	YUSCHEREN, or JUNGEREN (pl.; sing. JUNGERE), or JUNKER, a title given to young Germans of noble birth	wrote a <i>History of the Three Leagues in Switzerland</i> (1768)
WISSENDER, those who know, the initiated		ZÜRICH, WAR OF (1435-50), between that canton and the canton of Schwyz and its allies for the possession of the last Count of Toggenburg, in which Zurich, who was assisted by Austria, was disastrously beaten
WROGE, or YRAGE, formal reports, presentments		
YUNGFRAU, or JUNGFRAU, a maiden; the title long given to an unmarried lady of noble birth	ZECCHIN, or ZEQUIN, a Venetian gold coin, worth 2s. to 10s.	
	ZSCHOKKE, JOHANN H. D., German novelist, who also	

INDEX

- AGNES, Queen, 160, 473
 Aix, 371; King René's palace at, 377
 Albert, Emperor, 160, 473
 Alps, 2, 5
 Anne of Geierstein, the novel, vii
 Antonio, the guide, 4; pleads with Philipson, 18
 Apollyon, Herman of Arnheim's steed, 127
 Arnheim, Barons of, 120
 Arnheim, Herman of, 122; history of, 126, 283
 Arnheim, Sybilla of, 122, 135
 Arnheim Castle, 268
 Asses, Festival of, 381, 474
 Austria, relations with the Swiss, 2
- BAARENHAUTER, 296, 473
 Baden, dungeon in castle, 465
 Bâle, 82; inhospitality of, 85; youth of, rescue the Swiss deputies, 195
 Bamberg, Bishop of, 133
 Barante, Brugière de, quoted, 466
 Bartholomew, the guide, 214; his plot foiled, 226
 Berchtold of Offringen, 160, 473
 Berne, canton of, 42; merchants of, 76, 155
 Biederman, Arnold, his house and farm, 33; welcomes Arthur Philipson, 35; description of him, 36; conversation with Philipson, 41; his noble descent, 53; interview with Schreckenwald, 58; stops the duel, 68; refused admittance into Bâle, 85; reproves his son Ernest, 87; his respect for Philipson, 146; is met by Arthur Philipson, 187; conference with De Hagenbach, 193; shut up in the dungeon, 197; asks counsel of Philipson, 206; addresses Charles the Bold, 353; at Nancy, 457, 462
 Biederman, Ernest, reproved by his father, 87
 Biederman, Rudiger, 48; at Graffslust, 105, 117; bidden get the Philipsons away, 201; his death, 459
 Biederman, Sigismund, 97, 141; reports having seen the apparition, 141; his devotion to Arthur Philipson, 185; recovers the casket, 206; describes the battle of Granson, 407; returns the casket a second time, 416; in Aix society, 418; aids Arthur at Nancy, 459
 Black priest of St. Paul's. *See* Geierstein, Albert of
 Block, Martin, 346
 Blue Knight. *See* Vaudemont, Ferrand de
 Boigelin, lady of, 399
 Bonstetten, Nicholas, 77, 81, 93; gives his mule to Philipson, 147; justifies himself, 201; objects to ride on horseback, 210
 Boy Bishop, 381, 473
 Brisach, 149, 152; invaded by the youth of Bâle, 195
 Brockenberg, 280, 474
 Burgundy, Duke of. *See* Charles the Bold
 Burgundy, Estates of, 345
 Buttisholz, bow of, 45; battle of, 47
- CABESTAING, William, 365, 474
 Campo-basso, Count of, 329, 334; speaks in his own defence, 356; his doubtful aims, 439; brings news of Ferrand de Vaudemont, 441; makes a reconnaissance, 445; treachery to Duke Charles, 455, 458, 460
 Candia, 301, 474
 Caspar, stable-master, 127
 Charles the Bold, his relations with the Swiss, 42, 72; with Edward IV. of England, 62, 72; his camp near Dijon, 314; interview with Philipson, 316; his dreams of Provence, 321; disguised as a Walloon, 331; receives the Estates of Burgundy, 345; receives the Swiss deputies, 349; interview with Philipson, 359; defeated at Granson, 407; at Morat, 427; his despair, 431; roused by Philipson, 435; summoned before the Vehme, 444; his death, 458, 460, 471; Des Comines on, 471.
 Child of the cord, 255
 Clarence, George, Duke of, 318, 474
 Cologne, Archbishop of, 417
 Colvin, Henry, 314; entertains Philipson, 328; sends off Arthur Philipson, 337; relates the battle of Morat, 427; visits the outposts, 455; killed, 457
 Comines, Philip des, 434; quoted, 471
 Compass, mariner's, 8
 Contay, Lord de, 326, 433, 436, 451

'Measures of good and evil,' 250
 Mengs, John, innkeeper, 235; offended with Philipson, 239, 242; apologises to him, 247
 Montereau, bridge of, 360, 476
 Mont l'Héry, 225, 476
 Mont St. Victoire. *See* St. Victoire, Mont
 Morat, or Murten, battle of, 427
 Myrbeau, Sire de, 346

NANCY, besieged by Charles, 443; battle of, 456, 476

ORAL, the mystic, 132, 135, 137
 Oxford, Earl of. *See* Philipson, John

PALGRAVE, Mr. Francis, quoted, viii, x
 Parliament of Love, 355, 470
 Philipson, Arthur, travelling in the Alps, 3; attempts to reach Arnold Biederma's, 14; alarmed by the lammergeier, 22; rescued by Anne of Geierstein, 25; shoots the bow of Buttisholz, 48; challenged by Donnerhugel, 51; duel with him, 64; thoughts of Anne of Geierstein, 79, 94, 99; takes Sigismund's post as sentinel, 97; sees the apparition of Anne of Geierstein, 100, 108; his dislike of Donnerhugel, 105; invited to join the Swiss youths, 114; is told the history of the Arnheims, 120; reports to his father, 145; in the dungeon of La Ferette, 175; led out of it by Anne of Geierstein, 177; sent to warn the Swiss, 181; meets Donnerhugel, 184; meets Arnold Biederma, 187; seeks his father, 196; warned by Anne of Geierstein, 217; consulted by his father, 218; separates from him, 223; arrives at Arnheim Castle, 265; his interview with Anne of Geierstein, 279; discloses his rank to her, 287; accompanies her to Strasburg, 294; meets Queen Margaret, 302; sets off for Provence, 337; has audience of King René, 375; visits Queen Margaret at Mont St. Victoire, 386; receives his father's letter, 391; discovers the invisible ink, 394; is told who the Carmelite was, 414; challenged again by Donnerhugel, 442; slays him, 446; conversation with Albert of Geierstein, 447; visits the outposts, 455; his marriage, 463
 Philipson, John, travelling as a merchant, 3; his anxiety regarding Arthur, 18; reunited with him, 35; his conversation with Arnold Biederma, 41; stops the duel, 68; gives pearls to Anne of Geierstein, 71; resolves to part from the Swiss envoys, 146; robbed and imprisoned by Hagenbach, 165, 168; rescued from the dungeon, 198; in counsel with the Swiss envoys, 204; recovers the casket, 206; is suspicious of Bartholomew, 215; consults with Arthur, 218; separates from him, 225; meets the priest of St. Paul's, 226; arrives at the inn, 232; offends John Mengs, 239, 242; arraigned before the Vehme, 249, 255; meets Queen Margaret, 302; his interview with Charles the Bold,

316; pleads for the Swiss deputies, 324, 332; surprised by Duke Charles, 331; another interview with him, 359; his letter to Arthur, 391; attends Queen Margaret's funeral, 423; rouses Duke Charles, 435; visits the outposts, 455; returns to England, 463
 Pilatre (Pilatus), Mount, 6
 Pontius Pilate, legend of, 6
 Provence, 311, 365, 369; Parliament of Love in, 366, 470
 Public Good, war of, 324, 476

RAM'S ALLEY, London, 242, 476
 Red Land, Red Soil, 257, 260, 469, 476
 René, King, 307; Charles's estimate of, 319; account of him, 367; his chimney, 372; in the throes of composition, 374; interview with Arthur, 375; his fondness for pageants, 381; masqued as Solomon, 382; welcomes home his daughter, 393; resigns his dominions, 402
 Rhine, river, 84, 463; valley of, 213, 264; Hans's ferry, 216, 222
 Roussillon, Margaret de, 365, 476
 Roussillon, Raymond de, 365
 Russwyl, 4, 476

St. Cyn, Hugh de, 378
 St. Jacob, battle of, 57, 476
 St. Magnus the Martyr, 203, 477
 St. Paul's, black priest of. *See* Geierstein, Albert of
 St. Peter of the Fetters, 197, 477
 St. Victoire, Mont, 379, 383; monastery of, 384; oracle of Lou Garagoule, 388
 Schaffhausen, falls of, 256, 477
Scharfgericht. *See* Steinerherz, Francis
 Schonfeldt, Lieutenant, 156
 Schreckenwald, Ital, 56, 289; brings Anne of Geierstein to her uncle, 58; reprimanded by her, 290; conducts her to Strasburg, 295; his death, 459
 Secret Tribunal. *See* Vehmgericht
 Sicilies, Both, 307, 477
 Soleure, merchants of, 76, 155
 Steinerherz, Francis, executioner, 163, 166; beheads his own master, 199
 Steinfeldt, Baroness, 136, 285
 Stradiots, 442
 Strappado, 477
 Strasburg, flying Stag Inn, 300; cathedral, 301
Strickkind, 255
 Sturmthal, Melchior, 78, 90, 188
 Swabia, 55, 477
 Swiss, relations of, with Austria, 2; with Charles of Burgundy, 42, 72; languages of, 217, 477; battle of Granson, 407; of Morat, 427; of Nancy, 457
 Swiss envoys, 76; refused admittance to Bâle, 85; warlike inclinations, 77, 81, 118; Oxford pleads for them, 324, 332; have audience of Charles the Bold, 349

TARRASQUE, 331, 477
 Thiebault, the Provençal, 339, 364; his tales, 365; in attendance upon Arthur

